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North American Review

January

James A. Farrell
Prospects for Greater Prosperity

An American in the Making
Gleb Botkin

Child-Pestering Parents
Cleon C. Mason

An Actress Appeals to Her Audience . . . . . Jane Cowl
Who Are Greatest in Science? . . . . . E. E. Free
Salvation by Information *The Fallacy of the Schools* Hughes Mearns
The Seven Little Foxes *A Short Story* . . . . . Storm Jameson
The French Fashion Factory . . . . . Ethel Traphagen
The Mystery of Cosmic Rays . . . . . Lloyd W. Taylor
The Negro Is Coming to Town . . . . . Charles E. Hall
Russian Children All Have Fathers . . . . . John Gunther
Lobbyists Extraordinary . . . . . Oliver McKee, Jr.
Progressive South America . . . . . Agnes Rothery
The Challenge of the Aged . . . . . Hamilton Fish, Jr.
A Problem in Æsthetics *A Detective Story* . . . . P. W. Wilson
The Reporter's Last Stand . . . . . Paul Bixler

After the Wall Street Smash:

Paying the Piper *by* Max Winkler
The Era of Mad Illusions *by* Virgil Jordan
Who Gets the Money? *by* Lewis H. Haney

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An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

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WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
Editor

KENNETH WILCOX PAYNE
Editorial Director

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

JAMES A. FARRELL (*Greater Prosperity through Foreign Trade*), as president of the United States Steel Corporation and as chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council, maintains today the broad knowledge of foreign commerce which he first mastered when general manager of the American Steel and Wire Company's export business.

JANE COWL (*An Actress Appeals to Her Audience*), who is noted for having played Juliet in the longest run of Shakespeare in theatrical history, not only acts but writes plays.

E. E. FREE (*Who Are Greatest in Science?*) is a former scientist of the Department of Agriculture, now a consulting chemist in New York. He is a member of many engineering and technical societies.

ETHEL TRAPHAGEN (*The French Fashion Factory*) is a costume designer who conducts a New York school of fashion.

GLEB BOTKIN (*An American in the Making*), son of Dr. Eugene Botkin, physician to Tsar Nicholas II, having escaped from Siberia with the aid of the White Russians and the Japanese, after the murder of the Romanov family, is now a New Yorker, a writer of novels, and the head of a family of five children.

LLOYD W. TAYLOR (*The Mystery of Cosmic Rays*), is, at thirty-six years of age, head of the department of physics at Oberlin College.

CHARLES E. HALL (*The Negro is Coming to Town*) is connected with the United States Bureau of the Census, has compiled statistics on the negro population, made a survey of labor conditions, and belongs to numerous organizations concerned with the welfare of our inhabitants of African descent.

MAX WINKLER (*Paying the Piper*) is vice president and director of Bertron, Griscom and Company of Philadelphia and New York. Born in Rumania, educated at Vienna and New York, he has been identified with the foreign departments of our standard financial and investment publications.

VIRGIL JORDAN (*The Era of Mad Illusions*) was for many years chief economist for the National Industrial Conference Board; has been a frequent lecturer and writer upon economic subjects, and is now editor of *The Business Week*.

HUGHES MEARNS (*Salvation by Information*) was born a Philadelphian, graduated *magna cum laude* from Harvard, has taught and been on boards of direction of prominent progressive schools, writes books, and is now professor of education at New York University.

STORM JAMESON (*The Seven Little Foxes*) is young, attractive and married. She has had several books published in this country, although she is an English woman.

AGNES ROTHERY (*Progressive South America*) began editorial work on *The Ladies Home Journal*, did journalistic work in Boston, and is the author of numerous works.

HAMILTON FISH, JR. (*The Challenge of the Aged*) is a Republican member from New York of the House of Representatives, was active at the front during the World War and decorated in consequence.

PAUL BIXLER (*The Reporter's Last Stand*) is a graduate of Hamilton College and a former newspaper man, now attached to the English department of Western Reserve University. He occasionally re-enters the newspaper world.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

EVENING EBB

The ocean has not been so quiet for a long while; five night herons
Fly shorelong voiceless in the hush of the air
Over the calm of an ebb that almost mirrors their wings
The sun has gone down, and the water has gone down
From the weed-clad rock, but the distant cloud-wall rises.
The ebb whispers.
Great cloud-shadows float in the opal water.
Through rifts in the screen of the world pale gold gleams, and the evening
Star suddenly glides like a flying torch.
As if we had not been meant to see her; rehearsing behind
The screen of the world for another audience.

—From *Dear Judas*, by Robinson Jeffers (Liveright, $2.50).

A new year bears down apace upon us, and with it the knowledge that the literary landscape will undergo more shifts and changes than any mortal eye can observe and note. Even if the publishers do what they are forever threatening to do, and never doing, that is, make some reduction in the number of titles published, there will still be infinitely more books than any one person can hope to keep up with, or any group of persons, for that matter. It is well known that the closing months of 1929 saw an enormous increase in the number of titles published; there were altogether something like 5,000. A leading bookseller in New York, who tries to carry a representative line, passed along the information that up to November first he had actually bought five hundred more titles than in 1928. Think for the moment of the space occupied by these additional titles in a bookstore already crowded and suffering for room. The current output of fiction has been unusually large, and has found, to some extent, at least, a glutted market. This condition, if it persists, may bring about an actual cutting down in the number of novels published, which would not be the worst thing conceivable for literature. Shed no tears for the authors whose books would by this change miss publication; from the financial point of view few novels make enough money for their authors to justify one-hundredth of the time spent on them, and fewer still are worth the ink and paper from an artistic point of view.

Let George Do It

Speaking as one who has listened to a great many discussions of this matter of limiting the number of books published, the Landscaper has been many times reminded of a similar situation in the South years ago, which had to do with the production of something else quite as much as a gamble as books, namely, cotton. Every year after a long crop and a short price, there would be meetings held far and wide and a reduction of acreage decided upon, the idea being, of course, to get more money for fewer pounds of cotton, which is what the publishers are thinking of — more money for fewer titles. And every year most of the cotton planters would go home and plant the fence-corners in the hope that their neighbors would reduce acreage. Let the other fellow reduce, is the principle involved. The Landscaper is a long way from being convinced that we are actually publishing too many books, but it is quite possible that we are publishing more books than the existing outlets can handle, or the existing market absorb, and this is an unhealthy condition, which in the long run will be of benefit to nobody.

These remarks about the current multiplicity of books are prompted, of course, by the stacks that stand around at this moment, piled so high that they make a sort of miniature landscape of their own, with a touch of New York setback architecture about it. It was not possible during the autumn of 1929 to keep up with the more important books, let alone the hundreds of less important ones, and a part of this Landscape is devoted to a mention of some of these volumes that have had to be neglected. After all, the turn of the year is not the worst time for a cursory look backward.

More Books about America

For the moment, the Landscaper is impressed with the array of books dealing with various phases of life in the United States, popular books of history, biographies, novels of the American scene, and studies of our civilization. We seem to be becoming more and more aware of this last, more curious and more critical, and more ready to

speculate on the future of a machine-made era. For the Landscaper Stuart Chase's *Men and Machines*, published some time ago remains the most vital book about our country written this year, and one that should not be overlooked, because it is sane and balanced. Mr. Chase's earlier book, *Your Money's Worth*, ought to be used as a text in the public schools, although one doubts if many of our national advertisers would approve. As a parenthesis, it might be added that Mr. Chase's exposure of some of the bunk in American advertising has not had much apparent effect. The Landscaper was much amused recently at the advent of several old-time patent medicines in New York, with all their paraphernalia of universal symptoms and universal cures, proving something, which one suspects is that the sucker birth-rate is quite as high in New York as anywhere else — if not higher than in other places.

A New Life of Franklin

ONE of the recent outstanding biographies of Americans is Bernard Faÿ's *Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times* (Little, Brown, $3.50), a full-length study of a many-sided man made by a French historian who has written a great deal about this country. Mr. Faÿ examined more than six hundred yet unpublished letters in his search for fresh material on Franklin, and there is a great deal in his fine book that will interest even those who have read much already on the subject. There is still a warm spot in the Landscaper's heart for Phillips Russell's lively biography of Franklin, published two or three years ago; the Faÿ book is more heavily documented, and perhaps deeper in its scholarship, and certainly the subject is an inexhaustible one. Franklin's outlook on life was in many respects characteristically French, and there is good reason for the evident sympathy between biographer and subject.

Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years, a prize-winning *Atlantic Monthly* biography that covers the period between 1827 and 1927, is rich in the material that should be put into history books, a long and intimate account of life in the Middle West among sturdy New England stock. The book has been prepared by Harriett Connor Brown (Little, Brown; Atlantic Monthly Press, $3), the daughter-in-law of its central figure. Mrs. Brown took careful notes of the older woman's conversations, and the record is throughout one of great fascination.

Sherman in a New Light

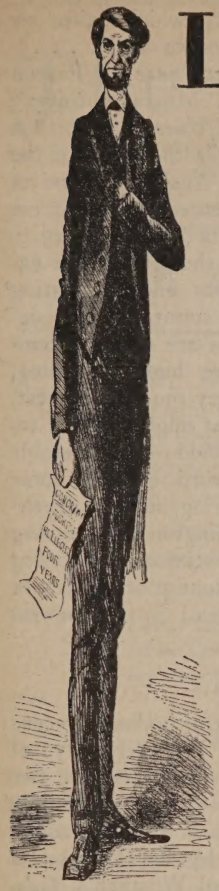
SHERMAN: Soldier-Realist-American, by Captain B. H. Liddell-Hart (Dodd, Mead, $5), is an excellent and novel study of the Northern general, written by a British officer who can make the dullest military leaders interesting to this reader, whose interest in military leaders generally stands somewhere around zero. Captain Liddell-Hart's life of Scipio Africanus is one of the finest of modern biographies because it portrays a pagan gentleman, as well as a great general, and does it with unforgettable skill. Many of the popular Sherman myths are blasted in the new book, and Captain Liddell-Hart justifies the touch of *schrechlichkeit* Sherman introduced into the Civil War in a manner that is convincing, although it will not be read with any happiness by unreconstructed Southerners. About the matter of Sherman's reputed remark on war, Captain Liddell-Hart is frankly iconoclastic. After a while, we shall find out that no general ever said a bright thing on the spur of the moment. The book on Sherman, it may be added, is unusually well written, and the result, it seems, of sound and original research.

To move forward to our own times, there is *The Peerless Leader: William Jennings Bryan* by Paxton Hibben (Farrar and Rinehart, $5), a book upon which Mr. Hibben spent his last years and did not quite complete before his peculiarly untimely death. It was completed by C. Harley Grattan. It is quite as much a history of the period during which Bryan lived as it is a biography; it is an invaluable study of certain elements in the American political situation that must still be taken into account. Mr. Hibben must have been more interested in these latter matters than he was in Bryan, who as a man was about as uninteresting and uninspiring a person as ever lived and a particularly horrible example of what the leader of a democratic people may be like. The Hibben biography is the best available on the subject.

Martin Van Buren's Story

ANOTHER of the recent books that lies half-way between biography and history, by reason of the richness and detail of the background against which a portrait is painted, is Denis Tilden Lynch's *An Epoch and a Man: Martin Van Buren and His Times* (Liveright, $5). Mr. Lynch will be remembered as the author of the splendid life of Boss Tweed published a year or so ago; he has dug deep again for his Van Buren material, and has put it together in a most interesting fashion. One suspects a great deal less is known of Van Buren than might well be, and Mr. Lynch's book is easy reading, although apparently written with care and with much attention to the winnowing of the large store of material that must have presented itself.

Thomas Beer's long-expected Mark Hanna



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(Knopf, $4) is still another first-rate biography that should be of interest to all who care for the story of their own country. One need hardly comment now on the brilliance of Mr. Beer's prose; his latest book is the most considerable he has done and it will give a great many people an entirely new conception of its subject. It is a sympathetic study of a highly skilful politician, who had many of the traits we have come to recognize as American, and a thoroughly interesting figure emerges from Mr. Beer's pages. This is among the very best of current biographies, and should not be overlooked.

In another field Montrose J. Moses has likewise presented a picture of American life in *The Fabulous Forrest: The Record of An American Actor* (Little, Brown, $4), which is as much a vivid commentary upon the manners and customs of the country as it is a full-length portrait of a genuinely American actor, whose life was full of excitement. Mr. Moses has gone to original sources for his material, and the result is a good, solid and readable piece of work.

A Wide Range of Books

THE range of books on American topics is a wide one, extending all the way from a new history of the Revolution to Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt's dissertations on the state of Prohibition. We may see ourselves as one visitor saw us in Count Herman Keyserling's *America Set Free* (Harper, $5), the long-promised study of this country by the Wise Man of Darmstadt; we may learn how we got into the World War from C. Harley Grattan's *Why We Fought* (Vanguard, $3.50); or we may entertain ourselves with *The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes* (Vanguard, $4.50), a really fascinating book about a distinguished liberal who occupies our Supreme Bench. The book on Mr. Justice Holmes has been edited by Alfred Lief, and carries a foreword by Dr. George W. Kirchwey, formerly Dean of Columbia Law School.

A fine historical study of the American Revolution begun by Claude H. Van Tyne in his *Causes of the War of Independence* is completed with *The War of Independence* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), a book based largely upon new documents and throwing a great deal of fresh light upon matters generally regarded as having been settled years ago. E. Keble Chatterton's *Seed of Liberty: The Story of the American Colonies* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), tells the part the sea played in the early history of this country, and allows many of the founding fathers to relate their stories in their own words. This book has the advantage of a fresh approach, and is written, of course, by a man who knows and loves the sea. He suggests that our civilization is sea-born, which makes one wish it still bore more traces of its origin. . . .

To put on a shelf somewhere near the Paxton Hibben *Bryan* is Donald L. Murray's *Coxey's Army: A Study of Industrial Unrest*, 1893–1898 (Little, Brown, $4) which tells the story of the march of General Coxey on Washington and of the other marches of discontented working men, who set out from various parts of the country to take their troubles direct to the seat of the national Government, a curious and interesting chapter in the history of the country, and a significant one. The illustrations are from contemporary photographs and are highly amusing, although the book itself is very much in earnest. It conjures up visions of what might happen today if labor became dissatisfied — innumerable "motorcades" (a horrible word born in some newspaper office, and deserving sudden death) wending their way to Washington and leaving behind them stripped gasoline stations and hotdog stands, with an occasional honest bricklayer or plasterer flying along overhead in his newest sport-model airplane.

Early Days in America

MANY OF the most delightful books of recent years have dealt with the early days of various parts of this country, and there are two newer additions to the list that are especially attractive. One is Lyle Saxon's *Old Louisiana*, with delightful illustrations by E. H. Suydam (Century, $5), the other Paul Wilstach's *Tidewater Virginia*, which carries as a fully descriptive subtitle: *Its Romantic Plantations, Mansions and the Celebrated Persons Who Gave it Glamour* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5). Tidewater Virginia history begins in 1607 at Jamestown, and five of the first ten Presidents of the United States were born in the territory. Civilization reached a high state very early there, and it remains one of the most thoroughly interesting sections of the Old South. Mr. Saxon relies upon documents in his book, a large part of which is taken up with quotations from diaries and letters, depicting life as it was lived on Louisiana plantations, and while the book is only loosely put together, the material is excellent. Mr. Suydam's illustrations reflect perfectly the charm, grace and dignity of the fine old plantation houses, so many of which have disappeared, to the great loss of the country's store of beauty, and the tradition of life for the sake of living, which last is pretty well absent from the present-day scene. More of these old houses are going month by month; this word is added so that if a rich philanthropist reads this department, he can get busy and save some of them. It seems unusually important, because so little contem-

The Quest for Certainty

by JOHN DEWEY

In a Special New Republic Edition

"Dr. Dewey has spent a good part of his life seeking a new meaning for the old word Philosophy. And what is philosophy? Or, better, what has philosophy been? After years of intellectual experimentation Dewey hit upon a profound and ingenious phrase—THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY. This seems to be what philosophy has been. As he reviewed the story of thinkers from the early Greek philosophers downward to our day he found that with few exceptions they were obsessed by a deep and primitive longing for security." JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

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THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY was first read by Professor Dewey as lecturer on the Gifford Foundation at the University of Edinburgh, perhaps the most distinguished lectureship in the English-speaking world, last held by A. S. Eddington, whose lectures were published in the book, "The Nature of the Physical World." Only two Americans have previously been invited to Edinburgh as Gifford Lecturers, Josiah Royce and William James.

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porary domestic architecture will ever deserve saving. Most of it will vanish, because of inferior construction, which is a cheerful thought. *Washington Past and Present* by Charles Moore, illustrated also by Mr. Suydam (Century, $5), is similar in format and general appearance to the Saxon volume, and gives a good account of our capital. The drawings are again excellent.

Mrs. Willebrandt's *The Inside of Prohibition* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), also has a good deal to say about the inside of Mrs. Willebrandt. The Landscaper is of the opinion that all excessively fair-minded persons, who got their impressions of the lady from reading the newspapers during the recent campaign, should read her book — although for his own part he could not. A glance at a few pages of Mrs. Willebrandt's opinions about Prohibition make them seem about as uninteresting and valueless as the opinion of any one else on the subject, and certainly her apologia toward the back of the book does not clear her entirely of the charges of bigotry so often heard against her. In one place she quotes statistics to show how much liquor was consumed in this country before Prohibition, and asks if any one thinks we are still drinking as much. Well, who knows? There are no bootleggers' statistics available. And is the success or failure of Prohibition to be judged entirely by the total consumption of liquor or is it not possible that there are a few other factors? But read the book if you think you can stand it.

Another Attack on War

C. Hartley Grattan's *Why We Fought*, already mentioned, is another Now-It-Can-Be-Told book about the dear old World War. Mr. Grattan has done a lot of digging in order to write a reasonably brief and popular account of the influences that were brought to bear upon us to kick in and help the Allies. Perhaps there is not much that is new in the book, but it is well and succinctly put together, and there are some interesting comments upon Allied propaganda in America. For some odd reason, the breakdown of the Bryce report on atrocities has always seemed to the Landscaper one of the great tragedies of the conflict in that it discloses how even a mature man of intelligence and character may be taken in by clever propaganda, and led to lend it his support. Mr. Grattan's book is not even-tempered, but read alertly, it should help strengthen anyone's pacifistic principles.

Some of the recent novels fit very well into the American section of this Landscape; fiction is quite as satisfactory a commentary upon a civilization as any other form of writing. Mrs. Edith Wharton turns her attention to the New York literary scene of the moment in her new and quite long novel, *Hudson River Bracketed* (Appleton, $2.50). The title is taken from the characterization of a certain type of architecture once popular along the Hudson, and while it is slightly cumbersome, it carries an amusing notion. There is less irony than is usual in Mrs. Wharton's books, and the theme seems to this reviewer to have less real significance than is customary with this author, but all her books are well worth reading, and this one contains much shrewd comment.

Life Among the Roughnecks

Of an entirely different type is Donald Clark's story of a man who begins his career as a juvenile delinquent and eventually becomes a highly successful bootlegger. On his way up he drinks, fights, dopes and wenches, and his career is depicted with complete frankness. It works out into a really amazing study of the underworld of today, and one would think that its appeal would be as much to the sociologist and criminologist as to the lovers of lusty literature. It is brutal, direct, unsparing in physical detail, and sympathetic with its characters. The book is called *Louis Beretti* (Vanguard, $2.50), Louis being its hero. It is not for the easily shocked, but those who know that life in the Twentieth Century can still be as crude as it was in the Middle Ages will find the book worth reading, if not as a great piece of fiction at least as a carefully observed and honestly set down social document.

Turning to a more remote corner of the world, there is Florence E. McClinchey's remarkably fine story of life among the remnant of the once powerful Ojibways on a reservation in St. Mary's River, Michigan, *Joe Pete* (Holt, $2.50), which shows the Indian in contact with the white, and coming off very badly in the struggle. Miss McClinchey has spent much time among the people she writes about; her story is wholly friendly toward the Indians, and some may find it slightly sentimental, but it is steadily interesting and accurate in detail. An Indian boy, whom we meet as a baby, and whose career we follow up to the time he goes away to acquire an education so that he can help his people, is the central figure of the book, which should have a wide appeal both because of the interest in the story itself and because of the novelty of its setting. After a long season of neglect of the Indians as literary material, we have several novels on the subject just now at hand, and Miss McClinchey's is one of the best.

Dime Novels Live Again

Another chapter in American history is covered in Edmund Pearson's study of the American counterpart of "shilling shockers,"

which is called *Dime Novels* (Little, Brown, $3.50). It tells the story of the rise and decline of this type of reading matter in a most amusing fashion. Old Cap Collier, Nick Carter, Diamond Dick, Fred Fearnot, and scores of other heroes of the childhood of most of us have their day in court, and the history of the Beadle library is recounted. As a devoted and consistent reader of Dime Novels, although they had come down to a nickel at the time, the Landscaper found Mr. Pearson's book fascinating. The Landscaper's literary tastes were formed largely upon such literature, including Tip-Top Weekly, the Liberty Boys of '76, Jack Harkaway — Jack was more respectable than the rest — and some of the ones mentioned just above, especially Diamond Dick. This may explain a good many things; but the Landscaper read these books with keen pleasure, and still thinks of many of them as superior in imagination and invention and story-telling to many that sell today for half of a five-dollar bill. Happily for those who missed these books, the John Day Company has just reprinted a famous specimen, *Malaeska, the Indian Wife of a White Hunter*, with an introduction by Frank P. O'Brien, and it may be bought for $2.50. The new edition is entertainingly presented.

The Life of an Artist

In addition to the strictly American biographies already mentioned, there are a large number of important books in this field available at present, one of the most interesting and important of the lot *The Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell* by Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Little, Brown, two volumes, $10), handsomely illustrated books that recount fully and freely the stormy life of a great illustrator, who left behind him an enormous amount of good work, and also the memories of many a bitter controversy.

There was in Joseph Pennell more than one man's share of righteous indignation; it kept him at the boiling point most of his life. It is a quality that is strikingly lacking from present-day American life. No one ever seems to be really angry about anything, although the Lord knows there are always plenty of things to be angry about. We could do with more of it; the Landscaper dreams at times of living to see the day when the erection of an indecently ugly skyscraper in New York will be the cause of a mass meeting and threats of a rope for the architect. . . . Joseph Pennell might not have taken part in any such outburst, but he would have been found leading the battle against ugliness wherever it reared its head and doing a fine, brave job of single-handed combat.

Mrs. Pennell has not tried to explain the idiosyncrasies of her husband, nor to cover them up in any way. Her book is frank, and includes many letters that a less-intelligent biographer might have been tempted for one reason or another to leave out. A splendid portrait emerges from the two volumes, done with tenderness and understanding, but with surprising objectivity as well. The outlines of the Pennell career are too well known to need repeating here; suffice it to say that his was by all odds one of the fullest and richest lives ever lived by an American artist, and Mrs. Pennell has set down an excellent account of it. There was something significant and rather touching about his return to America in his last days, an America for which he expressed a profound distaste in truly Pennellesque terms, but it is to be remembered that he said the view of lower New York from the windows of his Brooklyn apartment was the most beautiful thing in the world. An admirable biography, added to in interest by the many Pennell letters, like no other letters ever written, in all probability.

Casanova finds an understanding and scholarly interpreter in S. Guy Endore, whose *Casanova, His Known and Unknown Life* (John Day, $5), is a fine piece of work, both from the point of view of research and of writing. It is the first real biography of Casanova, and a book full of interest for even the most casual reader, as few people in the world have ever lived so excitingly as the Chevalier de Seingalt. There is no undue dwelling upon his amorous adventures in Mr. Endore's book, neither is there any neglect of the Don Juan phase of his exciting career. This is one of the half dozen or more outstanding biographies of the late autumn, and it brings to public attention the work of a highly promising young author, who has hitherto been known only as a translator.

A Shelfful of Biography

Among other important recent biographies are Hilaire Belloc's *Richelieu* (Lippincott, $5), handsomely illustrated, and well supplied with maps; *Foch: A Biography* by Major General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. (Macmillan, $5), the official life of the French generalissimo, written by one of his close friends; *For the Defence: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall* by Edward Majoribanks, with an introduction by Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead (Macmillan, $5), which is the life-story of England's famous criminal lawyer, and which should delight the souls of all amateur criminologists, as well as all lawyers and almost any one else who cares for excitement; *François Rabelais: Man of the Renaissance* by Samuel Putnam (Cape and Smith, $5), an excellent study of Rabelais by his most recent translator — it is truly extraordinary how much interest there has

been in Rabelais during the past twelve-month, and one might almost deduce something hopeful from it — *The Memoirs of Lorenzo da Ponte*, translated by Elizabeth Abbott, and with an introduction by Arthur Livingston (Lippincott, $5), which is the story of a poet, adventurer, librettist to Mozart, founder of Italian opera in the United States, and at long last, first professor of Italian at Columbia College. This volume belongs in the group of books about America, as Da Ponte spent much time here and had many adventures.

Beatrice Curtis Brown has done an excellent piece of work in *Alas, Queen Anne* (Bobbs Merrill, $4), taking a dull woman and making her and her period in English history vivid with life. Another unusually important English biography is *Lord Landsdowne* by Lord Newton, P.C. (Macmillan, $8.50), the story of a man who was a Marquis at twenty-one, who was Governor General of Canada, Viceroy of India, the head of the British War Department during the Boer War, and who will be remembered by this generation for his part in the famous Peace Letter of 1917, for which he was severely attacked. His life was full of stirring incident. The Hon. Clive Bingham has told succinctly the stories of all the English Kings from 1066 to 1901 in *The Kings of England* (Dutton, $6), closing his book with Queen Victoria. This is a fattish volume of English history that is unusually easy reading.

Edward A. Westermarck, the renowned anthropologist, has written an informal autobiography in *Memories of My Life* (Macaulay, $3.50), Westermarck being just one more man who started life under a heavy burden of physical handicaps and came through to something like greatness. Edward Wagenknecht's *The Man Charles Dickens* (Houghton Mifflin, $4), is a study of Dickens's work as a reflection of the author, and a successful attempt to do a portrait of an author as a human being.

Bolitho in Twelve Portraits

Also in this category belongs William Bolitho's *Twelve Against the Gods* (Simon and Schuster, $4), a round dozen of brilliant studies by an English essayist and journalist, who writes well and thinks well. His gallery contains sketches of Alexander the Great, Columbus, Mahomet, Lola Montez, Cagliostro and Seraphina, Charles XII, Napoleon, Catiline, Napoleon III, Isadora Duncan, and Woodrow Wilson. As to recent autobiography, *The Story of San Michele* by Dr. Axel Munthe has had an interesting history. It is published by Dutton at $3.75, and was first imported in a small sheet edition from England, the supposition being that while it was a fine book there would be a relatively small American audience for it. It has made its way steadily, however, largely by word of mouth introduction, and has now been set up and printed here. Dr. Munthe is very famous in Europe and he tells the story of an interesting life easily and informally, but delightfully. A psychological study of Luther is offered in *Martin Luther: A Destiny* (Dutton, $3.75), translated by Roberts Tapley.

Then there is Ford Madox Ford's story of his life, *No Enemy* (Macaulay, $2.50), told in a consciously literary manner, but an excellent piece of writing, as anything from Ford's pen is likely to be. Two characters, representing two sides of Ford's personality, Gringoire, man of impulse, and Compiler, man of reflection, are the central figures in the story, which covers much of the author's long life in England and France, and which has a great deal about the War in it, a war which Ford saw as an officer in the British Army, where he was wounded, and about which he has written his greatest novel, the Tietjens tetralogy. The Landscaper supposes that everyone who reads much, and professionally, has his very particular favorites, and he goes on to admit that Ford is one of his own pets. Ford knows how to write, and good craftsmen are far too rare to be ignored or overlooked.

Clemenceau on Life

What Georges Clemenceau, who has reached the end of the dream as these words are written, thought about life is contained in two large volumes called *In the Evening of My Life* (Houghton Mifflin, $12.50), and what the Tiger of France thought will not do to read at any Sunday School Association meetings. Clemenceau was an arch-realist. He did not believe in God, immortality, or the freedom of will; he thought that life was a rather trivial incident, and man a beast that perishes. He did not deplore this state of affairs in the least, but looked upon it as a healthy challenge to our courage, and a matter for rejoicing, which shows just how unusual a person we are dealing with. These volumes might be called spiritual autobiography; they are for the reading of the thoughtful and are not likely to make many best-seller lists in America.

Two more biographies remain to be mentioned. One is *Moussia: The Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff* by Alberic Cahuet, the other *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Daniel Defoe* by Paul Dottin. Both are published by Macaulay. The former is the first biography to be written about the curious Russian girl whose journals have become a classic, and has been hailed in France as a fascinating contribution to the study of feminine genius; the latter is a new interpreta-

tion of the author of Robinson Crusoe, done by a Frenchman, who makes the most of an excitingly diverse career. M. Dottin gives Defoe credit for introducing the daily column into newspapers, among other things. The book contains a complete bibliography, which includes scores of pamphlets published anonymously.

All about Thomas A. Edison

Other biographies of the autumn season not yet mentioned here include an authorized biography of Thomas A. Edison in two volumes (Harper, $10), written by Frank Lewis Dyer and Thomas Comefor Martin, with the collaboration of William Henry Meadowcroft, Mr. Edison's secretary. Mr. Meadowcroft's coöperation makes it certain that the book contains everything of any consequence about the life of America's greatest practical scientist, and gives it an enduring value. Louise Schultz Boas's *A Great Rich Man: The Romance of Sir Walter Scott* (Longmans, Green, $3.50) is a fairly short and easy to read story of the career of a great writer of romances, done against a sufficiently detailed background of the period, with publishers, reviewers, and other literary men as important figures in the drama. Houghton Mifflin have just reissued Amy Lowell's *Life of John Keats* in a one-volume thin paper edition at $5; the sale of the two-volume edition reached amazing figures for a work of this sort. It is, of course, a priceless book for lovers of Keats, and the cheap edition is well made and handy in size despite the great number of pages it contains.

Some Entertaining Memoirs

In the field of memoirs one of the outstanding recent books is *Life's Ebb and Flow* by Frances, Countess of Warwick (Morrow, $5), the life-story of a member of the British aristocracy who has known nearly everyone of any importance from the days of Disraeli down to the present, and who gossips entertainingly about them all. The Countess announces in a brief foreword that her memoirs have been censored, but there is enough left to gratify the curiosity of most readers. Disraeli took her to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in *Romeo and Juliet*, she was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria, and of Edward VII. She knew W. T. Stead, Gladstone, Salisbury, Balfour, W. H. Hudson and Sir Harry Johnston, to mention only a few of the notables who swarm through her lively pages.

Dr. John Rathbone Oliver, author of a novel which came very near winning a recent Pulitzer Prize, has written a chatty and informal account of his life in *Four Square: The Story of a Fourfold Life* (Macmillan, $2.50), in which he tells of his experiences in the law courts, as a physician, as a teacher, and as a minister. The name of his novel was *Victim and Victor*, and he is also the author of *Fear: The Autobiography of James Edwards.*

Plenty of War Books

The War still seems to hold the centre of the stage in recent fiction, although public interest in the subject is undoubtedly on the ebb. One of the best of all the war stories has just appeared, and it would be a pity if a change of direction in public taste caused it to be overlooked. This is Radion Markowits's *Siberian Garrison* (Liveright, $2.50), which begins well before the war and continues until a long time after the Armistice, when Austrian and German prisoners were still held by the Russians. The picture of garrison life is especially good; the book is long, and in places rather dull, but as a whole, it is high up among the stories that have tried to tell the world what really happens in times of war. *Combed Out* by F. A. Voight (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2.00), is a straight out plea for pacifism by the *Manchester Guardian's* staff man in the World War, and a good piece of writing as well. *All Else is Folly* by Peregrine Acland (Coward-McCann, $2.50) is the story of a line officer in a Canadian outfit of kilted soldiers, and is by all odds one of the best stories yet done about an outfit fighting under the standard of the British Empire. A revived war book is *Bourru, Soldier of France*, by Jean des Vignes Rouges (Dutton, $2.50), with an introduction by Coley Taylor, which is a friendly and somewhat sentimental attempt to depict poilus in action. It was written about the same time as Barbusse's *Under Fire*, and was one of the first books to suggest, even mildly, that modern war was not all dress parades and medal-collecting.

Henry Williamson, another ex-soldier who is now a pacifist, tells of a visit to old battlefields in *The Wet Flanders Plain* (Dutton, $2.50), and of the complete disillusionment of such a journey. Mr. Williamson writes well, as those who know his novels and nature books will recall, and his short volume is a decidedly moving plea for universal brotherhood. Dutton has also published *German Student War Letters*, which have been translated and arranged from the original edition by Philip Witkop and A. F. Wedd. The price of the book is $3. All the men whose letters are quoted are now dead. There are also some good war stories and many excellent drawings in *Marines and Others* by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner, $3).

Other Interesting Novels

Among other outstanding recent works of fiction are a translation of Eduardo Zamacois's *Roots* (Viking, $2.50), a story of the stark

plateau of old Castile by one of Spain's best living novelists; *Brothers and Sisters* by I. Compton-Burnett (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), a very curious first novel, told largely in conversations, and written by a woman; *Hill of Destiny* by Jean Giono, winner of the Prix Brentano in France, and concerning itself with French peasant life; and *Red Willows* by Constance Lindsay Skinner (Coward-McCann, $2.50), a story of life in the cosmopolitan and pioneer days of British Columbia, with a carefully done background. Among important literary experiments of recent months, Lynd Ward's novel in woodcuts, *God's Man* (Cape and Smith, $3) is one of the most entertaining. Mr. Ward had dispensed with words, except to indicate the divisions of his story, a tale he manages to make fairly clear, although it is a little obscure in spots because of the symbolism. Some of the woodcuts are lovely. The sheer physical labor attached to doing this number of woodblocks will probably keep down the production of such wordless novels, which will be cause for regret to many of us reviewers, I am sure.

Farce Out of Russia

A NOVEL out of Soviet Russia called *The Embezzlers* and written by Valentine Kataev (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2.50) is a recent choice of one of the book clubs, and is of interest to this country for a variety of reasons. It is a satirical farce, built around a theft on the part of employees in the office of a Soviet trust, and it spoofs certain phases of the Soviet system with astonishing freedom. Aside from this fact, the story is told with a rollicking humor that makes it delightful reading; it has been compared with Gogol's *Dead Souls* in spirit, and since the comparison is not inept, this should be recommendation enough to anyone who knows the older masterpiece. The author has done what is on the surface a gay extravaganza, but underneath there is truth; as Stephen Graham says, a reading of the book gives one new hope for Russia, for its laughter is tonic and sanitative.

Zona Gale's most recent novel, *Borgia* (Knopf, $2.50), is a curious study of an egocentric girl, who finally finds saner vision through love. It is another of Miss Gale's explorations of the supra-conscious, and has a vague and twilight quality that will lessen its appeal to most novel readers. Miss Gale dissects her beautiful self-worshipper completely and thoroughly, and there is often a movingly poetic quality to the writing, but it appears to lack something of substantiality, and it suffers, too, from an artificial stressing of the thesis.

Anne Parrish's latest novel, *The Methodist Faun* (Harper, $2.50), appears to the Landscaper to be the best thing she has done since her first book *The Perennial Bachelor*, her later work being marred by an excess of cleverness and more particularly by a seeming detestation for her characters. The new book tells the story of a misunderstood boy in a conventional setting, and toward the end it contains some genuinely good writing, with little of the tinsel effect that has marked so much of this author's work. This is a minor novel, but a satisfactory one and it gives one heart for the future of its author.

A Good Swinnerton

FRANK SWINNERTON'S *Sketch of a Sinner* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is much better than some of Mr. Swinnerton's more recent work. It tells the story of the wife of a London shopkeeper, married to an old man, and it chronicles middle-class life in the more dingy part of London with what appears to be absolute fidelity, and certainly with a great deal of artistry. The book ends in tragedy, but it has sprightly pages, and is not so somber as some of the author's other work. It is written with detachment, but not without sympathy, and it may be safely recommended to those readers who liked *The Elder Sister* and who still remember agreeably the earlier novels *Nocturne* and *Coquette*.

M. P. Shiel, who was an undiscovered author for so many years, seems to be coming into his own both in England and America. His *How the Old Woman Got Home* attracted a great deal of attention here, and *Dr. Krasinski's Secret* (Vanguard, $2.50) is another mystery tale that is guaranteed to bring chills and fever. Hanns Heinz Ewers, the author of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, gives us another tale of dark doings in *Alraune* (John Day, $5), which, like its predecessor has the advantage of illustrations by Mahlon Blaine. Alraune is a female being artificially created, who is destined to bring trouble to everyone near her, and there are many ancient superstitions about the fabled mandrake woven into this strange tale. It will appeal to lovers of the exotic, who might read along with it an important addition to recent books about vampires, witches, and other strange creatures, Montague Summers's *The Vampire in Europe* (Dutton, $5). Dr. Summers is the author of *The Vampire: His Kith and Kin*, and the new volume is full of pleasantly grewsome yarns of other days.

About a Modern Saint

J. L. CAMPBELL'S new novel is called *The Miracle of Peille* (Dutton, $2.50), and it tells the story of a modern saint in a little Provençal town. Mr. Campbell begs no one's pardon for the

saint's miracles, and the straightforward manner of the narrative makes the tale seem curiously real and possible. Mostly when angels and saints and other heavenly visitors get into modern novels, there is a strong wind of irony blowing, but not so in *The Miracle of Peille*, which has a simple charm. It is an altogether different kind of book from *Face Value*, although the underlying philosophy of both is not unlike. William Faulkner's new novel, *The Sound and the Fury* (Cape and Smith, $2.50), is the story of the disintegration of a Southern family, and takes its title from the fact that a part of it is told by an idiot. It is a difficult book to read, and the subject is unlikely to attract those readers who look for entertainment from their novels, but it has power, and it makes much fiction seem utterly trashy because of the triviality of its aims. In some quarters, the book has been rather extravagantly praised, but this does not alter the fact that readers with literary curiosity will find it worth an evening. It makes one more curious than ever about the future of its author, whose very first novel, *Soldier's Pay*, was a remarkable effort.

Ruth Suckow's latest piece of fiction is *Cora* (Knopf, $2.50), another "family" novel, in which Miss Suckow has displayed a maturity of talent that makes one quite confident of first-rate work from her in future. While she clings to the essential material of her first novel, *Country People*, she has broadened and deepened, and in *Cora* she has a well-observed, carefully done character who touches the reader's sympathy and lives in the reader's memory. Cora is the daughter of a German immigrant family, who wins her way free and into economic independence, only to be trapped into marriage with a wastrel. She is deserted when her husband finds there is a baby coming, and has to start over again. Miss Suckow writes better than she once did, and she has lost none of her essential honesty of purpose, which gave even her earliest work distinction.

An Adolescent Love Story

An appealing love story of adolescence is Vernon Bartlett's short novel, *Calf Love* (Lippincott, $2.50), which was highly praised in England last spring, and which tells the story of an English boy's visit to Germany for his education. There he falls in love with a German girl in the home where he is staying and is bitterly disappointed in his affections. There is a curiously moving adventure for him on his way home, when he meets an older woman who wishes to be kind to him. The fevers and the frets of youth are admirably portrayed in Mr. Bartlett's unusually well written novel, which deserved the critical acclaim it won across the ocean. An American first novel of interest is Gilbert Seldes's *The Wings of the Eagle* (Little, Brown, $2.50). It is the first piece of long fiction by a distinguished critic, and is set in a farming village at the time of the Spanish-American War. Essentially, it is the story of an unmarried couple who are very much in love. The jacket promises that Mr. Seldes is writing other novels, which is interesting, particularly as his first effort is only partly successful, and does not disclose any particular mastery of the medium of expression. A young American writer, Edward L. McKenna, whose very hard-boiled first novel *Hardware* attracted a good deal of attention, has written the story of a prize-fighter in the 'Nineties in *Bruiser* (McBride, $2.50), which has a lot of direct strength and punch, but which is not so good a book as its predecessor.

A recent importation, Walther von Hollander's *Fever House* (Macaulay, $2.50) attempts to put into a novel the frenzy of life in a typical Berlin apartment house. What goes on there is horrible, but hardly exaggerated, and it has all been set down with apparent faithfulness. As a relief from this sort of literature which, to be sure, has its place, one might suggest *Cats in the Isle of Man* by Daisy Fellowes (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2.50), which is an exposé of the ultra-fashionable set of which its author is a distinguished member. It is a witty book, and should bring entertainment to very nearly any sort of reader, although its strongest appeal will be to those who call themselves sophisticated.

Various Views of the World

A number of new books are available dealing with various parts of the world in an interesting manner, one of the best Sisley Huddleston's *Europe in Zig-Zags* (Lippincott, $5), which covers Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Spain, and so on, and does it charmingly. The Landscaper tested the book by reading the part of it relating to Spain, which is a very difficult country for the casual traveller to understand, and could not find that Mr. Huddleston had tumbled into any of the familiar misconceptions. His book is chatty, full of interesting personalities and altogether pleasant reading. Rom Landau's *Pilsudski and Poland* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $5), is a valuable account of the new Poland and its prospective part in the future European drama; Gustav Amann's *The Legacy of Sun Yatsen* (Carrier, $3.75) is another book on the Chinese Revolution, giving the greater part of the story of modern China, and containing many studies of the leaders in present-day affairs; *Palestine Today and Tomorrow* by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes (Macmillan, $2.50) is a useful short volume about existing conditions in Palestine.

Introducing the *Baker* to the *Housewife*

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Greater Prosperity through Foreign Trade

BY JAMES A. FARRELL
President, United States Steel Corporation

NO ISSUE is of more vital importance to the welfare of American industrial enterprise and labor than the stimulation of our commerce abroad. It is a recognized fact that extensive trade overseas tends to stabilize industry by insuring to manufacturers and producers a larger sphere of activity. Our foreign trade annually becomes more impressive as a balance wheel to our domestic enterprise.

It is in the interest alike of the workman and of his employer that there should be steady sale abroad of our industrial products. The foreign business of many corporations is an important item, and a factor which contributes to a fuller operating of their plants.

A great commercial nation must have a wide horizon and a liberal conception of the elements that enter into foreign trade. The prosperity of our farms, our mines and our factories will be found to be inseparable from the productiveness of other nations, whether they be in Asia, Africa, Australia, South America or Europe. Increased industrial and commercial activity among any people means in the end an increase of their purchasing power, and the possibility of a larger market among them for our own products.

THE five or six great industrial nations of the world which are our chief competitors in the so-called neutral markets are also steadily the heaviest purchasers from us, and they buy both manufactured and crude products. It is not merely raw material that we sell them.

Fifteen years ago a small group of American manufacturers were regularly devoting part of their production to foreign trade. Most of our manufacturers, if they exported at all, were simply dumping an occasional surplus wherever they could sell it and for whatever they might

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get. Today many thousands of them are cultivating foreign markets as earnestly as they seek to expand their sales at home. They have learned the fundamental economic truths that one sale has precisely the same effect as another upon the distribution of output; that it is the sale which counts, not the locality where it is made; that substantially all the output must be sold if the whole enterprise is to show any profit; that the prosperity of the foreign distributor is the chief factor in continuing and expanding sales, and that "dumping" is the very antithesis of sound and growing business. The doctrine of *caveat emptor* has disappeared from standard American foreign trade practice.

FIFTEEN years ago American trade practice was a standing jest among our foreign competitors. Today it is their despair. Then it was true that we neither knew nor cared about foreign trade, except among the small group of export merchants who have always been distinguished by their trading skill. But through the efforts of the National Foreign Trade Council, and other organizations, there have been stimulated a spread of interest and an intensity of study which have produced gratifying results. Americans have found that successful merchandizing is both a science and an art, and in every State producers and traders are striving to learn both. That is the secret of the advance that American trade with the rest of the world has made in the last decade. But it is a secret still hidden from some of our foreign competitors who send their commissions and investigating committees to this country to seek the reason for our trade growth, only to devote themselves almost exclusively to our methods of production alone. True, excellence in production is always of first class importance, but of what avail will it be without corresponding excellence in merchandizing?

It is along such lines of investigation as indicated that a large part of the secret of our advance in foreign trade will be found. Hard work has been done on every phase of the problem, and, as usual, it has produced results. Hard work, I have found, is in fact the best general aid when difficulties are encountered. That certainly helps to explain why, in the last fifteen years, our commerce with other nations has more than doubled, despite the interruption of the war. That helps to make clear why our exports for 1929 were about five billion dollars, and why our imports of materials for industry in the last quarter were 25 per cent greater than in the same period of 1928.

IF IT is not the major factor, it at least has a strong bearing upon the growth of our trade with Latin America. Today we are the chief supplier of each of the twenty-one American republics south of the Rio Grande. That surely explains in part why we are selling more of our products in South America than Great Britain, France and Germany combined. And it helps to an understanding of our feeling that the developments of the past carry with them an important promise for the future.

For more than a hundred years prior to 1914 the United States had

been devoting its energy and its effort to development of its own resources and markets. The home market filled the eye and the brain of the country, and public policy was formed upon that consideration. But by the early part of the Twentieth Century the United States had reached the stage of industrial development that necessitated a change in the direction of thought of its people and in the activities of its enterprise. The time had come, of which Alexander Hamilton had dreamed, when the producers of the nation proved their capacity by turning out more than the normal consumption which our people required. It was the time when, under a policy of wisdom and prudence, we must turn again to the sea and expand our trade with other lands and other peoples.

THIS was a subject and a situation that needed to be brought home to the American people. There were several organizations which were interested, among them the Asiatic Association, the Pan-American Society and the American Manufacturers' Export Association. These and some others joined in calling a National Foreign Trade Convention, which was held in Washington in May, 1914. More than four hundred leaders of different factors of production, from all over the country, attended. As a result of the discussions it was determined to form a permanent organization to carry on the nation-wide work of foreign trade promotion, including the holding of an annual national convention devoted wholly to consideration of foreign trade matters.

Thus the National Foreign Trade Council came into being. North, South, East and West are represented in its membership, and every factor of international trade, agriculture, commerce, finance, industry and transportation, both land and water. Its members are leaders of business and enterprise not only in their localities but throughout the nation. They have joined in rendering a disinterested national public service, with no return to themselves except such as may indirectly come from any benefit accruing to the general enterprise of the country, in which they would have the same share as any other citizen. They maintain a staff which studies the economics of international trade, and watches the situation of commerce throughout the world. Once a year the leaders gather for discussion of world conditions at the annual meeting of the Council, and once a year they assemble with two to three thousand other foreign traders, in all lines of activity, for public discussion at the annual national convention.

SHIPPING, education and foreign trade all have found effective voices through the National Foreign Trade Council. Through all the turbulent years of war and reconstruction which followed immediately upon its organization the Council has maintained that the best interests of the nation demand the development of a merchant marine under private ownership and operation. Similarly it has encouraged and promoted in every way the educational training of young men for foreign service. And in many ways it has contributed to the extension of foreign trade understanding among

the people, and the improvement of merchandizing practice among our producers and traders.

From the very first the Council has striven to arouse the interest of smaller manufacturers and producers in overseas trade, and to improve their facilities for engaging in it and carrying it on. The development of wise, prudent national policy regarding international commerce is the chief object of the Council.

When it was formed, in 1914, there was very little if any American literature of foreign trade. Council publications on shipping, trade opportunities and similar subjects formed practically the first American work of general application. Now there are probably three thousand titles in a complete bibliography of American foreign trade literature, with a wide range of volumes, of the highest authority on every phase of that fascinating and complicated business. On a vast scale public education in the simple economics of trade has been carried on, with the result that today millions of Americans in every part of the country understand the relationship of a sustained international commerce to the maintenance of their own daily welfare where, before, few comprehended its possibilities.

Throughout these fifteen years the Council members have maintained unflagging interest in this tremendously important work. Chief among the agencies employed by the Council has been the annual national convention, which many members of the Council always attend and to which they give the practical benefit of their personal direction. The proceedings of these conventions constitute in themselves a library of authoritative information upon conditions and practice all around the globe.

There has been, of course, very wide coöperation. It is by no means meant to imply that it is all due to the National Foreign Trade Council. Scores of other organizations, large and small, scattered all over the United States, have had their share.

Merchant shipping and the educational training of young men for foreign service are only two phases of foreign trade promotion. There are numerous others, such as international finance, foreign loans, foreign investment, credits, advertising, packing, documentation and the whole range of technique.

America's future is on the sea and it hears the call of genius and initiative. Aided by wise legislation — not such as to provoke reprisals, but rather such as to render the enterprise competitive — our ships again will be seen in ports that have forgotten them.

The production of ocean transportation, especially in foreign trade, can not escape the operation of the fundamental law that production is always a question of profit. Private enterprise will not invest its money in the shipping business unless there is reasonable assurance that it will be permitted to operate at a reasonable profit.

In its initial stages the problem is one of international coöperation and stability of rates, rather than of international competition. Recognizing our higher costs of operation, if

in other respects we are able to meet the competition of the world upon equal terms — especially with types of ships comparable with those of our competitors and with experience in long voyage trades — the relatively high wages of American officers, engineers and seamen sufficient in numbers to operate economically and with safety, will not prove a serious handicap.

Nothing is more certain than that the building of ships, and the employment of ships in ocean navigation, must be definitely reinstated among our great industries if this Republic is to hold the place it has won for itself in the world.

THE greatest subsidy our ships could have would be the support of the American people. The greatest handicap under which they labor is the lack of such support. Americans should always have a partiality for the use of their own vessels upon terms of equal consideration. Other nations have developed this spirit of coöperation in a high degree and much of their success is attributable thereto.

The future of the American merchant marine must depend upon the attractiveness which it offers to the employment of private capital and the application of private enterprise. The steamship business is one requiring special and exceptional aptitudes. The men engaged in it have to match wits against the keenest in the world; have to be prompt in decision, resourceful, expedient and expert in the calculation of probabilities.

These are qualities not usually forthcoming when a government assumes the functions of private enterprise. They represent, in fact, aptitudes which government service seems to deaden, for the simple reason that they are foreign to the demands of official routine, and contrary to the dictates of departmental usage.

Those who are interested in the development of foreign trade are performing a great work in the advancement of peace and civilization. The good-will established through better acquaintance with foreign customs and satisfactory methods of dealing must not only prove of benefit to the individuals and firms interested, but redound also to the prestige of our country. The welfare of our foreign trade should be a matter of concern to every citizen whether or not he be engaged in exporting or importing.

THE distinction between domestic and foreign trade is rapidly disappearing. No enterprise large enough to be called national can stop short at the boundaries of the Republic.

The commerce which will stand the test of time must rest upon a fair exchange of values. Acting upon that principle, our rightful share of the world's trade will be that to which our material resources, developed by our enterprise and skill, entitle us.

If we need American ships and American banks for our foreign trade, our need for an army of trained salesmen and employees is more acute. Following academic education it is, of course, necessary to have practical training. If a man doesn't know his product he is lost, even if he can write as many volumes as Sir Walter Scott. The first necessity for a young man engaged in foreign

trade is a knowledge of the particular business in which he is employed. Nothing can take the place of this, for mistakes can be made in every language and in every land.

THE development of communication and transportation in the last few decades has given birth to a new world. The isolation of peoples is ended, and the isolation of individuals is rapidly becoming less possible.

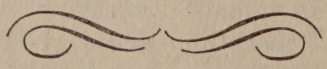
There is room enough for all, because in countries still bare of the appliances of modern civilization the process of equipment is cumulative. New facilities of transportation, production or public convenience not only create a demand for more, but help to create the wealth needed to pay for them.

The creation of conditions, hitherto nonexistent, of equal opportunity for international commerce and industrial enterprise, should so quicken the world's demand for manufactured products as to insure a long period of industrial prosperity. With the small nations relieved from fear of their more powerful neighbors, and with every country free to follow its natural development along the line of least resistance, there will be such an increase of the world's wealth as will go far to compensate for the appalling destruction of the war.

The American people realize that the poverty of Europe or of any other part of the world, can not contribute to our welfare, and that the misfortune of our commercial and industrial rivals can not promote the prosperity of our foreign trade.

Reasonable prices tend to extend commerce, maintain production, lessen costs and increase consumption at home and abroad. National trade is the basis of national livelihood. We are reaching the stage of expanded interest and participation which tends to diminish the risk of the whole because of its widened distribution.

WE HAVE seized unfairly the commerce of no people. We have taken no mean advantage of the extremity of others. Our entrance into new fields of business enterprise abroad has been of signal benefit not only to ourselves, but also to the countries where our investments have been made and with which our commerce is carried on.



An Actress Appeals to Her Audience

By Jane Cowl

When an actor contracts to appear upon the stage, he contracts not only to be a paid employee of the producer who engages him, but to become a servant of the public as well. Of what does this service consist?

First, to absorb his rôle, and if he is a laborer worthy of his hire, to put his finest judgment, feeling, creative and interpretive faculties to work, inducing an atmosphere, purely psychological, by means of which he can relate with look and gesture, as well as word, the story of which his rôle is an indispensable part. He contracts to do this for eight performances a week, ill or well, troubled or untroubled in his private life, no matter what circumstances surround him outside the theatre.

If he is a true devotee of his art, he contracts to do this, not only in fulfillment of the obligation which binds him to his manager, and not only for the increment which he receives, but for a third almost indefinable but far more potent reason — a subtle, impalpable, wholly unwritten contract between himself and his audience. Of that contract, the public is curiously unaware. It is, however, the most cogent and binding of the idealistic actor's obligations. It is this insubstantial bond which gives the actor whatever inspiration he may have, causes him to play well or badly according to the amount of reciprocal interest which has been established, and gives him the spiritual returns upon his investment of creative labor. These returns are far more important than money, far more satisfying than the acclaim of critics. In a word, they are the be-all and end-all of the actor's enjoyment of his work.

In the first contractual relationship, the producing management pays him a sum agreed upon and fulfills the obligation of the employer. In the second and unwritten contractual relationship, what is it that the audience should pay? Is it enough that they should pay their money at the door — or unhappily to the ticket speculator; is it enough that they should come, if nowadays they ever do come, before the first curtain rises, and sit waiting to be amused, with the conviction that their obligation ceased with the purchase of their tickets; or is there still

something more in the nature of a spiritual indebtedness which they owe the actor for his gifts of interpretation and creation?

LET us examine into one fundamental difference between two great arts — let us, for a moment, concern ourselves with music. The public is being educated — some of it willingly, some of it most unwillingly — to respect the integrity of the art of music. Why are Messrs. Stokowski, Toscanini, Bodansky, *et al.*, exacting quiet in the concert auditoriums? Is it to annoy the late comer — cause him to gnash his teeth and stamp about the foyer during the several movements of a Beethoven *opus* before being allowed to take his seat, for which he has paid a full and adequate amount — or is it to insure the quiet enjoyment of music on the part of those people who found it convenient to be on time? Is it not also to protect the highly sensitive musicians, whose eyes must be upon the leader's baton and upon the musical script before them, lest they should see a confused mass of people moving in all parts of the house, hear the rustle of programmes, the removing of wraps, and so divide their minds between the struggle for interpretation and the consciousness that they are being distracted, and perhaps be appreciably disturbed, or roughly jarred from the consecrated mood which makes possible the purity of tone and the perfect at-one-ment with the director?

What of the conductor himself? There is nothing more distracting than a noise behind one. It assumes even more gigantic importance than a noise the cause of which one is able to see. What of the distraction, however slight, which may cause the conductor a mental lapse that may result in his skipping a few important bars or divert him from the keen, all-embracing attention to the entrance into the score of some vital instrument? The symphonic orchestra is the result of a united effort — the work of a group — as is a play upon the dramatic stage. Each of the many intelligences which go to make up the whole is highly sensitized, conceivably devotional as to the individual output of thought, care and skill and worthy of the permission to exert its utmost toward the bringing about of a harmonious, inspired, and suave result. The permission to operate beautifully and without undue hindrance is the privilege accorded the musician and never more truly so than in this present day.

WHAT of the actor? It might be said with some truth that most musicians are better trained in the execution of their art than are most actors. But here, the basic system which regulates an actor's training is at fault rather than the actor himself. The musician is forced to arrive at a state of excellence in his chosen field before he is allowed the experience of playing before a public. Nowadays, in America at least, the actor serves his apprenticeship and learns his art, sometimes falteringly and ineptly, in full view of a critical public. The only wonder is that the young actor ever survives the burden of his mistakes and retains the fortitude to perfect himself.

What is established in the matter of rapport between the hearers and

the musicians at, let us say, a performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* as given by Stokowski and his men? It is the tacit understanding between players and listeners which accords the musician the right to be heard, and the listener the enjoyment of hearing, and this is the fundamental need in any renaissance of interest in the drama. What actor can give his best, and maintain the ephemeral make-believe conviction that he is, by divine right of the gods of the theatre, Hamlet, Romeo, Oswald, Cyrano, The Admirable Crichton, Potash or Perlmutter, if the necessary and vital self-hypnosis which creates a rôle is fraught with the distraction of a hundred banging seats, and the Tinker-bell torch lights in the hands of ushers, the accentuated horror of the openly whispered "Wouldn't you rather sit on the aisle?" which comes to his unwilling notice for the entire duration of an expository first act — in which, if ever, he is expected to lay the foundation of a characterization, the chief value of which is its subtle unfoldment?

WHY is the public of today growing more and more impervious to the importance of its share in the actor's enjoyment of his rôle, and his ability to present it with credit to himself? There is an old word called glamour. Webster defines it as "magic; enchantment; a spell of charm; a magical or fictitious glory." If my voice were loud enough to detonate that word "glamour" until it became a suggestive echo in the ears of every seeker after diversion, until it became an integral part of their theatre-consciousness, it would be doing much to reinstate the art of theatre-going. There is no theatre if there is no magic, and the wonderment need not be of beauty alone, or fancy alone, or of wit, or poesy — it can be the magic of things-to-be-believed-in and grieved over, as in *Street Scene*, or the magic of courteous and gentle bravery as in *Journey's End*. It can be the magic of the immortal pitiable, such as Chaplin's, or the embarrassment caused by the eternal blunders of that "Perfect Fool," Ed Wynn. It has a thousand forms and all its forms are magic if you believe them.

WE OF the theatre try to make a little magic for you now and then. Sometimes we have fine material with which to weave it, sometimes we clothe the bald and unconvincing with whatever of enchantment we can muster. But it becomes harder and harder to penetrate through deliberate sophistication and create anything except the photographic or the undistinguished. We are in much the same position nowadays as some kindly soul might be who was trying to tell to a small child the tale of Hans Andersen's *Little Mermaid*, if in conclusion the unimpressed infant were to fix him with an unbelieving eye and monosyllabically utter the crushing comment, "Yeah?"

Like a swallow darting, the Ariel-minded Ellen Terry once answered without an instant's pause to some friend's query as to the most desirable single quality in human beings, "Good manners, dear, good manners." It would take the persuasiveness of the Terry charm to convince a large part of the public

of today that that quality, so highly prized because it makes life easier, tempers criticism with tact and incorporates the very highest of what we know as fair play, is so lacking in the throngs who now buy public entertainment that it is rapidly taking its place among the lost arts in the limbo of forgotten things.

How many of the theatre-going public would buy tickets to a lecture by Galsworthy, or Walpole, and when once seated begin an animated conversation to the distraction of the lecturer and the distress of several rows of people in front and rear? It just doesn't happen.

Why does it happen in the theatre? Why are these little groups of disturbers, still blessedly in the minority, permitted to drive all continuity of thought from out the actor's mind and to wrench the attention of spectators about them from concentration upon the stage to centre it upon their own silly, unimportant, rude and meaningless behaviors? The audience at a symphony concert sibilantly quells this sort of thing at the very moment of its outbreak. They are music lovers, or, if not, they know they ought to be, and music itself is being affronted, their right to listen and enjoy jeopardized, the spell, the charm, and the magic are theatened with intrusion. They have paid their money to be lifted upon wings of sound and they purpose to receive in full measure what they came to enjoy.

Will some student of Behaviorism explain to me why the theatre which incorporates so many arts — the beauty of movement, the beauty of vocal sound, ofttimes the beauty of thoughtful words well written, the beauty of fabric, the beauty of color — should be of all the higher arts of the present day the least revered? What is the curious mass-psychology of audiences which gives them — self-appointedly it is true — the right to throw to the four winds of heaven the standards to which they would be bound to conform in learning how to judge any other of the arts, and causes them to judge the playwright and the actor by the unstable rule of their own temporary likes or distastes? Let no one say to me that there is no standard of acting by which we who work toward the goal of our own ideals may measure our own small statures, or I will invoke the spirit of a Duse to confute them.

What is the matter with the theatre of today? This is a question to which there are several definite, conclusive, and lamentable answers. Brash though I may seem, I feel I know them all — but this is not a treatise upon the maladies of the body-politic of the theatre; it is, if anything, a plea for the righting of one vast wrong — an effort to drop into the balance on the right side of the scales a little distilled thought to germinate in the minds of casual theatre-goers. One thing vitally wrong with the theatre today is that audiences bring to the theatre with them no inherent sense of glamour. They resist the induction of glamour into their consciousness through the medium of the actor. They come prepared in most instances to carp, to scoff, or to be merely insensible to that mightily requisite communion

by which the bond between actor and audience is invoked and maintained.

Time was when the public knew and loved its actors, had a pride in any achievement or versatility, when the name of a valued artist would draw numberless spectators to a bad or unsuitable play merely because of the presence in it of that artist. My last memory of Forbes Robertson and of the glorious reverence of the onlookers at his Hamlet makes me wonder how he would brook the alcoholic interruptions of the *jeunesse dorée* of today, or the sweeping down the aisle of a dinner party of twenty at the moment of his "To be or not to be" soliloquy.

There is much talk about the death of the legitimate theatre, and, looking back over the past five years, I realize my large share in the sum total of that talk; and while there are abuses sadly in need of adjustment which cannot be laid at the door of the public itself, this one fact is clear and sure: any actor will give his joyous best if in the first few minutes of his performance he senses that curious, inexplicable, indefinable, glorious contact with attentive minds which is a psychological factor in producing ease and fluency, happiness and a desire to please in the hearts of any of us who are worthy to be called the servants of the public.

Who Are Greatest in Science?

By E. E. Free

Picking ten "key men" in the wizardry of research, a noted chemist brings to light some little-known names, and offers as well a graphic glimpse of modern technology's promise to mankind

One way to select the ten greatest living scientists is to determine those whose sudden passing would be almost irreparable loss. Conceive a ten-seat railway car about to be demolished in a wreck, a ten-passenger airplane about to have a hopeless crash, a rowboat with ten people in it about to sink a thousand miles from land. Suppose some omniscient demon, bent on harming mankind, had power to choose ten scientists for places on that fatal excursion. Whom would he select? Which ten men or women, if we lost them, would leave the greatest gaps; would alter most seriously, by the mere fact of their absence, the future course of science? Let me say, rather, of technology and industry, for I am one of those who conceive mere science of small account to anyone except players of games unless it lead in the end to something that mankind desires.

There are other ways of selecting ten great scientists; perhaps better ways. There is, for example, Dr. Frederick A. Woods's purely objective method of counting the number of inches in dictionaries of biography devoted to the career of each possible candidate. There is Dr. William M. Grosvenor's method, used by him, it is true, for a somewhat different purpose, of counting the really original, ground-breaking patents issued to each. There is the test of the opinion of one's peers, applied by Dr. J. McKeen Cattell in selecting the thousand names to be distinguished by asterisks in his "scientific Who's Who," *American Men of Science*. There is the test of public opinion, by which, undoubtedly, Thomas Alva Edison would come out the world's greatest scientist, Henry Ford or Herbert Hoover the world's greatest engineer, and the late Garrett P. Serviss the greatest astronomer.

There is no more criticism to be levelled against any of these methods than against the suggested one of selecting the ten crucial men for the world to let sink in a rowboat. I propose saying nothing in defense of this method except that I intend to use it. My only qualification for the

job, let me admit, too, before someone questions it, is that the editor asked me. If any reader agrees perfectly with either my method or my list, I shall be surprised. If someone finds himself in violent enough protest to offer a better list, I shall be pleased.

THE science just now in the greatest intellectual ferment is undoubtedly mathematical physics. Part of the yeast was supplied by Dr. Albert Einstein, who will not be in our fatal rowboat because his great contributions, to my mind, already have been made. More has been supplied recently, the experimental discoveries of Professor Arthur H. Compton, Dr. C. J. Davisson, Sir Chandrasekhara V. Raman, and others, revealing the surprising family likenesses which turn out to exist between the entities, once supposed separate, of matter and light.

From this particular scientific field, were I the evil demon elected to fill the fatal rowboat (but urgently disclaiming that demon's postulated omniscience), I would select two men: Dr. Werner Heisenberg of the University of Göttingen, a brilliant youngster whose fame is but two or three years old: and Professor Gilbert N. Lewis, distinguished American physicist and chemist of the University of California.

At present these newer theories of physics, somewhat loosely called the quantum theory or the wave theory of atoms or the theory of indeterminism, have contributed to human knowledge little that is not destructive. This phase will pass. Practical problems await solution in this field; first among them, perhaps, that greatest among the dreams of physics, the hope of converting matter into power. Straight thinking as much as experiment is needed to unravel these puzzles. No persons are more likely to do this thinking, I believe, than Dr. Heisenberg and Dr. Lewis; the former by unusual command of mathematical apparatus joined to sound comprehension of experimental physics; Dr. Lewis by an original and independent clarity of mind which makes him, to my thinking, a not unworthy successor of the late Henri Poincaré. Dr. Lewis was even successful and good tempered in the American Army during the War: no mean accomplishment for any man who has the habit of direct and consecutive thought, so annoying to bureaucracies.

SO TWO seats are now filled in the fatal rowboat. The next one should go, I suspect, to a representative of electrical engineering; for this branch of technology, especially in consideration of the enormous developments promised by larger varieties of the radio vacuum tube, is likely to dominate the technology of the next two decades as the electric motor has dominated the past two.

It is less easy to pick one irreplaceable engineer than to pick the two mathematical physicists. Engineers, perforce, are apt to hide their personal light under the bushels of the firms for which they work. In these competitive days not everything that the staff of a great company knows is spread on the record, even on the record of the patent office. There probably exist, therefore, many future masters of electrical engineering who are blushing,

for the present, unseen by the outside world.

From among the engineers whose records are before me at the moment I would be inclined to select Dr. Albert W. Hull, of the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, because his record and attainments indicate as great a mastery of the new vacuum tube devices as is possessed by anyone known to me. Some such vacuum tube man must sit in the boat, to represent a group which probably holds future engineering in its collective hands.

ANOTHER field of applied physics that is to have enormous future application, few experts now doubt, is the use of the curious device called the photo-electric cell; an instrument which converts light rays or ultra-violet rays into electricity and which is already at work measuring the brightness of lamps, recording the ultra-violet rays in sunlight and even directing the motions of the newest French scientific toy, a wooden watchdog that runs toward an intruder, barks and even bites him if that intruder turns a light beam at the watchdog's eye. Magnets, too, were once mere toys, used only by ship's captains and distrusted by them. Yet for thirty years magnets have dominated electrical engineering. From foolish wooden dogs to untended machines to do our manufacturing or control our transportation or even to catch the limitless solar energy for man's use, is perhaps a lesser step for these photo-electric cells.

As fourth in the boat, therefore, I place Dr. Harvey C. Rentschler, Director of Research for Westinghouse Lamp Works, Bloomfield, New Jersey, whom I believe to be the best tamer and user of photo-electric cells whom world physics has yet produced. Dr. Rentschler is president just now of the New York Electrical Society, perhaps the foremost American agency in the popularization of electrical science. He is too busy with that and with his photo-electric cells to waste much time in newspaper science, which explains the greater public reputation of many lesser men.

WERE public interest a true criterion of the importance of a science, astronomy and chemistry would have a right almost to monopolize places in our rowboat, for these two sciences undoubtedly enjoy by far the greater share of general interest. In my rôle as selecting demon I can see little present importance in either. Both astronomy and chemistry have been almost absorbed, so far as probable future advances are concerned, by the newer developments of physics. Most of the discoveries about the stars are now being made in physical laboratories, like the great Pasadena Institution affiliated with Mount Wilson Observatory. The telescopes are scarcely more than tubes through which some one sees problems for laboratory physicists to solve and then looks through again to see whether the stars agree with the laboratory. They almost always do.

Synthetic chemistry still has great tasks to accomplish, especially in the better utilization of wastes from the world's oldest and most backward industries; agriculture, fisheries and

forestry. But these problems seem to demand detail work rather than outstanding, original men. The world has yet its great chemists; perhaps the most notable among them that modest and simple genius, Moses Gomberg, who presides over the laboratory of organic chemistry at the University of Michigan; but none of them would leave, I am persuaded, one of the ten greatest holes in the fabric of future decades.

For the fifth place in the list I would turn not to chemistry or astronomy, but to another branch of applied science and select Dr. Claude Dornier, world-famous aircraft engineer and designer of the new DO-X, the largest airplane in the world. It is obvious that aviation is one of the world's future necessities. It is obvious, too, that aviation is in serious need of new, original, perhaps daring, ideas. As an individual who seems plentifully supplied with such ideas and with enterprise and common sense enough to hitch ideas successfully in working harness, Dr. Dornier could scarcely escape our demon's malevolent eye.

THAT fills half the boat, and all of these five men are physicists or engineers. Medicine is another science, perhaps greatest of all in aid to mankind, whose exponents must be considered.

The practice of medicine, of course, is less a science than an art and its practitioners are apt to leave larger voids among their patients and acquaintances than in the pool of the whole scientific world. But medical research is in a different category and it includes one problem which is outstanding in importance. This is the chemistry of living cells. Killing off germs, for example, is a poor way to stop disease. Far more important, as Dr. William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins Medical School, affectionately known to two generations of students as "Popsy," perceived a generation ago, is to make the body cells able to do this trick for themselves. The great problems of medicine are those of natural immunity, of cell weakness, of cell health.

IN THIS field are many men whose loss might well be irreparable. One is Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute in New York City, chiefly known for his discovery of a special variety of cancer afflicting chickens, and a man who has been extremely useful in experiments on this still unconquered disease, but who is probably destined to be even more useful before he dies for researches now in progress on important phases of cell life and chemistry. Another is Professor Treat B. Johnson of Yale, at least in so far as he can stand as symbol for one of the newest ideas of biologic chemistry, that of the mass analysis of billions on billions of germs at one time, so that the chemicals in the germ body, even those present only in minute quantities, may be separated and studied.

But for the first medical seat in the boat I am inclined to choose, with such admitted fallibility as an outsider in this field must expect, a German bio-chemist, Dr. Otto Warburg of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, near Berlin. Dr. Warburg's researches have dealt largely with the relations between living cells and oxygen. This is important, some investigators believe, because of the

possibility that cancer may be due to a disturbance of the cell's habits of breathing oxygen. But that is not the only significance of the work. Studies of oxidation and of the opposite chemical process called reduction are apt to point the way, most qualified experts probably would agree, to many important secrets of the actions of living matter. Perhaps our own Dr. Rous will prove more valuable in this field in the next decade than Dr. Warburg. Certainly one or the other of them would attract attention from any malevolent selector of human beings to be removed from possibility of aiding mankind.

IN THIS same matter of cancer research, not because cancer itself is so important but because it seems to touch so closely on the very nature of life, there is another man whom I would steal instanter if I hated mankind. He is not a medical man nor even a biologist. He is, in fact, a metallurgist, but the reason why any intelligent man-hating demon would get rid of him is that he has perfected and is perhaps the only living individual who can use perfectly, the most powerful microscopic equipment in the world. He is F. F. Lucas of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in New York City.

Ordinary microscopes are not of much use in examining the insides of living cells. For one thing, the objects that make up internal cell structure are not much larger than the wave lengths of light, which fact distorts the visible images of these structures if it does not ruin them altogether. For another, the inside of a cell usually can not be examined without killing the cell, cutting it out of the original tissue in slices called "thin sections," in which the mere cutting has produced much distortion, and finally staining the interior of the cell with powerful chemicals which probably create many of the supposed internal objects which they are supposed merely to make visible.

By using the invisible, very short wave length ultra-violet rays Lucas's apparatus avoids these difficulties; it is able to photograph very tiny objects, able to penetrate cells while they are still alive and to distinguish indubitable structures within them; and is able even to photograph optical "sections" at given levels in a cell by rays brought to a focus only at that level, like a mechanical draftsman's cross-section of a machine.

These methods, still in their infancy and publicly announced only a few weeks ago, impress me as perhaps the most valuable tools which biological science has come upon in a generation. Of all the persons named so far, Lucas is perhaps the most personally indispensable to science, for his qualifications include a large element of incommunicable skill, in addition to such more usual matters as mental ability, judgment and experience.

THIS fills seven seats in the fatal boat, with still a whole row of sciences to be considered: geology, entomology, botany, mechanical engineering and many others. The most active field of geology today is, like so many other lives of scientific effort, really a branch of physics. I refer to geophysical prospecting: the application of electric currents, radio waves, sound waves, artificial earth-

quake shocks and other physical agencies to the discovery of hidden ores. Dr. Max Mason, formerly president of the University of Chicago, was probably the leader most to be missed from this field, but he is lost already, for he has chosen to be head of the Rockefeller Foundation, which means that he will be counting dollars and arbitrating between rivals instead of helping to find the world's much-needed ores.

IN MECHANICAL engineering, too, there is an outstanding field but no indispensable man. The field is that of automatic machinery, like those marvellous machines of the lamp factories which eat glass tubing and gas and wire and spout out finished electric bulbs, this being the chief reason why everybody pays less for lamp globes today than ever before, although they are paying more for almost everything else. John Fagan of the National Electric Lamp Works, who has been chiefly responsible for the perfection of these automatic machines, might secure one of the ten seats in the boat were he the only man who could do this trick, as Lucas is with his ultra-violet microscope. Fortunately for the world, however, Fagan has many understudies, not only in his own organization but elsewhere.

One remaining science possesses not merely a field of importance but a man who dominates it. This is meteorology. The field is long-range weather forecasting; something which would be of incalculable value to the world, could accurate forecasts be issued six months or even one month in advance. The man is Henry Helm Clayton, of Canton, Massachusetts, whose work in this field is outstanding but unfinished. That is why it seems to me so important that he should live to finish it.

There is to be considered, also, the science of psychology. Here belongs an American whose work promises much for the future, Professor C. E. Ferree, long of Bryn Mawr but now of Johns Hopkins University, with whom it is both fair and gallant to link his able wife, the former Miss Gertrude Rand. In hope of discoveries about the psychology of sensations the Ferrees probably stand foremost in the world. The psychologist's seat in the fatal boat ought to go, however, to an equally brilliant and patient German, Dr. Wolfgang Köhler; notable for his important experiments on the minds of apes and originator, very recently, of the newest and apparently a fertile psychological viewpoint, the so-called *Gestalt* or Pattern Psychology.

THAT leaves but one vacant place in the list of ten. I propose assigning it to an individual notable not so much for his own scientific accomplishments, although these are considerable, as for what is, I am persuaded, a still more valuable service to mankind. This service is the organization, stimulation and inspiration of coöperative scientific research for practical ends. The man is Dr. Frank Baldwin Jewett, chief organizer and now president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, where virtually all the manifold research work for the American telephone industry is done.

From this great coöperative laboratory, in fact, have come processes and materials for long-distance

telephony, for submarine telephone cables, for the transoceanic telephone, for television, for the talking motion picture and for the electric phonograph. In practical, institutional science, Dr. Jewett's organization has but one peer, the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, presided over by Dr. Willis R. Whitney, also an individual whose loss would leave in American science an enormous personal and practical void. Perhaps the only legitimate reason, in my present rôle of irresponsible devil, for choosing Dr. Jewett instead of Dr. Whitney is that the former comes first in the alphabet.

THERE are the ten: Heisenberg, Lewis, Hull, Rentschler, Dornier, Warburg, Lucas, Clayton, Köhler and Jewett. Many noted names are lacking; some of them, like Pavlov or Michelson, because it seems to me that their chief work is already done and its future secure; others, like Millikan or Merriam, because they have got into administrative work which probably could be carried on almost as well by others. As the editors of the American *Who's Who* are careful to say in the preface of their list that these are not the best Americans but merely the best-known ones, so I have been trying to select not the ten most famous scientists or the ten best ones but merely the ten who, in my own opinion, would be most missed.

FIVE of the ten belong to the universities, the other five to industrial research. That division was not intentional but probably it is about right. Six of the ten are Americans, at least by present residence. The other four are Germans. That distribution is probably wrong, although since the tentative list was completed I have been unable to think of an Englishman, a Frenchman or an Italian for whom I would displace one of these names. With five of the selected ten I am personally acquainted; a percentage undoubtedly too high were this a properly unprejudiced list, since I certainly do not know half of the working scientific men in the world. Probably there will be those to say that I evidently know none of them, since ignorance is so deplorably evident in my selections. Maybe so. It would take a truly great man to select the world's greatest, and a great man would have too much sense to try.

The French Fashion Factory

By Ethel Traphagen

An American dress designer scathingly attacks the commercial propaganda that is foisting on women a medley of all that was worst in the styles of other years

Let me rise to state that among all the complex issues afflicting the business, political and social world at this turn of the year, there is one that stands out clear and simple, and not to be ignored — for it concerns the health, comfort and charm of half of our population.

Women, having for several years enjoyed dress of unprecedented freedom and grace, are now being enslaved by organized commercial propaganda. The campaign against their purse and liberty has already gone far. But they can yet save themselves, by common accord, if they will show ordinary courage and independence, and if they will take note of such facts as I should like to offer.

Already the lines of battle are sharply drawn. The issue is between most American women on the one hand — with most men as their allies — and the French Fashion Factory on the other.

Now, the French Fashion Factory is a powerful machine, for — let it not be forgotten — since Colbert's time, art has been France's greatest industry, and by far the biggest arm of it has been the costuming of civilized woman, and all that that implies. Yet, despite the exceedingly skilful propaganda which has made world-wide the legend that Frenchmen are endowed with peculiar and unrivalled artistic discrimination, the fact remains that the nation has in no way proved itself supreme in this respect. France has never rivalled the Flemish or the Spanish painters; she has not attained the heights in music that the Germans have, nor has she equalled the finest in English poetry or drama. Cellini sneered at the "bad French taste" of his day.

I have no desire to withhold from France her due: her policy has been the wisest, from a financial standpoint, that the world has ever seen — at least up to within a few years ago, say ten. But her taste has become machine-made. France has grown too sure of herself, has drifted too far away from the big truths, has sacrificed too much of genuine common sense and merit on the altar of Style. Her styles have begun to savor very rankly of the effete — the decadent.

Do those American women who parrot the French propaganda which they unsuspectingly absorb from every newspaper and magazine, have any conception of what the "rare" taste was that dictated these new fashions of 1930 which they call "graceful" and "charming?" A gang of cold-blooded business men met to decide what the women of Christendom should wear during the coming season; these are the compelling forces — the voices — the crew that hearken to the silk mill owners howling that short skirts are decreasing their yardage ruinously; the designers shrieking that unless a radical change is effected, they will starve; the merchants short-sightedly demanding different and more expensive styles to sell. No man among them asks what the world's women want — what science — what art, wants. They ask only, "What do our pockets want?"

Obviously, since the demand from the mills is for quantity, the thing to do is to pile more goods on each woman's back; she doesn't need it — no — but we need her lucre, and she must comply willy-nilly. So the order goes out to the hungry army of designers, "Drag in more goods — goods — goods — get busy!" The designers have got busy — with what results? It is not possible to abolish, over-night, the admirable short skirt, or the simple, corset-free costume — the best that women have worn during civilization's history — so a hybrid short skirt is devised, loaded with a lot of meaningless pendant floppers that swirl about below the outer wraps, making the wearers look like beggars who have stolen coats to hide their rags and tatters. The defects of these contraptions, now flaunted in our faces from every shop window, are fundamental.

Everything we use — especially what we wear — ought to be first contrived to meet the practical demands of use, after which beauty should be sought. What has been added to the short skirts this season does neither — it consists in just a lot of quite superfluous scraps tacked on; it smacks of the banalities of the savage; it reminds one of the pounds and pounds of brass wire on arms and legs of the African belles, the six-inch wooden disks in lips and ears. The principle is the same; it is quite as barbaric to load twenty yards of stuff on a woman's back arbitrarily, where four yards had previously sufficed, as to pile twenty pounds of brass wire on her.

We are now experiencing a period in clothes which can be only compared to the Baroque period in furniture and decoration. All that we have been despising and avoiding in the Rococo era is now flamboyantly reappearing with emphasized bad taste in women's clothes. The purposeless, meaningless, inappropriate are whooped up as graceful, romantic, dainty and charming.

Whereas in our generation and in our country, "horse sense" is usually given an inning, the things proposed by France clash utterly with the times and the customs of our country — to wit these bedraggled rags that so readily catch in street cars, automobiles, doors or pieces of furniture. Of late years our admirable European costumes for women have impressed even the Turks and

Chinese; they have begun to adopt our ideas; but now we revert to things worse than either ever had.

This counter-revolution in the fashion world is being forced on us regardlessly, through the sheer force of capital. One society woman I know of was given two dozen dresses by a French modiste on condition that she wear them. Actresses and movie stars and needy aristocrats are being used in this same way to turn the mass into sheep. The shops will leave the women but two courses; take what Paris offers, or make their own clothes, for the shops here, as well as abroad, are a part of the vast machine — the Fashion Factory.

There are some women naïve enough to believe that compromise can be made — that for evening and social functions they may wear the anachronisms while retaining the suitable dress for street and business wear. This is a fatal illusion; when the defense yields in one spot, the whole line must go down. Strange that they do not see this.

One phase of the question is the cost in money and time for fitting the new clothes; not only women with stout or ungainly figures, but women with perfect figures — fashion models — have to have so many fittings that it becomes a nuisance. If our young women of today, innocently ready to fall into the trap that has been set for them, would only consult with their mothers, who can still remember the 'Nineties, they would be reminded of those tiresome hours and days of meticulous attention which went into "fittings!" Our recent styles had permitted us to forget clothes for more important things. Will the emancipated modern girl stand for this reversion to a stage of culture in which the fit of a garment must absorb her best thought and most of her leisure?

And will we who have come to such freedom — and love it — will we swathe ourselves in hampering gowns that were appropriate when we were nothing but drawing room ornaments? The styles of the past few years have lent themselves admirably to travel; the proposed costumes involve well nigh impossible difficulties for the wearer who would move about in the world. It will mean the end of the over-night bag and the return of the wardrobe trunk.

Clever are the clichés with which the merchandizers seek to disarm such objections. Let me quote from their advertisements:

> Do you dress with that quaint *chic* which is of this year, Nineteen Thirty?
>
> Are you wearing the most gracefully becoming clothes you have worn for years?
>
> Do you, with the higher waist line and longer skirt, have that little princess look?
>
> Do the hems or edges of your evening gown touch the floor all around?
>
> Does your new girdle accent your waist line in the feminine fashionable manner that the new clothes demand?
>
> If you can say "yes" to all these things, then you know the difference between being romantically modern and merely old-fashioned.

Are women, after all, fools? The fashion makers obviously think so.

In contemplating the whole situation, one finds little of a reassuring nature. Why, after we have attained to higher things, should we be dragged back again into the stupidities of the past? Are comfort, health,

taste, time and money to be given up to gratify the greed of the Fashion Factory?

Yet apparently that is precisely what is going to happen. What power is there on the earth that can cope with this colossus? As I look about I ask myself what is the matter with mankind? Why do these strange fits of madness seize upon the peoples like diseases? And I answer my own question: it is the sheep psychology of so large a proportion that enables the exploiter to rule.

THOSE of us who have been watching styles and who know the workings of the Fashion Factory have been seeing the approach of this present trend for the last four years. Paris is generally careful, and risks its reputation only after feeling out the temper of those it would exploit.

Now, in a final panic, because of her repeated failures to effect any radical changes in style, Paris has created a medley out of all that was worst in clothes for the past one hundred years, mixing periods in a way that offends designers who have any art background. And we women are succumbing! A combination of French and American capital, controlling corset-makers, couturiers, manufacturers of silks and velvets, advertising writers, artists, stylists, window decorators and fashion magazines, has finally resolved to put the job through, no matter what the cost to the comfort or bank accounts of the public. This campaign has behind it every trick and cunning device known to modern commerical psychology.

But hope remains. There is one weak point in the Fashion Factory's scheme. These long dresses do make women look older. Deny it who can! Women themselves will be the first to perceive so dreadful a consequence as that. And then, when they see these atrocious, aging anomalies upon themselves, instead of on shopfront mannequins, they may revolt.

I hope they do — and soon. If American women would take a stand, they could force the Fashion Factory to comply with their wishes. They could escape the clutches of the Gay (and Gawky) 'Nineties which are reaching out to enslave them even while the last echoes of derision for that period still are heard around us. If the merchants drive them to it, they can make their own clothes, in the simple, charming models of last year.

AND to the merchants and textile makers, let me add one word of warning: the new styles mean more goods to a gown — but they mean fewer gowns to a customer. The point should be hammered home that the whole and exclusive purpose of the style campaign is to increase the cost — to get more money out of American women. The new dresses take from five to seven or more yards of material. If the quality of material is the same, this necessarily means proportionately greater expense.

The fact is that the girl whose budget remains the same, and who lately has formed the habit of owning many frocks, won't spend more money. Driven to the new ugly, "stylish" costume, she will reduce the variety of her wardrobe, and make it last longer — if, indeed, she wears the new dresses at all, which there is yet some reason to doubt.

An American in the Making

By Gleb Botkin

The son of the personal physician to the late Tsar Nicholas tells of his conversion to United States citizenship

I came to this country seven years ago filled with a supercilious contempt for American democracy and all its ways. I was a devoted monarchist, a believer in aristocracy, and I considered the United States a rather grotesque monster among nations. I expected to make money in America, but I swore that I would continue to laugh up my sleeve at Uncle Sam, and that I would never, never follow in the footsteps of so many of my Russian compatriots who had taken out their papers and subsided into the ridiculous status of middleclass American citizens.

Within six years, I had taken out my citizenship papers. Today I am not only an American citizen, but an ardent crusader for Americanism. I still do laugh up my sleeve at the gaucheries and inefficiencies of democracy and at many of the pretentious crudities of "Americanization programmes" — but nevertheless, I am a devoted American.

My metamorphosis is, I think, of interest. It throws light on that very problem of Americanization; and, to the revived palliation of absolutism which we hear even in democratic America since the rise of Mussolini and other European dictators; it opposes the point of view of a former absolutist, now converted to democracy.

Let me therefore tell my own story.

As a child, even before I could speak, I was taught to worship His Majesty Emperor Nicholas II and his whole family. The first tune I could reproduce on a comb wrapped in a piece of tissue paper, was *God Save The Tsar*. At the age of eight I came into personal contact with the sovereigns and their children. Up to 1917, monarchy meant to me the most gracious smiles and handshakes from Their Majesties and Their Highnesses. It meant life among palaces and parks of fantastic beauty, gorgeous uniforms, court carriages and parades without end. Although only a school boy, I had the pleasure of being saluted by policemen in the streets, and treated very respectfully by even much higher dignitaries. I knew no government interference in my private affairs, and had the very great pleasure of playing with the Emperor's children. It is only natural that I refused to believe that monarchy could be at all

oppressive. To me it was no more weighty than a silk blanket.

My first impressions of republicanism were no less vivid, but very much less pleasant. I was only five, when the revolution of 1905 broke out. But I remember it clearly. I could never forget its horror, nor its manifest ugliness and injustice. At that time my father was not yet a courtier, but a hard-working physician who lived as modestly as possible. He worked day and night. Most of his patients were poor people whom he attended free, out of philanthropy. Our kitchen was always full of tramps, beggars and hoboes whom my parents, good Christians that they were, fed. Naturally I worshipped my father, and small though I was, I knew that he was a most useful member of the community. I also knew that it was to the poor and downtrodden that he devoted most of his time. But he was a nobleman, a man in Government service. That was enough for him to become the target of every revolutionary gun.

FOR almost a year we lived in constant panic. Mother never knew in the morning whether she would see father return alive in the evening. And, though he was spared then (to perish in the later revolution), many of our friends were killed. I saw drunken revolutionary mobs howling like possessed people, attacking passers-by, smashing windows and otherwise disporting themselves like savages. Later my memories of this rabble became symbolic to me, of democracy and republicanism.

The older I became, the stronger became my monarchistic convictions. I was very religious, and the Russian Church professed without blushing that only monarchists could be Christians.

"Monarchism and Christianity are inseparable," the priests taught me. "Republicans, Democrats, Socialists and other such trash are servants of Satan and sons of perdition."

Well, I didn't want to associate with Satan.

And lay mentors impressed upon me that in a republic no gentleman could have anything to do with politics; that in France "*un homme comme il faut ne s'occupe pas de politique*"; that a gentleman can serve only a Monarch, the Anointed of God; that Republican officials were but lackeys of the rabble.

Now, I did want to be a Government official. But I did not want to be a lackey — least of all, of the rabble.

THE monarchical theories which I was taught were backed by convincing examples. All European parliaments were indeed little better than circus shows. France, while allied to Russia politically, was considered in Russia a real Babylon of vice. The United States was a country of grafters, gangsters and chewing gum.

Then there was the Jewish question. Among us, there existed a strong conviction that all Jews were plotting day and night the annihilation of all Christians. They wanted to establish, so I was told, a universal Jewish empire. Accordingly, they tried to ruin all non-Jewish monarchies. Every republic was completely in the hands of Jews. The

"R. F." on the shield of France didn't really mean "République Française" but "Rothschild Frères." America had always had Jewish Presidents, as for instance, Abraham Lincoln!

When, at an impressionable age, my head was teeming with such nonsense, the revolution of 1917 exploded, and I witnessed more horrors in the three years of revolution and civil war than most people have ever read about. I followed the Imperial Family into exile to Siberia. The winter of 1917-18 will forever remain in my memory as a nightmare of indescribable ghastliness. I was rescued by the purest of accidents, when my Sovereigns and my father perished at the hands of the revolutionaries. When I finally escaped to Japan, I felt that life was not worth living. From the age of sixteen to nineteen I had lived in a continuous hell. I had seen revolutionaries commit every kind of crime imaginable. Incidentally, a great number of revolutionary officials, including those who had murdered the Emperor and my father, were Jews. I naturally began to believe in all that I had been taught about Republicanism.

Then came two years in Japan — years that happened to be for me both pleasant and romantic. I was gradually nursed back to the joys of living. I even found happiness. All this came to me in a monarchy, and the kind of monarchy which made old Russia appear Democratic by comparison.

So it was as a rabid and uncompromising Monarchist that I entered the United States. And why did I come to this country? Chiefly for the reason that I had acquired a family and I had to earn more money than I could in Japan or in Europe.

At first America shook my former political beliefs in only one respect. It compelled me to discard my ludicrous but profound conviction that the Republican form of government was invented by the devil, and that through it the Jews were planning to establish a universal Jewish empire. I have always known the devil for a very shrewd and intelligent person. In what I first saw of Republican government in America, I could discover few traces of either shrewdness or intelligence. American politics appeared to me only a most amusing farce, with its Senator "Magna Vox" Johnsons, its very delightful oil scandals, its Brown Derbies, its Jimmy Walkers, its Ku Klux Klans, its Mayor Thompsons, and all its unconscious hypocrisies, egotistical flag-wavings and boastfulness. American parades, led by the funniest civilian gentlemen in striped trousers, with the Street Cleaning Department marching in full earnestness like an Emperor's guard to the strains of martial music played by "The National Biscuit Band" (clad in what looked like purple pajamas), appeared to me the acme of the ridiculous.

But little by little I began to learn the other side of America — the human side. While some people were indifferent to me, and some deliberately exploited my ignorance of the language and of my rights, others rushed to me with help, without the slightest request on my part. Some of the best friends I have at present just walked into my house

from the street. They had heard somewhere that I was a foreigner. They thought that I might be lonesome, or in need of assistance or advice. They invited me to parties, found work for me, offered me money. None of them was a member of any charitable institution, none of them had the arrogance of professional philanthropists, none of them attempted to "Americanize" me. They were just ordinary people who recognized me as a somewhat bewildered fellow human, in need of kindly companionship. They even apologized for their generosity, lest I should feel insulted by it.

THIS was something I have never witnessed in any other country — something that was infinitely touching. And this, I think, is the secret of true Americanization. The absorption of the immigrant population into a homogeneous citizenship can not be hoped for through lectures, or propaganda, or ceremonies, or handshakes patronizingly proffered by eminent speakers, standing before an American flag flanked by pictures of Washington and Lincoln. Nor is the immigrant much impressed by the solemn inculcation of "sound American doctrines." He simply wants fellowship on a cordial, human basis.

I found that Americans gave me this, in a way that would be incredible in Europe.

I think I met them half way. I did not propose to become an American, but as long as I had to stay in this country, I wanted to live among Americans and not among Russians. Besides I had to work, and Russians didn't want me to work. I was a sort of Monarchistic relic, and every Monarchistic organization in town wanted me to become its member, and to devote my time to its infinite and fruitless debates. Instead, I acquired more and more American friends, grew deeper into American life — in short began to be Americanized — without myself knowing it.

Consciously I remained a Russian, or rather a Monarchist. For I must say that Monarchism, like Bolshevism, is essentially international. A Monarchist would much rather serve a foreign sovereign than his native republic. I began to admit to myself and to others that I rather liked America. But it never occurred to me to compare America with the Russian Empire, or American citizens with Russian Highnesses. The years spent at Court remained to me a Paradise lost. I knew that I could never find anything quite so wonderful on this earth. Americans were as nice as ordinary mortals could be. But Royalties were no ordinary mortals. And American citizenship remained unthinkable to me, for it would mean an official renunciation of my allegiance to Royalty. Never could I do that.

BUT then an extraordinary event took place. The youngest daughter of the Emperor, Grand Duchess Anastasia, whom all of us considered dead, appeared in Germany. Some of her nearest relatives refused to acknowledge her. Others persecuted her. She was in distress. I had known her since my childhood. I felt that it was my duty to give up everything, and devote all my time to extricating the unfortunate Grand Duchess from her predicament. Thus, I sud-

denly found myself returned into the old world of Royalties. It was almost incredible, but far more incredible was the new aspect under which that old world presented itself to me.

MY RECOGNITION of Grand Duchess Anastasia caused a veritable tempest in the Russian Imperial Family. This was to be expected, but the form it took startled me. At first everybody rushed to assure me of his love and admiration. They all knew what a loyal Monarchist I was; they all wanted my coöperation. Then they became more specific. One faction of the Imperial Family began to assure me that I had made a fatal mistake. They implored me to denounce Anastasia. Meeting with a refusal they even began to threaten me. But one Grand Duke, representing another faction, wrote me hastily that he was quite prepared to acknowledge Anastasia. All he wanted was to investigate the matter a little closer. Could I not send him a few thousand dollars for the investigation?

In Paris I heard persistent rumors that Anastasia was not being acknowledged for the reason that her aunts wanted to inherit her fortune. To me such wickedness in Royalties seemed unthinkable. I asked a young Princess about it. "Oh yes," she said. "They're quite capable of that. Nothing that my aunts would do could astonish me."

Other discoveries followed. In half an hour's conversation with any one member of the Imperial Family, I learned that all other members of the said family were "idiots, degenerates, fools and traitors." Another unsuspected habit of Royalty, I discovered, is to ask you for money. They don't ask you to give it as a favor. No, they believe that they do you a favor by permitting you to contribute toward their support. The Grand Duke who asked me for a few thousands to investigate Anastasia's case, kept bombarding me with letters. First he wanted me to send him $3,000 then $4,000, then $5,000. When I assured him that I didn't have a nickel, he wrote me that in such a case I could easily raise money for him among wealthy Americans, and since I had to raise it, I might as well get $50,000 for him.

I used to think that the *nouveaux riches* alone have the pleasant habit of talking about their supposed superiority. But I found that this is a veritable obsession with Imperial Highnesses. They never cease telling you how superior they are to commoners. A Grand Duchess, lavishly entertained by the choicest of the American "Four Hundred," complained bitterly to me that it was so terrible for her to be always among people of the "lower middle classes."

ROYALTIES consider commoners to be ill-mannered and uneducated. Their own manners? "She is a fool woman," a Princess said to me of a certain American lady. "I only stuck out my tongue at her, and she felt insulted!" As for education, a Grand Duke with whom I corresponded could never compose a letter without making the grossest grammatical and orthographical mistakes. Other Highnesses of my acquaintance couldn't do even that. They had to have their letters written for them, and I personally have had to write many a one for them.

You'll hope in vain to learn from Highnesses much about art, or literature, or science, or religion, or even politics. So far as I could observe, they know thoroughly and are interested in two subjects only: their own family history and indecent anecdotes. None of the members of the Imperial Family seems to have ever heard about the revolution. They still consider themselves to be the only legitimate rulers of Russia, and are sincerely convinced that they will be soon returned to power.

They will treat ordinary American citizens nicely enough, for in most cases the citizens nowadays are much wealthier than the Princes, and, after all, Princes have to live. But I have never heard any of them talk in private about Americans other than with contempt. And, quaintly enough, Americans seem to have a great respect for them!

Such, briefly, is the new picture of Royalty which I have suddenly discovered. I had been raised to believe that only in aristocratic circles were there good manners, good taste, or civilized life. I have now found that American "middle class" manners are good, human and civilized, and that aristocracy is ill tempered, barbaric, petty and vulgar. This has been the more shocking to me because I have found all these characteristics to belong not to single individuals, but to the whole class. For Royalties are all alike. One often forgets to which member of the Imperial Family one talks. Young or old, male or female, a Highness is always a Highness. And it is easy to understand that they are, after all, nothing but victims of circumstances. Abnormal conditions create abnormal people. Absolutism, which places a small group of people above all laws and restrictions, gives them uncontrolled power over the life and death of millions of their fellow men, and makes them objects of religious adoration, is solely responsible for the mental aberration of Royalty.

I may be asked, how it is that I never suspected these unpleasant characteristics of Royalty before. This is just where my Americanization comes in. Before, I had nothing to compare royalty with. I saw nobody but royalty and the worshipers of royalty. We can learn only by contrast or comparison. One is not conscious of the stuffiness of a room until one walks out into fresh air and then returns. This is exactly what happened to me. Only after spending years in the fresh air of democratic America and then being forced again to descend into the Byzantine crypt where Imperial Highnesses live, did I understand how suffocating the air of that crypt was. All its outward splendor could not recompense me for the absence of fresh air — of the normal, congenial and invigorating atmosphere wherein live plain American citizens.

As I said, Royalties are what they are because of the Absolutism which molded them. Similarly, I am willing to admit that the American form of government has something to do with making Americans what they are. But to be honest, I must say that political considerations were of secondary importance in my Americanization. After all, a country is not typified so much by its government

as by its people. If one comes to love the people of a certain country, if one finds among them one's best and most trusted and loyal friends, if one finds one's affection and respect for them reciprocal, one already belongs to them, regardless of any other considerations. I think that I personally became fully Americanized long before I swore my allegiance to the United States Constitution. What my re-encounter with Royalty did to me was simply to make me conscious by contrast of the change that had taken place in me since I left the Imperial atmosphere. The Grand Dukes and Duchesses made me realize that I wanted no longer to be a courtier, that I felt much happier as an ordinary citizen among ordinary citizens. They also made me understand to what extent America, which they hate and despise, had endeared itself to me.

For all of this, far be it from me to imply that I enjoy drinking turpentine instead of good wine, that I feel perfectly safe in America's crime-ridden cities, that I can read the profound philosophies of Henry Ford with unflagging interest, or that American political campaigns have ceased to amuse me.

Also I shall never be able to see the wisdom of the academic Americanization schemes, the purpose of which seems to me to produce docile robots *en masse*, rather than free-thinking, individual citizens. I personally would leave the aliens alone. Aliens who can be Americanized by the stereotyped nonsense preached by professional Americanizers, aren't worth being naturalized. In any case, one either becomes adjusted to new environments or one doesn't, and this is not a matter of mumbled pledges of allegiance to a flag, but of an inner disposition which finds reciprocal cordiality and friendly generosity on every street corner, in every home or shop or office. Besides, I see no reason why every American resident should also be a citizen. After all, citizenship should be considered an honor and a distinction. But honors are conferred upon those who seek them and have deserved them, and are not pushed forcibly down people's throats.

The Tide of the Times

By Kenneth Wilcox Payne

Nineteen-Twenty-Nine

If school children of the Utopian future are still doing anything as old-fashioned as memorizing dates, the year which has just passed should be double-starred in their text book list of historic turning points. For with 1929 the world has begun deliberately to guide its steps away from that ghastliest of all iniquities which is war.

The majority of other "memorable" dates — from Marathon to Hastings, from Agincourt to Waterloo, from Bunker Hill to the Argonne — call up pictures of conquest, bloodshed and catastrophe. After all, these pictures lingering with us from our school studies are fairly symbolical of the dominant spirit of mankind up to now.

The current dawning of an era of determined good-will among nations cannot be so definitely placed on the calendar as can the dates of decisive battles, because the change is a psychological readjustment rather than an outward event. Yet, as Aristide Briand said in 1922, moral disarmament must precede physical disarmament. And it is a reasonable guess that in the perspective of history, the year 1929 will be set down as the time of transition to moral disarmament, when world peace became no longer a delusion of patriotically discredited pacifists, but the common, practical and major objective of the civilized powers' greatest statesmen.

Our ratification of the Kellogg Peace Pact — committing the United States in honor with half a hundred other countries not only to keep the peace, but by inevitable implication, *to see that it is kept* — alone should fix 1929 as an epoch-making date on the path to peace.

"Humane" War — or Enforced Peace?

And if the machinery for maintaining peace remains still imperfectly in the blue-print stage, public opinion has at least become too potent to be recklessly defied. President Hoover, Ramsay MacDonald and Elihu Root have during the past year conveyed by radio to millions their faith in this power of opinion to check warlike acts. But, more significant than this, the conclusive shift of opinion to what may be called the militantly pacific mood means that unprecedented support will henceforth be given to practical international measures for the prevention of war.

Meanwhile, President Hoover's tentative plea for immunity of food ships from blockade has served both

to fire anew anti-militarist idealism, and somewhat to confuse existing projects for disarmament and the maintenance of peace. Obviously the United States has less to fear from blockade in war time than any of the great nations. If we admit that we have not yet enough faith in the inviolability of the Kellogg Pact to disarm at once and completely, how can we expect Great Britain, for instance, or France or Japan, to predicate their naval policies upon an international agreement to renounce food blockades?

Foreign Trade to the Rescue

RIGHT up to the eve of August 4, 1914, there were those who believed that international trade had become so powerful a force in the world as to be itself a guaranty against war. Phantom hope though that proved at the time, the interlocking of peoples through foreign commerce is today an increasingly weighty factor in the cause of peace. For its influence is now supported by a peace prejudice which, though still so youthful, is already nearly as strong as the age-old militaristic prejudices of pre-war Europe.

Elsewhere in this issue, James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, writes of the encouraging growth of America's foreign commerce, which in the past year has broken all records for quantity of goods exported and imported. With this continual expansion of business beyond our borders, we are at last coming to see foreign trade in its true light — not as a Yankee deal, in which one side triumphantly bests the other, but as a mutually advantageous exchange. And its benefits to prosperity in our present domestic crisis can hardly be overestimated.

The Paradox of Tariff Parity

THE problem of our foreign trade is not unrelated to the shift of tariff sentiment in Congress. Senators of the Old Guard, rallying desperately around the tattered standards of a lost cause, have been rather baffled to find themselves deserted by the influential business element which once was their support. Too many of the great industrial and financial leaders are awake to the necessity of ever growing exports to have much sympathy with barriers to ultimate payment through imports, or with tariff policies inimical to the prosperity of other countries that must purchase our exports.

The special session of Congress, in which the Old Guard and Mr. Grundy made their last stand, offered evidence of the farcical fallacy of high tariffs when pushed to the logical extreme. The wranglings between agriculture and industry and between rival industries for protection and "compensatory" rates have demonstrated the obvious: that it is possible to protect several sections of the country at the expense of the rest, but impossible to protect all. The reason the tariff works is that it makes some pay for the benefit of others. When everybody demands its blessings, somebody is going to be badly disappointed. As between groups of industries, or between agriculture and manufacturing, tariff parity is a paradox.

But while politicians still play a moribund game with such out-

worn tokens as the tariff, American business is seeing new visions. The crying need is for economic statesmen who can make them come true.

Ford's Theories Put to the Test

WHEN Henry Ford, superdramatist of industry, announced lower prices and a wage raise as his answer to the Wall Street panic, he effectively challenged American business men — and himself in particular — to the test of the ideals he has long been proclaiming. Reports that he was laying off many men gravely weakened the effect of his gesture; and the great problem for industrialists in the immediate future is to avoid such shut-downs and, by payroll maintenance or expansion, to renew a widespread purchasing power.

For, with the pricking of the stock market bubble, there was a tremendous shift of purchasing power between individuals, with a probable concentration of it in fewer hands than ever. But the wealth thus redistributed remains purchasing power, subject again to redistribution. For this reason all the more, the best justification of the recurrent cry, "Industry is sound," will be in a policy of business leadership that seeks to carry through in this emergency the much-celebrated "American system" of high wages, low prices, employee stock ownership, and working hours short enough to permit of leisure for consumption.

The infinite complexities that lie behind this oversimple statement may be beyond the powers of our existing economic statesmanship and organization. Yet, as the alternative to going through with the great American experiment, we have ahead of us the whispered menace of depression that may verge on hard times.

Yet this alternative of hard times would be in part a product of needless fear, as the boom was of groundless optimism. Certain it is that such great sums as the two hundred millions sucked by Wall Street out of the savings banks in one year are not permanently lost. Nothing has happened to alter the needs of the people or their power of production. The problem lies in the proper direction of production, and in the deliberate effort to maintain a widely distributed purchasing power.

Another and Saner "New Era?"

IF THE task is vast, business is at least aware of it and, since President Hoover's prompt call to conference and action, is dedicated to its accomplishment. In that respect (as in some others), the market panic of 1929 has differed from all its predecessors. After the crash, the cry of the business world — as distinct from the speculative sideshow — was not *sauve qui peut;* instead of falling apart into desperate units, seeking shelter from the storm clouds in policies of retrenchment, the industrial leaders came together to coördinate their work and carry on or expand their programmes. Business showed itself social-minded, conscious of its responsibilities to the nation, and prepared to shoulder them. To that extent, we may indeed be entering a "New Era" — an era of socially planned rather than fortuitous prosperity.

The Mystery of Cosmic Rays

By Lloyd W. Taylor

Is it from the vast laboratories of space between the stars that come the newly discovered "Super X-Rays," still of unknown portent to mankind?

A third of a century ago a new kind of light was discovered, possessing power of penetration far in excess of that of ordinary light. This discovery was named the x-ray, x being the arch insignia of the unknown. Today the properties of x-rays are no longer unknown, and the name, though still retained, is inappropriate. But streaming over the horizon of our field of knowledge is still another kind of light for which the name x might be appropriate were it not already preëmpted. This new kind of light has received the name "cosmic rays."

Unconscious though we are of these cosmic rays, we have good reason to regard them with interest. Most of us are exposed to their action twenty-four hours every day whether we are outdoors or in. We do not yet know what the effect of continual exposure may be. The radiation may be necessary to life or it may be the thing which, in the course of seventy years, finally proves our undoing. It can scarcely be without effect, for this *is* known; that the cosmic rays break up millions of atoms every second in the body of each one of us. Whether this disintegration is harmful or beneficial in the long run can not yet be stated.

While we have learned only recently of the nature of these cosmic rays, we have been aware of their existence for a quarter of a century. Realizing their existence, one of the first questions which physics investigated was that of where the radiation originated. That it was not solely from the sun was made evident by the fact that the radiation was as much in evidence at night as during the daytime. Neither did it proceed from the earth, for its effect was not substantially different over deep waters from that on *terra firma*. Measurements in deep mines were rendered inconclusive by the contaminating effects of subterranean radioactive deposits. The same difficulty was encountered in efforts at submarine observation. Balloons carrying recording devices were used to discover what was the effect, if any, of altitude. The results were at first contradictory, but gradually there emerged, at the highest altitudes, a

definite indication that we were at last on the trail.

Most of the investigation thus far had been carried out by German physicists. But at this point Dr. Robert A. Millikan, of the California Institute of Technology, began to interest himself in the problem. In the succeeding years he and his collaborators discovered the Rosetta Stone of cosmic rays. It was by two types of experiment that the essential discovery was made; by balloons, reaching a maximum height of ten miles, and by measurements below the surfaces of uncontaminated snow-fed lakes in the Rockies and the Andes. The balloons each carried a recording electroscope, a recording barometer and a clockwork driving mechanism, the whole cargo weighing less than half a pound. They were free, since the weight of a cord would have prevented them from ascending to sufficient heights. To each was attached a sign warning against tampering, and offering a reward for return to their starting point. The majority of the balloons thus freed found their way back to the laboratory. Their records yielded better evidence than had theretofore been secured. They made it clear that the radiation increased at the higher altitudes, and that the source was therefore outside of the earth.

LATER tests beneath the waters of mountain lakes showed the intensity of this radiation to become less and less at greater and greater depths, and thus corroborated the balloon records. Together these two groups of observations, balloon and mountain lake measurements, made it clear that cosmic rays originated at some point outside of the earth and beyond its atmosphere.

But the lake observations did more than this. They made it possible to measure definitely the penetrating power of this radiation. This was found to be as much greater than that of x-rays as x-rays were greater than ordinary light. It is this great penetrating power that makes it so difficult for us to avoid continual exposure to the cosmic rays. It is only when we are in some mountain tunnel, or mine, or on one of the lower floors of a modern steel and concrete skyscraper, that we are really sheltered from this radiation.

THE reason why we know little of what the effects of this exposure may be is that we have had no opportunity to observe higher forms of animal life which have been sheltered from it for long periods. The effects may become evident in a short time, or, as seems more likely, they may require several generations to become evident. There seems to be some possibility that evolution, the gradual change of form assumed by animal life as the countless centuries pass, is influenced by cosmic rays. A few months ago the discovery was made that certain evolutionary processes could be tremendously speeded up by the use of x-rays. There are striking similarities between some of the effects of x-rays and those of cosmic rays, and the continuous exposure of animal life to the latter, coupled with the continuous progress of evolutionary processes, justifies the investigation of a possible connection between the two. One is strongly tempted to speculate upon

the possibility that in this way man may secure control of the evolutionary destiny of the race. Such a prospect is as appalling as it is inspiring. But there are too many ifs involved to justify any excitement over the question at present.

THE aspect of the cosmic ray problem which has been of principal interest to the scientific world up to the present has been not the *effects* of the cosmic rays, but the *cause*. What is the mechanism of their production? Ordinary light may be produced by high temperature. X-rays are generated by certain electrical processes. With what corresponding process is the genesis of cosmic rays associated? To set this question into its proper perspective, we must first recall some facts, familiar to many readers, that constitute the essential background.

The first familiar concept that we shall recall is that of the electron and proton. For centuries the existence of two kinds of electricity has been recognized. On account of their property of mutual extinction, these have been termed negative and positive respectively. At the beginning of the present century the atomic nature of both kinds of electricity was discovered. The atom of negative electricity was given the name electron and that of positive the name proton. Not only has the existence of electrons and protons been demonstrated, but nowadays they can be counted and weighed and their speeds observed with complete certainty. Among the surprising things that we know about these tiny objects is the fact that while the proton is much smaller than the electron, its weight is about two thousand times that of the electron.

The second concept that we must recall is that of the solar system atom. Every atom of matter in the universe may be thought of as a miniature solar system composed of protons and electrons. All of the protons of an atom are grouped at the centre and dominate the remainder of the atom much as the sun dominates the solar system. Since protons are much heavier than electrons, practically all of the weight of an atom is thus concentrated in the central portion, or nucleus as it is called. Most of the electrons of an atom are grouped in concentric rings around the nucleus, somewhat as the planets are grouped around the sun, except that there are usually a number of electrons in each ring instead of the single planet which monopolizes each orbit of the solar system.

PERHAPS it should be remarked parenthetically that there is a tendency among physicists today to avoid reference to electronic orbits. Instead, it is becoming customary to speak of "energy levels." This is more a shift of emphasis than a change of concept. For most readers the more circumstantial picture of the solar system atom gives the advantage of an explicit picture, and this, after all, was the chief merit in the original introduction of the concept of electronic orbits. The picture has become so familiar and still contains so large an element of plausibility that it seems destined to remain, at least as a figure of speech, for some time to come. Let us continue to speak of the orbital motion

of electrons in atoms, realizing that our error, if any, is of the same kind that we make when we talk about the rising of the sun.

THE smallest, simplest, lightest atom naturally contains the fewest electrons and protons. This is the atom of hydrogen, which in fact consists of a single proton as its sun, around which revolves one planetary electron. The next most simple atom, that of helium, contains not two protons and electrons, as one might expect, but four of each. The heavier atoms are still more complicated. But, complicated or simple, all atoms possess a striking similarity to our solar system.

An atom holds its electrons and protons together with a tenacity which reminds one of the grip which the solar system retains on its planets. It also effectually prohibits the approach of other atoms, in spite of the fact that the space within the boundary of an atom is mostly empty. We have been signally unsuccessful in most of our attempts to disrupt atoms. The electrical forces holding an atom together are prodigious, and experience has shown that a concentration of energy at least equal to that of the thunderbolt is required to overcome them. In spite of its tenuous structure, the atom is about the most stable thing in nature.

In the third place, let us recall the way that a light wave is born. I will spare you tedious details. Light is produced by the disturbance of an atom, much as sound would be produced by throwing a wrench into a high speed machine. In general, any shock imparted to an atom jars its electrons into different positions. During the rearrangement these quivering electrons send out light. This "light" is not necessarily of the kind that we can perceive by the eye. It may, for example, be the familiar but invisible ultra-violet light. The wave-frequency or "color" of the light thus produced depends upon the distance of the disturbed electron from the centre of the atom. Outer, slow-moving electrons produce the low-frequency visible light. But disturbance of electrons in the innermost rings of heavy atoms produces the extremely high-frequency radiation that we call x-rays.

HERE it would seem that we had reached the limit, for there can be no planetary electrons inside of the innermost ring. Yet there is a type of light characterized by a still higher frequency. The so-called *gamma* rays originate in the very nucleus of an atom. With them we come definitely to the end of our resources. The discovery of any radiation of still higher frequency would throw us into considerable perplexity as to its source. Yet it is exactly that dilemma which physics is facing now in connection with cosmic rays. But even here, we shall find that the key to the origin of *any* kind of radiation lies in disturbance of the normal positions or states of motion of the electrons of an atom.

The fourth and last familiar concept is the double one of conservation; conservation of matter and conservation of energy. These were twin dogmas of the Nineteenth Century, completely familiar to all. These two aged brothers are still with us, though the ravages of time have modified their appearance. For a quarter of a century

we have been observing more and more unmistakably some exceptions to the principles of conservation as heretofore stated. In particular, the annihilation of matter, under certain conditions, seems to be well attested. Perhaps a caution should be uttered at this point against confusing the annihilation of matter with mere change of form as in burning or decay. What we are considering now is actual destruction, effacement, cessation of existence as matter in any form. But it is found that whenever such an event occurs, there appears an equivalent amount of energy. In other words, neither the principle of conservation of matter nor that of conservation of energy is valid when taken alone. But since matter can be converted into energy (and presumably *vice versa*), a single principle (that of the conservation of matter-plus-energy) replaces these two. So while one of our old friends, the conservation of matter, is no longer the man he used to be, his twin brother is assuming an added load to compensate for his failings. The total load carried by the two remains the same as before, though it is being readjusted between them to suit changing conditions. The single principle of conservation of matter-plus-energy has replaced the two older conservation principles. We are now in a position to outline the present state of knowledge of the way that cosmic rays originate.

THIS part of the problem has proved to be that of greatest interest and is naturally, perhaps, the part about which we know the most. Our knowledge even on this point is far from final, however. We can only say that there are two possible ways for cosmic rays to come into existence, and between the two we are not yet in a position to choose with finality. Both alternatives involve the conversion of matter into energy, but they differ essentially in the way in which the conversion is accomplished.

A MOMENT ago reference was made to the fact that the atom of hydrogen consists of one proton and one electron. What would occur if the two, under their mutual attraction, should snap together? Among other things, there would be a release of energy in the form of radiation, much as the breaking of a stretched spring would release energy in the form of sound. And atomic dynamics show that the wave-frequency of this radiation would be not far from that which characterizes the cosmic rays. But there is this difference between our broken spring and the collapsing atom. After the smash-up the spring is still there, but the atom is not. Before the event, it was the electrical forces emanating from the electron and proton that kept other atoms away, that produced the weight of the atom, and that therefore constituted the atom. After the event, the positive electricity of the proton is neutralized by the negative of the electron. There remain no electrical forces, hence no atom. The emission of radiant energy has been accompanied by the annihilation of matter.

But the most recent developments indicate rather strongly that the solution to the problem of the birth of cosmic radiation lies in a somewhat different direction. The conversion of matter into energy is still involved,

though in a different way. Instead of the complete annihilation of atoms through the mutual neutralization of their electrons and protons, we apparently have to deal with a partial loss of weight, due to combinations of atoms. Such combinations occurring under certain conditions are accompanied by an exceedingly close packing of the electrons and protons of the combining atoms. The closeness of the packing is such as to occasion a *partial* mutual neutralization of the electrons and protons which are being jammed together. The total weight of the combination is thus slightly less than the sum of the individual weights of the atoms entering into the combination. The difference represents an annihilation of matter, and this is necessarily accompanied by the emission of energy.

THE reader has already observed that hydrogen consists of one electron and one proton. Also that helium consists of four electrons and four protons. We can imagine the possibility of four atoms of hydrogen entering into a combination to form one atom of helium, though such an occurrence has never been observed to happen on the earth. It would be reasonable to suppose that the weight of the helium atom thus formed would equal the sum of the weights of the combining hydrogen atoms. But as a matter of observed fact, the atom of helium, though clearly composed of four electrons and four protons, *does not* weigh four times as much as the atom of hydrogen. The discrepancy is not large, less than one per cent, but it is unmistakable.

The process of combination, if it ever takes place, evidently involves a definite loss of weight. Such a loss must be accompanied by the appearance of an equivalent amount of radiation. Furthermore, atomic dynamics tells us what the wave-frequency of any radiation so produced must be, and the most recent mountain-lake observations show, among other frequencies, one which coincides squarely with that which would accompany the conversion of hydrogen into helium. So while such conversion seems never to take place terrestrially, it is quite evidently occurring elsewhere, though just where it occurs is still a subject for speculation.

BUT the wave-frequency corresponding to the conversion of hydrogen into helium is not the only frequency which has been identified in the cosmic radiation. Others have been discovered, and measured. In every case it has been possible to state, with considerable assurance, the nature of the atomic transformation that must have occurred to produce the wave-frequency observed. For example, frequencies have been observed that correspond closely to those that would be produced if hydrogen atoms should combine to form oxygen, silicon and iron.

Now these elements together with helium are among those most profusely distributed throughout the visible universe. We can scarcely refrain from speculating upon the possibility that the material of the entire universe has been synthesized by the process which is being heralded to us by the cosmic radiation, and that there is something in this process which produces a predominance of the elements which have

been observed to exist in greatest profusion.

Such a speculation assumes the existence of vast cosmic quantities of hydrogen, from which other elements are synthesized. The question of the origin of this hydrogen, that is, of how electrons and protons came to pair off to form atoms of hydrogen, is apparently not a part of the present cosmic radiation problem. So the fundamental question of the creation of matter, that is, the formation of hydrogen out of primordial electrons and protons, is still untouched. The term "creation" has been used rather frequently in the press to describe the formation of the heavier elements out of hydrogen. But that term is out of place in this connection. So far from "creation," the synthesis of the heavier elements out of hydrogen involves a destruction, an annihilation, of matter. Otherwise we could not have received in the form of cosmic rays, the signals which have called our attention to the process.

LET us refer in conclusion to a point discussed previously. Where in space do cosmic rays originate? We have already remarked that they appear to come from some point outside of the earth. But the region outside of the earth is a large place. Can we not localize the source more definitely? Is it from the stars that this radiation comes, or from the vast laboratories of space between the stars? The question is capable of a definite answer, though that answer has not yet been found. It would appear almost absurdly simple to find whether this radiation comes from the stars or not. For the stars are not uniformly distributed in the heavens. They are particularly thick in the direction of the Milky Way and notably absent in certain other directions. If it is from the stars that the radiation comes, we should observe an hourly fluctuation in its intensity as the Milky Way and the less densely spotted portions of the sky wheel successively by us. Attempts by several investigators to find this hourly variation have thus far proved unsuccessful. This may merely indicate the inadequacy of the methods of measurement. There is not yet complete agreement on the question whether cosmic rays do or do not originate in the stars. There are fascinating possibilities in either alternative. However, the problem is not yet solved with sufficient finality to justify our detailed consideration. The only statement that can be made with full confidence is that cosmic rays originate at some point external to the earth.

For a quarter of a century the cosmic ray has been a will-o'-the-wisp that has led its pursuers into wide ranges of investigation. Even now, when its nature has been identified and only its origin remains to be completely accounted for, we find that it carries us through much of the more recent aspects of physical science, from electrons up to stars. Truly the name "cosmic ray" is appropriate in more senses than one.

The Negro Is Coming to Town

By Charles E. Hall

While our large cities still harbor only sixteen per cent of the nation's colored population, their "black belts" are growing so rapidly as to raise new problems, here discussed by a statistician

The traditional picture of Jim Crow, which painted him as firmly attached to Southern soil, unable to gain a foothold in the fundamental industries of the Nation, severely restricted as to residential areas when he did desert the farm for the city, emotionally surcharged with religious fervor and easily swayed in politics, is fading before recent statistical studies.

The figures show, for instance, that, during the five-year period 1920–25, there was a decrease of more than three-quarters of a million in the colored farm population of the United States. Although colored farmers operate in every State and in a majority of the counties, more than 76 per cent of this decrease in the colored farm population occurred in six Southern States, namely, Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, in the order named; the total decrease in these States being in excess of 604,000.

Many reasons are advanced for this desertion of the Southern farms, but the chief complaint appears to centre around the exploitation of the colored farmers by produce dealers, the extortion by local mortgage sharks, and the failure of the Government rural credit system to function properly through its local and regional agencies for the benefit of qualified Negro farmers.

Concerning this phase of the situation, *The New York Age*, one of the leading Negro newspapers, commented as follows:

> At a recent conference held in Washington, the subject of rural credits was discussed. Men from Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Mississippi, and Ohio stated that colored farmers in these States were not being fairly treated in the allotment of loans through the Federal Farm Loan System. The question of a more liberal extension of loans to this class of farmers was taken up with President Coolidge, but as yet nothing has come of it. The Federal Farm Loan Board of the Treasury Department should have a competent representative of the race connected with its operations who would be empowered to give attention to this phase of its development.

Going into the matter from another angle, *The Pittsburgh Courier*, one of the most widely circulated colored newspapers, said:

> Why are Negro farmers denied loans? One of the reasons is very plain and easy of appreciation when the facts are stated. The South lives by the labor of the black man. A farm hand is worth large money to the Southern gentlemen, who have long since sworn not to work as long as any "niggers can be had." The Negro farmer is forced to get his money from the white merchant. The money is in the form of meat, flour and meal, calico, plows and a mule. The rate of interest charged and the "system" of "never paying out" keep the Negro farmer a slave to the white merchant, who is usually a *money lender*. These Southern lenders do not want the Farm Loan Board to lend the Negro farmers any money because that would break up the Southern practice of "lending" to Negroes under the "system." Somebody might have to go to work eventually.

JUST what the solution of this vexing problem will be is a question which is agitating colored leaders throughout the country. The drift of these willing but unskilled workers to the highly organized industrial centres of the Nation will eventually create more and larger colored ghettos, labor troubles, possibly an increase in crime, and certainly an increased mortality rate, although in a large number of Northern cities colored physicians and visiting nurses have been appointed on local health boards to look after health conditions of the colored population. To some of the melancholy Negro philosophers the price these migrants are paying for a chance to do more than merely exist appears prohibitive, but to others, less pessimistic, the opportunity to educate their children, to exercise their rights of citizenship, to escape the "Jim Crow" transportation facilities, is considered invaluable at this stage of the educational and economic development of the race.

THAT the manufacturing industries are as alluring to the black as to the white ruralities is indicated by the increasing Negro populations of some of our great industrial centres. Although a census of population has not been taken since 1920, frequent estimates have been made by the Bureau of the Census. The last one, as of July 1, 1927, indicates Negro population growths approximately as follows during the seven year period: Detroit, 136 per cent; Cleveland, 59; Chicago, 47; Indianapolis, 20; Philadelphia and St. Louis, 28 per cent each; Pittsburgh, 26; Kansas City, Mo., 18; Baltimore, 11; and New York City, 7 per cent.

This trend to the Northern cities, where the right of the franchise is not withheld, where training opportunities abound, where industrial democracy is present to a larger degree, and where, last but not least, frequent labor shortages stimulate the call for men, has been accompanied by perplexing social questions. The East St. Louis and Chicago race riots were, in a way, selfish economic answers to the surging Negro migrants who knocked at the gate of employment in those vicinities. "The Negroes," it was said, "are taking jobs which whites ought to have." The extent to which this fear is justified may be judged from a survey of 128,493 workers in New York City, which was made under the direction of Dr. Karl F.

Phillips, of the United States Department of Labor, just after the first swell of Negro migration augmented the eligible workers of that city. It showed that in the total group there were 3,007 Negro workers, of whom 948 were rated as skilled, 490 semi-skilled and 1,397 unskilled. One hundred and seventy-two were unclassified.

THE diversity of occupations of those workers showed a remarkable trend over that of twenty years ago. In such typical enterprises as the manufacture of automobiles and parts, clothing and textiles, furniture, iron and steel, machine shops, tobacco and sundry other industrial activities, more colored workers were employed than ever before, and they were making good.

One large employer, of a New York transit corporation, expressed pride in its more than 400 Negro employees, who were engaged in virtually every occupation required for the successful operation of the company's lines, and the maintenance and upkeep of its equipment and trackage.

In other industrial districts of the North, similar transitions of Negro workers from a Southern agricultural background to a place beside the whirring machines of industry have been steadily taking place; and it appears certain that in the decade which now lies before us there will be a steady increase of colored workers in the industries of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, in the Chicago stockyards, in the automobile shops, and along our transit lines, both trunk and urban, and on our docks and wharves.

Of course, the social problems of this new industrial association are yet to be solved. The Negro is still excluded from the privilege of serving apprenticeships at many trades. Vocational schools in certain districts still insist upon excluding Negro students from some courses, either directly or indirectly. The American Federation of Labor, while carrying on its books the pledged doctrine that it will not tolerate discriminations based upon race or color, still sits blandly by without enforcing this doctrine. Local autonomy, it is said, is responsible for the Union conduct in each district, and where the majority is white it is difficult to secure economic equality for Negroes.

THE fact that now there are more than 200 solid Negro local Unions with an approximate membership of 8,000 (in the *bona fide* trades and vocations), does not take away the sting of the truth that intolerance still abides in the heart of organized labor and that economic democracy can not prevail until labor itself turns about face and eliminates discrimination from its own ranks.

On the other hand, not a few employers have frankly agreed that there is no difference in the efficiency of colored workers and white, and that capable colored workers can be advanced to any position. On the whole, then, the prospect for the Negro in industry does not appear discouraging. With restrictive immigration now in force, with new measures being invoked to stop the migratory ravaging of the Mexican border, and with the general prospect that American production will continue to advance, there is little

reason to fear a serious shortage of jobs. Stalwart State labor organizations like those of Ohio and Pennsylvania are declining to tolerate longer any racial differences in industry; new wants and desires are being created each day by the American people; and, doubtless, the Negro worker of the years to come has only to fear that great mechanical innovation which his white competitor also fears — and whose ultimate influence no one can accurately visualize at this early time — that is, labor-saving machinery which may displace countless efficient workers, regardless of color, within the next quarter century.

But what of the Negroes' future in the North, aside from the problem of their jobs? We know that they are purchasing thousands of homes each year and, in fact, that home ownership to them is becoming a fetish. Colored residential areas in Northern industrial cities are continually expanding in spite of residential segregation policies, higher rentals, and higher real estate values that are automatically imposed upon the colored home seekers. The assets of Negro banks, life insurance companies, and building and loan associations, show remarkable increases. Each year there is a greater enrollment of colored students in the trade schools and institutions for higher learning. In the secondary and collegiate institutions for the education of colored youth, the standards of education are being raised and the requirements exacted of teachers are likewise being advanced, the M.A. degree being required for admission or entrance into the teaching corps of junior and senior high schools and colleges of "A" standing. In nearly every community where there is a considerable Negro population there are evidences of financial coöperation along business lines. The most widely read colored newspapers are printed in fully-equipped plants owned and operated by the editors. Drug and grocery stores, moving picture theatres, bake shops, and restaurants are multiplying. Manufacturing enterprises financed by colored men and women are beginning to appear, and the numbers of physicians, dentists, electrical engineers, chemists, building constructors, lawyers, accountants, stenographers, school teachers, and educated preachers, are increasing.

Many believe that there has been an over-development of religious and non-constructive fraternal organizations among Negroes, which are regarded as "frozen assets" in their progress. It is pointed out that the whites have only about 5 per cent as much money invested in church edifices as they have in farm land and buildings, while among Negroes the value of church edifices constitutes fully 35 per cent of the value of farm land and buildings owned by them. It is also remarked that there is an average of 261 members to each white church, but among the colored brethren there is a church edifice for every group of 122 members. This fact appears to suggest that the race is over-churched and that at least one-third of the nearly $206,000,000 so invested could be more advantageously employed in productive enterprises that would afford employment for some

of the thousands of young colored men and women who frequently experience great difficulty in attaching themselves to a permanent pay-roll. Through the efforts of an educated ministry it is believed that this piling up of frozen assets will soon be discontinued.

THAT climatic influences of the North do not contribute greatly to the death of colored migrants from the South, is indicated by Government statistics, which show that in 1926 the greatest number of deaths among Negroes from tuberculosis occurred in Mississippi, followed in the order named by Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Louisiana and South Carolina. With the exception of the two Northern States of Pennsylvania and New York, the greatest number of Negro deaths from pneumonia occurred in the States of Alabama, North Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina and Virginia. Concerning the mortality statistics of some of the principal cities, the fact has been established that the death rate of Negroes is lower in Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Philadelphia and Pittsburgh than in Atlanta, Charleston, Jackson, Miss., Little Rock, Memphis, Montgomery, New Orleans, or Tampa.

The last census of the United States showed one physician to approximately 2,290 Negro inhabitants, as compared with one white physician to 670 white inhabitants. But there appears to be a faulty distribution of colored physicians in relation to population, 65 per cent of which is located in the rural districts. Nearly 45 per cent of the Negro physicians and surgeons are located in 68 cities whose Negro population totals only 16 per cent of the total Negro population of the United States. This means that there has been a mass movement of colored graduates of medical schools to the largest cities, many of which have already reached the saturation point so far as Negro physicians are concerned.

IN CONCLUSION, it is significant to note that a shift in the Negro's political outlook has followed his urban trend. He is certainly becoming more independent at the polls, and but for the vaporings of certain white politicians of the old school, who are known as "Negro baiters," there would be a more pronounced division of the colored vote at National elections, at least in the Northern and Border States. The fact is that thoughtful Negro voters in the North are quietly taking stock of their political friends and enemies and are preparing to reward those who show a helpful attitude, regardless of party affiliations. The mark of the political branding-iron is rapidly disappearing in colored circles and "modified" Socialism, as well as the Democracy proclaimed by the Northern wing of that party, is becoming almost as popular as Republicanism.

Russian Children All Have Fathers

By John Gunther

The woman or the man goes freely in and out of wedlock in Russia, but the child, ever legitimate, has the State's backing for support until growth is assured

In Russia there have been two revolutions. The first was political, and everyone knows all about it. The second is social, and it still has its tale to tell.

In Russia, for instance, incredible as it may seem, prisoners in many prisons get a two-weeks vacation every year — without surveillance — back to their homes! And in Russia, likewise, university students in some cases themselves vote their own advancement from class to class, and their own graduation — and the promotion of their own professors!

This is the type of instance I have in mind concerning the social revolution. I could add many more. In all of them there is the same aroma of amusing madness; and in all of them, too, a freshness of viewpoint and a boldness in putting theory to fact that should make our comfortable Western eyes blink just a little.

One of the items in social revolution peculiarly amazing to the outsider has to do with children. I don't intend to discuss here the well-worn topics of marriage and divorce in Russia. These are in fact so well known that almost as much misinformation exists about them as information. What I want to point out is simply that Russia is the first country in the world to recognize legally the perfectly obvious but occasionally ignored scientific fact that every child has a father.

Yet to tell the story of Russian children I must allude to their parents for just a paragraph or two. Marriage and divorce are both equally free and legal in the Soviet Union. The legal definition of marriage, according to the new social code which went into effect on January 1, 1927, is "a union entered upon and dissolved at will in which the only concern of the State is to ensure proper care and support of children." As to divorce, as someone put it, "Just marriage is sufficient grounds."

To get married a Russian couple simply go to a registration bureau known as ZAGS and register. That's all there is to it. To get divorced the couple do exactly the same thing. Marriages are, by the way, of two kinds, the registered ones and *de facto* ones. *De facto* marriage is accom-

plished simply by the couple living together in the same lodging. Children by this sort of marriage have exactly the same rights and privileges as children by a registered marriage.

Divorce is a simple business — provided there are no children. If there are children, then complications begin. The very function of marriage, according to the Soviet Commissars, is the proper protection of children. Therefore in any divorce in which either party has children, the children come first. The divorce will certainly be granted — a simple request is usually sufficient — provided the children are first cared for.

Responsibility is usually split two ways. The mother is granted custody, and the father granted "maintenance." The father's income is registered, and a certain proportion — usually anything up to 35 per cent — is assigned to the support of the child. A child is of age at eighteen, and the father, no matter what his subsequent matrimonial adventures, legally must support his child until that age.

As a result, divorces in Russia are not nearly so common as most people think them to be. Housing is another factor keeping divorces down. It is perfectly simple to divorce your wife, but not so simple to find new lodgings to put her in. Moscow is so crowded, for example, that cases have been known where a husband or a wife got a divorce and then married someone else and, on account of the housing shortage, had to bring the new wife or husband back to live with the old one.

But the strict laws providing support for children are the chief agency in keeping down the divorce rate. In the European part of Russia last year there were 848,898 marriages and 122,760 divorces. This is a proportion of one divorce to every 6.9 marriages. In the United States in 1927 the rate was one in 7.6. These figures are for Russia as a whole, I should like to point out; in Moscow and Leningrad the divorce rate is much higher.

Now Russia, as everyone knows, is the land where love is free. Anyone can make love to anyone else. And the Government doesn't give a hoot. The Government takes the point of view that love is natural, and interference with it silly. It takes this point of view, that is to say, up to a certain point — to the point where children are involved.

Motherhood is considered a purely social function, and therefore the State assumes a definite responsibility for mothers. Every Russian child has a mother; but it has a father, too. Legally, there is no such thing as illegitimacy in Russia. Illegitimacy has disappeared as idea and reality both. Every Russian child is a legitimate child.

Suppose a Russian girl is unmarried, but is going to have a baby. Very good. This happens all over the world; but in Russia differently. The "very good" is literal. The girl simply goes to ZAGS, reports her condition, and names the father.

The designated young man is thereupon notified. By law he is given one month in which to make protest. In some cases presumptive fatherhood is inflicted unjustly, wherefore young men are inclined in Russia to tread the amatory path

somewhat warily. Unjust or not, the father, if he is designated as such by a court which settles the matter, must support the child, and in addition, before its birth, must pay for the hospital care of the mother. Any sum up to 30 per cent of the father's wages may be thus assigned. For eighteen years!

But suppose the young lady comes into the registration bureau or the court and says frankly that she does not know who is the father of her impending child. This, one must admit, presents a difficulty — even for the Russians. As a rule the prospective mother is rebuked. But she is not punished. Then she is asked to furnish to the court a list of possible candidates for paternity. These are assembled, the judge talks to them, and tries to make one of them agree, if possible, to marry the girl; in any case to support the child.

Suppose none of the candidates "agrees." No matter. The child comes first. The court simply selects one of the group, and assigns him to fatherhood. Jokesters in Moscow will laugh and tell you — in such deplorable cases — that the court usually chooses as "father" the "candidate" who is richest!

Now suppose some young man has been sowing wild oats rather freely. Suppose he has been married several times, and perhaps has children by several wives. What then? The story is the same — he must support them all. A limit is, however, mercifully set, and no more than half his wages can be assigned away from him. Suppose, further, some veritable Lothario is named time after time as the father of children by unmarried women. In such cases not only will half his wages disappear, but he may go to jail. One man recently who was married and divorced five times in five months is now safely cooling off, having been sentenced to serve one year in jail for disorderly conduct. Small sympathy is manifest in Russia for these Lotharios, especially if children are involved. "He who likes coasting must carry his sled uphill," says the Russian proverb.

When alimony is assigned for the care of a child, whether or not the mother is married, it is usually deducted from the father's wages at source, so there is little chance of evasion. Alimony may, in some cases, be arranged without court action, but these cases are very rare. Again, in some instances, the court may order the mother, not the father, to support the child; but this does not happen often. Since both marriage and divorce are such fluid states in Russia, the amount of alimony for the support of a child is usually capable of subsequent review. Also, since remarriage may follow a divorce any time after fourteen days have elapsed, the alimony consideration is usually dealt with very promptly in the first instance; the hearing usually comes within three to five days of the time the divorce is applied for.

All of this system of legislation is possible, of course, by reason of one fact, namely that in Russia woman is absolutely independent economically. She not only is, she has to be. Every woman has not only the right but the obligation to work. She may be office girl, saleswoman, factory worker, or even peasant. But work

she must. Otherwise she is counted out of all the favors trade-unionism brings to its members, and becomes a social parasite. Moreover, she is likely to starve. One phase of this independence is that the wife in either a legal or a *de facto* marriage may keep her own name if she wants to — or for that matter at any time may adopt any new name she wants.

THE Russian Government makes its women work, but it helps them when they have children. It is a little shocking to recall that the population of Russia is above 147,000,000, and increases by almost 2,000,000 every year. Yet the Government is as eager to keep up the birth-rate as is Mussolini in Italy. Perhaps the reason is biological foresight. Maybe it is lack of foresight. Anyway vital statisticians point out how quickly Russia will double its population at the present rate of increase, and point out, too, that in future centuries a great Slavic overflow into western Europe is almost inevitable.

Maternity welfare work in Russia, in any case, is remarkable. Every Russian working woman is entitled to two full months vacation at full pay before her baby is born, and two full months similarly after; she has time off from her work or her machine while nursing the baby; she has benefit of free pre-natal clinics, free attendance at delivery, and free nursing for a brief period. This, at least, is the theory. In not all parts of Russia has it been possible to put the theory into practice. The reason is poverty, *plus* the serious shortage in doctors, nurses, and medical equipment.

In any case, our Russian baby is born — Ivan Ivanovitch or Fedor Fedorovitch or whatever you want to call him. This business of giving him a name brings up a point. Every Russian child, we have seen, is legally legitimate. But what name shall he take? This is often a moot point in Russian family affairs. By law the baby may be named for either father or mother. Or, when he grows up, he may take any name he wants. Some of the names given Russian babies are fantastic. I have read of "Miss Electrification Ivanov," and even "Mr. Industrialization-Programme-Before-1934 Fedorov." And so on.

THEN our Russian baby grows up. A neat paradox finishes off the story. For he is taught to feel perfect independence of his parents. The family group as we understand it is condoned in Russia, but not favored. A family formed by monogamous marriage is considered a unit still, but not because the Government has any special prejudice for the family — merely because a mother is better able to take care of a baby at the present time than is the State. Thus the growing child is expected to teach his parents Communism, if they are not Communists. He is expected to tell them to forswear God, if they are not Atheists. He is expected to be an independent soul. And when he reaches eighteen he goes out into the world — into the vast anonymous mass of Russia — perhaps a bit lonelier than when he came into it.

Paying the Piper

By Max Winkler

A noted market analyst holds a post-mortem on the Wall Street frenzy and the theories of the "New Era" propagandists

When we reach a point in the securities markets where an investment is made in Rio Tinto on the grounds that it is a prosperous "railroad" company, or in Seaboard Airline on the grounds that it is an "aviation" enterprise, economists and analysts cease to function. Such a point was reached in our own securities markets with the result that research and analytical departments proved distinct handicaps to the organizations with which they were affiliated. Once more it was demonstrated that "We learn from history that we learn nothing from history."

We forgot, or rather chose to forget, the hectic days of the South Sea Bubble, when the shares of the notorious South Sea Company were soaring from par to 770, to 1000, to 1100 and to 1200; when "the people of the country, from the Cabinet Minister, nay from Royalty itself, to the veriest vagabond, were frantic in the distraction of the gamble; the tatterdemalion fraternity vied with ladies of rank in making a pandemonium of Change Alley; and the Bank of England itself was freely accused of involving itself in the scandal." The frenzy of speculation in England at the time had reached such a state that it became possible for promoters to launch successfully even such enterprises as "Fitting Ships Against Pirates;" "Transmutation of Quicksilver;" "Air Pump for the Brain;" and "Insurance of Marriages from Divorce."

Lately we were going through a somewhat similar period. New channels were unearthed each day into which were thrown the savings of men and women, white and colored, employer and employee. One day it was the rayon stocks; on another occasion, it was radio shares; on a third, it was aviation; and on a fourth, talking machine stocks. Steadily increasing brokers' loans, continuance of high money rates and warnings by the Federal Reserve Board, had little or no effect. Stocks were bought merely because they would go higher. The imagination of our investing (*sic*) public was greatly heightened by the discovery of a new phrase: discounting the future. However, a careful examination of quotations of many issues revealed that not only the future, but

even the hereafter, was being discounted.

True to form, we were again aiming to establish a record. We outdid England, and the wave of speculation which was engulfing the American public was unparalleled in the history of finance. Earnings and immediate prospects were completely ignored. Prospects decades hence were emphasized. Economics were thrown into discard. A new school of economists arose — futurists, I might term them — who incessantly preached that a new era had arrived. "History does not, and will not, repeat itself," people shouted from the housetops, and the very few who managed to withstand the lure of enormous profits — on paper — had become the laughing-stock of one hundred and twenty millions.

To the host of speculators here were added almost as many in foreign lands, who also had become infected with the fever of gambling. Banks and brokerage houses were making great efforts to attract capital to the American market for speculative purposes. Our loans to Europe were being repaid with interest. Tickers and boards were installed on transatlantic steamers, depriving people of the rest they used to seek and occasionally to find on boats crossing the ocean. Bonds became outlawed and the very small number left who continued to regard safety of principal as of prime importance and enhancement in value as secondary, were obliged to hide and execute in utmost secrecy their orders for fixed income-bearing securities. The American youth was being strongly advised to spend all he could make and then allow himself to be driven by the desire for new wants, that he make more for its realization.

To those who were bold enough to inquire why a certain stock which paid nothing, which never paid anything, and which was not likely to pay anything for some time to come, should sell at fifty or more times earnings, we gave one answer: New Era. Professors and professional prophets began to teach and to preach that being a "bull on the United States" was equivalent to having implicit faith in the continuance of a "bull market." We were supplied with books and brochures which maintained that stock prices were 'permanently high," and that the old maxim "it never hurts to take profits" was all wrong. "Look at those," we were told, "who at one time purchased Union Pacific at $3 and who could many times have realized on their investment. Aren't they better off for not having sold at all? Moral: buy stocks irrespective of price, and grow with the country."

And so it came to pass that investors all over the world had grown stock-mad. A new type of collective investor arose in the form of investment trusts or investment companies. The trust idea may be said to be an outgrowth of the Great War, and the consequent change of the United States from a debtor nation to one of the world's most powerful creditor countries. The creditor nation factor was no doubt one of the principal reasons for the spectacular growth of trusts, because it offered the opportunity for geographical and type distribution which does not generally exist under debtor nation

conditions. Prompted by the success of some of the companies organized several years ago, at a time of universally low securities prices, which enabled them to reap substantial profits, numerous trusts came into being which were eminently successful in disposing of their securities. Here again, our record-complex characteristics made themselves felt. Each trust was larger than the one previously organized. Little did they think that size might some day prove too big — paradoxical though it may sound — to withstand the onslaught. Was there not a time when the mastodon and the dinosaurus flourished, and were they not eventually obliged to give way to the smaller unit, because they had become too unmanageable and unwieldy, and the world they lived in could no longer comfortably accommodate them?

INVESTMENT trusts rightly decided to move with, instead of against, the tide. Fixed income-bearing securities were shunned. Stocks, and stocks alone, were the things to acquire. The number of trusts grew so large that they were obliged to invest in the same securities, and, to obtain these securities, they competed in the same market, thus driving up prices against themselves. They failed to take into account that there might come a time when it would be advisable to sell, in which event there would be several companies in the field at once, damaging each other's market. It is largely because of this fact that the trusts can not very well claim to be able to assume the rôle of stabilizers of markets.

To illustrate this contention, let us assume that a certain number of trusts, endowed with an equally capable and reliable management, are operating in the same field. All are anxious to acquire the most desirable stocks, with the result that these stocks advance to levels unwarranted by the statistical position of the respective companies. When the time comes when the trusts regard prices as too high, the desire to sell manifests itself at once, and the price must necessarily be driven down to levels which are often unjustifiably low. Many trusts, however, discovered the secret of success: they would no longer concern themselves with the problem of how to invest profitably. They went into the manufacturing business and created subsidiaries which, in turn, created affiliations in their own name. It seemed for a time that this could be done with impunity. The public demand for new trusts was insatiable. No one stopped to question the wisdom of investment companies imitating the chain store. We can readily appreciate the latter.

WE CAN not, however, see why Investment Trust X, which is organized to do almost anything and everything, should find it necessary to organize X-1, X-2, X-3 . . . X-*n*, each of which will apparently do the very things which X had been organized to do. Such procedures, however, may perform two functions: first, to satisfy the public, which continues to demand more; and, secondly, to enable X to create diversification according to its own wishes, *viz.*, through the acquisition of stock in the subsidiaries, at prices below those at which the public obtains them. In this way, even

during a pronounced decline in the market, the book value of X will be reasonably high because all the little X's have been acquired at a sufficiently low figure to show a paper profit over quotations in the open market, irrespective of how low these quotations may be.

Should, however, selling on a very large scale develop, holders of investment trust shares might endeavor to dispose of their stocks, and the trusts, although not obliged to absorb offerings, would probably do so, especially if they expect to arrange for additional financing at a later date. They might, in that case, find it necessary either to use whatever cash they may have, or to liquidate such securities as they may carry in their portfolios, which naturally would aid a generally existing confusion which a selling wave ordinarily creates.

NO THOUGHT was given to any of the above considerations. We neglected to consider that, so far, our trusts have been favored by steadily rising markets and that many had been successful in spite of themselves. We also overlooked the fact that our trusts had not gone through the fire of purification or endured a real prolonged setback in the securities markets. Many of them had been living in a Fool's Paradise — a comfortable and enviable position, while it lasts.

WHY is it that our investing public refused to realize that the pendulum has a queer habit of swinging too far in one or in the other direction? Did they, perchance, believe that the masses would remain indefinitely in a state of stupor; or that economic laws, ordinarily very merciless and cruel, are different west of the Atlantic from those obtaining east of the Atlantic? Did they think it possible for certain college professors completely to destroy economic laws, or for any human being or professional prophet to know whether the shares of Company A are high or low, unless they know what is in the mind of every holder, or prospective holder, of shares of such Company? Has the history of the investment trust boom in England taught us no lesson, despite the fact that our own brief experience bears such a strikingly close resemblance (see table herewith) to the early history of British trusts?

We have still time to benefit from the experience of our British friends,

COMPARATIVE RECORD OF INVESTMENT TRUSTS

Event	*England*	*United States*
Period of formation of trusts	1873–1880	1915–1922
Popularity of trusts grows — Quotations rising	1888	1926
Marked increase in number of trusts	1889	1927
Investors urged to discriminate — Warnings issued	1890	1928
Trust shares break severely — Losses range from 12 to 200 points (in England) and from 14 to 570[1] points (in the United States)	1891	1929
Of trusts examined, over 81 per cent collapsed — Remaining trusts in strong position with shares selling above issue price	1893	?
Period of sanity and adjustment	1894–1895	?
Revival of interest — Trusts definitely coming into public favor	1896	?

[1] Based upon the low of 30 representative trusts, as recorded on October 29.

and avoid a crisis incident upon a possible collapse of some of the investment trusts existing today. The Investment Trust is a necessary adjunct to our economic structure, but no undue advantage should be taken by the organizers and managers. Nothing, however tempting and alluring at a certain moment, should be done which is not in strict accord with the principles of sound economics. In other words, we want Investment Trusts which will invest and which will command confidence and trust. We do not want them to be chain stores or manufacturing companies. Thus, and thus alone, can the trust prove its *raison d'être*.

Solution

By Granville Paul Smith

He struggled with earth's many mysteries,
And all enigmas of the universe
Were imminent to rob him of his ease
And haunt him from the cradle to the hearse.
Life loomed so difficult with man so blind,
A problem to be solved, a nut to crack,
Requiring all the sledges of the mind
Heaved by a straining, theory-muscled back.
Philosophies were grist unto his mill,
Religions by the hundred bade him pause
And knit his brow, inspiring him to fill
Ten thousand pages with eternal laws.
He puzzled all his life upon the score,
To find, at last, that two and two are four.

The Era of Mad Illusions

By Virgil Jordan

The collapse of the cult of Bla, the Sacred Bull, and queries as to what it portends for American prosperity

The Sacred Bull is dead. For a magic seven years that potent symbol of the economic millennium, which displaced the screaming eagle as a national emblem, has led its throngs of devotees dancing through the Street between the graveyard and the river and even through our Main Streets everywhere, his horns wreathed in ticker tape, showered with confetti of common stock, attended by a trumpeting elephant, perfumed with the incense of official altar boys and acclaimed by the clashing cymbals of newspaper scribes and market letter writers.

The high priests of the speculative synagogues, of course, do not admit his demise, and have issued solemn and reassuring denials every few hours. The Sacred Bull, they say, is only suffering a slight attack of indigestion due to the excessive zeal of his worshippers in feeding him too much investment trust paper this summer. For, according to the creed of the cult, the Sacred Bull never really dies. By transmigration or metempsychosis his soul is born again every seven years, or thereabouts, according to the turns of the Cycle. In this they have history on their side, in 1893, 1901, 1907, 1914, in 1921; and no doubt in the inner recesses of the temple another bull calf is being fattened for the next festival.

The high priests of the New Era will probably perform and publish no post-mortem on the Sacred Bull, whose name was Bla. He will be embalmed and preserved in the temple with the crisp and spicy mummies of the Calvinaic dynasty. If they do explain his death it will be by some ritualistic formula of "technical weakness" or credit stringency, or by some myth of titanic combat between rival demi-gods of the Street. The economic archeologists of the future alone will discover that this Sacred Bull really did not die at all because he never lived. He was only a lay figure stuffed with statistical "horse-feathers" and inflated with hot air, and he collapsed because the bare facts wore away the stitches on his seamy side.

They will find beneath the pyramids of brokers' loans where the mummy of the Sacred Bull lies swathed in shrouds of investment trust paper, relics of real enough

prosperity and glory during the dynasty of the New Era. But it will be seen that these were gilded in spots with a false splendor; and among the treasures of the tomb will be found several Aladdin's lamps which the cult believed could summon genii to create over night miraculous and fabulous wealth. The papyri of the statistical scribes will show indeed that the trade of the nation grew steadily, but at no more than the normal rate which had ruled for fifty or seventy-five years before; that the efficiency of industry had experienced no marvelous acceleration, but had merely returned speedily to the steady rate of increase which had been interrupted by the Great War; that prosperity was gradually spreading, but was far from universal; and that the real wages of workers had risen, but only to the point they would have reached in the normal course if the national progress of the preceding half-century had continued unbroken by war-time inflation.

But the economic exhumation will show that the tombs of the New Era were filled with the débris of delusions and false hopes, and that the people imagined and were told repeatedly by the high priests that a new and miraculous means of permanent and unlimited prosperity had been discovered, that all their problems of progress had been solved, that all old laws of economic development had been superseded, and that the millennium had been advanced as a special providence for their generation.

It was not necessary, to be sure, that the Sacred Bull should be a real animal at all. Cults are based on a state of mind, and the New Era was a state of mind, a mode of thought, an image, a symbol of great potency, all the stronger because it was unreal. The problem for the economic anthropologist is to explain the spell of this illusion upon millions of Americans who have prostrated their common sense before Bla in the past few years. Here is a phenomenon of mass behavior unparalleled in its scope and strength. It can not be simply explained away, nor is it to be regarded with callous cynicism. It is of tremendous meaning for the future and it puts a stirring challenge to the business leaders and public authorities of the country.

Probably no nation in modern times has suffered so frequently or so greatly as the United States from recurrent periods of exaggerated optimism and unrealistic interpretation of its economic situation. This tendency to ignore the natural law of steady growth has its deep roots in American history and the American temperament. The country was discovered, settled and developed by speculators and adventurers, and not so long ago but that the strain is still in the blood of American business and the general public. The opening of the West under the Homestead Acts, the gold rush of 'Forty-nine, the period of Western land speculation and boom railroad building were all reflections of this quality, and they attest the rôle which the willingness to take any chance has played in the country's growth.

Speculation has its creative aspect, but there comes a time when it becomes a destructive force. After a vast, integrated economic system has

been developed in any nation, when the range of unexploited resources is narrowed under advanced industrial development, the rôle of the adventurer is restricted; he must give way to science and to sustained, organized labor.

The United States is today an almost thoroughly settled country in an advanced stage of systematic and close-knit economic growth. Its economic system has become too pervasively interdependent and delicately balanced to serve any longer as the basis for vast, speculative adventure. Its development from now on is to be ruled by an increasingly rigid and mechanical law of probability. It will depend upon the nice adjustment and control of a vast mechanism, by men of a sober and responsible, engineering temperament, under the guidance of an increasingly exact science. The creative temperament it now requires in its business and political affairs is that of the scientist, of the matured creative artist imbued with the instinct and concerned with the technique of symmetry and balance, rather than that of the virtuoso talented in brilliant improvisation, trusting to luck to come out even at the end and close on a harmonious note.

YET the buccaneering spirit is still irrepressible throughout the business world as well as in politics. This includes not only the vigorous and brilliant creative minds among industrial leaders whose eyes turn beyond the prosaic problems of the present to the glorious possibilities of personal power and prestige that beckon them in the future. It runs through the rank and file of business men and is easily awakened where it lies sleeping or submerged by mechanical routine in the great mass of the working public. The vision of creating new industries or new aggregations of financial power overnight by swift strokes of strategy, the prospect of easy and quick wealth by daring invention or lucky chance, hope of release from the tedium of slow and sustained labor or thought, impatience with the restraints of coöperative effort, all combine to disturb the economic equilibrium, to move the business world out of its natural orbit of gradual growth — to which it returns inevitably by relentless gravitation, but only after great loss of its economic momentum.

THREE factors have helped keep alive and foster this tendency in American business and to win worshippers for the Sacred Bull in each succeeding New Era.

The first is the undeniable fact that the tricks of fate have again and again created new industries or opened new fields for rapid exploitation which have fulfilled for a time the wildest dreams of speedy progress and quick wealth. The discovery of gold and the development of the railroad had been barely forgotten before we saw the rise of the petroleum industry and the invention of the automobile. Meanwhile, the electric utilities, the radio and aviation have come into the picture to conjure new visions of easy money and economic miracles. What next? Who knows? So long as such meteors streak across the heavens the eyes of business men and the public will be turned from the plodding facts of

general business growth, and they will recurrently cease to believe in the almost astronomical stability of the business system under established economic laws. They will rush into speculations based upon misinterpretation of new theories of "relativity" in economic affairs.

But even these occasional comets of commerce would not so inflame the imaginations of millions and persuade them to believe in economic miracles if the spirits of men — the business leaders as well as the common mass — had adjusted themselves to the slow and unspectacular work-a-day tasks which the complex mechanism of modern economic life involves. As this system becomes more vast and closely integrated it becomes also more slow moving and monotonous, and its compulsion to mechanical repetition grows stronger and more comprehensive. It affords, consequently, less satisfaction to the creative impulses of men, less opportunity for the adventurous thrill.

One might expect that the business leaders would find something of such creative satisfaction in their responsibility for guiding, balancing and stabilizing the vast mechanism which lies in their hands. Many of them do; but as yet the common man's transition from the buccaneering age to that of sustained and coöperative effort has not been accomplished. A profound psychic maladjustment persists throughout the whole social structure, and from it well up the frustrated energies which flow not only into the mass diversions of the great cities as well as into wars and rumors of wars, but also into the inflated expectations of our business booms, bull markets and panics.

In the end, for the great mass of humans, creative satisfaction at best must be vicarious; the frustrations of reality must be sublimated in some symbol, and progress be largely a process of substituting one symbol for another; the weaker and more sterile carrier of men's energies must be replaced by a stronger and more creative one if life is to find a larger measure of fulfillment.

It is for this reason that the conduct of those individuals who — as kings and princes in earlier days, as business leaders and public officials today — serve as symbols or carriers for the creative energies of the masses, is so important. What these men say the mass believe; what they do is the pattern for all. If those in high positions of responsibility and power themselves cynically make sacrifices to the sacred bulls of the market place — who, then, can justly scorn the mass of men for following them to folly?

There are in American business and public life leaders sensible of their responsibility, and their number has increased in recent years; but in the period through which we have passed since the war they have been in the minority, submerged by a wave of worshippers of the Sacred Bull, their voices stilled by the chanting of the high priests and official altar boys of the cult of Bla. American business has lacked leaders of the long vision, symbols of sustained, farsighted, creative labor.

Instead, those who have had the public ear and have caught the pub-

lic imagination have been for the most part personifications of the speculative spirit in American life, men who have attained power and prosperity by luck or changing circumstance, and who, sincerely or otherwise, have believed in the normalcy of economic miracles and the efficacy of Aladdin's lamps.

Thus for six years a rumble-bumble of resounding rhetoric has diverted attention from the realities of our economic position. The instabilities of our speculative situation have been concealed by a statistical sleight-of-hand, which produced miraculous rabbits of prosperity out of a national high hat.

An elaborate academic and official apparatus of propaganda has been building up in the public mind the impression that a recipé for permanent and unlimited prosperity had been discovered. The high priests of Republicanism took prosperity under their auspices, and whenever the signs and portents of stock prices threatened to fail, the oracles thundered and the confidence of the speculative cult was restored. Until the very eve of the Sacred Bull's demise, the banking banderilleros and the professional picadors were at work exciting speculative frenzy to fever pitch.

When the collapse came, the oracles still thundered and the high priests chorused the unchanging chant of the cult "Business is fundamentally sound." The smoke of statistical sacrifices rose in clouds from official altars, and the permanency of prosperity and the impending birth of another New Era were proclaimed from the temples by the academic astrologers and statistical soothsayers.

Did the people resist the insistent seduction of the solemn and pseudo-scientific ceremonials that attend the recurrent resurrection of Bla? The papyri of the New Era of prosperity end here, and those of depression, disappointment and despair have not been written. We have still to discover whether in this period of panic and disillusionment there arose a new economic messiah who was able to turn the scorn of the common man upon the scribes and pharisees of the speculative cult, and rouse in the rank and file a new reverence for reality, a faith in facts, an acceptance of actuality, a hatred of humbug and a deep devotion to the creative responsibilities of the daily task.

Some day, doubtless, personalities of this type will replace the racketeers of the New Era, the economic miracle workers and medicine men of the millennium, the prestidigitators of prosperity that have arisen in recent years. Some there now are, moving obscurely in the background or ineffectually in the foreground; but these unspectacular symbols of realistic labor will hardly serve as carriers for the creative energies of the mass of men until the saturnalia of the Sacred Bull have ceased, the high priests of Bla been driven out and the cult of the New Era has evaporated. This will not be possible until we are willing or forced to read the records of American prosperity during recent years in a more realistic, more modest, more sincere way, to face frankly and humbly the profound, perplexing and inescapable problems it puts to us.

Who Gets the Money?

By Lewis H. Haney

An economist's answer to the question asked by non-professional speculators when the crash of the bull market converted big profits into losses

As stock market "values" crumble during the process of a great liquidation, the question always arises in the observer's mind, "Where does the money go?" What becomes of the "values" that are built up during a bull market, and who gets the billions of dollars that have been poured into the market by speculators and investors?

During the great cycles that characterize the course of the stock market during the years, the total value of listed stocks rises and falls. This is due partly to the rise and fall of price quotations for the originally listed stocks, and partly to new listings, both of additional shares issued by the original companies and of the shares of new companies. For example, at the bottom of the abortive stock market recession of 1926, an index of the prices of over 400 listed shares stood at 100. At the top of the bull market in August, 1929, this index had increased to 245, a rise of 145 per cent. During the same period of over three years, the number of shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange increased from 513,000,000, to 1,006,000,000, an increase of 94 per cent. The total market value of all stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange at the beginning of the period was approximately $32,270,000,000. In August, 1929, this total "value" had risen to $89,668,000,000, which represents a gain of 178 per cent.

It is thus apparent that in this, as in all other cycles, the enormous swelling of "paper value" that occurs lies chiefly in the prices at which stocks are bought and sold, although a considerable part of it is due to the increased number of shares listed.

By November 11, 1929, the index of stock prices had fallen back about 40 per cent, and in number of "points" was more than half way down to the level from which it started in 1926. The total value of listed shares had decreased during September and October by more than $20,000,000,000. Incidentally, the number of shares listed had then become stationary, and probably will be somewhat reduced through failures and reorganizations.

What has become of the increase in total market value that amounted to over $57,000,000,000?

If one could conceive of a situation in which a single person of enormous means were to hold all the stock, and in which there were no new shares issued, the result of the process would be clear. This would be particularly true if we were to leave the stock brokers and the army of Wall Street retainers out of consideration. Under such circumstances, the mythical holder of stocks would see values rise and then fall, leaving his holdings worth much the same at the end as they were at the beginning.

But the foregoing is far from being a true picture. Instead of there being but one great investor or speculator, there are, in fact, many thousands. Instead of maintaining an unchanged position throughout the stock market cycle, these thousands of persons commonly pyramid their holdings as the market rises, "reinvesting" their paper profits in increased holdings. Moreover, the number of persons involved in the stock market varies widely during the progress of the cycle, always increasing greatly near the top and falling to a minimum at the end, when prices are low. Finally, we must make allowance for the whole stock market mechanism. "Wall Street," with its army of brokers and financial middlemen, must be maintained. No inconsiderable part of the billions poured into the stock market is required for this purpose. Let us consider each one of these factors.

The hundreds of thousands of persons who buy and sell stocks consist of investors and speculators, "insiders" and "the public," bulls and bears — the wise and the foolish. Inevitably in the course of the actions and reactions that occur, there is a great process of redistribution of wealth. In the ascending phase of the market A sells to B, B to C, and C to D, each one either retiring with a realized profit, or reinvesting his winnings in the hope of further gains. At the same time, X and Y, who are "bears," sell short and generally lose. Now the market cycle enters its downward phase. D sells to E, E to F, and F to G, each liquidating his holdings at a loss. X, Y, and Z, the bears, sell short and win, perhaps more than they lost earlier in the game. (Probably we would be surprised if we knew how much of the profits of the bears is offset by their losses due to going short too soon — "feeling for the top" — or staying short too long; and I am reliably informed of one trader, in October, who took a profit of $5,000,000 on the short side only to lose almost exactly the same amount by turning around and buying for an advance that did not come.)

A vague idea seems to prevail that some reassurance as to stock market losses may be derived from the fact that every sale of stock means a purchase. We are told that for every seller there must be a buyer, as if that were a comforting fact. But is this fact comforting to the buyer in a declining market? Sellers and buyers of stocks are not distinct groups. Most speculators buy to sell, and sell to buy. In a declining market each buyer confronts paper losses and a final losing cash transaction.

We can not assume that buyers all make profits.

From all this jumble of transactions, one fact emerges, namely, that *at least* as much money is lost as is won, and that the shrewd and experienced traders, who are almost certainly in the minority, get a large part of the money advanced by those who are not shrewd and experienced. Thus, even if the total rise and fall in value are about equal and *total* winnings equal total losses, there is none the less a great shifting of wealth from one set of individuals to another.

The process of "pyramiding" emphasizes this fact. Whether it be due to greed or the gambling instinct, it is a fact that as a speculative boom gains momentum the practice of "reinvesting" paper profits grows. As soon as the speculator sees a considerable increase in his equities at the broker's, he increases his holdings. As his stocks rise in price he borrows more money. This adds greatly to the momentum of the market. Also it increases the holdings of the rasher speculative element.

IN THE recent bull market, this tendency was emphasized by the practice of the trading companies, too often called "investment trusts," which constantly increased their purchases as paper profits developed.

Another phase of pyramiding is found in the large issues of new stocks made by corporations in the later stages of a bull market, when they can be sold at high prices. The funds secured by such new issues are to no small extent put into the call loan market. They thus pass into the borrowings of brokers and are used to finance margin speculators in the purchase of securities — perhaps the very stocks that were issued to raise the funds so used. Without further discussion, it is obvious that speculators become more deeply involved as the market approaches its peak.

THIS suggests the fact that the number of persons who buy stocks grows larger as the market rises, which is a well-known phenomenon. Corporation statistics show that the number of stockholders rises and falls during the cycle, reaching a maximum near the top of the bull market. Common observation tells us that office boys, chauffeurs, and, in short, the mass of the people are drawn into the market near the top. The number of accounts in brokers' offices shows the same thing. One brokerage house a month ago had 1,400 trading accounts; it now has 100. The enormous rise in volume of trading is further evidence, and the fact that the stock market becomes front page news in the tabloids is proof.

The significance of this increase in the number of speculators is great. It means that more people buy stocks at high prices than at low prices. In a word, it means that the majority lose. There is evidence to the effect that more than 95 per cent of the accounts of some brokerage houses are wiped out in the course of a three-year period.

Finally, there is the machinery of the stock market. Many millions of dollars go to brokers as commissions. Call loans to brokers and dealers have amounted to over $8,000,000,000, and interest rates to 15 per cent,

which means that enormous sums go to banks and others who lend money to finance the game. Then there are promoters, underwriters, and distributors of securities, no one of whom is operating for his health. The advertising bill is enormous. In short, the speculators' carrying charges and the overhead burden of the financial mechanism absorb an unknown but large fraction of the money.

Here, too, we might mention the waste, errors, and frauds that attend the process.

WHAT is the result? Obviously, a few gain; many lose. As I visualize the situation, the money put into the stock market largely goes to the following:

(1) Wise investors who buy cheap and sell dear.

(2) The few speculators, both bulls and bears, who cash in their winnings and retire from the market.

(3) Corporations which issue new stock, split-ups, rights, etc. (generally near the top of bull markets); either (a) new enterprises or (b) established companies.

(4) Banks and others who lend money to brokers and dealers, getting high rates of interest.

(5) Profits, salaries, and interest for the Wall Street army with its thousands of brokerage and financial houses.

Of course, a part of the process involves no actual transfer of money, namely, the rise and fall of paper values. For example, many speculators see large paper profits appear and then vanish. Doubtless the total fluctuations in such paper values amount to billions of dollars. To the extent that the liquidation process consists of a washing out of such values, no direct injury results; but unfortunately the paper gains and losses are but the foam of the speculative wave, and are connected in many ways with gains and losses of actual funds.

If it were not for the cost of operating Wall Street, it would probably be fair to conclude that, if the total value of listed stock were to fall at the end of a cycle to the same level that existed at the beginning, the total gains and losses would be approximately equal. If the declining phase of the cycle did not carry to as low a level as that from which it began, the total loss would probably be less than the total gain; while if the cycle ended lower than at the beginning the opposite would be true. In view of the fact, however, that the enormous overhead burden of maintaining the whole financial mechanism centring in the stock market must be borne by the money put in by speculators and investors, it seems clear that on the average the total of the gains to be made must be less than the total of the losses. In short, a considerable part of the funds utilized are lost to the speculating public through the friction of the machinery.

ONE thing is absolutely certain, namely, that regardless of the relative amount of the total losses and gains there are many more individuals who lose money than there are who win. Wealth is redistributed.

Here, it is well to remember that people of all classes speculate, and lose money. (Incidentally, too, we may note that stocks of all classes are

affected by speculation, and that losses through declines in the prices of American Telephone and Telegraph, American Can, General Electric, and United States Steel, are probably as heavy as in the case of less sound issues.) Among those drawn into the stock market, we find the rich and the poor. Business men, professional men, and laborers, both men and women, participate. It is highly probable that the total of the individual losses of wealthy or well-to-do persons — wealthy, in part, as a result of temporary gains during the rising phase of the market — greatly exceed the total losses of the salaried and wage-earning classes. But the number of persons of moderate means is so much greater, and their individual injuries so much more serious, that their plight is probably the worse. Moreover, the losses of the poor and moderately well-to-do persons affect the purchasing power of the public more than those of the wealthy few. Such persons spend a larger percentage of their incomes for food, clothing and commodities of all kinds, and they constitute the bulk of the market for merchandise.

One must reflect that the *savings* of the many are wiped out or greatly reduced during stock market recessions. During the course of the past year, it became apparent that the accumulation of savings in savings banks was being retarded. Now we learn that during the year ended in June, 1929, total savings bank accounts in this country decreased by the amount of $196,305,000. This is the first decrease that has occurred in twenty years. It is true that this decrease represents an average of only $2 for each individual account, but more significant, perhaps, is the fact that the number of individual depositors was smaller by 524,221 at the end of the year than it was at the beginning. There can be no question that half a million savings bank depositors lost much of their savings, largely on account of speculation.

As to society, the appraisal is somewhat different. From the social point of view, we consider a period of time that is greater than the life of any individual, and must include in our appraisal other than money values. From this point of view, we may put as one of the chief gains the fact that bull markets enable corporations to increase their capital by selling securities to an aroused speculative public. New enterprises, too, are more readily financed in such periods, and it is not improbable that society is thus enabled to raise funds for conducting business experiments that would otherwise be impossible. Certainly many mergers are facilitated and some of these are socially desirable. A cold-blooded philosophy would add that as a result of stock market cycles with their redistribution of wealth, efficiency is furthered through the process of survival, that is, money accumulates in the most competent hands.

On the other hand, the social losses are considerable. First, I would put the wastes and stress of fluctuations. The alternate expansions and contractions of credit involve great costs of adjustment and readjustment. The disturbance of business is great and wasteful. In fact, stock market cycles are partly responsible

for business cycles, and business cycles as we know them now are almost certainly economically undesirable. A great bull market, with its inevitable sequel, does much harm by diverting the attention and the time of business men, both the management and the employees, from their jobs. There is a tendency to run the business with reference to the market. Over-expansion is encouraged. Uneconomical mergers and controls are stimulated. Unsound capital structures are built up, partly through over-capitalization and partly through unwise shifting from bonds to stocks. Business profits become entangled with the market through the growing practice of investment in securities which alternately bring adventitious profits and losses to corporations from non-operating sources.

Then, too, there is the terrible burden of worry that afflicts hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the country, not one millionth of which is illustrated by the suicides and embezzlements of which we read. Other intangible losses come through wasteful and luxurious living and through the stimulus to the gambling instinct. We can not measure it, but few will deny that a very undesirable aspect of stock market booms is the encouragement they give to thousands of people who desire to live without work.

All this is merely suggestive. It would take a volume to discuss the intangible values of speculative cycles. We can say only that, while the total money losses in the course of a stock market cycle may not exceed the total money gains (including the incomes of brokers, financial middlemen, and their employes), the number of individuals who suffer is so great and the disturbance to business is so serious, that it seems probable that society as a whole is more injured than benefitted by speculation *as now practised in the United States.*

Regardless of gains and losses, the stock market and speculation of a sort are both necessary and advantageous. Without them, business and industry and the valuable material development of the age would be impossible, and it follows that wages and profits of the Wall Street army are truly earned. The trouble lies not so much in the machinery as in the way the machinery is used. It badly needs a "governor."

Salvation by Information

By Hughes Mearns
Professor of Education, New York University

The tale of a parents' revolt against our scholastic system of cramming dead matter into live young heads

The spelling papers which my mother has lovingly saved reveal me as a school boy with the record of a 100 per cent perfect speller. In the interminable packages of daily spelling lessons, there is not a single error, although included in the lists is a liberal allotment of what we used to call "jaw-breakers": *hypothecate, isosceles, pterodactyl, caryatid.* The school authorities certificated me as a perfect speller, but the joke of it is — whether on me or on the school authorities — I can not spell at all and never could! How I concealed my lack from the school masters is a later story.

I have written books and I can not spell. I have been a professor of English and I can not spell. Better still — or worse! — I have carried on an investigation in the subject of spelling covering a period of several years and have published a technical report, because of which I have been referred to (once) as an "expert in spelling"; yet I can not spell.

Obviously a failure to spell has not interfered in the slightest with my career as teacher or writing man. As teacher I do not need to spell at all; it is my students who must get the *ei's* and the *ie's* straightened out. My letters are typed by persons whose business it is, not mine, to know how many *s's* in *disappoint.* Editors and copy-readers perform noiselessly and without complaint upon my weird manuscripts.

The teachers and administrators of education of my schoolboy days believed unanimously that future economic and social salvation were not to be had save by learning to spell. I trusted and believed them. The world trusted and believed them. My own experience assures me, however, that in this particular matter they were quite wrong. They even tried deliberately to frighten us by proclaiming that the bad spellers would surely not make money. I am strangely overpaid for everything I do.

They assured us also, with a benumbing and convincing solemnity, that Blank's American history textbook must be committed to memory, three to five selected paragraphs a day. As my family travelled about a great deal during my elementary

years, I know from experience in many cities and small towns that Blank's American history textbook was about the sole source of history for American youth; and I know also that the memorization of that text was an article of faith among teachers generally. Since that time I have worked under experts in the sources of American history, and I know now that Blank's book is a bit of presumptuous ignorance. My solemn and determined instructors were wrong again.

MEMORIZATION of the sacred words of a commercially motivated textbook was general in nearly all subjects from the earliest grades through the high school. They called it by the fine name of "learning"; but a long and cherished experience with great scholars and with the fruits of their scholarship has proved to me that that other business was anything but learning. My teachers were again wrong in a fundamental matter of their own profession.

Failure stalked all about us and laid hundreds low. In one class of fifty boys, only two of us were considered fit to pass into the next grade. The others stayed on for another year's trial, or, fortunately for them, they dropped out of the educational mill and found a decent place for themselves in the world of industry. I say "fortunately" with care; they walked out into one of the greatest opportunities for making fortunes that the world has ever known, America in the midst of the great historic industrial expansion. I know what I am talking about, for during a period of my lowest ebb in fortune-making — the tawdry memory of which gives me a grisly shiver still — my wife and I have been open-eyed guests on the astonishing yachts of those school failures.

The school régime offered no serious obstacles to me, however; I stayed on and was given the chance of further education, but my luck was due solely to the possession of a special trick: I was the owner of a glib verbal memory. Note, however, that the school did not teach me this trick; I brought it with me and used it as a life-saver against the persistent attacks of an organization whose prime object, it seemed, was to get rid of its enemies, the pupils. And how it did get rid of them! Only those who could hold a page of strange, haphazard information together for a brief period and later regather it for examination purposes, only they were the ones to go on through the grades. Eventually the members of this type were selected out and were graduated, and these became, naturally enough, teachers themselves, thus perpetuating the system.

PERHAPS the reader is one who had not my simple verbal gift and was therefore cast out somewhere along the educational line as unfit. Perhaps he may have been too fine a thinker to accept without question the facts presented in the page of a textbook. Woe unto him if he once began to think!

The thing still goes on, of course; disguised often in much of the more modern school programmes, it still hopes to save souls by functionless information; therefore it is important, for tradition is a well-nigh un-

conquerable force, that we see our social institutions in the light of the past, out of which they are so staunchly born.

We children learned the exact height in feet of all the mountains of the world and the exact population of American cities according to the census of 1880. The mountain tops are where they were but, alas, the inhabitants of the cities have moved about, thus killing my chance to shine in polite conversation.

As very small tots we must know the distinction between the *tibia* and the *fibula;* how many gills to the gallon; the number of *minims* in a *scruple* — and there's a nice subject for the pastor's sermon — and a mass of ticklish information about surveyor's roods, chains, and perches which, to my amazement as a child, I discovered surveyors had long since discarded. History and literature were a memorization of dates and titles. Geography was almost wholly statistical. No one could get a perfect mark in reading unless he held the book in his left hand and never failed to pronounce every *the* to rhyme with *me* and every *a* to rhyme with *bay*. It amused me once as a lad to sit in the front row and check the errors in these matters of a distinguished President of the United States as he read from manuscript; but what it never occurred to me to suspect was that even in the region of the meticulous teaching of facts the schoolmaster was wrong and the President of the United States was right.

I recall one horrible day when I was late for school. The announcement of "All books closed!" greeted my arrival and I knew then that I was lost. Give me five minutes before the lesson to skim over the pages and I could hold the most ridiculously irrelevant information in my head long enough to make a tolerable recitation. That was the trick of verbal memory which kept me in school; which made me one of fifteen of that group to pass into high school the following June; which saved me as one out of thirty-seven to complete the high school course.

The room full of twelve and thirteen-year-old's came to rigid attention. With book in hand the teacher turned with brisk confidence to the Number One boy. "What is *metonymy?*" she asked. One could not use experience, or even mother wit, in answering the school questions of those days. Metonymy is not a thing that functions in either youthful or adult living; it is a creature primarily of the schoolroom and foreign to any live world. The quaking terror of guilt I recall to this day, as that teacher's kindly confidence oozed before me into glassy incredulity, for I was that Number One boy; and I strictly did not know of *metonymy* nor could I possibly hazard a guess.

Others did not know, I am content to remember. Her horror grew. Piecing partial bits of information here and there, she got through with *metonymy*, but those rows of boys looked pretty rumpled, and the list of detentions was already formidable. She fairly raked the last row with indignant request for answer to the next question; and then, having battled completely through the class, she turned again to the Number One

boy wearily to ask, "What is *synecdoche?*"

The Number One boy did not know that one either. Then she *did* break loose, with port and starboard broadsides. The battle became a rout. Right and left she scourged. Penalties of half-hour detentions were piling up until the victims grew desperate, for they knew that they might not see outside daylight for weeks to come. Attempt at revolt broke out here and there. Several boys were sent to the principal for whippings. She was a good, natural shaker herself. Some were stood in corners. It was a terrible day. I think of it still as *The Famous Battle of Metonymy and Synecdoche*. A ballad should be writ on it.

Others may have tried to answer her stinging shots in kind, but my only feelings were of guilt and fear. The terrific indignation of that huge old woman made me slightly ill. I remember now the dry throat and the incessant swallowings. How I longed for a drink; but who would have dared in that tragic hour to beg a truce in the furious battle to secure a cooling draft of water!

MY WHITE face may have moved her pity; at any rate she nearly annihilated me with fright by moving solemnly toward me at the close of the lesson, but she astounded me even more by saying quietly, "Boy, I will not disgrace you by giving you a detention and so spoil your perfect record, but I wish you merely to stay with me for a moment at recess and learn today's lesson." With really charming and convincing partiality she went on, "It is *very* important to know *metonymy* and *synecdoche*, and I want you especially to know them, or otherwise, when you grow up" — lowered voice, suggesting slow horror — "*you will not be able to so much as talk to your fellow-man!*"

Somehow I thought that she meant that I should be literally dumb. She had emphasized *talk* in a most lurid way. Dumb! Horrible thought. I stayed willingly as her guest and applied myself to the definitions.

TO THIS day, as a consequence, I know *metonymy* and *synecdoche* and can recite them (and often do for the amusement of my friends) in the shrill high monotone of the old-fashioned recitation: "*Metonymy*-is-the-container-for-the-thing-contained-as-when-one-says-the-kettle-boils-when-one-does-not-mean-that-the-kettle-boils-but-that-the-water-in-the-kettle-boils. *Synecdoche*-is-a-part-for-the-whole-as-when-one-says-the-fleet-has-fifty-sail-when-one-does-not-mean-that-the-fleet-has-fifty-sail-but-that-the-fleet-has-fifty-ships."

Yes; I know *metonymy* and *synecdoche* and therefore I am not dumb before my fellow-man; but my fellow-man! He seems never to have heard of these matters. On the important subjects of *metonymy* and *synecdoche* I can find simply no companionable conversationalist. I am a lonely man. If on entering a strange group I so much as broach either subject, there is first a silence and then an obvious edging away.

Of course we know that all this is dead matter, a persistent survival in the schools of the ancient subject

of "ornament" of which Puttenham's Sixteenth Century *Arte of English Poesie* gives over one hundred stiff examples, including such pleasant ones as *zeugma*, *hyperbaton*, and *anadiplosis*. It was important to know *metonymy*, *synecdoche* and the whole hundred in Puttenham's day, but that kind of knowledge went out of style a hundred years or more before the schools gave it up. My teacher believed that the polite and refined world still conversed upon such topics as *protasis*, *diæresis*, *exordia* and *antepenultimates*, all antiques with illustrious pedigrees; without in the least comprehending it, she was really preparing me for the cloistered society of Thomas Drant, William Webbe, Gabriel Harvey and the lesser Sixteenth Century pedants.

In my young days, the school system prided itself on having a standard that was both high and difficult. It was neither. Advancement was permitted only to lads with verbal memories, lads who found those standards both low and easy. It is not hard for a cow to eat grass.

SINCE that day the schools have been engaged in a serious unloading of those strange "facts" isolated in the classroom for hundreds of years or more; but inch by inch the changes have been contested by those who believe that children are to be saved by the test of verbal memory. In some places, therefore, only small gains have been made, as many parents will testify who try night after night to prepare sleepy children for the ordeal of the next day's "lessons."

They may no longer compel youngsters to memorize, as I had to do, the long Latin mnemonic nonsense beginning, *Barbara, celarent, darii, ferioque*, without which, our high school professor of logic claimed, there could be no logical soul in us, but which Josiah Royce dismissed, in his first lecture to us in logic at Harvard College, as a silly bit of useless mental lumber. Still, the zealots among them have compelled equally disturbing requirements — my collection of illustrations would shock even the conservatives — for instance, a strict memorization of the ten moons of Saturn — a knowledge of which no doubt, learned reader, you would not be for a moment without! — *Mimas, Enceladus, Tethys, Dione, Rhea, Titan, Hyperion, Iapetus, Phœbe, Themis!*

RECENTLY I looked into an English room where a bewildered ten-year-old was trying to explain the difference between a *gerund* and a *gerundive*. The principal of the school joined us; he watched kindly while the boy floundered about. When finally the lad had flopped into his seat defeated and disconsolate, I turned to ask, "Why, in these enlightened days, do you insist upon such useless hairsplittings?" "Secondary Board Examinations," he explained; "the boy's parents insist that he go to a fashionable prep school, which requires that and a hundred other 'facts' equally obsolete." Then he lifted the boy immensely by remarking with a warming smile, "It may help you, Charles, when I say that you are no worse off than I, for I'm blessed if I know myself what is the difference between a *gerund* and a *gerundive!*"

"Our finest hope is finest memory," sings one of the greatest of our women. Think what warm, live and pregnant associations might have been put into the mysterious spirit-mind of youth instead of the dry verbal dust of forgotten distinctions of the pedants. Listen for a moment to Walter Pater: "How significant . . . the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so or so, in the environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterward discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on . . . the smooth wax of our ingenious souls, giving form and feature and, as it were, assigned houseroom in our memory to early experiences of feeling and thought, *which abide with us ever afterwards*, thus, and not otherwise."

THINK of the warring attack of these pedants on the "ingenious soul" of youth, and then think of what might have been done with that "finest hope" that lies in "finest memory!"

During the past twenty-five years a quiet, unheralded revolt against this senseless cramming process has been going on within the ranks of sensitive, intelligent parents. Oddly enough the attack was made first and mainly against the fashionable schools. They had become so out of date as to be in some instances really comic. One woman tells me — she is of extremely "good family," being a descendant seemingly of everybody of importance in Europe and America — that a few years ago she had had the hardest time withdrawing herself and her daughter from a fearfully gracious person, the head mistress of one of the so-called "best" — meaning "most exclusive" — schools. Coming after some years' absence abroad to inquire about the placement of her daughter, she discovered quickly that that school was simply a museum of dead information and an equally dead "discipline." "In five minutes I knew I had to get out," she said, "but how, without a blow, could I convince the imposing person before me that her school was no place for a daughter of mine? I said — she had been listing the impossible things taught, including lady-like posture and table manners — 'I'm sorry,' I said, 'but we must go. The school is no doubt quite superior and all that you claim, but I am looking for — something else. I don't care, you know, really, if my daughter doesn't. . . .' She interrupted with a question in which horror trembled, 'Don't you wish your daughter to be a *lady?*' 'Heavens, no!' I fairly shouted. 'Come, daughter!' And we left that impossible place."

THE revolters went quietly to work to build their own schools and to acquire their own staffs. Within a decade or two these and similar groups of parents in various parts of this country had contributed over twenty million dollars toward the education of their own children. The small-salaried professional people joined with their wealthier neighbors, making huge sacrifices, as I know from long acquaintance with this movement, but cheered by the thought that they could give their children an education freed from senseless daily torture and, at the

same time, alive with the chance of healthy educational growth.

These schools have been variously named, Country Day Schools, Park Schools, Experimental Schools. Under the general title of Progressive Schools they have gradually become known to the world at large, an elastic term but satisfactory enough if one understands by progressive school the definition recently given by Eugene Randolph Smith, head master of the Beaver Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts: "We conceive 'progressive' to mean that state of mind that can be satisfied with nothing less than the best and so keeps in touch with the development of educational experiment, investigation, and philosophy, adopting for its own use such changes as seem sound and contributing its own initiative where it can."

Of enormous significance to public education, the leaders of this quiet movement have dared expose their children to a practical application of the best modern thinking in education. They have deliberately cast off the theory of salvation solely by book-information and have substituted a faith in the native desire of childhood for genuine learning, faith in its abilities, in its fine ambitions to achieve, in its undoubted high ideals.

For that faith they have had already ample justification. The normal child, they have proved, is naturally a hard worker. He is eager to know and to study. He will bend himself willingly to drudgery, as do all sensible adults, when the end is comprehended as profitable and worthy. He has taste and judgment and will grow in the possession of these desirables if given the right chances. His ideals, when properly brought out in a sympathetic environment, put us practical and compromising elders to daily shame.

What the public school could not do, caught in the terrific machinery of tradition, what the private schools dared not do, fearful of losing their clientèle and those necessary tuition fees, these progressive schools have done courageously and beautifully. They have been the great experimental fields in child education; their accomplishments are already affecting both public and private organizations, for, note, we do not list the progressive schools as private schools. A private school, with a very few exceptions, is an institution owned by an individual or by a corporation whose business it is to make money; the progressive schools, maintained by parents or by university schools of education, have no money-making aim. The modern movement known as progressive is no more "private" than is Harvard College.

Further, the progressive schools, avowedly experimental stations in the new education, have as their prime aim, first, to secure the educational environment that will bring out and strengthen the best abilities of their own children, and then, to show the way for public education by a long-time practical demonstration of untried ways. "To serve the cause of better education" is one of their announced slogans, to which all generously and patriotically subscribe.

As part of the latter aim they have published a host of outstanding books and pamphlets on education. Those are brilliantly and flamingly alive and constitute the most stirring and provocative reading of their kind in this our stirring and provocative day. While the professional pedagogue has been turning his attention to his personal, and profitable, business of making textbooks, themselves often a perpetuation of the iron-bound tradition of the information salvationists, the new school of thought has been adding to the knowledge of childhood and has been spreading before an eager public of parents the new gospel of faith in the enormous potentialities of the rightly-guided child; and, in the meantime, their own researches and experiments have been bringing to light a psychology of youth which the older education had never once comprehended and which, judged by some of the latest books of its professors and lecturers, it does not now altogether welcome.

But what about you, desperate parent, for whose children no progressive school is available? What, you may well ask, are you going to do? You whose young daughter is memorizing (in the glorious name of Science!) the names of the eighty-eight chemical elements, from *argon* to *zirconium*, with symbol, atomic weight, and valency of each, although she will never once see them or feel them or smell them or even use them? You whose child is now sitting up far into the night writing interminable lists of predicate nouns found in *Evangeline?* You whose little lad comes home from his first experience of school depressed beyond your consoling by a "failure" in so-called "English" when you know, in your hours of intimate communion with him, that he has a finer sense of language values than any mere gerund-grinder may ever discover? What are you to do whose needs are immediate?

The answer, alas, is in the future. One can not in an hour revivify a social institution that is failing to put forth leaf and bud in due season. The only answer, hard as that may seem, is to unite with those who are stirring the sensitive and intelligent parents of this country to a sense of new needs and to a desire for change. Look into the New Education Fellowship, whose international conferences are making a world issue of education. Join the Progressive Education Association; receive its *Quarterly*, a constant challenge to the old to meet the spiritual needs of the present day; discover the astonishing literature of the New Youth which these members of a world-wide league of enthusiasts have been spreading broadcast. The opportunity will come for your child, but only after parents generally have become convinced of the value of such opportunity.

For, it is the parents who are the keystone. The public school of America belongs neither to the curriculum maker nor to the schoolmaster; the public school belongs to the mothers and fathers of the public school children but — practical democracy being what it is — it is never likely to be very much better than those same mothers and fathers wholeheartedly wish it to be.

The Seven Little Foxes

By Storm Jameson

"Linda, darling," said George; "have you thought. . . ." Linda paused obediently with the powder-puff poised. She communed, plaintively tolerant, with her reflection in the glass. "George is a dear, and, of course, I adore him, but *isn't* he sometimes. . . ." And her reflection answered obediently: "Yes, he *is*."

"Do go on, George. You don't know how irritating it is to have a man asking me if I've thought, when I'm most importantly engaged. Of course I have. I'm always thinking."

"Sorry, darling," returned George penitently. "I mean — about next week."

Linda finished intricate business with the puff before replying.

"Next week, darling?" she asked patiently. "What about next week? It isn't the end of the world, is it? Or are we dining with the Prince of Wales? Do try not to be so mysterious."

"Well, it's Christmas," explained George laboriously.

"Christmas!" said Linda, opening her eyes very wide, as if she had heard of it for the first time. "There, I knew it was lurking about somewhere. Well, it won't hurt us, George. And, by the way, there's the most lovely. . . ."

"I know," George interrupted. "Got it already." He patted his pocket with satisfaction.

"*Darling!*" cried Linda. "Have you? Have you *really?* Come over here and kiss me at once. . . . George, sometimes I think you *are* the perfect husband!"

". . . Got it in Paris last week . . . suit you perfectly. . . . Darling . . . by Jove, you do look ripping like that. . . ."

Order having been restored, George returned to the attack.

"Well, what about it?"

"About what?"

"Why, Christmas. What are we going to do? Festive occasion, an' all that, what? Jolly old Yuletide —

"A pye sat on a partridge. Yo-ho-ho
A pye sat on a partridge. Oh-ho-ho. . . ."

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" screamed Linda. "I've told you a dozen times not to sing in the flat. People will think you're murdering me, or biting me, or something equally indelicate."

"Sorry, old thing. I got rather carried away. Well, what'll we do?"

Linda frowned slightly. "Why should we do anything?"

"But it's Christmas. Let's go away somewhere."

"Oh, *no!*" Linda answered decisively. "I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"It's so domestic, darling, so . . . so *matrimonial*. I wouldn't think of it."

"We went away last year," objected George.

"And what a dreadful time we had!" She shuddered delicately. "Those children, that awful tree and the dinner."

"And the mistletoe," George reminded her with a glint in his eye.

"I thought at least you'd have spared me that, George," said Linda with dignity. "I don't know what happened between you and that dreadful red-haired minx . . . and I don't want to."

"There wasn't anything at all," interposed George hastily. "An' besides, I was referring to you and Captain. . . ."

"That will do, George," broke in Linda icily. "I don't wish to hear anything more. I sometimes think that you seize on any opportunity to insult your poor wife . . . and anyhow, I didn't know there was any mistletoe there."

"Wouldn't have mattered whether you did or didn't," remarked George unrepentantly.

LINDA returned to her mirror with dignity. "Let's leave it at that, George," she said with deadly courtesy. "By the way, what day is Christmas?"

"Thursday."

"Thursday? Let me see. There, now; I'd promised to dine with that nice Mr. Bellamy on Thursday."

"Who's Bellamy?"

"A man I met at the Carnadines last week, dear. Such a pathetic, lonely creature, on leave from India . . . or was it Africa? Anyhow he rather took to me. He said I was his ideal type."

It is a commonplace among the Garrys' friends that anything with two trouser legs and half an eye thinks Linda his ideal type. Linda's mop of fair hair, coupled with a perfect skin and an appealing air, go down with the *homme moyen sensuel* like "Stop-me-and-buy-ones" on the slopes of Avernus.

BESIDES, Linda has a way of inviting confidences; so, when a man emerges rather breathlessly from telling her the story of his life and finds her large eyes looking at him with mothering sympathy, he promptly blurts out that Linda is the only woman who ever understood him, and announces the fact that he is hers forever. And Linda responds at once. It's not vice: it is purely mechanical action. The only thing that saves her from getting into worse scrapes (men are so persistent, you know) is the fact that she fortunately meets a new man on the next day and forgets all about the first. Her life is therefore rather like "The-Heroes-of-All-Nations — in fortnightly parts," and among the jetsam of Linda's desk will be found numerous photographs, inscribed with the passionate handwriting of her many admirers.

George used to get rather worried at first, seemed to think he had acquired an option on Linda, which, as all his friends pointed out, was manifestly unfair, rank profiteering in fact. But experience has taught him that, whatever happens, he is invariably in the wrong, and that it is only after he has abased himself that he is permitted to receive abso-

lution from a tearful and dishevelled Linda.

So when Linda remarked that a new and unknown man had found her his ideal type, he knew what he was in for.

"STILL — Christmas day," he said woefully. "What about your both dining with me?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do! He doesn't know you, George. In fact, I don't think he knows you even exist."

"He's bound to find out some time."

"I suppose so, but not all at once, like that. It would be a shock to him. You would spoil his evening, poor man. I'm always so sorry for these men who come home from *native* parts and have no one to cling to."

"What about me? I like Christmas," urged George.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what a helpless creature you are! Can't you go to your club and have fun with men? I'm sure you'd have a very jolly time."

"Shut for Christmas," said George gloomily.

"Well — oh, I know, what about the Foxes? They're sure to be having a party, with all those children. You like children."

"Little beasts," grunted George sourly.

"You've always said they were so jolly."

"At a distance," George amended.

"I'll ring up Herbert Fox now," said Linda helpfully.

"Oh, well. . . ."

George started for the Foxes' on Christmas night in the worst of moods. It was all very well, y'know. Linda had to have her amusements and so on, and you couldn't expect, could you, her always to go about with a poor, ignorant, commonplace chump, like George, not a really smart looking girl like Linda? Still it was Christmas. Christmas is Christmas, y'know, all the world over; at least not precisely all, but you take my meaning, and George liked festivities. Give George a paper cap and the smell of a blood orange on Christmas night, and the Schneider Cup favorite was a lame duck compared with George. Hadn't he drunk port with A Company, beer with B, rum punch with C, brandy toddy with D, and a bottle of something spumy with the transport, in Belgium on Christmas night, 1918, and been led to bed by the one sober subaltern at midnight? That was George's idea of Christmas. And here he was pushing along in the old Bentley to a children's party, when he ought to be taking a pretty girl — Linda — out to dinner.

HE ENTERED Grosvenor Square, and, submerged in a wave of melancholy, trod heavily on the accelerator. The car shot forward and George went thrice round the garden at a level 50. On the third circuit, two policemen opposite Seafield House held up large hands. George pulled up.

"Driving to the danger of the public, sir," said the first.

"Seventy-five miles an hour," remarked the second.

"You'll 'ave your license endorsed for this, sir," said the first.

"If it 'asn't been done already," the second took up with gloomy relish.

"If you 'ave one at all, that is."

"Look here, you chaps," said George savagely. "Don't be so beastly antiphonal. If your wife had gone off to dinner with another bloke, leaving you to a children's party on Christmas night, what 'ud you do?"

"Murder," said the first policeman.

"They'd bring it in justifiable 'omicide," comforted the second.

"Then I'm justified in letting my feelings go on the gas," said George. "Now what about it? I'm a subscriber to the Police Orphanage. I tell you if you stop me tonight, there'll be a raid on the fund tomorrow. What about it?"

"Well," said the first policeman, "seeing you're in trouble like. . . ."

"And seeing that it's Christmas time," chimed in Number Two.

"Thank you very much, sir. Goodnight, sir, and a merry Christmas."

"MERRY," echoed George bitterly. He drove up to Herbert Fox's door, blowing lugubriously on the klaxon. As he drew up, the door sprang open and a flood of childhood cascaded down the steps. The seven little Foxes swarmed on to the car, shrieking, "Uncle George, Uncle Georgie, Merry Christmas, Uncle Georgie! Daddy's gone away. Mummy's gone away, an' we're so happy!"

"What's that?" cried George aghast. "Here, get off my neck, Belinda; you're strangling me. An' leave that horn alone, Dickon. An' don't switch those lights on an' off, Margaret Ann, I've told you a score of times. You'll have the police on me. An' come out of that dickey, Joyce. Now, what's all this?"

He swept the shrieking cubs in front of him up the steps. A demure parlormaid met him at the front door, and handed him a note with a hint of amusement behind her eyes. George tore it open. It was from Herbert Fox, and it ran:

Dear Old Bean:

Frightfully sorry and all that. An aunt has developed croup in Wiltshire, and Polly insists on our being in at the death. She has her eye on a walnut tallboy. So we're tottering down for the funeral bake-meats. I know you'll be a sport and look after the kids for us. See they don't overeat and be particularly careful that Sim isn't sick on the drawing-room carpet. He has a weak stomach, and I value it, the carpet, I mean. And, by the way, you won't mind subbing for me as Father Christmas, will you? I left out the rig, the hair and the spirit-gum. Markham will show you.

Yours till hell freezes,
HERBERT

"Well, I'm. . . . " Nothing save aposiopesis met the situation. He glared wildly round. The seven little Foxes were gathered in a circle about him and now broke into:

Georgy Porgy, puddin' an' pie,
Kissed the girls, an' made 'em cry.

GEORGE met Markham's sedate twinkle.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, sir. Mr. Fox said you were to have a bottle of the '64, and as much of the Krug as you . . . as you could *carry*, he *said*, sir. I've laid out the — er — things in the dressing room."

"Oh, well," muttered George. Herbert's forethought was consoling. The '64! A bottle! Almost he forgave Herbert.

"And I have a cocktail ready, sir." Markham at least was sympathetic. George met her eye, wavered, and fell.

"Markham, you're the noblest of your sex, if not of the species. Bring out your cocktail; and if ever you're thinking of marrying, Markham, just mention it, will you? I'm a bigamist."

SO REINFORCED, he made his way to Herbert's dressing room. On the bed lay a scarlet padded dressing gown, a white wig and a packet of false hair. Humming *Good King Wenceslas*, George shed his dress suit, and slipped into the scarlet robe. Quite a comfortable rig this, suitable for the proper appreciation of '64 port. Not at all a bad fellow, Herbert, and the kids were very jolly. Absently he tilted half the spirit gum into his palm and slapped it on his face. Of that fiery and disgusting liquid he had no prior experience. A bellow shook the house. George clawed madly at his face, then thrust it into a basin of cold water. The spirit gum stiffened into a tight mask. He groaned, and a chuckle from the landing warned him that Margaret Ann, aged eleven, was peering through the crack. He rushed across the room, slammed the door and turned the key.

The handling of false hair is an art, and George was no Clarkson. At the end of ten minutes, his face resembled the nest of some strange Arctic fowl during the ice-cracking season. One eye glared like a wild animal's in a thicket; his mouth had disappeared, but his nose gleamed like a tail-light through the foliage.

The seven little Foxes greeted his dramatic entry of the drawing-room with cold reprobation. As one child, they disapproved of dressing-up on the part of their elders; they thought it foolish, but politeness toward an honored guest forbade derision. George took a seat awkwardly, and, essaying humor, began in a falsetto voice, "I'm Father Christmas!"

"You're not," proclaimed Sim, aged four, solemnly. "You're Uncle George."

"Hush, silly," put in Joyce (*æt.* seven). "It's a pretend."

"What's Uncle George done to his face?" asked five-year-old Dickon.

"He's conjured it," from Belinda. "Can you turn it back again, Uncle George? I like your other one better."

"I hope so," said George solemnly. His private opinion, from the sensation of his skin, was that he had curried it.

THE children continued to stare at him with cold unwinking eyes. George wished he had stayed at home. He felt like bursting into tears, and only the announcement of dinner prevented this breakdown. Margaret Ann insisted on taking his arm and heading the procession; but the balustrade was too much for the others, who swooped down it with shrieks and catcalls.

Flanked by Joyce and Belinda, George did not enjoy his dinner. The appetite of the little Foxes was swift and sure; the rapidity of their fork and mouth work unexampled. By the time that George had filled seven plates with turkey, Sim was passing up his plate for more. George, remembering Sim's weak stomach, refused to help him again, whereupon Sim broke into such a roar that the carver hastily capitulated, reflecting that it was better that Herbert's carpet should suffer than his guest be driven mad.

At last, able to sit down to the

turkey's drumstick, George for the first time realized the folly of masquerade. So far as he could gather, his lips were literally sealed; the spirit gum had closed them. When, by a superhuman effort, he tore them asunder, he found that it was impossible to convey any food into his mouth without a large bonus of false hair. To hole out a piece of meat into the intended place demanded heavy niblick work in the furze bush on his face. In his misery, he seized his glass of foaming Krug (it was only later that he discovered that his glass had been used as a loving cup by the little Foxes). In ancient Rome it was the custom to add snow to your Falernian; in Queen Elizabeth's day, one ladled sugar into one's sack: George, the modern, added spirit gum. This new flavor, combined with hair and the champagne bubbles, was too much. There was an explosion. Through his agony, George could hear the shrill laughter of his small hosts.

THE rest of dinner was a rapid crescendo of ghastliness, "confused noise and garments rolled in blood." There was a *melée* during the Christmas pudding act, and the scrummage settled over Dickon's plate when it was found that he had secured two threepenny bits in his share. Dessert resembled a noisy day in the Salient. Carlsbad plums, crystallized apricots, figs, hummed through the air. An orange spread its grisly entrails on the mirror above the mantelpiece. A melon, ricocheting off the wall, was skilfully fielded by George in his one available eye; and while he was trying to brush the pips from his beard, he heard the unmistakable signal, the minute gun at sea, of little Sim casting all before him beneath the table.

"Markham!" shrieked George. "Markham!" Like Lord Byron, when confronted with the Leigh Hunt family, he felt a clinging sympathy with King Herod. "Take 'em away. Take 'em upstairs — and don't let 'em have anything they can throw."

HE SANK back in his chair. Markham shepherded the children out, and, returning, placed a decanter reverently before him. The '64! Ah! Then he remembered his beard.

"Oh, and Markham, if there is such a thing as a straw in the house, I'll borrow it. Tantalus didn't know the meaning of the word parched. And how Father Christmas got his nose that color is beyond me."

Solemnly sucking, George gloomily meditated on his position. Above his head, little feet thundered to and fro with angels' tread that threatened to bring down the ceiling. He thought morbidly of his wasted life. He ought by rights to be dancing with Linda, the fair, lovely, long-legged Linda, his wife, swaying in perfect harmony to the plaintive lay of the saxophone: and here he was, hot, dirty, miserable, sucking port through a straw amid the wreckage of the Foxes' dining room. Linda was in the arms of one Bellamy. He imagined a tall, seductive, subtle, exotic creature, dark — "all handsome men are slightly sunburnt"; George invariably went scarlet in the sun, and his nose peeled — Bellamy was dancing backward and forward with Linda, looking unutterable things, saying them, too, no

doubt. And Linda would be listening with that soft, greedy smile of hers. The demons of jealousy assailed poor George. He went down into the pit. The port was nearly finished. He poured out the last glass, and sniffed it luxuriously. By Jove, what stuff it was, stuff for heroes! The blood of the old Garrys warmed in him. Not thus had they wassailed in days of yore. Linda must be borne off at the saddle bow, by gum! An idea came to him; as he meditatively pumped up the bottom of his glass, a plan matured. He strode to the door. The tumult and the shouting were still at their height as he entered the drawing-room. The little Foxes turned and made for him in a yelling mob.

"Hush!" shouted George, waving his arms. "Children, have you ever been at a night club?"

"No!" they shrieked, tugging at his arms, his skirts, his legs.

"Then, you shall." Little Sim perched on his shoulder, the new St. Christopher strode down the stairs, the pack howling in his wake, out to the waiting Bentley.

LINDA was not enjoying herself. As she gazed round the Casca, the dance club to which she and George belonged, she reflected that Mr. Bellamy was a mistake; yes, a definite mistake. At the Carnadines, he had appeared so calm, so self-effacing, just the type to make an admirable *cavaliére servente*, and being due to return to India — or was it Africa? — at the end of his leave, not likely to be unduly complicating. But this appearance had been deceitful; Mr. Bellamy had been deceitful, Linda concluded. It was a very different person who had called for her in a large and handsome coupé to take her out to dinner that night. Almost from the moment she was seated beside him, Mr. Bellamy had begun to make passes at her. It was fortunate that a cautioning by a policeman at Hyde Park Corner had condemned her host to concentrate on the wheel. She hardly dared tremble to the brink of imagining what would otherwise have happened.

THEY had dined at the Polyanthus, a cheerful joint, where the tables are so closely placed together that any overt or indiscreet demonstration of affection communicates itself not only to one's neighbors, but through them to the next, and so on round the room, until the whole place seems to be rocking to *The Spring Song*. Ecstasy is therefore discouraged. This phenomenon had not, however, deterred Mr. Bellamy from declaring his passion. Owing to the fact that everyone else was talking, he had had to raise his ardent, urgent voice above its normal pitch; and, in one awful pause, when all the other diners had simultaneously turned to their plates, he was heard declaiming in a voice hoarse with emotion, "The Venus Callipyge has nothing on you." Linda almost fainted with horror.

Since then he had remorselessly been pressing Linda to fly with him to the remote part of the world where he insisted he was a kind of uncrowned king. In Africa — or was it India? Linda couldn't remember. She looked pathetically at him, and said that nothing would please her better; but — there were impediments.

"Impediments?" challenged Mr. Bellamy hotly. "Show them to me! Is it a man? No living man shall stand between me and the woman I love!"

"Not exactly a man," said Linda looking down shyly. "Only my *couturier!*"

"You won't need a tailor in my country," declared Mr. Bellamy romantically. "My silkworms shall spin for you."

Since then he had been plying Linda with petitions, and, as she afterwards admitted, had become almost uncontrollable — "even for me, dear."

FROM the Polyanthus she had taken him to the Casca, and they had danced. "I don't know where he learned his steps; in India, I suppose, — or was it Africa? — positively *tribal*, I assure you." She realized that this evening Mr. Bellamy intended to stick to her closer than a sick kitten to a hot brick, and how she was going to shed him she had no idea. Regretfully she hankered for the calm, prosaic stolidity of George, who would look down and mutter a rapturous "Darling!" as if he meant it, instead of bursting into explosive torrents of completely unintelligible laudations of her figure and other parts of her anatomy with a lack of self-consciousness that positively made her blush.

The band broke out once more, and Linda, resolute to endure further mangling of her feet and frock rather than suffer Mr. Bellamy's ardors a moment longer, rose to her feet. The music had got no further than the sixth bar, when a hubbub at the door interrupted the performers. The saxophone died away in a broken wheeze, and beyond it she could hear the *commissionnaire* saying:

"But evenin' dress is a rule of the club, Mr. Garry."

"Evening dress all right!" retorted George, tearing open the front of Herbert Fox's splendid scarlet silk dressing-gown. "'Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done.' Is that a boiled shirt, or isn't it?"

The *commissionnaire* eyed it doubtfully.

"I'd rather not say what it 'ad been, Mr. Garry. I ain't a professor. Something from old Was-it-hot-stuff's tomb, I should guess."

Linda swung out of Mr. Bellamy's circumambient arms.

"George!" she cried.

"Coming, darling!"

"What have you got there? And, George," she added faintly, "what on earth have you grown on your face?"

"Mistletoe," replied George briefly. "I've brought some guests." He stood aside revealing Margaret Ann, Belinda, Donald, Joyce, Gladys and Dickon.

"What!" Linda stood horror-struck. Unabashed, the six little Foxes stood grinning from ear to ear.

LINDA gave a faint scream, turned and met the inflamed countenance of Mr. Bellamy.

"So this is the impediment!" he hissed. "Oh, woman, cursed woman! I might have known! Five, by heaven, five — or is it six? And I would have laid a continent at your tiny feet!"

But George had caught hold of Margaret Ann.

"That's your man," he whispered. "Speak up! Remember, it's half-a-

crown apiece, and five bob for yourself!"

He had no need to thrust Margaret Ann forward. With a shriek of "Daddy! Daddy!" she plunged at Mr. Bellamy. Blenching, the unhappy man retreated to a couch. It was useless. Raising the pæan, the little Foxes sprang upon him and he disappeared beneath a wave of active childhood.

"Now then," cried George, "no rough house, kids; you aren't at home now!"

"So this, Mr. Bellamy," said Linda with steely dignity, "is your mode of life!"

Bellamy sat up and wiped his forehead.

"It's a dream," he whispered, "a horrible dream. I never had all those. Six is it — or eight — or seven? Stand still a minute, you little imps, till I can count you."

"Only six here," George encouraged him. "Little Sim, the seventh, is inclined to be sick, so I left him downstairs in your coupé. I think he's had more than is good for him. I've left a note of the address where their mother lives, with the doorkeeper. So I'll leave you to it, and I hope you're properly contrite."

"Good night, Mr. Bellamy," said Linda with a cold bow. "I hope this will be a lesson to you. Come, George!"

On Father Christmas's arm, she swept from the Casca.

"Oh, George!" she murmured, as she snuggled down in the car. "I was never so relieved to see anyone in my life as you tonight. That dreadful man! I feel positively undressed. . . . You may kiss me, George. . . . Oh, *don't* . . . I forgot your beard!"

"Tear it off," said George manfully. "Ouch . . . ouch . . . ow . . . . OW. . . . Whew! next time I'll be the hind legs of the dragon. . . . By Jove, Linda, you do look too wonderful. . . . Darling!"

"Darling!" said Linda comfortably, settling down in the crook of George's arm. "I do like a nice, solid, plain-spoken man."

She purred softly, and promptly fell asleep.

The two policemen in Grosvenor Square noticed the elderly Bentley sliding gently past Seafield House. A snatch of song drifted to their ears.

"That's 'im," said one.

"'E's caught 'er all right, seemingly," said the other, pointing to Linda's fair head on George's shoulder.

"'Ope 'e ain't murdered 'er," said the first.

"Given 'er a good 'iding, more likely," returned the second. "'E seems 'appy enough. Lord! that old song — takes yer back a bit, don't it?"

For George was crooning to himself:

Après la guerre fini
Tous les soldats partis,
Mademoiselle — I mean Bellamy — avec piccanini,
Souvenir des Anglais.

Lobbyists Extraordinary

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Brief sketches of some outstanding figures among the special pleaders of Capitol Hill, whose activities have been under Senatorial investigation

"The protective tariff is next to my religion." When he confided this to Senator Caraway and his fellow Senatorial inquisitors, "Jo" Grundy must have been telling the truth. For he has been lobbying for the tariff ever since 1897, when Tom Walsh was an unknown country lawyer in the frontier State of Montana. Vice President of the American Tariff League, and President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, Jo Grundy is proud of his achievements as a lobbyist. Make no mistake about that. For thirty-two years Grundy has had a hand in all tariff legislation, and back of his list of "preferred" and "common" Senators lie data obtained from a generation of tariff manipulation.

If from the small army of special pleaders entrenched about Capitol Hill you were asked to pick out a few typical lobbyists, you would do well to place Jo Grundy at the head of the portrait gallery. He has something to sell — namely, the idea of protection, and he is a good salesman, as every successful lobbyist must be. Break down the protective tariff, he says, and ruin will face the American people. "How can they be saved?" Only by electing Republicans to public office, he replies. What is more, he backs up his words with dollars. He admits contributing $700,000 out of his own pocket to the Republican campaign in 1924, and $400,000 last year. There is the spirit of the true believer! A Pennsylvania Quaker, there is nothing of the Quaker about him in the way he fights for protection.

Grundy is typical of the lobbyists who operate in Washington the year around. When he beards a Senator in his den, he travels under no false colors. His mission is not a secret one. Crammed full of the history, theory and practice of protection, he knows his stuff, like every other good lobbyist.

Not even Reed Smoot is as steeped in the lore of protection. Grundy likes Washington so much that he neglects his own business to preach the gospel for months at a time in the capital. He may find his reward in heaven, but these thirty years past, we suspect, he has drawn

some of his royalties in advance. A woolen manufacturer, with a private fortune estimated at $20,000,000, he has no cause for complaint against the existing tariff order. He is an efficiency expert who has made lobbying pay.

WHILE Caraway, Walsh, and their colleagues have been hauling tariff lobbyists over the carpet, the farm lobby in Washington has by no means lapsed into senescence. No capital lobby in recent years has been better organized than that which has been demanding special favors for agriculture, or if you prefer to use a linguistic soft pedal, legislation to bring agriculture up to a parity with industry. When the McNary-Haugen bill was before Congress, the farm organizations sent to Washington a squad of high-powered salesmen and go-getters, who, armed with plenipotentiary powers, snapped the whip savagely over the heads of every Senator and Congressman from the corn belt. For months, no legislator from the corn belt could call his soul his own. As it turned out, the bill did not become law, and, with the Hoover Administration's approval, Congress passed the agricultural marketing act, under which the new Farm Board has been set up. The camp fires of the corn belt, nevertheless, are still burning brightly in the nation's capital.

Chester Gray of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and Fred Brinkmann of the National Grange, may be cited as typical of the group of special pleaders who stand guard over the farmers' interests in the capital. Experienced promoters and organizers, they draw good salaries. The farmers' men have been particularly busy during the tariff fight, and just as aggressive as of old. What is more, the farm lobby conducts its campaign along rather original lines; not only have they asked for higher rates on agricultural products, but they have gone further than this in fighting tooth and nail the demands of Grundy and Eastern industrialists for higher duties on the industrial schedules. Most lobbyists, on the contrary, take pains not to poach on the preserves of another lobbyist. One of the few counterparts of this rather unusual spectacle is the fight over national defense between the pacifists and churchmen, and the patriotic organizations.

THE lobbyists who cracked the whip over Congress during the McNary-Haugen era have for the most part called it a day. They played the rôle of pinch hitters and emergency drop kickers. Where it could effectively make use of their talents, the Farm Board has tried to place them in the new coöperative organizations it is establishing. A case in point is William H. Settle, of Indiana, one of the most effective whip crackers of the McNary-Haugen days. Settle has just been named a member of the executive committee of the new Farmers' National Grain Corporation, a ten million dollar concern. Though the pinch hitters may have left, the farm lobby remains in Washington, as a well-organized, active group, and it will be heard from again.

"Moral crusaders" can boast in their ranks some of the capital's most effective performers. The objective laid down may not always be measured in cash returns for the group

which puts up the retainer. Churches have for years maintained lobbies in Washington, in charge of experienced professionals. Two organizations may be cited as typical, the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Both derive their sustenance and backing from American Protestants. One, as its name implies, is an agency of the Methodist Church, and the second has a strong Methodist flavor.

A MORE appropriate name for the first would be the "Board for the Universal Enforcement of Methodist Morals." At least, that tells better what it is trying to do. The Board has its headquarters in the palatial Methodist Building overlooking the Capitol. When you speak of the Methodist Board, you think first of its executive secretary, Dr. Clarence True Wilson. Years ago Wilson was a preacher; today he is an outstanding example of the parson turned politician. After his long years as combatant in the arena of national politics, a Methodist pulpit, if we read him rightly, would seem pretty tame. The champagne of life would have lost its bouquet. For he loves the thrill of a moral crusader's life in the national capital.

In 1906, Wilson became President of the Oregon Anti-Saloon League. Four years later he was made general secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As a matter of fact, Wilson was at that time really the Society, for it was then little more than an idea. An active-minded reformer, with a flair for oratory, Wilson sallied forth valiantly to merchandise his idea in the highways and byways of the land. He spoke constantly, selling books to pay his expenses, and at odd moments circulated thousands of temperance leaflets on the streets. He made good, and in 1910, when the time came for appointing a general secretary for the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, he was the logical choice. It was a case where the job fitted the man and *vice versa*. He was the driving force behind the erection of the Methodist Building on Capitol Hill — an eloquent witness of the power of the Third House.

WILSON does not have to do much direct lobbying. That is, he does not make a regular appearance before Congressional committees, nor does he do much buttonholing of Congressmen in the corridors outside the Senate and House chambers. His strategy is cast in a more Olympian mold and the machinery he can set in motion is correspondingly broad in its dimensions. Wilson issues *ex cathedra* pronunciamentos from time to time when he thinks the American people stand on the precipice that looks down into the bottomless pit of destruction. Methodist preachers and their flocks through the country give him the ammunition he needs to bring the enemy to terms.

A Congressman off the reservation on prohibition, for example, will find that the Methodist ministers in his district are telling their charges of his sins, by implication if not directly. The Board's Washington office is well organized, with com-

plete data on the work of the national legislature and the record of its individual members. Except his finger prints, the Board can supply every fact about a Congressman to its constituents. And it does so with pleasure. The Board claims to be the originator of the "clip sheet." Its *Clip Sheet*, now copied by a number of other organizations, goes to about 8,000 newspapers, editors and others. Under the efficient editorship of Deets Pickett, the *Clip Sheet* has proved an effective vehicle of Methodist views on political questions. In guarding the morals of the American people, the Board spends over $100,000 a year.

YET Clarence True Wilson is not without critics in his own household. Not all Methodists believe the Board under his direction is advancing the cause of true religion by invading the field of politics. Wilson furthermore stubbed his toe not long ago when he published a magazine article urging that the marines be called out to enforce prohibition. That rubbed his fellow Methodists in the Anti-Saloon League the wrong way, for this group fears that any such criticism as Wilson voiced might be construed as a confession that prohibition has failed. So it is that rumors are afloat that the next General Conference of the church will see a move to oust Wilson. He shows, however, no signs of worry. As custodian and interpreter of Methodist morals, Wilson has been in Washington long enough to realize that not every storm that brews on the horizon carries with it a thunderbolt of destruction.

Like those of the Methodist Board, Washington employees of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America object to being called "lobbyists." "Oh, no, we are not lobbyists, of course," they tell you with a pious shrug of the shoulders, as if to say what a terrible thing it is to be classified in the same category with Jo Grundy! The facts, however, speak otherwise. For the Federal Council frequently turns from religion to politics. Peace is its great objective, and prohibition is another of its responsibilities.

THE Council took the warpath against former President Coolidge when, with Secretary Wilbur, he proposed a replacement programme for the Navy of seventy-one ships. The Commission on Peace and Arbitration of the Council set under way a nation-wide educational campaign, and issued letters to 75,000 pastors with a brief leaflet "setting forth the facts and moral implications of the building programme." A flood of letters and telegrams descended forthwith on Congress, though other organizations than the Council helped in sinking the ships which Coolidge and Wilbur wanted to build. Those in charge of the Council can use political methods as effectively as the most expert party managers. They supported the Washington Arms Conference, for example, by getting 13,878,671 names signed to letters, telegrams and petitions sent to Washington. These figures tell us not a little about the potential political power of the Council.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell now heads the organization. The representation of the Protestant churches on the Council is in proportion to the

membership of each church, an arrangement which gives the Methodists a goodly share of the seats of power. The executive committee, made up of clergymen in and near New York, meet in that city from time to time, and the executive committee really shapes the policies of the Council, and determines when and how it is to act politically. The Council maintains a Washington office, in charge of the Rev. W. L. Darby, a Presbyterian minister. He knows the ropes of the national capital as an outsider can not hope to know them. His headquarters are located down town, for the Council has shown no desire as yet to join the shock troops of the Methodist Board and the Anti-Saloon League, entrenched on Capitol Hill.

THE late Wayne B. Wheeler was the tsar of lobbyists, and the Anti-Saloon League the Colossus that dominated the lobby world of his day. Wheeler controlled his cohorts as skilfully as any general does his troops on the battlefield. Francis Scott McBride, a go-getter like his predecessor, has inherited Wheeler's job, but conditions are different. For one thing, the prohibition amendment is in the Constitution, though the United States is not yet a Sahara. But McBride has to hold the ground already won, and prove that the election of Herbert Hoover, the Dry candidate, was really a triumph for the Drys. Without the nervous dynamite that made Wheeler's name a terror among wet Congressmen, and without his predecessor's versatility, McBride nevertheless has won his spurs as an administrator, and his promotion as *generalissimo* of the Dry forces is a deserved one. McBride lacks something of Wheeler's crusading fire, but then the need for that fire is not perhaps so great as it was. McBride keeps close tabs on Drys in Congress, and he coördinates the efforts of church people throughout the country in keeping enforcement sentiment at a high pitch. His mission, as McBride sees it, is to arouse and organize sentiment for or against men and legislation. He too has his eye on Congressional scalps. From his office in the Bliss Building he can see a few hundred yards away the Dome of the Capitol — the great score-board of the Prohibitionists. McBride supplements the work, and strengthens the guard maintained on the further side of the Capitol by that other watch dog over the morals of the American people, Clarence True Wilson.

AMERICAN veterans of the World War have as their official lobbyist John Thomas Taylor, the vice-chairman of the National Legislative Committee of the American Legion. Committee members may change from year to year, but Taylor has been a fixture in the office for a decade. He is a lobbyist, admits so frankly, and is proud of it. A lawyer, and a lieutenant-colonel during the World War, his military title still sticks. He has known intimately these ten years past leaders in both the legislative and executive branches of the Government. Autographed pictures of notables of our day stare at you from the walls of his office. As much as any other individual, Taylor was responsible for winning the Legion's bonus fight over the protests of Calvin Coolidge, Andrew

Mellon, Wall Street and the Chamber of Commerce. A seasoned campaigner, he gets a good deal more fun out of his profession than the average lobbyist.

TAYLOR is one of the most aggressive members of the craft, and a likeable chap withal. With a soldier's directness he goes out after his objective, and he and his fellow Legionnaires have not forgotten the efficiency lessons they learned in the A. E. F. in France. The commander of an army corps deals directly with his division commanders, and Taylor, in the same way, deals directly with what he calls the key men in Congress. He wastes little time with the rank and file, knowing through long experience that if you control key men on a given proposition the rest are pretty sure to follow as sheep do their leader. He has, of course, one great advantage, namely the cause for which he pleads. Most Congressmen have a warm spot in their hearts for our World War soldiers and sailors, and when Taylor goes on the warpath it is nearly always in behalf of some piece of veterans legislation.

Taylor gets busy as soon as the Legion, in national convention, endorses a particular project. As often as not, the bill is actually drafted in his office. In introducing it in Congress, he makes use of his key men — Legionnaires as a rule. Taylor goes to Chairman X or Y, explains to him what the bill is, what its object is, and why the Legion wants it placed on the statute books. After the arrangements are made with committee chairmen, Taylor sees other leaders of the Senate and House, to facilitate a speedy working of what at times may be cumbrous legislative machinery. During hearings, Taylor appears before the committee as a special pleader. That is not all, however. Back of him is an organization of 11,000 individual posts. When necessary Legion officers in various States will send their own pleaders to Washington, to reinforce and supplement Taylor's arguments. If here and there a Congressman proves recalcitrant, Taylor sends out word to Legionnaires and their friends in the Congressman's district to start a back fire.

To put it in another way, Taylor, like any good military commander, calls in his reserves when the enemy develops unexpected opposition. Nor does he waste his time in threats and intimidations against individual Congressmen.

THIS does not tell the whole story. The Senator or Congressman piloting a Legion bill on the floor of the chamber may need coaching. Taylor provides this, keeping his man well posted with facts and figures bearing upon the particular issue on hand. When the House or Senate is debating a Legion bill, Taylor will be found either in the galleries or in the corridors, ready to tackle hostile Congressmen, or injecting the oxygen of verbal encouragement into the lungs of the faltering or weakening. Actual leg work — and this is not apt to be a Congressman's strong suit — has been a factor in Taylor's success. When the House passes a bill sponsored by the Legion, Taylor accompanies it to the enrolling clerk's office, and escorts the Congressional messengers as they take it

over to the Senate, and there, among his Senate friends, resumes the same methods of direct action. Taylor's record is an impressive one. Some 460 bills affecting veterans are now on the statute books, and he has had a hand in nearly all of them.

Militant champion of the ex-service man, arch foe of Pacifism, and exponent of Rooseveltian Americanism, Taylor finds naturally enough his polar opposite in Frederick J. Libby, the professional propagandist of Pacifism. The personalities of the two men are as different as the two schools of thought they represent. Taylor bristles with pugnacity, and with the punch-you-in-the-nose spirit. Libby on the other hand is meek as a lamb, a rather quiet and inoffensive looking chap, the type of the Sunday school teacher rather than the lobbyist. One wonders, indeed, how he ever found his way into the rough-and-tumble playing fields of capital politics.

A Congregational minister by profession, Libby became a Quaker in 1918. When the National Council for the Prevention of War was organized, Libby was elected its executive secretary, and he has directed its propaganda ever since. Libby attacks the Army and Navy in frontal assault, and he tries to turn their flanks. He has fought Defense Day, the "Big Navy" bill, Citizens' Military Camps, the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, appropriations for the Army and Navy and so forth. He takes a fling from time to time at the Administration's policy in Nicaragua, China and Mexico. If President Hoover negotiates a naval parity agreement with Great Britain, Libby will doubtless take off his coat and go to work to try to prevent us from building enough ships to keep up our end of the agreement. Libby claims credit for defeating the Coolidge-Wilbur seventy-one ship programme, but he must share his laurels with others.

Libby does not often in person invade the precincts of Capitol Hill. Perhaps he acts wisely, for he is in no particular favor among members of Congress. Speeches and addresses, the Bulletin of the National Council for the Prevention of War, and propaganda work among church members — these are the methods Libby uses to get his Pacifist views in circulation. He runs his business on a five and ten cent scale. It is volume that he seems to be after. Last year he sent out 2,000,000 pieces of Pacifist literature. It only costs a two cent stamp to write to a Congressman or the President, and Libby figures that if he gets enough of his leaflets and other literature out, his propaganda will eventually have some effect on Congress and the Administration. He seems to have plenty of money, and a hearing before the Senate Military Affairs Committee in 1926 brought out the fact that organizations affiliated with the National Council for the Prevention of War had received aid from the Garland Fund. In 1918, he spent $150,000, and he is now seeking from Pacifists $200,000, for his next year's budget. The $2,000 a month which Grundy has been spending seems modest in comparison. It almost makes him out a piker.

Progressive South America

By Agnes Rothery

An Invitation to New Travel Routes

Forty or even twenty years ago when people travelled to South America they expected to have a hard time of it, and they did. Business men who were forced to go to Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires found that the quickest and least expensive way was to take a steamer from New York to Liverpool and thence change for one bound to their destination. To get to Peru and Chile it was necessary to pitch and toss around the Horn or through the Straits of Magellan for several months. And when one finally arrived at either the East Coast or the West there were practically no railways and no hotels fit to be so designated. The only way to get from point to point was by river raft or donkey back, and the adventurous traveller took his choice of freezing in the Andes or roasting in the jungles.

Nearly all the travel books at which adults nibble for pleasure were written during this period, and apparently most of the geographies which children are forced to digest for educational nourishment. There is another even more deliberate factor strengthening the layman's belief in this particular set of fallacies. Just as book reviewing has ceased to be an attempt to give the reader any idea of the book reviewed, but serves principally as a vehicle for the epigrams of the critic, so the perpetrators of travelogues, both written and spoken, do not measure their box receipts upon the truth imparted about a country or a culture, but upon their own hair-raising exploits in it. These lush recorders pile, not Ossa upon Pelion, but Aconcagua upon Illimani, and then, according to their excited accounts, scale them both.

It happens that South America has changed in the sixteen years since the Panama Canal was opened. It has, perhaps, changed more than any other continent. And it is for that reason infinitely more fascinating than it ever was. The frequent and commodious steamers of the Grace, Furness-Prince, Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Lamport and Holt, and Munson lines that ply between New York and all the principal South American ports are in amazing contrast to the undependable little vessels which were once the only coastwise communication.

And he whose imagination is not stirred by the sight of an airplane

sailing over peaks where once only the condor had the right of way, or by the sound of one passing over villages whose isolated inhabitants have never in their lives seen even a wheel before — all burdens being transported by llama and donkey and the human back — his soul is as dead as that unfortunate man who never to himself has said the too familiar quotation!

THE people of South America, not having been forced to witness the experimental stage of flying, but having received the giant bird fully fledged, so to speak, accepted it as naturally as the modern child accepts the automobile. The Pan-American Grace Airways, which serves the West coast by air as well as by water, estimates that seventy-five per cent of its airplane passengers are South Americans. Certain parts of this vast continent have never been reached by railway, or even by a road, and the airplane now does in a few hours what formerly took weeks. Santiago de Chile is now ten days from New York by air as against twenty-one days by water. The Congressman from Iquitos, in Peru, reaches his congressional session in Lima in three days, whereas until New Year's Day, 1928, which inaugurated the first passenger air service between these points, he had to reckon on six weeks of discomfort and uncertainty. Mail from Buenos Aires can be sent to Montevideo and the answer received back in the same day. It is highly exciting to have Colonel Lindbergh discover ruined cities in the jungles of Central America. It is equally exciting for new cities thus to discover each other.

Neither do these miraculously improved facilities of transportation by water and air tell the whole story of the change in our neighbor to the South. The railroads are not only constantly extending, but constantly improving. Nearly everyone knows of the stupendous engineering feats which have been accomplished on the Oroya Railroad, the highest on the globe, rising 5,000 feet in the first forty-six miles, to 14,200 at its destination, burrowing through sixty-three tunnels and skirting chasms 600 feet across. The Southern Railway of Peru, across the Desert of Islay, the Guayaquil-Quito Line of Ecuador, mounting more than 9,000 feet above sea level, the São Paulo-Santos Line in Brazil — these are ranked among the engineering marvels of the world. Most people do know this. But comparatively few realize that these trains are also remarkable from the point of view of passenger comfort. The night travel is better than our own, for the indecorous Pullman berth is unknown, and all the night trains are compartment coaches. The dining cars are also better than our own.

WHEN Professor Hiram Bingham, now Senator Bingham, discovered the city of Machu Picchu in 1912, this glorious Inca citadel, built of white granite and comparing in architectural value with the Pyramids, was in the most inaccessible part of the Andes. Professor Bingham and his party had to push their way through snow storms on donkey back, trust themselves to bridges similar to the one in San Luis Rey, sleep on the ground, and sustain themselves as well as they could

with frozen meat and questionable *chupe*. The traveller of today goes to Machu Picchu by autocarril. An autocarril is an automobile whose wheels are fitted to a narrow gauge railway track. It is probably the most comfortable way to take a railway trip ever devised by human ingenuity. One settles down, with the top of the car up or down as he pleases, goes as fast or as slow as he wants and stops whenever the fancy takes him. The trip from Cuzco to Machu Picchu is an easy eight hours, with two hours out for a five course luncheon at Ollantaytambo.

A RECENT writer in one of the women's magazines in describing his trip to Machu Picchu implied that he forced his perilous way through the terrific dangers first of the frigid and then of the torrid zone. To be sure, when E. G. Squier took the trip as far as Ollantaytambo and wrote one of the best descriptions of that region that has ever been printed, the actual conditions of travel were full of discomfort and even danger. But Squier's classic appeared in 1877 — more than half a century ago. There is only one way to get to Machu Picchu today — and that is in perfect ease by autocarril.

Misunderstanding of the actual present-day conditions in South America extends to the field of quite rudimentary information. Our average citizen is quite complacent in his conviction that South America is an amorphous mass of small, half-civilized countries, chiefly tenanted by monkeys, Negroes and boa constrictors. It has never occurred to him that there is more difference between temperate Argentina and tropical Brazil than between Labrador and Florida — more, since the Argentinians and the Brazilians do not speak the same language. In fact, there is more difference between the speech and customs of Argentina and Chile than between those of Canada and the United States.

It is true that in the United States we are further advanced along certain lines than the South American Republics. We have had forty-three years head start over them in constitutional government. But if we compare Latin America with ourselves as we were half a century ago, we will be forced to admit that she has made rapid progress.

Too many of our writers — both the superficially political ones and the unpleasantly humorous ones — have also been prejudiced when they made a hasty tour through the different countries of South America without even knowing the language, and perhaps never once stepping inside a private home. The countries of South America resent this attitude. And no one should be quicker than we to admit that our relations — economic as well as social — can never attain their most advantageous development when one side is patronizing and the other is irritated.

TO ELUCIDATE the subtle points of a better understanding between North and South America books have been written by the ton and speeches made by the hour. One of the best, by the way, is Clarence H. Haring's *South America Looks at the United States*. Much of the matter is not in the realm of politics but in the realm of manners. And the faulty manners are all on our side, both when we

tramp with vociferous wise cracks over these countries, and when we unceremoniously jostle the inhabitants on our streets and in our hotels when they come to visit our shores.

Perhaps North Americans are at last ready to grasp the fact that South America is not a congeries of unsettled states, but a continent divided into vast and progressive countries — Chile, whose length would reach from New York City to San Francisco and extend fifty miles into the Pacific — Argentina, whose coast line is as long as from Key West, Florida, to Halifax, N. S. — Brazil, 200,000 square miles larger than the forty-eight United States. And these giant republics, as well as the smaller ones, have aspirations and achievements as noble as our own.

Such statesmen as Lord Grey, Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt put themselves on record, long ago, as believing that while the Nineteenth Century has been the century of the United States, so the Twentieth would be the century of South America.

Doubtless it is inconsistent to invite travellers who now put in their holiday time swarming up and down the accustomed routes of Europe, to direct their attention to a continent one of whose charms is that few tourists as yet intrude upon it. But possibly such intrusion would be compensated for by an increase in sympathetic understanding.

The best way to know about South America is to go there. The standard books of forty years ago are almost as obsolete as those of four hundred years ago when they come to describing present-day conditions. And the modern travel books — humorous, adventurous or journalistic — are all too boldly taking advantage of the old Spanish proverb that lies told to the heathen are not recorded in Heaven.

The Challenge of the Aged

By Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr.

The United States alone among the great nations neglects its superannuated workers, and this at the very time when our industrial pace is throwing greater numbers of them out of work

The United States, richest and most prosperous nation in the world, stands with China, India, and Mexico as one of the few civilized Governments that continue to ignore the fate of their aged citizens in needy circumstances.

Our existing system of caring for our aged and destitute men and women is inefficient, extravagant and, worse still, inhumane. Every State in the Union, with the exception of New Mexico, has almshouses for the poor, and in most of the States these institutions are under county supervision. Here aged needy American fathers and mothers are thrown in with feeble-minded, epileptics, drunkards and diseased inmates until released by death.

This antiquated method of dealing with our aged poor is a disgrace to the country and to humanity and should be condemned by public opinion as a tragic indictment of our vaunted prosperity and civilization.

The proponents of various plans of old age pensions are generally agreed on two fundamental principles: first, that the Government, whether State or Federal, owes a moral obligation to provide financial assistance for the worthy aged poor; and, second, that it is preferable to maintain the aged poor in their own homes or in those of their families or friends rather than to commit them to poorhouses. The exception to this proposal for home aid is that the blinded, crippled, diseased and insane should be sent to State institutions specifically designed to care for these unfortunates and where they would receive better attention and medical treatment than at home.

The United States Department of Labor, in a report made in 1925 after an investigation of 2,183 almshouses throughout the United States, which represent 93 per cent of the total, found that there were 85,889 inmates over the age of sixty-five. The total maintenance cost of these almshouses amounted to $28,740,535 annually, which represented a *per capita* investment of $1,752.09 and a food maintenance of $439.76 for each inmate. As to how the money was spent, it was disclosed that 32 per cent went for administration expense,

38 per cent for operation of plant, while 30 per cent went for maintenance of the inmates. In other words, according to a statement made by William I. Sirovich of New York in the House of Representatives, out of every dollar contributed to the almshouses 70 cents went for administrative and operative expense — the so-called overhead — while only 30 cents went directly for the old fathers and mothers. From the figures given above it is obvious that at least three times as many aged poor could be maintained at home on $20 a month as in a county almshouse.

Back in 1914, as a member of the New York Assembly, I voted for the Widows' Pension Bill, which was enacted into law and which has admittedly worked out satisfactorily. The same principle should hold good for pensions for the aged. The poorhouse is no better than the orphanage, and the home is as much the natural and appropriate place for healthy aged men and women as for healthy boys and girls.

IN THE last session of Congress I introduced a resolution to create a committee of five members of the House of Representatives to be appointed by the Speaker for the purpose of obtaining the facts upon which to consider sound, economical and constructive legislation in order to provide some form of security for our aged and worthy poor in the evening of their lives. During the regular session of Congress I propose to reintroduce the same resolution and to seek an immediate hearing from the Committee on Rules where it was held up last spring.

I know that the sound common sense and fairness of the American people will demand the enactment of a modern system of old age pensions as soon as the actual facts are made public. Old age pension laws are bound to be adopted throughout the United States in the next ten years. The only big question to be settled is whether these laws should be State or Federal enactments, or by joint action of both.

THE complacent man of means sometimes fails to appreciate that the wage earner is likely to be thrown out on the industrial scrap heap after he reaches his fiftieth birthday, whereas in business, the professions and politics men often do their best work between fifty and sixty, having the advantage of mature judgment and ripened experience. But, due to the high-pressure and super-efficiency methods of our industrial plants, the age line for employment of skilled and unskilled labor is being steadily lowered, and the wage earner of fifty is unable to keep pace with younger competitors. This is, perhaps, a problem that industry itself can not solve without disastrously slackening its present pace. And if age in many social strata can no longer be industrially productive, there is no alternative but prompt social legislation. For we can not tolerate the tragic paradox in the United States that our elders are left behind and forgotten, to worry and suffer the humiliations of poverty in their declining years. Millions of American men and women with families to support are actually earning wages insufficient to maintain our high American standard of

living, and consequently are totally unable to save funds in order to provide security for their old age.

The State of New York has recently undertaken a survey into the problem of Old Age Security which includes the employment of the middle aged. These people are finding it more and more difficult to get and keep jobs. For instance, a New York employment bureau reports that of 5,800 men between 40 and 55 years registering, only 200 were able to get employment. Some plants refused to take on workers over 40 years of age. There is no excuse for trying to dodge this real problem or for being blinded to the fact that it is steadily growing and causing acute suffering among healthy Americans who desire employment. This waste of man power shows a weakness in our economic structure which should be carefully and intelligently investigated for the purpose of fitting the middle aged into appropriate positions. After all, the only excuse for a job, a business, or for the entire economic fabric, is that it helps to build happier homes and a contented nation.

A STUDY of the problem would not be constructive or serve a useful purpose if it concluded simply with a recommendation that it would be wise and in the public interest to establish a system of old age pensions, without specifying what particular kind of pensions are best suited to the needs of our aged poor consistent with our dual form of government. I have no hesitation in urging the Canadian system, where the Federal Government pays half and the Provinces and municipalities share the remaining half. Each pensioner in Canada receives $20 a month, or a total of $240 a year. The age limit in Canada is 70 years, and any income above $125 is deducted from the pension allowed, which reduces the average pension paid to approximately $18.50 a month. Such a system is fair and equitable and easily administered.

IN THE United States, due to the limitations in the Constitution, it is debatable whether the Government at Washington has the power, provided it has the desire, to appropriate funds from the Federal Treasury as partial contribution to a system of State and Federal pensions for our aged poor. If such a system could be established under the Constitution, there is little doubt that uniform State laws would be adopted immediately.

Some ten States have already enacted pension laws without Government aid, and from that I would infer that a contribution of one-third of the cost by the Federal Government would be exceedingly welcome and liberal. In a uniform law where the Government contributed one-third the cost of the pension, the State would likewise contribute one-third and the county or city the remaining one-third for its own pensioners.

The Federal Government has from the beginning of the Republic recognized and upheld the principle of providing either land or financial remuneration to the veterans of all our wars. Our pension system became well established after the Civil War and has been partially extended to take in a large number of the Spanish American War veterans. An effort will shortly be made to extend

the same system to the able bodied World War veterans. It is, therefore, an opportune time to consider which would be the better for the country, to appropriate funds to help aged American men and women to live at home during their last years, or to give it to able bodied veterans when they reach forty-five. There is little doubt that a referendum to the people would carry overwhelmingly in favor of Federal aid for our aged men and women, and I believe a large number of the veterans themselves would favor it.

On June 4, 1929, I offered an Amendment on the floor of the House to the pending Census Bill, providing for a survey of men and women of sixty years or more in needy circumstances. My amendment was defeated by a vote of 78 to 109, although such a census could have been made at little cost under the provisions of the Reapportionment Bill.

My own opinion, drawn from various State pension laws and also the law as administered in Canada, is that one million aged poor would be a maximum, and a conservative estimate ought to be about 800,000. The cost of a Federal Pension on the basis of 800,000, at $240 a year, if the Government paid one-third, would be $64,000,000 a year; or if the Government paid one-half it would be $96,000,000.

On the basis of one-third contribution, it would cost the same amount of money as two modern battleships, or on the fifty per cent basis it would cost the price of three modern battleships, to maintain our aged and destitute men and women in their own homes or with friends to the end of their days.

From the above sums the amount now being spent for the needy aged poor in almshouses would have to be deducted.

I am certain that all those people in New York State who are familiar with the successful operation of the Widows' Pension Bill providing State funds to keep poor children with their mothers, would favor the same constructive principle being carried into a system of old age pensions.

The result would be that the evils of almshouses would be abolished, the buildings and lands costing a quarter of a billion of dollars would be sold, old couples would be kept together in their own homes and the sick, crippled and diseased would go to hospitals and institutions where they would receive adequate care and treatment.

We should cease playing the ostrich act and at least try to solve this serious problem of old age dependency. I bespeak a sympathetic consideration of a constructive old age pension system in the interest of a class of people who have no organization, no *bloc*, no spokesman, no propaganda, and whose economic condition and personal pride prevent their speaking for themselves. Let us strive to establish human rights on a parity with property rights in the United States of America.

A Problem in Aesthetics

By P. W. Wilson

Another exploit of Virginia Bodkin, detective by intuition

It has been in my professional capacity as a special inquiry agent for insurance companies that I have been brought into a certain inevitable intimacy with Miss Virginia Bodkin, the consultant detective, of whose methods, hitherto undeveloped in her profession and mine, I have previously written. Yet I cannot deny that, at times, I entertain other than a merely professional admiration for a girl who, despite all her fame, lives strangely alone in the world of which she displays so uncanny a perception. At times I am alarmed over her — the risks that she takes — her sheer audacity in matching her brains against the cleverest criminals in a country where crime is still among the most lucrative of organized industries.

"I admit," so I said to her one day, "that you have a certain aptitude for solving mysteries, but for all that, you should give it up. The thing is getting on your nerves and becoming an obsession. I never take you out, even to the Guild Theatre, without feeling that you are on the peek for pickpockets."

Not wholly displeased, she laughed a little, but as usual our conversation, just when it was approaching a point of personal interest, was interrupted by more serious business. As usual, it was the telephone that disturbed us.

"Yes," said the girl, into the receiver; "certainly, Virginia Bodkin speaking. What, Reggie Bowker? My *dear* Reggie, I haven't heard from you for an age. . . . Why, yes, of course, I'll come. . . . Really! You don't say so. Prince Raspagni! Think of that. . . . *What* do you say? Three of them? Goodness, what an egoist. . . . A sister and an aunt; how affectionate! . . . Who painted the other two? . . . How thrilling! Quite like the Three Graces. . . . Yes, four o'clock! May I bring Hamo? . . . Thanks. He needs a change of thought."

She hung up the receiver.

"My dear," she cried, "Reggie Bowker wants us to come right away to his studio where he is expecting Prince Raspagni of Italy, President of the Bureau of National Art at Rome and one of the *leading* Fascists. Surely you remember about him. He came over for the opening of the Loan Exhibition of Italian Paintings at the Metropolitan Mu-

seum. He is a perfectly charming man, I'm told — as simple and unassuming as D'Annunzio — an immense hit this year among the pastime families who still survive at Newport.

"And, my dear," she went on, "what *do* you think? Reggie has painted Prince Raspagni's portrait, and so has Maydon Morris, and *so* has Cranford Rodetski. He's had himself painted three times and all the portraits are at this moment in Reggie's studio, so we can see them!"

"Three times!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, Reggie says that his is going to the Bureau of National Art itself, while the Prince wants the others for a sister and an aunt. So, my dear, forget all about the bomb squad and come along."

TO THE studio of Reggie Bowker, we had only a few minutes' walk, and it was in the highest spirits that Virginia arrived. The room was two stories high and was lighted by enormous windows, with corresponding curtains. The furniture and rugs were of that artistic texture which grows old suddenly — the recent antique — everything suggesting the dust of bygone days except the books, which were later even than Mencken. Three easels stood in anything but a row, on each of which rested a portrait of an Italian gentleman. There were also the three artists present, each sincerely admiring the masterpieces perpetrated by the others. Mrs. Reginald Bowker was serving tea and so, for the moment, occupied the strategic position. As we entered, she was smiling into the face of the Italian gentleman, the subject of the portraits, and dropping sugar into his cup.

Prince Raspagni was above the middle height, slenderly built, and singularly handsome. His clean-shaven countenance, illuminated by large dark eyes, revealed a perfect complexion and sensitive, romantic features. His hands might have been molded by a Mantegna, and no usual tailor had fitted him with clothes. Courteous and gracious manners proclaimed an accomplished aristocrat, whose ancestry could be traced in direct line to the Senate where sat a Julius Cæsar. As a Southern Democrat, Mrs. Reginald Bowker was obviously the person to add sugar to such a man's tea.

THE three portraits were much admired. Reginald Bowker, whose immense tie, flowering amid the flaps of his soft collar, was radiant with a passion for the true and beautiful, had painted the Prince in the simple, matter of fact style of a Millais. Maydon Morris, who was dressed *à la* Wall Street, a brisk, sensible little artist with two plus at golf, had shown the Prince as "an impression," to be identified only at a distance; his picture was, in fact, one of his usual lucrative lapses into the kind of art that Sargent would have produced if he had been a Sergeant-Major. Cranford Rodetski, from Poland and Detroit, whose Rolls-Royce was parked across the street, was, at the moment, specializing in cubes, and the skill with which he had angularized the soft Neapolitan lips and nose of the Prince, was something of a financial *tour de force*.

"I never knew," said the delighted patron to Virginia, at their introduc-

tion, "until I came to your wonderful country, that I could be three men at once, and all so different. I am flattered."

"And which," asked Virginia coyly, "do you like best?"

"Ah, my dear young lady, what a question where all are so good — so *Americaine!* I take them all with me — back to Italy — I love them all."

"It is a great compliment to us," said Mrs. Reginald Bowker, handing tea, this time only to Virginia, "when Italy thinks it worth while to come to us for pictures. Usually, it is the other way."

"Signora," said the Prince, "I hope to compel my countrymen to appreciate the beauties of your art. I can assure you that I value it more than I can express."

He bestowed on her an operatic obeisance, then turned to Virginia.

"You have seen our pictures at the Metropolitan Museum? No? But you must see them."

"I don't understand about art," said Virginia, woefully, "and nobody thinks of explaining pictures to poor little me."

NONE of us is ever aware at what point in our lives fate decides our destiny. To Prince Raspagni, Virginia was merely a young American girl, looking into his face with all the coquetry of a Pilgrim daughter, the innocence of whose perfumed Puritanism drooped, as it were, from her practised eyelids. He was completely off his guard, and with Neapolitic volubility said he would be charmed, he would be proud, to show her the pictures and to give his humble opinion of their merits. And let Mrs. Reginald Bowker come also, if she would be so gracious; and Mr. Hamo Candlish — certainly — delightful.

Then, he suddenly remembered and hesitated. But — he exclaimed — alas — he was desolated — the Exhibition — it was nearly over — today was Wednesday — it closed on Thursday — he sailed by the *Roma* — on Saturday. There was so little time — so very little time. How could it be managed? Well, it must be Thursday — Thursday afternoon — yes, he could arrange it for Thursday afternoon.

VIRGINIA was ecstatic. It was thrilling; and on Thursday afternoon, we met at the Exhibition where, as cicerone, Prince Raspagni surpassed himself. He was a man who knew pictures and here were pictures worth knowing. The leading collectors in the United States had lent the best of their Italian masterpieces and the best was very good. Raphaels and Titians, Botticellis and Bronzinos, usually inaccessible to the public, were displayed, and an immense procession of visitors testified to the appreciation aroused, especially among Italian residents in New York, whose enthusiasm was unmistakable. Several of the attendants, happening to be Italian, recognized Prince Raspagni and chatted with him, and students, copying the pictures, of whom there must have been a dozen or more, welcomed him as a friendly and discerning critic. One realized what is meant by Italian culture — its eagerness — its impulsive delight in the best — its passion for achievement. One also realized the influence of

Italy over her sons and daughters who for years may have been naturalized citizens of the great Republic overseas.

Virginia was vivacity incarnate. With catalogue and pencil she marked the pictures which she admired, making in the margin notes of Prince Raspagni's comments. When our little party broke up, she thanked him profusely for his kindness and so did we all.

ALONE on a bus down Fifth Avenue, Virginia is always nervous. I accompanied her, therefore, to her apartment on Macdougal Alley, Greenwich Village, and was not a little astonished by her demeanor. Not a trace of vivacity remained in her. She seemed all at once to be worn out; indeed, biting her lips, she was not far either from tears or from temper — it is never easy, in her case, to distinguish between the two.

"Hamo," she said, "perhaps you were right. My job may not be, after all, the job for a woman. Do you know," she added, suddenly, "I have often asked myself what I should do if one day" — she looked at me — "I had to allow somebody to be murdered. Have *you* ever envisaged, as they say, such a situation? Interesting question. . . ." She lapsed into silence.

"Allow somebody to be murdered? In what way?" It was only after a pause that I spoke.

"Well, suppose that you had an insurance case, and knew that if you pursued it according to your ordinary methods, a decent fellow stood a good chance to be done in, what would be your decision? Would you go on with the case as usual, or what?"

"I would warn the decent fellow."

"That's begging the question. Suppose that you couldn't warn him. What then?"

"Depends on the case," I replied.

"Like a man to say that," she answered, and again relapsed into silence. At Macdougal Alley her face was as firm as a flint. It did not seem to me as if the decent fellow had been given the benefit of the doubt.

ON FRIDAY morning I received a call on the 'phone from Messrs. Ira and Waddy, Insurance Brokers, 25 Pine Street, down town. They wished to see me at once and privately.

"You know, of course," said Mr. Ira, "that we are carrying special insurance on the Italian pictures on loan at the Metropolitan Museum."

"Yes," I said, "I gathered that it would be in your line."

"Well," continued Mr. Ira, "you may have seen that the Exhibition was declared open by an Italian Prince — Raspagni is his name — who, so I understand, had a good deal to do with suggesting it in the first instance. It seems that the fellow has had his portrait painted — indeed, he has had three portraits painted, all of himself — and he's taking the pictures back to Italy. He wants us to put an insurance on them."

"Sounds all right to me," I said. "Fact is, I've met the man and seen the portraits"; and I told him of my visit with Virginia to Reginald Bowker's studio.

"What are the things worth?" asked the broker.

"Haven't an idea. I could find out."

"Get Virginia Bodkin to nose around. She lives among these artists. The reason I ask you is that he wants us to put on the pictures an insurance of fifty thousand dollars, and it seems a large sum."

"On what risk? Damage?"

"No. Total loss; and between ourselves, we are trying to get him also to insure his life. Good business, my boy, good business."

IT WAS, I confess, with some misgiving that, on this occasion, I approached Virginia.

"Any more lectures?" she inquired, gently.

"No — not this time, Virginia. Truth is that I want to ask your advice."

"My dear Hamo," she retorted, "whatever are you thinking about? You know very well — indeed, you were telling me only a day or two ago — that this detective business is getting to be an obsession with me, and now, just as I am trying to break myself of a bad habit, you come round and lead me back again to the wide, wide underworld."

"Virginia, it's about those three portraits."

"Gracious!" she cried, "and mayn't I go and see Reggie Bowker without having — as you so kindly expressed it — to peek for pickpockets?"

"Virginia, Prince Raspagni is taking the portraits to Italy and wants them insured."

"They need it," she interjected.

". . . and he fixes the insurance at fifty thousand dollars."

"Really!" she said. "What of it? Insurance against what?"

"Nothing for damage, but the risk covers total loss."

"What do you mean by total loss? If the portraits sink the ship?"

"Yes, if the ship sinks, or there is a fire or burglary."

"In other words, if, for any reason, the portraits disappear and can not be found?"

"Precisely, and between ourselves, Ira is hoping to plant a policy on Raspagni's life. He's a fiend for what he calls new business."

Virginia walked across the room and stooped to a low table on which, between book ends, lay her library.

"*Almanac de Gotha*," she said. "Red as ever, including Bolshevists in Russia. For all that, in the *Troisième Partie* we may still discover blue blood — Ah — here we are — Prince Raspagni — Just so — aged thirty-two — but —"

"But what?"

"Nothing, my dear Hamo, nothing. See for yourself."

THE print was small but I could read with ease the account of Prince Raspagni, his ancestry and decorations.

"Well," I said, "what's wrong?"

"Only this," she answered. "He has no aunt and he has no sister."

"You mean — the portraits —"

"Exactly. One was to go to each of these fond relatives. But the fond relatives don't exist."

"Of course, there can be no question that Raspagni is the man he represents himself to be?"

"A sufficient answer is that he is paying money and not borrowing it. It is absurd to suppose that he is impersonating anyone. To begin with, he has been in the States, not

for a day or two but for several months. He has stayed at the Italian Embassy and they have presented him at the White House. Oh, no, Prince Raspagni is all right, but this does not alter the fact that he has no sister and no aunt!"

She took up the telephone and gave a number.

"That you Reginald Bowker? . . . Yes. . . . Virginia Bodkin. Look here, Reggie, I have Hamo Candlish here. . . . Yes, I brought him along the other day. . . . Well, Reggie, he's something in insurance. . . . No, not only life insurance but any old thing. . . . No, he doesn't want to insure your life. . . . Quite agree, they *are* a nuisance. . . . But, Reggie, do listen. . . . Prince Raspagni is insuring his portraits with a firm of brokers, and Hamo is acting for them. . . . All he wants to know is the value of the pictures. . . . Yes, of course, *confidentially* . . . you understand . . . what he paid for the portraits. . . . Maydon Morris got twelve thousand. . . . Well, *that* wasn't bad, was it? . . . Rodetski wouldn't say. . . . Ha! Ha! . . . The quotation for cubes was indeterminate. . . . Well, and you? . . . No, I don't want to be third degree-like. . . . Just so; we'll keep it to ourselves. . . . Really, fourteen thousand. . . . Pretty good. . . . Sorry sometimes that I paint only my own portrait. . . . Where are the pictures now? . . . You got 'em still? . . . Packed up yesterday. . . . Oh, *I* see. . . . You're sending them to Cipriani's. . . . Yes, yes, I know the place . . . know it well. . . . Fifteenth Street. . . . Just so. . . . Reggie, you lay me under life-long obligations. . . . Yes, yes, Hamo's no sieve. . . . Quite so, only for ourselves."

She rang off, lit a cigarette, then remarked:

"If he's paid twelve thousand for one portrait, and fourteen thousand for another, and if he has a third portrait by Rodetski — well — insurance at fifty thousand, while high, is not out of the way."

Apparently, a new thought occurred to her mind, for she took up the 'phone and gave the same number as before.

"Reggie? . . . Yes, Reggie, I'm blushing with shame, but it's Hamo's fault. . . . Point is, Reggie, that these insurance fiends want the size of the pictures, dimensions, length, breadth, don't you know? Inches by inches. . . . Not the least idea why — identification, I suppose. You know the red tape. . . . Right. . . . One moment. Hamo, pencil. . . . Yes, I'm ready for the arithmetic. . . . 18 inches by 25 . . . is that yours? . . . Just so, and how about the Maydon Morris? . . . 24 by 39. . . . And Cranford Rodetski's . . . 29 inches by 37. . . . Reggie, your patience bespeaks the artistic temperament . . . meet soon."

Once more she put up the receiver, and, having thus taken my name in vain, she relapsed into further cogitation.

"Hamo," she said at length, "your clients want you to tell them whether they should or should not enter into this gamble. Assuming that Prince Raspagni, having insured the pictures for fifty thousand dollars, intends to throw them into the Atlantic Ocean and collect, it follows

obviously that your friends should refuse the deal. But my idea is that Prince Raspagni has no such intention. At a good premium, the insurance is quite sound."

"Ira will be glad to hear it. After all, what he is really after is insuring Raspagni's life. Insurance of the pictures is merely a step in that direction."

Virginia flushed a little. "Now, Hamo," she said, after a moment of thought, "you asked my advice about the portraits, not about the Prince himself. All I have suggested is that the pictures are a sound proposition. I said nothing about Raspagni."

"What's wrong with Raspagni?"

"I do not say that there is anything wrong. I merely insist, my dear Hamo, that my opinion as to insurance is limited to his portraits. You have the same facts to work upon that I have, but we are each of us entitled — are we not? — to our own conclusions? You'll drop in this evening, won't you?"

HOWEVER sweetly she might smile, here was an ultimatum. I had no choice but to report the position to Messrs. Ira and Waddy who, to say the least, were not a little mystified.

"What on earth," asked Mr. Ira, "does the girl mean by hinting that Prince Raspagni is in personal danger? Has she told the police?"

"It is not Virginia Bodkin's habit to tell the police or anyone else unless she is so disposed, but I can only suppose that she suspects an anti-Fascist feud against Raspagni."

"It is possible," he replied, thoughtfully. "Well, we haven't issued a life policy, and it is better to be late than to lose."

With Virginia's invitations, which are usually casual, one can never be sure whether she intends a mere hospitality or something behind it. Still, when I arrived at Macdougal Alley, I was somewhat surprised to find that I shared the elevator with Inspector Hobbs of the New York Police.

"She's got another of her busy bees in her bonnet," he grumbled. "Wonder what it is this time."

QUICK to perceive his annoyance, Virginia was in her most conciliatory mood. "Inspector," said she, "it is exceedingly good of you to give me the benefit of your experience and authority, but the evening is a little late. I am apt to be nervous when alone, and I wonder whether, under these circumstances, I might have the company of yourself and three or four policemen — those with pistols preferred."

The Inspector was hardly mollified by a request which, to say the least, was not devoid of an apparent impudence. But at a difficult moment, the situation was saved by the telephone. Mr. Hobbs was wanted by Headquarters.

"Yes — yes —" he said impatiently, "Hobbs speaking — yes — what? . . . You don't say so — In the hotel itself? . . . Too bad. . . . How many? . . . Three of them. . . . Get away? Well, we'll see about that. . . . Thanks. I'll be around. . . . Not so long."

He rang off.

"Would you believe," he said, "but they've got that poor Prince Raspagni."

Virginia lit a cigarette and did not once look my way.

"Yes," continued Inspector Hobbs, "the man was murdered in his hotel — right in his room — three fellows apparently did him down — automatics as usual; and it makes the ninth of these killings in New York alone!"

"You suggest that it was anti-Fascism?"

"What else? Show me."

"I think," said Virginia gently, "that a moment ago you were just about to arrange most kindly for three or four of your officers to accompany me on a little visit that I have to make."

"Now, now, Miss," replied Hobbs, "I must get away immediate. . . ."

"And *where* will you go?"

Hobbs was nonplussed.

"New York," continued Virginia, sweetly, "is such a big place in which, all of a sudden, to find three gunmen. Besides, they may have automobiles. Can't you spare me a few minutes, Inspector? It may save time in the end."

HOBBS looked at her dubiously, then replied.

"Very well, Miss. As usual, you seem to know more than you say. But if you let me down, kid, it's for the last time — understand?"

"Oh, yes, Inspector, I understand"; and she handed him the 'phone.

"And where, Miss, are the men to meet us?"

"If you have no objection, Inspector, at Cipriani's in Fifteenth Street."

"Cipriani's? What's he got to do with it?"

"Inspector, everything has to do with everything else," said Virginia, firmly, "and in this case, I don't think that I am as much mistaken as usual."

The Inspector gave the suggested instructions and, with a smile of satisfaction, Virginia slipped on her fur coat.

"Now," she went on, with a brisk alacrity, "all is nicely set for our little picnic." So, taking a taxi, we found ourselves in a few minutes at Cipriani's.

THREE officers duly greeted us. Inspector Hobbs rang the bell, the door was opened, and the six of us entered. The place was half a store and half a warehouse. As for Cipriani, he was as rotund as he was voluble.

"Ah, Miss Bodkin," he exclaimed and he shook her warmly by both hands. "What can I do this time for you and your friends?"

"Cipriani," said Virginia, bluntly, "as an honest man, you ought not to receive stolen goods."

"Stolen goods, Miss Bodkin, stolen goods? How can you say the words? When have I stolen goods? I never do such thing."

"You have three pictures here, stolen from the Metropolitan Museum."

"I have no three pictures stolen from the Metropolitan Museum," he protested vehemently.

"Then," said Virginia, "I will tell you what the pictures are. I will give you the names. They are Raphael's *Madonna of the Orchard*, worth at least a quarter of a million; Titian's *Portrait of a Bishop*, which is even more valuable; and the *Capulet*

by Da Vinci, which, of course, is priceless."

Cipriani — his face turned pale — regarded her with a kind of hypnotizing horror. But recovering himself, he declared fervently.

"I have no pictures, except what you see around. I have no other pictures, except three portraits of Prince Raspagni, and they are pack up for Europe."

"Unpack those pictures, Cipriani," said Virginia, firmly.

"If the Inspector say, unpack, I unpack. But I do not unpack for Miss Bodkin."

"The Inspector does say, unpack."

"Very well." He threw out his hands and led us to the warehouse.

A SMALL case of rough wood stood on the floor. It was labelled for the steamship *Roma* and bore the name of Prince Raspagni. With the help of the detectives, the case was broken open.

"You see, Miss Bodkin, it is as I say — three portraits of Prince Raspagni — one, two, three — and that is all."

"Pack them up again," said the Inspector, in not unreasonable disgust.

"Not yet," said Virginia. "Cipriani, do artists in the Twentieth Century use canvas three hundred years old?"

She pointed to the back of one of the pictures. It was brown and worn. Cipriani's pallor returned.

"I no understand you," he stammered.

"You understand me only too well," she said and, taking up a small tool, began to release the little nails that held the portrait to its frame. When the countenance of Prince Raspagni, done in the cubist manner by Cranford Rodetski, was rolled aside, there was disclosed the *Madonna of the Orchard*, by Raphael; Reginald Bowker's masterpiece concealed Titian's *Portrait of a Bishop;* and the Maydon Morris was a blind for the priceless *Capulet* by Da Vinci.

CIPRIANI was enduring agonies.

"They threatened me, Miss Bodkin, they did indeed!" he reiterated. "If I had not agree to lend them my warehouse, I would be now one dead man."

"Precisely; I know it," said Virginia, "and I shall ask the Inspector to take a lenient view of your offense."

"But," said Inspector Hobbs, now fairly dumbfounded. "I do not understand it at all. I do not know what report to make upon it."

"You need make no report on the pictures, Inspector. Simply see that they are returned to the Metropolitan Museum. They will be delighted to have them back again. Indeed, I doubt very much whether they know as yet that the pictures have disappeared. The Exhibition closed yesterday afternoon, the public was excluded today from the galleries, and during the night, I do not doubt that the thieves substituted admirable copies for the originals — indeed, I saw the copies on their easels. They were good enough to keep up appearances for the time being."

"But you," cried Cipriani, throwing up his hands in amazement, "you yourself, Miss Bodkin — how did you manage thus to anticipate Prince Raspagni's so patriotic endeavor to restore these pictures of ours to Italia?"

"My dear Cipriani, simply enough.

I gathered at once that Prince Raspagni had some reason of his own for ordering three portraits, all of himself. I found out the dimensions of the portraits; and I assumed that if there was to be smuggling, the pictures to be concealed must be of the same dimensions as the portraits which were to be used for the purpose. It was then a simple matter to look through the catalogue of the Loan Exhibition until I came to the pictures which fulfilled the conditions."

"And the danger to Raspagni?" I murmured.

"Raspagni acted out of pure patriotism. He wanted the pictures, not for himself but for his country. After all, many of such masterpieces in years long past have been as good as stolen — bought for a mere song. But, of course, the Prince had to have accomplices. That was *his* trouble, and when some of these accomplices saw him, as they must have seen him, showing the pictures to the confidential agent of the corporation which had insured the collection — to say nothing of so unpleasant a person as little me — they may have got the idea that they were to be double crossed. Neapolitans, if they suspect disloyalty, are apt to be annoyed. However, Mr. Hobbs, I don't suppose that the bandits will leave these pictures as a legacy to our good friend, Cipriani. Nor will they want them to be shipped to Italy where Fascist vigilance restricts the market. I suggest, then, that you keep your men here tonight, Inspector, and make the arrests. Why not? Here is Cipriani, ready at any time to be your star witness. Hamo, I think there is just time for us to make the last *de luxe* at the Capitol."

Next day, there appeared numerous editorials in which Inspector Hobbs was congratulated on his double coup. Not only had this able and unassuming officer recovered three priceless masterpieces before their theft had been so much as suspected by the Metropolitan Museum but, after the assassination of Prince Raspagni, he had arrested the three gunmen, red handed; and within an hour or two of the crime.

Child-Pestering Parents

By Cleon C. Mason, M.D.

A doctor charges that we are making little hypochondriacs of our youngsters, out of a too conscientious obsession with modern psychology and child specialists

They were three fine boys; sturdy little tykes who ate well, slept well and grew normally. They did the customary amount of fighting, collected the usual assortment of diseases, warts, freckles and broken bones, ran away on occasions, learned their lessons under protest, devilled the neighborhood cats and dogs, kidded the cop — wholesomely dirty, disgustingly healthy — just splendid examples of young America at its best.

For no sane reason their mother suddenly developed a serious attack of child study. She haunted the library, she devoured unbelievable quantities of literature on child psychology; complexes of every known variety became her mental diet; she stuffed herself with strange ideas to a point of intellectual indigestion. No distance was too great to travel if she could hear a new lecture on the subject of children. Each boy was charted and cross-indexed; every activity, normal and dear to the hearts of little fellows, was duly plotted. That affair of the pup and the tin can became as horrible as Banquo's ghost, as significant as a visitation from the Almighty; healthy sex curiosity became a leering nightmare. In the end the mother made herself exceedingly unhappy, made her husband willing to stay at the club until all hours, and developed a shy apprehensiveness in her children.

Finally, she consulted the old family doctor, who laughed rather irreverently at her new deity. He was promptly discharged!

At a bridge party she heard many Ohs and Ahs over the city's newest child specialist, and hastened to consult him. He was all sympathy, all helpfulness. He gave her books of which she had heard only in a misty way. He talked long and learnedly of repressions, sublimations, I Q's, inferiority complexes and a host of abstruse psychological conceptions which have no business in such a place. He examined the awed boys endlessly, he criticised their diet — hot dogs and hamburgers became monstrous; a good healthy sweat indicated a trip to the undertaker; and as to lollypops, fighting and pet guinea pigs, heaven forbid! He

stripped them of their priceless overalls and substituted neat knickers, blouses and neckties — for their self-respect, you know! He made a surreptitious swim an impossibility by forcing "Childwarm" underwear upon them. He predicted flat feet and a life of aches and pains unless "True-Foot" shoes were promptly donned. In the end I am not sure who suffered most, the mother who grew more befuddled every day, the father who shelled out a lot of money needlessly, or the three boys bereft of every natural impulse who became neurasthenic little Lord Fauntleroys. One can only weep with Lear:

> Poor naked wretches wheresoe'er you are
> Who bide the pelting of this pitiless storm.

THESE are three real boys. They have a very much disgusted but helpless father and they are in for a lot of trouble unless someone can get their mother to give up the dangerous mental liquor she is tippling. The stuff is intoxicating, and especially devastating when it falls into the hands of persons, medically trained or otherwise, who have not the common sense to use it judiciously.

If this were an isolated case one would not worry, and though it is far from what normally happens it occurs often enough to cause alarm.

We are making altogether too much fuss over our children. Ignorant sentimentalists have orated; well meaning but misguided students have written; the doctor has added fuel to the fire, often unwittingly lest he be found wanting. All in all a system of child worship has been reared on the flimsy foundation of foolish sentimentality, and so unstable is the structure that one cannot help wondering when it will topple and in the end destroy the object of its tender solicitude.

TWO outstanding factors have contributed to the situation. As a nation we have moved from the country to the city. This left the child with no place to go but the streets and nothing to do in the way of regular chores. Formerly he played around the farm, learned to milk the cows, feed the stock and help in many ways. It never occurred to parents or to teachers that the child had been wrenched from a wholly natural atmosphere to one charged with artificiality and danger, from a life where day after day he performed the duties which fell to his lot, played serenely with whatever came to hand while his father tilled the soil and his mother busied herself with household duties, both too busy providing food and shelter to waste much time delving into the business of the children. He needed some substitute, and when his self-developed substitutions took on a shocking complexion his elders were duly horrified. Most parents and teachers explained it satisfactorily as pure cussedness; a few preachers shouted original sin; the youngsters came in for a fair share of berating, lingual and manual, but no marked improvement took place until sufficient athletics and shop work were introduced into the school to offset partly the persistent idleness. Then came Freud!

Dr. Freud has given the medical profession at large as much grief as information. This Austrian psychia-

trist made many interesting observations on the working of the human mind, one of the most striking of which is that all human emotions and most human actions (as well as a few inhuman ones) can be traced to sex urge. Freud became a best seller. People gasped, swallowed hard, and agreed it was all quite simple. Now Dr. Freud found it necessary to use a term which would express a very complex idea; the word "sex" was the nearest he could get, so he used it in its broad sense as a differential. But American readers just emerging from the stifling repressions of the late Victorian era were in no state of mind to perceive the bigger meaning. Sex at once became sensual — and the trouble began. The results have been well nigh a disaster.

CHILDREN have been spied upon by hordes. The doctor, the merciless school-psychologist, social workers and parents have pried into the lives of the little folks until every vestige of privacy has been stripped away. I am speaking kindly. I do not question the sincerity of these well-meaning people, but I do question most seriously whether the good they have accomplished in a better understanding of the child or in improved methods of training has in any way repaid us for the damage done.

Fortunately the child has a clearer outlook and a keener mind than his adult benefactors, otherwise he would have succumbed long ago. Most children have the happy faculty of going serenely along their own inscrutable and I believe immutable ways, conscious no doubt that they are being spied upon but rather contemptuously accepting it as just another minor nuisance such as whooping cough, baths or Sunday School. The perspicacity of the average child is mighty armor.

Were the onslaughts of pseudo-psychologists, driving teachers, ultra-scientific doctors and misguided parents the only enemies of normal childhood, the younger generation would have more than an even break; but the infant is beset from the first lusty howl!

BIRTH records are public property. Within a week after the registration of a birth the proud parents are deluged with literature ranging in character from the latest food fad to the most recent development of safety pins. Commercial firms tirelessly disguise advertising in pretty pink and blue booklets, describing patent foods which put plebeian breast milk to shame, clothing without which no child can expect to avoid terrible diseases, and numerous other articles which any self-respecting infant really needs; and the worst of it is, every article extolled has a world of medical recommendations. The parents, new at the business, read every word; they find a mass of contradictory statements, and ere long are hopelessly muddled. Their anxiety that the bawling future President be saved for his country is intensified by the sly innuendoes of these commercial pests — suppose they should make a mistake — suppose "Grandma's Soup" *is* better than breast milk — from such simple beginnings grows a type of unholy watchfulness, a watchfulness so nearly hysterical in its pervasion that it reflects very seriously on the

natural development of the sensitive child. Usually the doctor is consulted about this time.

Never is the doctor called upon to render more lasting and more beneficial service than when he first meets these parents. Science must be tempered with sense to a nicety, lurking fears must be uncovered and held up for a good airing and a hearty laugh, and the future President must be started on a sane journey through a sane childhood.

It is a sad commentary upon the medical profession that too often exactly the opposite occurs. The parental fears are intensified by the extensive and dogmatic directions which the doctor gives. Every hour of the baby's day is accounted for with a machine-like precision. Woe befall that child whose mother varies so much as a minute with the feeding schedule; the temperature of a bath takes on Herculean proportions; even the folding of a diaper becomes complicated. Little wonder, in such a maze, that mothers come to depend on the baby's doctor for every detail of its existence. Every fear she has is magnified. The child, instead of just another incident, assumes an importance out of all proportion to its size, and the doctor becomes the guiding destiny around whom the lives of parents and child must revolve.

PART of this unhealthy state of affairs is directly traceable to the doctor, especially the child specialist. It would seem that the aim of doctors limiting their work to children should be to teach parents how to raise a healthy child with the least expenditure of energy and cash. After reading page upon page of printed instructions which some mothers receive, one wonders. The fearful and final tone leaves the parents in a poor state of mind to go forward with any common sense régime. True, there are many exceptions, the sickly or congenitally weak children, the premature, the diseased; but we are discussing normal children, not pathological specimens.

TAKE the problem of food for artificially fed infants. Today there are not less than a hundred different commercial foods and modifiers on the market. Many are advertised to the parents through nationally circulated magazines — yes, some manufacturers employ women who go from one home to another trying to sell a particular brand directly to the mother. Most of these foods are pure humbugs without a scientific reason for their existence, and the doctors know it, yet try as we may we must forever fight the condition.

The doctor himself is not entirely blameless in this matter. Recently I had occasion to examine six different formulæ for a month old infant. Each was written by a reliable physician, yet each so differed from the other that to the uninitiated the whole business would have appeared ridiculous. In reality these formulæ varied less than three per cent in their basic chemical structure. Any normal child would have made normal gains on any one. And exactly the same thing is true of most of the commercial foods, the great difference being that the doctor's own formulæ will cost about one-half as much to prepare.

The infant's food is but a single item. Every article which can be connected with child life in any possible way receives exaggerated publicity, and this publicity forever carries the sickening ding-dong of cheap sentimentalism! Many persons with an urge to do something pick on the already done-to-death child. I can name half a hundred organizations spending good money for no real purpose, though each is operating ostensibly to save the child. Exactly what from I have not been able to learn!

The business has gone so far and has grown so complex that it is little wonder parents are half crazy and doctors fairly distracted. A mother with nothing to do but worry around with one defenseless infant finds the task beyond her. Baby sneezes — telephone the doctor quickly! Baby spits up — rush to the doctor! Baby cries — the doctor again. And let me add in passing that mothers are bad enough but fathers, when they get that way, are insufferable.

WE DOCTORS get mighty weary of the thing — of parents who live their lives on the verge of hysteria, who call on us for an explanation of the thousand and one unexplainable things babies do, who hound our offices like guilty consciences, who insist on reading an amazing amount of pseudo-medical and wholly unreliable literature, then cornering us with unanswerable questions. What is still worse, because our business is to protect the child from being killed with kindness, we must needs accede to many of these demands. Pampering the parents is a big part of every pediatrician's work — if he fails they go to some other doctor who may do a little better by the grown-ups but who in the end ruins the child. On the other hand we might as well frankly state that some child specialists encourage it for financial reasons, but such men are rare.

It is a vicious circle. Parents are bombarded by well-meaning but misguided publicity; they in turn assault the doctor and often out of sheer self-defense the doctor becomes an accomplice — and the children pay the penalty. They lead terror-stricken lives, normal childhood amusements become leering, they grow wizened and fearful — little old men and women long before they are out of pinafores and rompers.

A CHILD is born with certain inalienable rights, such as measles, runny nose, broken bones, warts, fighting, dirt, green apples and tummy aches. Yet we would deprive him of all these! We would hothouse him day in and day out, mother him to death, pester him with all sorts of foolish notions of which the pesterers are as ignorant as the child. I for one am glad I was born before psychology became a fad and Freud a best seller; before breast milk went out of style and science replaced sense.

Recently one of these over-anxious parents was called away for a month. She left page after page of minute directions covering every detail of each child's daily existence, which were completely ignored by a fine upstanding grandmother who gave the children their long needed freedom. When the mother returned she found two disgustingly normal chil-

dren instead of the two irritable hypochondriacs she had left, and she promptly marched them to the doctor. Verily we are doing the child to death!

The keynote of child raising is the old byword of statecraft — *laissez-faire!* A child as well as an adult is entitled to privacy, has a right to learn for himself, loves mothering but vigorously protests smothering. He will thrive on well-directed inattention; he will wither, grow cross, irritable and defiant when made the victim of persistent Paul Prys. A child's Declaration of Independence would be enlightening reading.

One can hardly leave a subject such as this without a final word, a sort of benediction for bewildered parents. We grant he is the finest baby in the world; we understand your hopes and fears, we commend you for the former and laugh at the latter; we ask you to give your doctor the confidence he deserves. Take your baby to him, lean heavily on sound medical advice, but temper your weight with good common sense. Remember always that your child has many lessons to learn and that he can learn these only by independent action, independent thinking, and free investigation of the complex world around him. Most children are adepts at minding their own business: would we could say the same for adults!

The Willow

By Dorothea P. Radin

O willow,
Wide willow,
Swing soft, boughs,
Sing low, leaves!
Somewhere deep
In green shade
Little lost childhood
Lies spell-bound.

The Reporter's Last Stand

By Paul H. Bixler

With publicity organizations offering the press an increasing proportion of the day's news, crime remains the chief field in which independent reporting survives

Old-timers in newspaper offices, like old-timers everywhere, often hark back to "the good old days." They recount stories of the time "when a scoop was a scoop" and tell you that for some reason there are no more great reporters. If you ask them to be explicit, the reasons turn out to be the softness of the younger generation, natural laziness, the new inventions for transmitting, writing, and printing the news, or, if your old-timer is more than usually thoughtful, publicity.

If modern news getting has deteriorated, publicity must take the blame. There was a time when a press agent was less respectable than a drummer. His successor, the publicity expert or public relations counsel, belongs to a profession excelling the reporter's in dignity, in remuneration and in total membership.

On January 28, 1928 *The Independent Press*, of Bloomfield, N. J., whose editors must incidentally possess a sense of humor, added to its usual edition a section made up of publicity items which had been received during the week. Two important changes were made from the usual manner of their appearance in print: the source of each story was pointedly attached, and not a line anywhere was re-written.

Publication was designed to put publicity agents wise to some of their grosser foolishness; as it appeared, the section was generally entertaining and educational. Readers, for instance, learned: that Sandino had financed his campaign in Nicaragua by selling coffee taken from plantations near his camp (from the Marines' Publicity Bureau at Philadelphia); that the "Victory Six" had succeeded in climbing through the snow on Pike's Peak to 12,000 feet above sea level (with photographs from Dodge Brothers, Inc.); that people in the State of New Jersey were making 2,262,000 telephone calls a day as compared with 2,194,000 a year previously (from the New Jersey Bell Telephone Co.); that Mrs. Coolidge's favorite salad was composed of pineapple and cheese (from the American Housewife's Bureau, which sent out a weekly recipe including unfailingly as chief ingredient Hawaiian pine-

apple); that ice refrigeration was necessary in administering a diabetic diet (courtesy of the Home Refrigeration Service, Chicago); that the Marcus L. Ward Home for Aged and Respectable Bachelors and Widowers, situated on Boyden Avenue, cost $3,000,000 and accommodated 80 men (from the trustees).

Thus the news columns of eight pages were filled — and the editors announced that fully two-thirds of the material received had to be excluded for lack of space. *The Independent Press* is only a weekly of comparatively small circulation. Its weekly receipt of publicity is far less than the daily yield in a metropolitan newspaper office.

EDITORS throw away so much publicity material that many of them do not realize how much slips by and appears in print. Many a newspaper executive is unconscious of how much he has come to depend on outside help in getting out his paper. Use of publicity reduces the necessity for a larger staff of experienced reporters and incidentally keeps down the payroll.

There exists, however, a good deal of sensitiveness in some quarters over this subject. I confronted one city editor with Silas Bent's statement that he had discovered that more than sixty per cent of the news stories in one edition of *The New York Times* emanated either directly from publicity items or had their sources in publicity agencies. He indignantly refused to believe such a thing possible, and pointed to the amount coming to his own desk which was tossed into the waste basket. In the last campaign of a great charity Foundation in our city, however, this editor allowed its publicity appearing in his paper to reach a week's total of forty columns. This amount, which does not include photographs on the picture page, took up more than a fourth of all the space given over to local news during the same period.

AN INSTANCE involving this editor and the Foundation will serve to illustrate the inherent defect of publicity as a news source. Publicity is partial to its subjects and often operates to suppress what should be published. It happened that a survey with certain moral tendencies had been undertaken by the leaders of the Foundation. At its completion, however, the men responsible for it had for some reason become ashamed of their handiwork. Accordingly, the publicity department, which had been preparing as usual to issue a statement, was told to desist. Suppression was perfectly simple; all of the city's dailies depend entirely for their news of the Foundation on its publicity department. It chanced, however, that I knew of the story and in a casual conversation with the editor gave him the tip on it. The following morning it appeared under a banner headline. The story, which was fully as valuable a bit of news as anything which had been printed about the Foundation for a year, saw publication quite by accident. As the news gathering field was organized, the possibility of concealment was greater than that of disclosure.

But publicity's greatest crime is the demoralization of the reporter. More than one poorly paid profes-

sion in these prosperous United States is still respectable. There are compensations in mere hard work for almost any man. But what can be said of a vocation in which a man may spend most of his time merely altering sufficiently what someone else has done so that he may safely call it his own?

DIGGING up news is often a grueling job, though it has its fascinations and its satisfactions in obstacles cleverly overcome. But to receive a handout in place of getting a fresh, ingeniously handled interview is too easy. Reporters are no lazier than ordinary men, but when they are seldom called on to use their intelligence, it is difficult for them to keep on their mettle or even to retain their self-respect. Whether editors understand this situation in all its phases or not, some of them at least realize the practical result. One of the attempted remedies is the prize contest through which is rewarded weekly the reporter who shows the most ingenuity or who comes through with the most difficult story. In any field of serious, competitive activity prize contests are a recognized last resort.

If we briefly consider the modern newspaper section by section we obtain a more detailed idea of the new publicity's ubiquity. It is safe to say, for instance, that no dramatic department and no sport page in the country could exist for a day without outside aid in this form. It was in the theatre that the press agent first became an important personage. The movies, as one might expect, have gone the stage one better in this respect; it would be hard to find a column devoted to the cinema in which publicity does not far outrun the simon-pure criticism. As for the sport writers, the single fact to their credit is that, in spite of small salaries and much temptation, 99 per cent of them refrain from taking actual largess from well heeled promoters and agents. For the most part, they have remained amateurs; when the sight of easy money has become too much for them, they have openly declared themselves professionals by quitting their paper and entering "the ballyhoo game." Along with the pages of sport, the drama and the movies, may be classed real estate news. These four lead all other parts of the paper in free advertising and in bunk, perhaps because the elements of sincerity and honesty are not so essential to them.

THE woman's page is almost as far gone, however. The only part regularly free from interference is the lovelorn column. Contrary to public impression, faking is almost unknown there, if you except the occasional letter from a collegiate humorist, which is speedily recognized and tossed into the waste basket; the letters in a lovelorn column are written by the most wretched, foolish, humorless and sincere of people, and the columnist, if she is to be successful, has to meet them (often in her office) on the same plane.

On the other hand, the society editor gets free "glossies" of prominent folk about to be engaged or married in return for printing the photographer's name under each of them; she also gets unsolicited notices from hotels in other cities concerning

local celebrities who are stopping there. The club editor is always swamped with publicity material, and often her column is composed of nothing else. The culinary editor (if that is the proper designation) receives recipes from food companies of all sorts and uses them without a qualm. There are special writers of chaff, gossip and opinion for women, but these are better classed under the general heading of columnists.

Inasmuch as this discussion is essentially concerned with the reporting function of the newspaper, editorials perhaps automatically exempt themselves from its paragraphs. And yet in passing it must be said that "canned" editorials are no strange thing in the office of the editorial writer; it is only fair to add that comparatively few of these see print.

Publicity plays a big part in commercial news. Like the theatrical section, the electrical, real estate and finance columns are choked daily with material that can be considered nothing but special pleading. Certain industries, which are perhaps the most offensive in this respect, advertise so heavily that many papers issue special sections for them in which the news columns cannot be distinguished from the advertising, except in make-up. Public announcement, its manner, and the psychological moment for it, are important in any monetary enterprise. Printed statements to the press help to control these elements and are now the order of the day in all efficient business establishments. Writers in the commercial field accept them or go news hungry.

Political reporters have offered sterner resistance, but they too are gradually succumbing to the deluge of printed handouts. The job of the political writer in the United States has long been a distinguished one among newspaper men; genuine reporters could think of no greater honor than being assigned to the State House or being appointed Washington correspondent. Formerly the political reporter affected spats and a cane and carried himself with an air. He assumed the rôle of minor prophet and occasionally dipped into politics himself. The air and the rôle remain but the reason for them is less substantial.

Silas Bent has recounted the dereliction of the Washington correspondents. It is estimated that the Capital supports 2,000 publicity agents; the story is told of the correspondent who wagered that he could cover Washington for thirty days without once leaving his office, and won his bet.

Local politics are not so extensive and the chance of personal contact is greater. The tendency, however, is all toward bunk and away from good, honest reporting. In this reference, I think of what happened to a reporter trained in the old school when he was recently sent down to cover our city hall. This man knew that there was corruption among the city fathers and he set out to expose it. He was clever and bold and shortly he had in hand evidence that several Councilmen were, contrary to law, asking for, and apparently obtaining, jobs for their constituents in various municipal departments. The evidence was published in fac-

simile. The city fathers were incensed at such disrespect, one of them — the Council's secretary — going so far as to knock the reporter down when they met on the floor of Council. This, you would think, would have caused an immediate uproar and exposé. But no. A news embargo was instituted against the reporter. A few paragraphs denouncing the ungentlemanly qualities of the secretary appeared in his paper, and then, the other papers being only too willing to take advantage of a clever but fallen competitor, he was recalled and the incident was allowed to die.

One other great part of the daily news remains, the field of crime. It is here that the honest reporter is making his last stand. Perhaps such a statement sounds queer if one considers, as critics of the press inevitably do, such flamboyant items as the Hall-Mills trial, the Snyder-Gray affair, and the Peaches Browning case. When it is examined, however, its strangeness becomes instead an inevitableness.

A definition of crime news would include much that is not legally criminal. The more sensational divorce cases which make the front page are, many would agree with me, properly criminal though always brought into civil courts. And of course, there naturally falls under such a head news of fires, suicides, and all forms of sudden death.

I am thinking particularly, however, of one large section of crime news — to be specific, what is generally known as police news. It is at the source spot of crime and sensation, the police station, that the reporter finds an incentive to do his work well and without interference. The reasons for this are various, but not far to seek.

The nature of such news, in the first place, largely forbids faking of any sort. No one has yet found any manner of prediction, or sure control, of the commission of crime and the occurrence of death. Police work is all predicated on the theory of emergency — and it is difficult with malice aforethought to publicize an emergency to any person's or any group's certain benefit.

Police reporters are on their mettle more continually than other newspapermen. Many of them are cubs, young fellows who have not yet lost their zest in news getting, for editors still believe the police beat to be their best training ground. The spirit of competition between rival reporters over scoring a beat on a three-alarm fire or a murder is often as sharp as that between two newspaper circulation departments — which is to say as sharp as it is humanly possible to be. Moreover, in the background always hovers the danger of libel suits, goading the reporter on to accuracy and to the certainty that he has obtained his news from an authentic source.

The thorough-going reporter need have no fear of a news embargo at police headquarters. If he is wise, of course, he usually manages to slip into his stories the names of the officers responsible for them. This, after all, is news in itself. But if he digs up something offensive to the department, he can have it printed as he sees it, without running the risk of being turned down flatly the

next time he asks for some information. Ninety-nine out of a hundred cities in the United States own police departments which are submerged in intrigue. The policeman, from rookie to chief, is dependent on the whims and favors of political higher-ups. Heroic he may be in pursuit of the criminal, but before his Alderman or District Attorney he turns craven. Fear for his job is constantly with him. Obviously it is to his interest to cultivate the newspapers, and if he is criticized, to turn the other cheek. More than once I have seen police lieutenants with a grievance grow angry and swear that they were through giving out news to a certain paper — and then after two or three hours of cooler thought seek out the reporter they have denounced and apologize.

THIS situation may somewhat explain the level of modern American newspaper journalism. A list of the prominently displayed news stories of the last few years includes, with one exception, nothing but tales of crime. Crime is the one serious field in which the reporter still has a free hand.

The Lindbergh saga, which is the exception in the list, is hardly worthy of great praise, except that for once it centered American mass emotion on an excellent subject. There is reason to believe that the newspapers now regret the excess of their early enthusiasm. Moreover, their quiet submission to the censorship on board the *Memphis* and their general silence in regard to Lindbergh's refusal to wear a colonel's uniform and in regard to his father's pacifist activities during the war, do not savor of good reporting.

IT MUST be admitted that although police reporting is self-reliant, it does not lend the press a savory reputation. Its power and independence do little to build respect for daily journalism. This is a sad commentary, but we shall have to be content with it.

As to the future, further recession on the part of the newspapers from what independence they still retain does not seem probable. It would seem that a certain amount of journalistic freedom will always be found at police headquarters. Obstacles to the control of police news appear insurmountable. And yet one can never be certain. I learned the other day that a hard-boiled city editor of my acquaintance called in a publicity expert to get an account of a drowning!

The accident had happened to a young boy at a summer camp and none of his reporters could get any details. So he called up the camp's publicity agent and threatened never again to use any of his effusions if he refused to come immediately to the rescue. Fifteen years ago this editor wouldn't have admitted to anyone his inability to get such a story, let alone demand that some outsider do the work for him.

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

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THE SACRIFICIAL BROADCAST

Early last November, the world's greatest orchestral showman, Leopold Stokowski, aided and abetted by the world's greatest orchestra or its closest competitor, put on the air a piece of music whose echoes went across the continent and came back again in a flood of comment and criticism. It is confidently reported that the sponsors of this particular programme spent the seven following weeks in tunneling their way from under the avalanche of correspondence occasioned by their offering, while Mr. Stokowski sat on top of the world and swore he would read every letter addressed to him if it took him until the millennium.

The bone of contention, the *pièce de résistance*, the relatively innocent cause of all this controversy, was a polyphonic composition by a certain Mr. Stravinski, entitled *Sacre du Printemps*. Its theme, according to the best authorities, was the amusing custom of human sacrifice. The nation-wide dispute that followed its first ethereal presentation was principally devoted to the question as to who had been sacrificed. Was it the great American public, as it sat in Sabbath contemplation of the radio? Was it the reputation of Stokowski, or of the Philadelphia Orchestra? Was it the Muse of Music herself who let out a final screech as she expired in a national hook-up? Was it good sense and good taste which were sacrificed to make the nation Philco-conscious?

We ourselves sat through the concert, though it was a wet day and the children correspondingly ubiquitous and iniquitous. We listened with all our available ears and got an earful for our pains. We came out of it dizzy but still intact, and with a new respect for radio. Nothing so interesting had come out of its noisy mouth in many, many moons.

Our first impulse, born of Mr. Stravinski's curious conceptions of melody and harmony, was to do a little composing on our own account. We sat down here and there on the piano keys and pulled the cat's tail now and then, and achieved a symphony in miniature. We slid down the banisters into a basket of frying pans and found the effect significant. We turned on the radio and phonograph together and shook the baby's bank until fifteen cents fell out, and the result was music as modern as the middle of the next week. We even sang aloud, and when the bystanders complained we assured them that close attention and affirmation would reveal subtle beauties in our voice and song which nobody had ever before suspected.

So this is modern music, and what of it?

Well, it is extraordinarily interesting, in a purely intellectual fashion. It lacks entirely the somnolent effect of a familiar tune and

its emotional consequences are so similar to indigestion that there is little real fun in them. It is interesting, as toothache is interesting or tight shoes or the stock market or the morning after the night before. It commands attention, even while it defies understanding. It is uneasy, urgent, dramatic and unhappy. It gets nowhere, though it tries hard. It leaves behind a mood, rather than a conviction or an inspiration or a consolation. It is sometimes shocking, sometimes violent; sometimes it just feels bad. Sometimes it sings aloud with harmonies hitherto undiscovered.

Since fools rush in where angels put on overshoes, we hazard an opinion in this new controversy between the popular and the esoteric. This phase of modernism, it seems to us, is foredoomed to failure if it hopes — as Dr. Stokowski hopes and intends and even insists — to find a general audience. Since it forswears the elemental mood and manner, it ignores the elemental nature of the public appetite. It cannot compete with tunes — big tunes or little tunes — which stick on the surface of mind and memory like burrs on a small boy's trousers. It is defiantly individual, and here and there an individual likes it and loves it. It digs deep into him, and finds sympathetic echoes in the troubled uncertainty, the emotional storm and stress, the doubts and fears and flashes of light that make the inner man such an uncomfortable companion to the cocksure outward seeming of the individual.

Even when such music preaches nothing and would merely paint a picture it is no still life or frozen landscape which it prefers. It wants the whole living panorama at once, much as the gentleman who painted the *Nude Descending a Staircase* mixed his lady's legs with the banisters in the most surprising manner. In music this is defensible where in art it is usually silly trickery. And since the confusion of birdsong at dawn, the roar of a city's traffic, the racket of children at play, must be conceded to be musical, the lack of clarity and simplicity in the modern mode is not in itself enough to outlaw it.

But Mr. Stokowski blundered — if, indeed, he did so — in choosing Stravinski for the indiscriminate and undiscriminating audience which waited on him, and he blundered again in high-hatting them. He told them that this was good, but they wouldn't get it. He asked them not to bite the radio or throw furniture, but to sit patiently and prayerfully by until light was granted them. Most of them immediately and inevitably felt like telling Mr. Stokowski to go fly a kite.

But some of them, who sat through to the last squeal of sacrifice and enjoyed it, at the same time reserved approval on that sort of music whose chief boast is that nobody can understand it. Much of it is bunk; perhaps most of it is bunk. A man need not be a musician to think so, and the fact that he thinks so does not mean that he has no music in him. He may simply be making unkind comparisons with other species of expressionism which are admittedly within his range. Since they are so sour, then these others are probably sour also.

Such a skeptic might reflect, for instance, on the literary novelties of such modernists as James Joyce or Gertrude Stein. It was Gertrude who wrote in the dear departed *Dial* that "loving is loving and being a baby is something. Loving is loving. Being a baby is something. Having been a baby is something. Not having been a baby is something that comes not to be anything and that is a thing that is beginning. Having been a baby is something have been going on being existing. Not having been a baby is something."

This is what Dryden called "torturing one poor word a thousand ways" — not to mention the baby.

Mr. Joyce goes Gertrude one better by making his own words to suit his mood and scrambled sentiments and sensations. This is how he feels about something or other: "My faceage kink and kurkle trying to make keek peep. Are you right there, Michael, are you right? Ay, I'm right here, Nickel, and I'll write. But it's the muddest thick that was ever heard dump. Now join alfa pea and pull loose by dotties and, to be more sparematically logoical eelpie and paleale by trunkles."

No matter who wrote it, it doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything, even if you sing it. It wouldn't mean anything if it was played by a symphony orchestra and broadcast on a wave-length by authority of the Federal Radio Commission. It doesn't mean anything, even if the author tells us that we are just too dumb to understand it. It just doesn't mean anything.

Women and Wall Street

When the stock market went into a tail-spin in November it was a time to try men's souls and for women to say "I told you so." It was a time when there was no law and few prophets, when the cohorts of calamity followed a retreating army and wiped out stragglers by the score. It was a time when certainty faded to a whisper, while ignorance grew arrogant, so that those who knew the market and all its works and ways had nothing to say while bystanders with no stake in the game crowded the sidelines and were plentiful with comment, criticism and interpretation. And it was a time when the professional slang of Wall Street invaded everybody's vocabulary.

So perhaps it was comprehensible that the wife of my bosom, whose speculative investments never extended further than matrimony and the wartime purchase of seven savings stamps, should suddenly take to talking like the ticker and *The Wall Street Journal*. So that, for example, the early evening gossip of renewed domestic acquaintance should run like this:

"How were the children today, my dear?"

"Well, the boys were bearish on oatmeal at breakfast time, but there was strong support for hot dogs at lunch. Industrials were sluggish in the afternoon, owing to the high school football game. Offerings of shares in dishwashing and general housework brought little response. Symptoms of panic were evident in the late afternoon and the floor was in a state of unusual confusion, but there was no fundamental cause for anxiety."

"Has everything been all right around the house?"

"Well, there is continued liquidation of the laundry tub spigots, and I think we should really get a plumber in. Coal stocks are at a new low level and oils are in demand. There seems to be a weak tone to the radio, and there was a sharp break in kitchenware and dishes this morning when I left the baby for a moment to take in the wash. The ticker's running twenty minutes late in the living room and if it wasn't for my wrist watch I'd have no idea of the time. Telephone trading was active all day, of course, but the man didn't get the pork chops here in time for supper."

"Didn't the butcher call today?"

"Yes, but trading was light, owing to tight money. Credit was restricted and the bank offered little support. Call money was in demand in the early morning, when the man called for the instalments on the piano and another one came to turn the gas off. And I think I'll get another butcher anyway. He's selling short again. But it's been a trying day. If it hadn't been for profit taking on rags and old newspapers I couldn't have got through."

"Well, the worst is over, I think."

"Yes, but you will have to let me have more margin. Leave me at least five dollars when you go to town in the morning, or you're liable not to get any supper tomorrow night."

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Blessed are those occasions on which men spare a word of goodwill for their fellows, willing to be repaid only in kind and kindness. Blessed and twice blessed, since it is a wholesome thing to walk on the sunny side of the street, if it be only for a moment. Blessed in particular this season of the New Year, when the unknown seems neither dangerous nor gloomy, but its coming is an occasion for congratulation and high hopes and good cheer.

We all wish our neighbors a Happy New Year, and the bootblack also and the newsboy and the man who borrowed our umbrella and made it his own. We wish every man a Happy New Year, indifferent to the sort of happiness he prefers, and we'd be in a tight place if called upon to pick it for him. We talk freely for once of happiness, and yet could not say what it is. But none the less it is well to talk of it, if only to declare again our faith in it.

The greeting of the season is a sign and slogan of good intention — to take what comes and make the best of it. No other philosophy has ever been worth its keep nor has ever paid dividends in proportion to the effort put into it. We humbly echo it ourselves, infected with the season's mood and well pleased to have so many friends to share it. A Happy New Year to the patient customers, the faithful readers, the kindly critics and the long-suffering editor.

Try Dancing

No one but a Senator trying to please everybody with a Tariff schedule can have any idea of the diversity of this nation's industries. Now and then a new one is discovered to the general public when a caucus or convention of its representatives meets at Atlantic City or Niagara Falls to play poker and settle matters of moment to the future of the industry. Lately the Dancing Masters of the nation held such a meeting. They discussed new steps, quantity production, professional ethics, tariff protection for the business, the five-day week, and all other matters which captains of industry consider important at least once a year. And to crown their councils they adopted a slogan, selected in national competition for appropriate prizes, and designed to make the country dancing-conscious.

The selected slogan was "Try Dancing." Just "Try Dancing." It doesn't look like much at first sight, but if you turn it over and study it and hold it up to the light you discover that it is a masterpiece of sloganeering. It is short and to the point. It says more than it means and means more than it says. It goes lightly on the tongue and sticks tightly in the memory. By all the signs, it ought to set the world dancing its fool head off.

A slogan like this can make or break prosperity for a whole section of society. Consider what slogans have done to set the pace of civilization. Think of the manufacturer of Pancake Flour who was starving in the midst of plenty until he put over the idea that "There is No Substitute for Leather." No wonder the dancing masters are writing slogans.

But "Try Dancing" looks hopefully beyond the shuffle of the ball room floor. Are you too fat or lean? Try Dancing. Are you afflicted with corns or is a bee biting you? Try Dancing. Is your morning coffee cold, your toast burned, your hat vanished from sight and knowledge? Try Dancing.

Perhaps you suffer from insomnia, and your neighbor has unleashed his radio on the midnight air. Try Dancing. Possibly your mother-in-law is indisposed, and cannot spend the week-end with you. Try Dancing. Perhaps you are stiff and sore from thirty-six holes of unaccustomed golf, so that you can not walk without creaking. Try Dancing. Perchance you have hit your finger with the hammer while hanging a screen door. By all means Try Dancing.

There are too many situations in life for which there has been until now no logical solution. There are, according to Professor Hulsey Cason, of Rochester, 507 irritations at large in the world for which neither nature nor science has provided a remedy. With two words the Dancing Masters have changed all that, and promise us a world in which men will meet every crisis and challenge of outrageous fortune by dancing — in the streets and market-places, in barroom, boudoir or bathtub. And if you find it difficult to believe it — Try Dancing.

The Insurance Hazard

It was the regular weekly meeting of the local Soviet of the Old Faithful Casualty Company. Officers and directors sat in state around and upon mahogany furniture, and some of them were asleep and dreaming of their golf while others were matching pennies. It looked like any other such meeting, and there was no hint that catastrophe waited in the offing.

The District Manager paused in the midst of his report. He cleared his throat, gulped a glass of water, mopped a brow gone suddenly moist and steadied himself by leaning on the shoulder of the company lawyer. He looked like a man contemplating epilepsy.

"I regret to announce," he stuttered, "I regret to announce that it may possibly be necessary for us to pay the claim against us in the case of Simon P. Stuffins, Accident Policy Number 4,673,248, to the amount of $86.42, for personal injuries sustained by falling fifteen stories through an elevator shaft three years ago. It is very painful — very painful indeed — to have to report this to you, and I recognize it as a confession of failure on the part of my organization, in consideration of which I shall, of course, tender my resignation at once. I beg you to accept it, and to spare my assistants and subordinates, who have done their best in this crisis and are much less to blame than myself. I am getting on in years, I have few dependents, it is well that I pay the penalty —" He broke into tears and sat down.

There was a moment of horrified silence. The president of the company rose heavily to his feet. He mastered his conflicting emotions, with that grim strength of will which had made him a leader among men. He spoke slowly and solemnly.

"Twenty-eight years," he said, "twenty-eight years of service have I given to this organization. Twenty-eight years of sacrifice to a high ideal and the common weal. Never, never during that long and honorable history has this company, the Old Faithful Casualty, known a blow like this. Twenty-eight years of unblemished achievement — no claims settled, no damages allowed. And now — and now, in the evening of my life, I must endure this. Eighty-six dollars and forty-two cents. It is too much, too much."

They led him gently from the room, a strong man suddenly broken and feeble. The treasurer took the floor. "This is terrible," he said. "Something surely can be done. Something must be done. The claim cannot be paid; we have no facilities for paying it; we have no experience in paying claims. To pay it will destroy our entire system of bookkeeping, the work of my life. And think of the shock to our great industry. Think what it will do to accident insurance everywhere, to fire insurance, to automobile liability, to everything. There will be passed dividends, failures, suicides, rioting in the streets, panic on the Stock Exchange. What has been done about it?"

"Everything," said the manager. "The man fell through the elevator shaft. He broke his leg, fractured his skull, and sustained internal injuries. There is no way out."

"There must be," said a director. "Perhaps he was pushed. We never pay when they are pushed. Pushing constitutes criminal conspiracy. I'm sure he was pushed."

"He was alone in the building," said the manager.

"Then he pushed himself," said the director.

"He couldn't," said the manager. "He lost both his arms seven years ago. Accident Policy Number 2,487,688."

"Did we pay for his arms?" asked a new director.

"Of course not," said the manager reproachfully. "He lost them on a Tuesday. We never pay for arms lost on Tuesdays."

"How about criminal negligence?" shouted a young vice-president.

"We used that on him before," said the manager wearily. "You can't repeat, you know. It's unconstitutional."

"He was walking in his sleep," said another. "Have you tried that?"

"We tried everything," said the manager. "But he had just been talking across the alley to a blonde stenographer in the next building. You can't go to sleep right after an experience like that. We thought of suicide, but the stenographer's story makes that simply impossible. There was a ray of hope when we discovered that he had been heard calling an elevator operator 'Uncle.' You can't collect, of course, when near relatives are involved. But it turned out he wasn't his uncle. And we couldn't get him on conflicting testimony, for there wasn't any."

The company lawyer rose, the battle light in his eye. "This should be easy," he said. "I'm quite sure our policies say nothing about falling fifteen stories in elevator shafts, and in the absence of specific provision for such an event I believe we can demonstrate entire lack of liability."

"There was a rider to the policy specifying elevators," groaned the manager. "We put it in to make the policy attractive, five years ago, when he was fatally ill with typhoid fever. But he got well."

"How about collusion?" suggested another vice-president.

"A man can't collude with an elevator shaft," said the manager angrily. "We thought we had him on perjury, since it is only a fourteen story building. But he fell clear into the basement, and according to the Bill of Rights you have to count basements."

"Can't we get it out of the elevator company?" asked the treasurer. "Or from the owner of the building?"

"There wasn't any elevator there," said the manager sadly. "That's why he fell. And the building is owned by the United States Government. You can't collect $86.42 from the United States Government, you know."

"If there wasn't any elevator there, then it wasn't an elevator shaft," said the lawyer hopefully. "And if it wasn't an elevator shaft, he couldn't fall down it as an elevator shaft. He would have to fall down it as a stairway or a well or a hole in the ground, but

I'm quite sure our policies say nothing about such things. Does that help?"

"Not in the least," said the manager. "The thing was labelled as an elevator shaft. It had been an elevator shaft. It certainly wasn't anything else."

A mournful silence settled on the meeting. The members eyed each other uneasily, and someone breathed a quiet "every man for himself." A telephone rang in the next room, and the manager staggered out to answer it.

When he returned, his face was transfigured, his step light and elastic. He looked fifteen years younger. They crowded round him. "What is it?" they cried eagerly.

"I regret to announce," he said in a voice which rang through the room, "that our esteemed client, Mr. Simon P. Stuffins, has just passed away in the Municipal Hospital from an attack of ptomaine poisoning. This, I believe, disposes of a most embarrassing situation, and I take pleasure in announcing that our customary quarterly dividend of fifteen per cent will be declared as usual. The meeting is adjourned."

WOLF, WOLF!

What a quaint little legend it is, of the boy who cried "Wolf" too often, so that when real trouble came, nobody listened. What dear old days they were, when morals were wrapped up in such plain speaking packages.

Well, there was not long ago a bank in Wisconsin, and burglars or bandits or hold-up men came to it five at a time, and stuck up everybody in sight and wanted money and things like that. And the courageous cashier stepped on the burglar alarm and it went off like everything, just as it should in such emergencies.

But unfortunately, this same burglar alarm had something the matter with its inwards, so that it had been going off every day or nearly, and nobody thought twice about it when it tried to tell the world that the bank was being really robbed. And the five bandits got neatly away with $105,000, which is a lot of money.

So much for calamity howlers, prophets of gloom, weepers and wailers, to whom all days and seasons are alike. Some day will come a genuine opportunity for their special talents, and nobody will listen to them.

THE POOR FISH

We had always supposed until recently that a fish was a by-product of the cosmic urge which was singularly lacking in genuine personality. We had thought of fish either as a matter of pinkish fragments crumbling half-heartedly from a salmon can or as something to be taken apart with a fork and scattered on a plate, with a frightful revelation of its internal arrangements and very little nourishment to show for it. We had hardly thought of fish as individuals, having their own joys and sorrows and capable of companionable conduct.

We had not even taken seriously the familiar phrase concerning the poor fish. The fish we had known in their approximately natural state had all been either philosophers or light-hearted optimists who gave no thought to the morrow whatever. The only really gloomy fish we had met was a flounder in the New York Aquarium, which was probably a Republican trying to feel at home. Otherwise fish seemed to be merely one of the minor jests of creation and therefore only distantly — if at all — related to man.

But lately we made the close acquaintance of a smoked haddock which definitely changed our outlook and made fish real and earnest to us. In our desire to contribute something to the family's bill of fare we accepted this haddock trustfully from the fish merchant and took it gently home. As a rule there is keen competition for seats on the smoking car on the 5.23 express, but on this occasion we had no trouble. Before we had gone five miles we had the car and the haddock to ourselves. Ten miles out we heard the conductor talking with the trainman about the need for better ventilation of the railroad's rolling stock. Twelve miles out the air-brakes failed and at fourteen it was tactfully suggested that we walk the rest of the way. But we sat tight and at last reached our destination.

The short walk up the hill in the intimate company of the haddock convinced us that it might be well not to mention our fishy purchase in the bosom of the family. So we left it in the garden, hoping that the neighborhood cats would take it as a personal tribute. Coming forth on the morrow to see what had befallen, we found no trace of the cats and the haddock also was gone. We feared the worst, and peered around through a blue and

misty haze which might have been November and might have been haddock. We discovered at last that the haddock had escaped from the package and ploughed a furrow across the garden to the blackberry patch, where it had apparently died of its wounds. The poor fish!

This was but the beginning of our researches into the habits and dispositions of fish, which have led us to a sympathetic and relatively intelligent understanding of the finny tribe, whose members are in some mysterious fashion our intimate relations according to the opinion of a number of people who think so. We have discovered, for example, that the United States Senate is at its best when discussing fish, and that the duty on fish has been a matter of Congressional controversy. The president of the Atlantic Coast Fishery Company has stated in so many words that "the duty on fish should be at the level of the difference between the cost of production in the United States and Canada." A full afternoon of the Senate's time was therefore devoted to determining the cost of production of the fish, which might be thought a rather personal matter for the consideration of the fish themselves, but seems to have exactly suited the Senate's special talents.

Two fish in particular have aroused our curiosity and desire for better acquaintance. There is first of all the squatty. We have never met a squatty. We are led to believe that a squatty is a pet name for *squatinidæ*, but we prefer the more affectionate term. There seem to be several kinds of squatties, of which we prefer the wobbegong or wollibong, which is apparently a sort of biplane among fish and is beautifully spotted in cream and pink. We can imagine few things nicer than a pet wobbegong, or wollibong, with which to while away the long winter evenings. We were all ready to take a pair of wobbegongs, or wollibongs, into the bosom of our family when we discovered that they are, unfortunately, from five to eight feet long, which is just too much wobbegong, or wollibong, for our goldfish bowl.

So we have turned regretfully away from squatties and are now interested in guppies. Guppies, we believe, are much smaller than squatties, being only an inch in length. We understand that they are also transparent, which may be, for all we know, very much to their credit. They are affectionate little fish,* fond of children, quiet and well-behaved. A well-matched pair of guppies presents a picture of domestic felicity and mutual esteem which is an inspiration to any household. For steady companionship we are convinced that guppies would be quite preferable to squatties.

Unfortunately we have been unable to obtain any guppies. We have consulted works of reference, naturalists, newspaper reporters and the mail-order houses, but have found no clue to the native haunts of guppies. In the course of our researches we have met many people who have heard of guppies. There are rumors of guppy clubs and guppy associations. We understand that in the very best circles the guppy has practically replaced the traditional goldfish as a sign of good breeding and culture. Society, it seems, has taken up the guppy.

But we have as yet never seen a guppy. This may be, of course, because guppies are transparent or because they are modest in size and disposition. But we don't think so. We are rather of the opinion that so far our path and the path of the guppy have not crossed. We continue, therefore, to take what comfort we can from the company of our goldfish, which is beautiful but dumb, and which definitely lacks a sense of humor. But sometimes we tire of our goldfish and realize that we have outgrown him and must move on to higher and better things, whether wobbegongs or wollibongs, or squatties or guppies. For as the whatnot gave way to the rubber plant and the antimacassar to the bridge table, so goldfish must give way to guppies as the sign of culture and refinement in the home. We wait now only to discover what a guppy is and where in the world you get one.

*Editor's Note.—Mr. Rose, sometimes such a stickler for approximate accuracy, is here mistaken. Guppies are not fish. According to the Editor's most reliable informant, they are viviparous, and given to cannibalism. Next to their own young, their favorite food is a gold fish's tail. Also they come from Australia. Why these facts show they aren't fish we don't know. Nor do we know that these are facts.

The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

After Reading "Education for Spinsterhood"

By Jane Lee

Just like a man to put the responsibility of non-marriage of college women on the shoulders of women entirely. (I am referring to Henry R. Carey's recent articles in The North American Review.) The longer I live the more I marvel at the ease with which men find the "faults" of women and the difficulty with which they see their own motes. It's time that women turned about-face and began to dissect men: The Stupidity of their Fashions; Their Failure in the Home; Their Lack of Self-Control, etc., *ad infinitum.*

There is an indictment to be made against men's colleges which are turning out money-making machines but not intellectual companions. In the old days a woman sat and listened to men brag and boast, today she knows that most men have very little to boast about; in the past she was interested in little nothings, today she demands far more. And does she get it? All that most men can talk about is dollars and cents and their own particular "line."

The queer thing about men is that they think because a few of them — an infinitesimal number — have done great things, that this greatness applies to all. They are constantly comparing the contributions of the sexes and boasting of their own; while I think it is no exaggeration to say that probably ninety-five per cent of the men of the world since Adam have contributed very little to the world's progress in the line of outstanding achievements.

The time has come to talk a bit more about whether men's colleges are preparing men for marriage and parenthood. It takes two to make a marriage and it ought to take both parents to give a child a well rounded home experience. Too often the father feels no responsibility toward his children other than providing food and raiment, and no responsibility toward his wife but to act as a pocket-book. Gone are the days when a woman had to marry for a "meal ticket." Her demands have gone steadily up — men are not meeting these demands. Rather they would prefer to lessen her demands by stunting her mind.

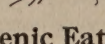
Not only does the college graduate wish to place marriage on a higher level intellectually but also, many times, she wishes to continue the work for which she is prepared. A man gains far more in marriage than the intellectual woman, who is either expected to give up her work or is forced to meet so many handicaps (purely mechanical) that she feels that marriage with a mentally sterile money-maker is not worth while. The contention that the women presidents of five colleges are unmarried and the two men presidents married, can be accounted for, probably, by the fact that the women would have found it impossible to continue the life leading to the presidency if they had married.

Men can't understand this desire of intellectual women to continue working, because so many of them think of work merely as a means to bread and butter.

The world has changed and is changing; progress cannot be stopped any more than the light from the sun. Some of the transitional periods in this progress are very disturbing and there are many casualties. We are in one of those periods now; readjustments must be made.

It is useless to kick against a stone wall. We need to realize and accept the changes. Why don't men turn their talents toward preparing *men* to fit into these new conditions, and let women, for the first time in the history of civilization, tend to their own affairs. Then perhaps the two, each trying to perfect himself, can create something fair to *both.*

New York City



Arsenic Eaters

By Beverly L. Clarke

There is persistent a legend that somewhere in the world there is a race of people who for generations past have made a practice of eating arsenic as part of their daily diet, and in quantities thousands of times the lethal dose for the ordinary person. Now and then, when public attention has been focused upon some crime in which arsenic has been employed, these rumors have broken out anew. But the location of the supposed race of "arsenic eaters" has been vari-

ously given as anywhere from the plains of Tibet to the dense African jungle, and this has led the majority of people to ascribe them to the category of pure myth.

The first man to have sufficient curiosity to run these rumors to earth was an American university professor. His efforts furnish definite and conclusive evidence that the curious mediæval practice of arsenic eating is prevalent even today — and not in Africa or Lapland or some other obscure place, but in a province in the post-war Austrian republic not a day's trip from gay and sophisticated Vienna.

Professor Harrar, of Colorado Agricultural College, obtained his information by correspondence with Professor Pregl of the University of Graz, the largest town in the province of Styria, where the peculiar habit is prevalent. In a communication to the American Association for the Advancement of Science Professor Harrar gives the interesting facts in the case.

Although the law is very strict in prohibiting the sale of arsenic, the peasants of Styria have no difficulty whatever in obtaining it. The chief source is from itinerant peddlers who in turn secure their stock of the white powder (arsenic trioxide) from the iron smelters with which the district abounds. The iron ore is high in arsenic, and in the course of the smelting process the light, innocent-looking powder cakes inside certain large pipes. The removal of these encrustations is an exceedingly dangerous task, and it said that only confirmed "arsenic eaters" can perform it with safety.

The poison is sold to the peasants of Styria in the form of cakes having an appearance something like that of cottage cheese. They slice it off and spread it on bread or meat, as one would butter. Quantities as high as three grams — enough to kill a whole town of ordinary people — are known to be regularly taken by some of the "eaters." Whole families from the tiniest child to the aged great-grandparents eat arsenic as regularly as the rest of us eat bread.

An interesting sidelight on this situation in Styria is the practical impossibility of obtaining a conviction in a murder trial. It is natural enough for Styrians of murderous tendencies to employ arsenic; the ease with which it is obtained, and the fact that a tremendous dose will kill even an addict, make it a favorite vehicle of death. In America the finding of arsenic in the body of a murdered person during the post-mortem examination is excellent evidence of poisoning. But it is obvious that in Styria where almost everyone is saturated with the drug such a finding has no significance whatever. Consequently a murderer against whom there is no better evidence than the finding of arsenic in the stomach of his victim doesn't even have to bother about pleading insanity; he is not even indicted.

Unlike the various forms of opium which the "dope fiend" takes in nicely regulated doses, the eating of arsenic has no stimulating effect on the imagination and does not weaken the moral character. It is stated that an "arsenic eater" probably feels no definite and immediate effect of any kind after taking the poison. But the regular and prolonged indulgence in the habit undeniably promotes marked improvement in the general health.

Like most chemical substances which have a deadly action on the human body when taken in sufficient quantity, arsenic has a distinctly beneficial and stimulating effect when administered in minute amounts under the direction of a physician. The effect of such small doses is a decidedly pleasing one: along with a general "toning up" of the entire system the hair takes on velvety gloss, breathing becomes easier, eyes formerly dull and lifeless acquire a brilliant and dazzling quality that is almost unnatural, and the complexion glories in a perfection that is the seldom attained goal of cosmetics and beauty parlors. It is said that actresses of ancient Egypt used to take arsenic to enhance their beauty. This laudable end was undoubtedly achieved, but the frequency of death from accidental overdosage probably led to the disappearance of the habit in that quarter. The extraordinary beauty of the peasant girls of Styria is without question to be attributed to the life-long saturation of their systems with this drug.

In speculating on the origin of the strange custom, it is suggested that some observant peasant may have noticed that horses grazing in the vicinity of one of the iron smelters presented a finer appearance and showed more stamina and endurance than those pasturing elsewhere. Probably he noticed the fine white powder which covered the grass near the smelter and in time connected the two phenomena. It was but a step to obtain the arsenic in bulk from the smelter and to incorporate it in the horses' feed; and once begun the addition could not be stopped without an immediate detrimental effect on the horses' appearance and health. Eventually the peasants became convinced that the strange white powder that had such an effect on horses might be used with success on men.

The one insidious thing about the practice of

"arsenic eating" is the very serious effect which follows stopping the regular administration of the drug. In this case, states Professor Pregl, "the phenomena take place in the opposite way; horses and also men decline, respiration and heart action become difficult, the appearance fails and the hair becomes shaggy." So the person who has acquired the habit cannot without great risk stop it. Peasants who are known to have been eating arsenic daily in large amounts for ten or fifteen years show no ill effects, but are as much slaves to the habit as the lowest drug fiend is to the morphine or heroin which he takes, since an attempt to break the habit causes an immediate decline in health and possibly death.

The "arsenic eater" begins with very small doses and gradually works up to the surprisingly large quantities which the Styrian peasants daily ingest. Thus he slowly achieves a tolerance for the drug. This is not unique with arsenic but is the common characteristic of the administration of most drugs.

There is another recorded instance in which arsenic played a more tragic rôle than in Styria. Many years ago the attention of all England was attracted to a certain village which seemed to be smitten by an epidemic of some obscure disease. Entire households would die off one by one, stricken by some malady which the local doctors could not diagnose. The victims, after a period of extraordinarily good health, would suddenly be overcome by nausea and cramps and, after a few hours of intense suffering, would die despite all the doctors could do. Although the village seemed in a fair way to be entirely depopulated, astute observers noticed that some few of the cottages had perfect records of no deaths or even illnesses, while in others the malady attacked all of the occupants.

This was the one clue which finally led to the solution of the mystery, but it was not until all of the learned physicians of the Kingdom had failed that an unknown chemist from a neighboring town tackled the problem from his own point of view and finally identified the mysterious disease as arsenic poisoning.

It appears that some enterprising manufacturer had sold in this town a quantity of wall paper in which arsenic colors had been used. This had occurred a number of years before, and most of the cottages — but not all of them — had bought new paper for their walls. Very slowly the paste used to stick the paper to the walls had undergone a fermentation liberating minute amounts of the gas hydrogen. This hydrogen, acting upon the arsenic in the wall paper, produced the highly toxic gas arsine, which is colorless, odorless, and tasteless but which poisons with slow certainty.

This bit of chemical detective work led to the passage in England of laws prohibiting the use of dangerous quantities of arsenic in wall paper, and most other countries, including our own, soon followed with similar regulations designed to protect the public from poisoning in this manner.

Good Indians

By Frank G. Applegate

In reading the article, *The Red Man Dances*, by Helena H. Smith in The North American Review, it seemed to me that the author was a little too eager to be sensational and was trying to belittle the Pueblo Indian and his culture. Also the value of the information contained in the article is questionable.

After living for years in or near Indian pueblos and seeing all the public and *kiva* ceremonies of the Hopi and after talking with other whites who have lived among them, I have yet to hear of or to see any ceremony, ritual or other demonstration that would bring a blush to the cheeks of the most virginal Y. W. C. A. secretary.

Santo Domingo is the most conservative and vigorous of all the pueblos and tolerates least white interference in its affairs. It is significant that its people have increased from a population of one hundred and fifty in the Seventeenth Century to nearly a thousand at the present time, while those pueblos that have accepted the white man as brother and neighbor have lost much of their land and water rights and have dwindled. It was the Santo Domingo Indians who filled up the wells that the Government had sunk in their pueblo. They did this because they have a fine river, the snow-fed Rio Grande, flowing past their doors, while the wells that the Government provided brought up warm water so impregnated with alkali that it would peel the linings from the stomachs of even these hardy people.

The Indians have none too flattering an opinion of our dancing, and are extremely opposed to their youths indulging in it.

The older Indians say that if one wishes to find immoralities among Indians, one must look for it among the youths whose education has been taken charge of by Americans in the Government boarding schools.

Santa Fé, N. M.

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and not so particularly British as Nassau where golf, tennis, yachting and cricket, not to mention real "high tea," in the luxurious gardens of fashionable hotels, give the impression of a bit of sporting England itself. The French creole tradition still holds in Martinique. Here all lovers of romance have pictured the slim and lovely Josephine as she walked its tropical gardens of bewildering beauty until the tides of fortune swept her to the throne of an Empress. And a curious thing about Martinique, a sort of clutching at the fringe of greatness appears in the costumes of the soft-eyed creoles in the market place today. Their gowns are fashioned after those worn during Napoleon's first Empire. In Porto Rico and Panama we come upon just enough of the American tradition to find it entertaining, for we are not alone, I think, in getting a certain satisfaction from comparing ourselves at close range with some of the rest of the world.

We could not wind up without Dutch touches. They are forever appearing in out of the way places the world over, even in the South Seas where they are so unexpected, and here in the golden girdle of the Caribbean is Curaçao, Dutch from the tiled floors of its houses to the gleaming tiles of its roofs. We add the owners with pleasure to our international acquaintances whose gallant hospitalities, from the social point of view, never leave us a dull moment.

And when it comes to choosing the line on which you are going to travel when you take your West Indian cruise — well, there certainly is some choosing to be done, because the list of splendid cruise ships in the Caribbean this year has its very definite international slant, too, and affords an excellent opportunity to try out a new line. No longer does it fall to the lot of a single steamship service to carry you to these romantic islands, but some of the finest ships afloat are now making special cruises to the West Indies under the management of the Royal Mail Line, Cunard, the Hamburg-American Line, the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet, the Cosulich Line, the Red and the White Star Lines.

Clothes

ANOTHER thing that is so satisfactory about a West Indian cruise is that besides seeing much and having a short distance to travel, the matter of clothes is so simple. Smart women long ago gave up buying special clothes for cruises. They wear on board just what they would wear at home, and inevitably in their perfect taste. But this is where the man of the family gets his innings, for if he is wise he will provide himself, for this occasion, with one or two of those mohair suits so practical in the tropics. Ask the captain. He knows. Its cloth is light, porous, and is mixed with just enough wool to make the owner exceedingly comfortable when he reaches Venezuela or Martinique and the thermometer goes racing up and down with the temperamental agility of the New York stock market. Besides, if you are caught in a tropical shower, you won't come out of it looking like — well, you know what a linen suit looks like after a few minutes in the tropics. Prevent this catastrophe with a mohair.

A host of happy recollections, the experience of so many friendly, kindly courtesies, and a fresh outlook on things in general include some of the treasures you bring home from a Caribbean cruise, and no one can take them away — not even a customs inspector.

A New Era in Round-the-World Cruises

TO INAUGURATE the latest development in round the world cruises, the S.S. *President Johnson* has just been finished in special class accommodations which correspond closely to Cabin Class on the transatlantic ships. The Franco-Belgique Tours Company and the Dollar Line are now announcing such cruises around the world in 104 days on the *President Johnson* for a little more than $10 a day.

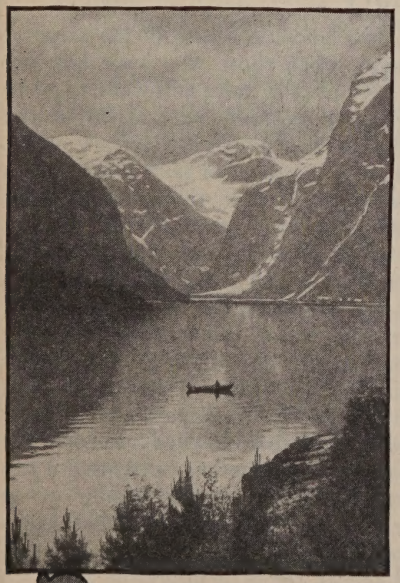
Canada — Rendezvous for Sport-lovers

WINTER holds high carnival this year in Canada. A brand new playground, presided over by the Manoir Richelieu in the gracious French manner at Murray Bay, Quebec, is the Mecca of all sport lovers in this part of the world. The Manoir Richelieu, owned and operated by the Canada Steamship Company, is, as it now stands, an entirely new building, the former Manoir having been burned about a year ago. From December 18 to the end of February it will play the genial host to the sports world and be the focal point for dog-derbies, skating, carnivals, ski-joring, cross-country ski-ing, curling, hockey, tobogganing, bob-sledding — all those exhilarating winter sports which come when the snow flies high on the wind. And its programme makes generous provision for novice and expert alike. This magnificent sports centre, set in the heart of the Laurentian Hills is not remote, but is brought within twenty-four hours of Washington, New York and other Eastern cities in the United States by the operation of special through sleeping, parlor, and dining cars over the Canadian National Railways.

Arriving at Murray Bay one finds himself in the swirl of the colorful French life of old Quebec and yearns at once to possess himself of a *ceinture flèchée*, one of those broad gaily colored sashes, that he may wind it snugly around his middle. An old sleigh, whose driver is a black-haired *habitant*, glides along over the hard-packed snow roads through a land that looks like a gigantic Christmas card, to the sparkling jingle of sleigh-bells. Comfort is the key-note of the entire menage of the Manoir Richelieu, and this is expressed in every detail of the tasteful and attractive furnishing of this luxurious hotel. Its chef boasts an international reputation and the cuisine of the Manoir Richelieu is famous wherever French cooking is known. This is also one of the comforts, particularly after a day of cross-country ski-ing.

A New Aspect of Germany

WITH her usual methodical thoroughness Germany is providing her share of winter sports for a sport-mad world. This is a new aspect of Germany whose winter resorts in years gone by served chiefly as an aid to the physician in treating his patients. Today practically all of Germany's mountain regions — the Harz, Thuringia, the Black Forest, the Giants Mountains in Silesia and the Bavarian highlands, have become



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The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

Vanished Bulls

The history-making collapse of the stock market has not merely destroyed fortunes and diminished values; it has wrecked philosophies — if such a noble word can be applied to investment maxims — and overturned reputations. What, for example, would the business leader say who not long ago advised working people to go into debt to buy stocks, if anyone were so tactless as to remind him of his indiscretion? What of the other great apostle of the bull market who was quoted in these pages about a year ago to the effect that the increased margins demanded by banks and brokers on security loans, the mobilization of investment resources to an unprecedented extent, in the hands of the investment trusts, and the growing concentration of American business in the hands of huge corporations — that all these made a genuine bear stock market impossible?

In recalling these and other comments on the great bull market the only purpose is to make concrete the mental attitude which made the market possible. For a *post mortem* examination of the boom that is really useful is less a probe into its economic facts than into the ideas and beliefs which created it. If the market advance and its collapse hold any lesson for the investor it is not to be found in the mere statement that stock prices went up until they were far out of line with dividends, earnings or prospects, and then went down again; rather it is in examination of the motives which made men and women buy shares at prices which had long left the reality of earnings behind.

These motives constitute what has come to be known as the New Era philosophy. It falls into two parts: the basic philosophy that relates to the entire economic state of the nation, and the deduction from that of a specialized set of stock market beliefs which were incomparably less reasonable and more extravagant.

The New Era philosophy is essentially a belief that the business cycle has been so greatly tamed, so modified both in duration and extent, that severe business depressions are no longer to be feared. The speculators' derivation from that philosophy was that common stocks were therefore no longer as risky as they had been traditionally considered, and that in the long run they would yield better investment results than bonds because their owners participated in the earnings of the corporation whereas the bondholder merely received fixed interest upon a loan. The next step in this reasoning was that it was safe to pay higher prices for common stocks than was formerly the case. The next was that it was a mistake to pay too much attention to the current price of a stock, since it was future appreciation that was counted upon to yield the return; and that if the buyer dickered over the price he was likely not to purchase and thus be denied the privilege of participating in the growth of the corporation. From that it was but a step to the belief that these shares, if selected among strong, progressive companies in sound industries, would never decline to the point where the high margins required by banks and brokers would prove inadequate protection. A correlated belief was that the investment trusts would always lend support upon recessions — even that it was their public duty to do so, just as important leaders of the business world are always expected to assume the responsibility of maintaining prosperity by every means within their power.

Defective Reasoning

The unprecedentedly complete and severe collapse of the stock market reveals clearly that this reasoning became less sound, and further divorced from reality, the farther it was carried. Each step contains less truth than its predecessor. The investment trusts not only admit no public duty to hold up the stock market — their first responsibility, as in all corporations, is to their shareholders — but they could not have held up such a market as this if they had desired to. For the resources of the larger and sounder of these companies are required to be placed in a diversified group of investments, including a substantial percentage in bonds; and of course a great deal of the capital legally available for investment in stocks was already tied up when the decline began. It has been estimated that all of the trusts together, at the beginning of the market break, could not have mustered more than half a billion dollars for the purchase of stocks, most of which they used during the three weeks of the severest declines. Compared with the offerings of

many billions of securities that were dumped upon the exchanges the sum was small.

The glaring inadequacy of even the 50 and 60 per cent margins carried in many cases is of course now all too evident. It illustrates anew the old truism that the purchase of even a good stock upon any margin whatever may be a speculation, while the purchase outright of even an inferior stock may turn out to be an investment. The margins exacted were wide enough to protect the lenders, but not wide enough to protect the borrowers. Some New York bankers are seriously considering the establishment of a system whereby loans will be made upon securities only up to a certain percentage of their investment value as determined by a capitalization of their current earnings at a reasonable percentage. Under such a system, if shares advanced far above this reasonable relation with earnings, margins would automatically increase greatly both in sum and in percentage, and "pyramiding," or the use of paper profits to increase holdings, would become virtually impossible.

The fallacy of the assumption that stocks should be bought at prices which yielded 1 or 2 per cent, in order to obtain participation in the growth of the corporation, is now too obvious to dwell on. Such prices for even the soundest of stocks will never be justified until the return from all forms of capital investment is scaled down accordingly; under such conditions bonds would be at least equally cheap, and the money borrowed to carry securities, instead of costing 9 or 10 per cent as it has during most of the past year, would be virtually given away. After the lesson of the past few weeks it will probably be a long time before there is such an anomalous relation between the yield on securities and the cost of short term money again.

As we carry this inquiry back to the belief that well-selected common stocks will yield better over a period of years than bonds the proportion of reasonableness in the argument gradually increases; after all, not even so severe a decline wholly disproves this theory, and it is unfair to judge common stock investments by the outcome of purchases at ridiculously inflated prices which the originator of the "cult" would never have recommended. The theory specifically applies only to long-term investments. But common stock investment has an obvious weakness — the greater difficulty of selection as compared with bonds. Hence it can be applied safely only by those with great resources who can keep a large percentage of their funds in bonds, and still have enough left to purchase a widely diversified list of stocks, so that the misfortunes of selection may be balanced by its fortunes.

Wider Principles

Most of the stock market beliefs thus outlined have been utterly demolished by the extraordinary decline which in a few weeks, and for the most part in seven trading days, cut prices, as measured by the recognized averages, almost exactly in half. The fallacies of these assumptions are spotlighted for all the world to see. But what of the New Era philosophy in its broader sense, of the general belief, without application to the stock market, that business is more stable, that its cycles are steadily being modified, and that severe depressions are less to be feared? What does reëxamination of these more generalized tenets reveal?

Belief in the increased stability of business is based on many factors. Two are most important. One is the assumption that the creation of the Federal Reserve System has made a monetary panic forever impossible. The other is that increasing technological skill, factual knowledge, and administrative ability have made it possible partly to control the business cycle by keeping production and consumption in closer adjustment than was formerly possible. To these two must be added a host of minor factors, such as our international creditor position; our increasing standard of living attendant upon higher relative wages for labor; installment buying; "hand-to-mouth" buying; concentration of business in big, and frequently integrated units; and others that are largely derivative from the first mentioned. Do these indeed truly constitute a new business era, or must we still go through the same cycle of prosperity, boom, depression and recovery? What light does the stock market collapse throw upon it?

How the Reserve System Helped

First of all, the evidence of the past year or two supports strongly, if not almost conclusively, the deduction that money panics have indeed been abolished by the creation of the Federal Reserve System. Whether the Reserve authorities acquitted themselves with credit during the period of rising prices and expanding bank loans has been disputed bitterly and probably will be disputed all through the pages of history, for the two differing viewpoints are almost irreconcilable. But it can scarcely be denied that the interests of business have been protected; that credit has been available for commercial needs without real stringency, at rates that were very reasonable in the circumstances inasmuch as they were cheaper than stock market rates; and that the reserves of the central bank have been held almost inviolate for the

protection of business when they should be needed. The course of the money market during the closing days of the stock boom, and during the break, was as unprecedented as the course of the stock market; the utmost distention of the balloon, and its collapse, both occurred while call money on the Stock Exchange held stable, featureless, at 6 per cent. In 1907 it had gone to 125 per cent; in 1920 to 30 per cent. If ever the ground work was laid for an old-fashioned money panic, and if ever it was prevented by superior banking facilities and management, this has been the time.

At the height of the excitement, during the first two or three days of tumultuous price declines, a huge transfer of funds was accomplished in New York without a ripple in the money markets. "Others," whose loans to the stock market in defiance of Reserve and member bank policies had financed the boom, rushed to withdraw their loans, as the banks had foreseen. In one week "others" and out-of-town banks withdrew $2,100,000,000 from their loans to brokers in New York, necessitating the greatest volume of instantaneous refinancing that our credit facilities have ever been called upon to bear. But there was no money panic, no rate higher than 6 per cent. Liquidation took care of half the amount, and the New York banks supplied a billion dollars to care for the other half.

In this effort to ease the shock and keep the situation from becoming worse than it was — if that can be imagined — the New York banks had the help of the Reserve Banks, which by increasing their rediscounts and their purchases of Government securities and bills supplied an additional $300,000,000 of Reserve credit to the market in the emergency. It did what it was supposed to. Money was the only dull and stable commodity in the world in those days. The faith that the proponents of the New Era put in the Reserve System, by this showing, seems not to be misplaced.

If fear of money panics has been removed, is it equally true that we can eliminate commercial depression by superior business administration and control? The gain in administrative technique, in knowledge of facts, in methods of forecasting and control, has been enormous. But it has not all been net gain. The machinery to be controlled is vastly more elaborate than it was formerly. Work is more specialized, we are all more dependent upon each other, and business recession can thus travel farther and faster. The increased use of credit (as in installment buying) tempts us to overshoot the mark, and to allow production to get out of line with consumption, even as it tempted stock speculators to overshoot the mark.

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Some of the industries in which methods of market analysis and forecasting have been most widely developed, as in automobiles, have overextended production as often as the less modern industries. They are between the devil of high overhead costs if they curtail and the deep sea of flooded markets if they keep working. Despite all our progress the millennium of perfectly adjusted markets has not been reached. To that extent the New Era philosophy, true in many respects, is false. And that is its heart.

The Turn of the Year

As 1929 draws to a close it would be fatuous to deny that the business of the country is undergoing a moderate recession, and that this recession was under way sufficiently in advance of the stock market collapse to justify the claim that it was the leading immediate cause of that collapse, although in its severity the break outran all relation to business because the technical structure of the market itself was so thoroughly bad. The stock catastrophe may make this recession longer and more severe than it otherwise would have been.

The fact of this recession may be taken as evidence that the New Era beliefs, in their extreme form, were false. The apparent improbability that the recession will have either the duration or the severity that we are accustomed to associate with the depressions of former days is evidence that to some extent the New Era beliefs were true. The current disparagement of them probably leans too far in one direction as the previous elevation of them did in the other. The question is really one of definition and interpretation. As the Midland Bank of Cleveland concludes a survey of the subject: "If we mean by New Era that the business cycle is no more and that depressions will disappear, the answer is in the negative. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the business curve of the future will be flatter, that prosperity will last longer, and that depressions will be less severe. . . . There is no doubt that many of the old evils have been eliminated, and that the past few years have witnessed a number of important new developments which have greatly improved the fundamental position of the country's business structure."

With no inflation of commodity prices to combat, with no excessive inventories except in certain lines, business does not seem especially vulnerable. A half-year's moderate curtailment of production, perhaps less, should suffice to restore the balance where restoration is needed. And easier money, the natural consequence of the liquidation of stocks, will be on hand to encourage enterprise. To a certain point the stock market decline would have been good for business. It passed that point, and became a physical and psychic shock of the first magnitude, and it is idle to think that its effects will soon be passed over. But at least the dog's tail was not cut off by degrees. Never before in history have stocks, in so short a time as three weeks, dropped from ridiculously inflated prices to what in many cases must be conceded to be true investment levels, cheap in relation to dividends, earnings or prospects. At the peak in September average stocks yielded but a trifle more than 3 per cent; before the middle of November they yielded better than 6.

Pending Decisions

The investor is confronted by two questions: what proportion of common stocks to buy, and whether to buy them now or to wait upon the assumption that a prolonged depression will make them available at still lower prices. To the first no general answer can be given. Bonds likewise are cheap, for they were shocked by stocks and their normal response to an easing money market was inhibited. Therefore they can be purchased upon an excellent investment basis, and doubtless they will regain their former prominence in investment programmes. Nevertheless an increase in the proportion of stocks held by the individual investor at these prices is wholly justified, assuming that his funds are sufficient to obtain a measure of diversification.

For the valuation of stocks there is no one criterion. Management, present earnings, prospects for the industry and for the company, must all be considered. Subject to many individual qualifications, the old rule that an industrial stock is worth ten times earnings or, if it is paying out about two-thirds of its earnings, fifteen times dividends, is as good a touchstone as any. Strong stocks have lately been available below that price, and probably they will be hereafter. Of course the use of 1929 earnings, which in most cases set records, as the basis for calculating value cannot be recommended without reservation; they should be modified according to the company and the industry. Under conditions of mass production a decreased output makes inroads upon earnings, for high overhead costs go on unchecked; 1929 in many cases will mark the peak of earnings for the next year or two.

Investment trust stocks at present must be suspect. The collapse of prices must have impaired the value of many of them, and it is too early to obtain a clear view of its effects.

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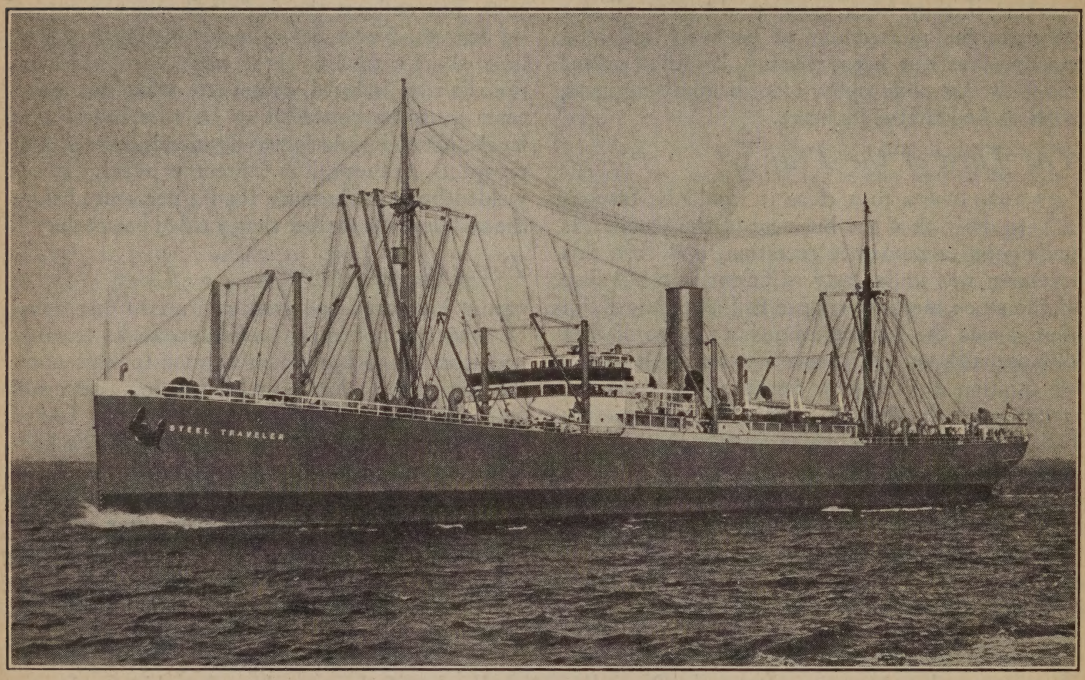

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Prisoners of Mussolini

Francesco Fausto Nitti

Josephine Daskam Bacon
on Our Harassed Children

H. Parker Willis
Fixing the Blame in Wall Street

This Debutante "Business" . . . . . Alida K. L. Milliken
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The Protestant Confessional . . . . . George B. Cutten
The Lady Boss . . . . . Estelle Mendelsohn
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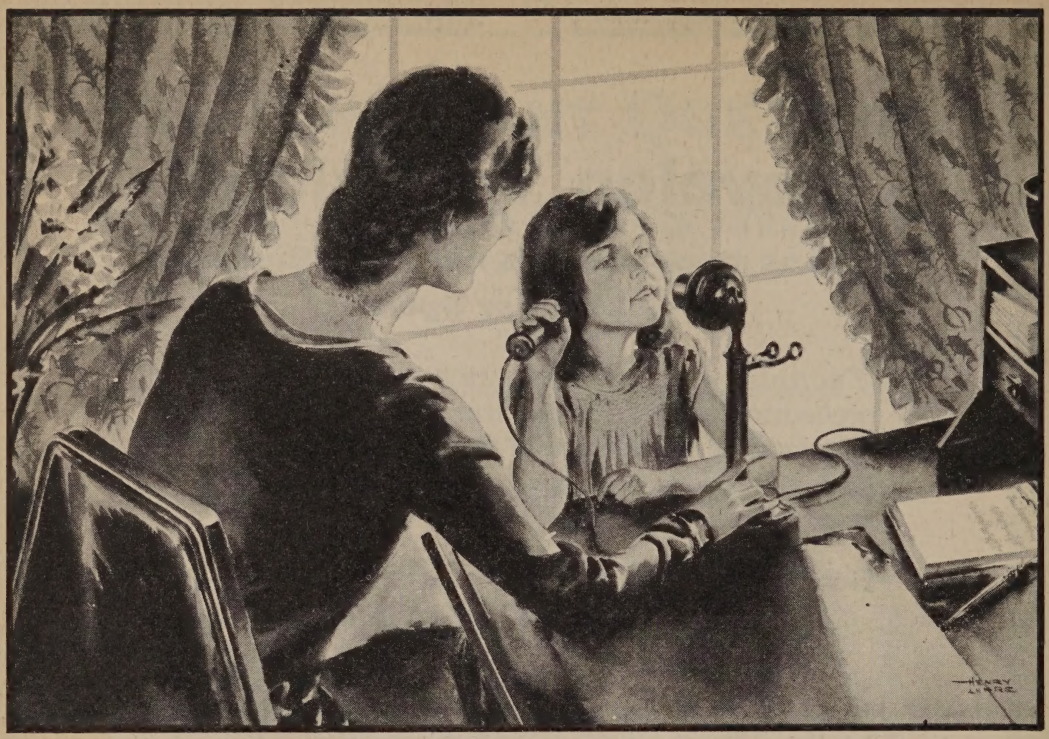

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The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

This is the time of year when all observers of the literary landscape take a backward glance at the production of recent months and a forward glance toward the future. It does not seem to this Landscaper that 1929 will go down in history as an *annus mirabilis* from the point of view of literature; there were some outstanding books from foreign countries, such as Erich Maria Remarque's passionate plea for peace, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and a couple of dozen other war novels of widely varying merit and importance, and here and there distinguished novels from England, but the American output was hardly more than fair. The Landscaper cannot think offhand of any new stars that seem to be of the first magnitude, and without appearing too melancholy over the situation, it appears to him that a good many of the youngsters we were all so excited about two or three years ago have failed to come through in any such manner as the early superlatives of the reviewers might have suggested.

Van Wyck Brooks has said, and so have other observers, that one of the peculiar American tragedies was the sudden appearance of brilliant youthful talent and its equally sudden eclipse; that on the whole American writers of the present generation seemed to lack staying power. Partly, at least, the present applicability of the remark comes about through two things: one, the autobiographical trend in the novel, and two, the tendency of reviewers, always hopeful of discovering someone who is to redeem our literature from its present rather low state, to exaggerate the importance of a single good piece of work. This matter has been a fairly familiar topic of conversation, both in this department and elsewhere, but perhaps it will bear bringing up again. It would be quite possible to name a dozen young men and women who have displayed real talent and promise in fiction, only to pass out of the picture in a few years, and there are several who are riding the crest at this moment who will be fortunate to escape practical oblivion, or at least, relegation to the popular magazines as soon as the existing flurry over their cleverness has passed.

The Landscaper refers now to the current production of really first-rate and enduring work, and is not attempting to deny that there is a steady stream of interesting minor stuff.

What's Wrong with Us?

Just why this should be — that is to say, why we should be producing almost no fiction of real importance — is a problem for far deeper thinkers than the Landscaper. It is true, to be sure, that in all our history we have had no more than a half dozen novels of the first order, and not so many of these have been written since we have become conscious of ourselves in a literary way; but we have the leisure for such things, we are supposed to have the educational facilities, the good health, and we certainly have ample excitements in the life about us. Robert Herrick pointed out recently in *The Bookman* that he found the real life of America reflected not at all in the current output of fiction, but in the daily newspapers, and this is true to a rather amazing extent. Our newspapers, including the pink tabloids — there are no more fascinating indices to the state of civilization in our larger cities than these same tabloids — fairly teem with drama, of which, on the whole we make pathetically little. It is true that there have been a good many books written recently about gangsters and prize fighters, who seem to be outstanding products of our age, and several of them have been highly interesting, but usually more journalistic than creative. It is not any great wonder, however, that we fail to breed novelists whose reach is great enough to grasp large chunks of the American scene and mold them into art; the scene is too much for anything except genius, and it does not seem to breed genius.

A good deal of the excitement in 1929 was created over quite trivial stuff, such as *Ex-Wife* and the burlesque which followed, called *Ex-Husband*. The first book reached the same public, apparently, that lives for the Confession magazines; it had some merit as a commentary upon the present position of women in our society, but on the whole was meretricious, and will be forgotten before its author has time to accumulate the material for a sequel. There were some im-

portant novels published, it is true, among them Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*, the first part of which is excellent writing of its kind, and the second part of which did not appeal to the Landscaper to any appreciable degree, because it seems to him that Zola did about as much as could ever be necessary with the subject of childbirth. How important a novelist Mr. Hemingway is remains to be seen. He has done three or four short stories that deserve to live, and there are spots of extraordinary writing in the two novels; but the real test still lies in the future. To date his popularity is very definitely a vogue.

Little from the Veterans

THE past year did not witness the publication of anything of any importance from the older American novelists, the latest works of Theodore Dreiser and Edith Wharton, for example, being considerably below standard. Mr. Dreiser's most recent work is another two-volume affair called *A Gallery of Women* (Liveright, $5), in which he attempts a series of portraits that are hardly more than half-successful. Mrs. Wharton's new novel, *Hudson River Bracketed* (Appleton, $2.50), while entertaining enough, is concerned with a subject that Mrs. Wharton can scarcely know at first hand, namely the contemporary literary scene in New York, and it appears to this admirer of her work to be distinctly below her usual standard. Mr. Dreiser's writing does not improve with the years; he still gets his effects by main strength and awkwardness, coupled with a kind of lumbering determination. The results are sometimes, as in *The American Tragedy*, surprisingly good, but art that does not have even so much of a touch of grace cannot be good art. Life is not altogether heavy and clumsy, and a manner that makes it appear so is likely to be as dangerous to the truth as a manner that makes it appear all sweetness and light.

So much for a backward glance at the fiction of the past year. In other fields we have done rather better, and American scholarship has a number of books to its credit in which it may take rightful pride. The flood of biography has not let up, but the number of important subjects has been pretty well exhausted, so that we are now getting full length books about figures very few people ever heard of. It is quite true that books are still being written about a few outstanding characters that find a popular sale, but on the whole, as broad as is the field for biography, there are very few corners that have not been plowed, planted and harvested. It will be interesting to see what the coming year will discover in this direction, what new prodigies of research we may have concerning the lives of Lincoln and Washington, for example, and how many books will appear in the same month upon a man or woman totally forgotten since their life on earth, and known then to no more than a handful of people. What is likely to act as a brake upon the production of such books is the fact that on the whole the public enjoys biographies about people it has heard of, and a new book upon an old subject often has a much better chance than a book that presents a really fascinating character whose name is not common property to the multitude.

What of the Future?

AT THIS moment, the look toward the future results in very little information. The 1930 catalogues are not yet off the presses, and the season is too full of other matters such as the Christmas and New Year holidays to permit of the Landscaper's collecting much gossip. It is fairly safe to predict that a few authors will make a lot of money, rather than a lot of authors a little money, during the first six months of the year, if one may be pardoned for a reference to a commercial aspect of the situation. The reason for this is simple: Practically every bookseller in the country is overstocked, as Christmas business was not up to normal, and it will be the few fast-moving books that will be bought from publishers and sold to the customers until conditions are better. Without desiring to intrude in the slightest upon the territory of Mr. Temple, the Landscaper makes bold to predict that publishing and bookselling will hardly be back to normal before next autumn, even with the assistance of President Hoover and his Committees on Stabilization.

A Good Long Novel

THE customarily overflowing shelves that await the gentle ministrations of the Landscaper are always curiously bare at this season, although there is never a time when they are wholly without books that are worthy of reading and comment. Among the recent novels for example there is the January selection of the Literary Guild, Manuel Komroff's long novel, *Coronet* (Coward-McCann, $3), first published in two volumes, and later got out in one of an attractive size when the Guild chose it. Mr. Komroff has been known for a number of years as a writer of wholly original short stories, as an editor of skill and scholarship, and as the author of one novel, *Juggler's Kiss*, which received high praise from all parts of the country. *Coronet* is a work of magnitude, an ambitious attempt to write a thematic novel in the Russian manner. It traces, through the history of a certain coronet, the influence of aristocracy from the days of the Renaissance in Florence down to our own times in Chicago, covering a huge canvas, and

devoting a great deal of space to the period of Napoleon. Some of the most stirring writing in the book is concerned with the retreat from Moscow; it is here and in similar passages that Mr. Komroff's gift for narrative is strikingly exemplified. Balzac, Chopin and Nietzsche are other historical characters who appear in the pages of the book, which should interest intelligent readers, and which should have especial appeal for those who are looking for genuine originality in fiction. One may predict with reasonable safety that this January publication will be one of the events of 1930 in the field of the novel.

Prostitution in Russia

A NOVEL out of Russia that has sold something like two and a half million copies in its native land and in translation, and which has up to this time been available here only in expensive limited editions is Alexandre Kuprin's *Yama*, now newly translated and published by Bernard Guilbert Guerney at a price of $3. Kuprin himself revised the book before its new translation was made and added new material. *Yama* is a perfectly unadorned account of life in a Russian house of prostitution, very much in the realistic tradition. It has probably been kept out of circulation here because of its frankness, and Mr. Guerney may yet have to face a court in that dear city of Boston, but the book is not at all indecent, and would not be considered subject to censorship if censors ever had any intelligence. It is not pleasant reading, to be sure, but to think that any one might be led astray by it is to suppose that vice painted honestly and faithfully is still attractive, which, to be sure, it is not. Kuprin has stripped whatever traces of romantic glamour there may be still clinging to this profession, and his book is a social document of importance. There is pity in his attitude toward the girls in the house, but no sentimentality. The book seems rather artless in style and structure, a crude, sprawling sort of record of events in a bagnio, but it has the ring of truth about it. It is unfortunate that a good many people will buy it out of somewhat morbid curiosity. They will be disappointed. Our newspapers and magazines are filled every day with more salacity than may be found in Kuprin's novel.

One of the novels of the closing weeks of 1929 was Emil Ludwig's two-volume story of a German girl, which is called *Diana* (Viking Press, $5), a wheezy, sentimental piece of work that Ludwig wrote a number of years ago. It made its way to the best-seller lists in spite of a chorus of jeers from the critics, another proof of the magic of Ludwig's name, and also slightly discouraging to those of us who have been believing that literary taste in the United States was definitely improving. Ludwig's maiden moves about in the fashionable circles of various European countries, which may have something to do with the success of the book. Certainly it is not going anywhere on its merits as a piece of writing, and it will not add anything to the Ludwigian reputation, which has hardly been on the up grade in this country of recent months, anyway.

Antique Kaye-Smith

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S *Three Against the World* (Dutton, $2.50), is an old novel by Miss Kaye-Smith not previously published in this country. It is of the period of *Joanna Godden*, and is a Sussex story of a strong sister and a weak brother, with some of the author's charm, but not anything like up to her best work. She evidently has learned a good deal about writing in the years that have followed; some of the dialogue in the present book is incredibly bad. On the whole it might have been just as well to have left this novel off Miss Kaye-Smith's American list. Francis de Miomandre's *Written on Water* (Brentano, $2.50) won the *Prix Goncourt*, and is another tale of how a young lad fell in love with an older and immoral woman, somewhat in the *Sappho* tradition, but done with a good deal of delicacy. The hero is only sixteen when we are introduced to him and when he has his first adventure. William Drake has made what seems to be a good translation of *Written on Water* and Clement Serveau has supplied woodcut decorations. One of the Landscaper's favorite writers of light novels, Dornford Yates, has invaded the field of Graustarkian romance in his latest, *Blood Royal* (Minton, Balch, $2), and has written, as he has done many times before, a good yarn in a style that should not offend the most fastidious. There is little else about in the way of fiction except a first novel by Julie Closson Kenly, *Strictly Personal* (Appleton, $2), which is done in the diary form, and which tells of the adventures of an innocent young girl in a sophisticated world; and *Promise Not to Tell*, the anonymous story of a love affair between an American society girl and an English peer, told through the medium of the exchange of letters. Liveright is the publisher of the latter and the price is $2.50. It is rather entertaining, but not of any particular importance except as a handbook for hooking peers.

Mr. Russell's Emerson

THE shelves reserved for biography are not exactly groaning at this moment, either, although they hold one of the best of the 1929 crop in Phillips Russell's *Emerson the Wisest American* (Brentano, $5). Mr. Russell has two other excellent biographies to his credit, the lives

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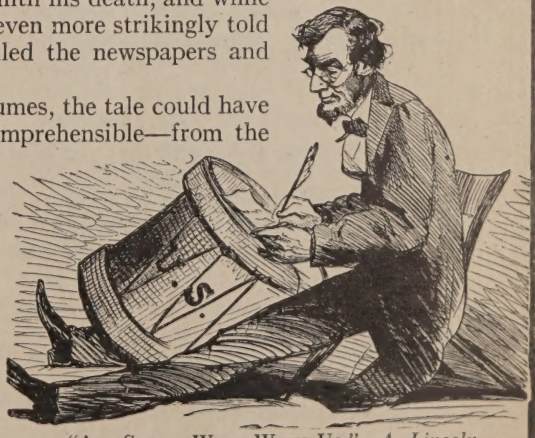

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of Franklin and John Paul Jones, and his *Emerson* exhibits the same qualities that were outstanding in the other volumes — sound and careful scholarship and bright writing. The Landscaper has to confess to a weakness for books about Emerson, which may have influenced his opinion of Mr. Russell's work in this case, but he is confident that the volume is done in a creditable manner. There has been wonder often in this direction about what Emerson would think if he could survey the contemporary scene. . . . What could be more fascinating than to follow the spirits of Emerson and Thoreau about our own New York and to set down their comments, that is, if they did not both flee in horror from their first real sight of the city? Emerson would understand it better, of course, than the Sage of Walden, whose heart would be broken at the disappearance of growing things since he visited the city on his way to Staten Island. Mr. Russell's purpose is to do a humanized portrait of Emerson, and this he appears to have done with considerable success.

The Story of a Gentleman

ANOTHER recent American biography is James C. Young's *Marse Robert: Knight of the Confederacy* (Henkle, $5), which is an agreeably romantic account of the life of Robert E. Lee. Mr. Young's research has not in any sense tarnished the reputation of the Southern leader, whose career remains one of the most striking examples of the value of ante-bellum tradition in a certain section of the United States. The South bred more than one man like Lee, and while we think less at the present time about being gentlemen than we do about the size of our bank accounts, it seems to the Landscaper, slightly prejudiced though he may be by the fact that he was born in Mississippi, that Mr. Young's life of Lee might be read with some gain to civilization by the rising generation, which has never heard of him except as a vague figure in some war or other that preceded the real War of 1914–1918. The surrender of Lee to Grant, although it has been clustered about with legends that are without foundation, remains one of the most dramatic situations in the history of the country, and with a significance in the personality and the manner of the two men that can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Young has little that is new to contribute to his story of Lee, the events of whose life are already well known, but he has written a readable book and one that will not offend the South, although it does not offend the truth, either.

Readers with a love for spiced biography will find *Messalina, Roman Temptress* by Maurice Magre (Carrier, $5) and *The Private Life of Lady Hamilton* by Albert Flament, translated by Louis Arthur Cunningham (Carrier, $2) very much to their liking. They are both from a French series of "private lives." Messalina's reputed misbehavior, accounts of which are taken mostly from Suetonius, are given with considerable frankness by M. Magre, and the astonishing rise of a simple country maiden, Emma Lyon, to friendship with Nelson, Romney, and many others, and to her place in history as Lady Hamilton, is engagingly done. Emma was one of those women of considerable physical charm, who never hesitated to use her body when its use would advance her social position and financial standing, and her career was truly remarkable.

That Devil Wilkes by R. W. Postgate (Vanguard, $4), is the interesting story of a gentleman who kept George III awake o' nights, if anything could make that stodgy Dutchman lose any sleep. Wilkes was a politician of skill, a devil with the ladies, and an agitator who knew how to make his enemies squirm. He has long been regarded as a complete villain, although Mr. Postgate liked him much better after investigating his life than before, and the regard with which he was held in this country is attested by the fact that Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and Wilkes, North Carolina, are named for him.

Books about America

A FEW recent books about America are now available, the most important and interesting of the lot Mark Van Doren's *An Autobiography of America* (Albert and Charles Boni, $5), a book made up of excerpts from the narratives of eighty Americans, ranging all the way from Captain John Smith to Howard W. Odum's rambling colored boy, Black Ulysses. This is an excellent collection of the best sort of source material for the writing of history books; the documents themselves are enormously rich in interest, and Mr. Van Doren has made the collection with care and discrimination. This is another of the books that newer Americans might read with a good deal of profit, lest they overlook what has actually gone on in this country before the Twentieth Century. Flora Warren Seymour's *The Story of the Red Man* (Longmans, Green, $5) is another book that will be valuable to people interested in American beginnings. It traces the story of the red-skinned indigenes in this country from the arrival of Columbus to the present. The author is a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners and has written other books on the general subject. A small corner of the country is the subject of Cornelius Weygandt's *The Red Hills* (University of Pennsylvania Press, $4), which tells a great deal about the Pennsylvania Dutch, and particularly about their pottery, upon which Mr. Weygandt is an authority.

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They Were Real Sailors

OF PLEASANT books to read about far-away countries there is *Windjamming to Fiji* by Violet Irene Cooper and Jean Schoen (Henkle, $4), two American girls who really sailed from Vancouver to New Caledonia in a cruise lasting two years, and who had a good time while at it. The book is quite well written, and has many fine photographs; it should really be read by all the people who were stung with *The Cradle of the Deep*, but it won't be, things being what they are. Then there is *Mysterious Sahara; The Land of Gold, of Sand and of Ruin*, by the distinguished archaeologist, Count Bryon Khun de Prorok (Reilly and Lee, $5), which has some beautiful photographs of many things in the desert that few people know are in existence, and which is also good to read; and *My Tropical Air Castle* by Dr. Frank M. Chapman, Curator of Birds of the American Museum of Natural History (Appleton, $5). Here again good pictures embellish a worthy text. Dr. Chapman is so fortunate as to have a cabin on a Central American Island, where he spends several months each year studying the wild life about him. Naturally he writes well, and his book will make a great many nature-lovers envious of his stay in the tropics.

A BOOK of interest to those intending to go to South Africa is *The Seven Wonders of Southern Africa* by Hedley A. Chilvers. It deals with the topographical and industrial aspects of this huge sprawling country as well as the men who adventured far and suffered much to make it great.

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Reviewed in Brief by B. S. STANOYEVICH

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The Encyclopædia Britannica. London and New York. Edited by J. L. Garvin in London, and F. H. Hooper in New York, this fourteenth edition of the well-known encyclopædia, owned and printed entirely in America, brings a vast domain of knowledge to the reader who likes his information in plain, everyday language. A significant feature of the new edition is the unprecedented use of illustrations.

Encyclopædia of Games. By *Dr. Emanuel Lasker.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

The author has made a progressive study of games, simple and complex, and this is the first volume of the series.

Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters. By *G. Jean-Aubry.* New York: The Union Library Association. $1.98.

The life of Conrad, lived in Poland and England, can not fail to interest those who are literary in mind and aspiration. Sensitive and passionate, Conrad had great ability in interpreting his moods and feelings so that others might participate in the portrayal.

JUVENILE

Riders of the Winds. By *Edward Shenton.* Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company. $2.50.

Here, for the reading of young chaps, are the stories of the most famous aviators and planes: Hawkins and Grieve, Alcock and Brown, with many others.

Smoky. By *Will James.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This story, already famous among adult and junior readers, has now been put in the distinctive series of children's books, which Scribner's carries, entitled "Illustrated Classics for Younger Readers."

The Boys' Life of Kit Carson. By *Flora Warren Seymour.* The Century Company. $2.00.

Carson, who was with one of the earliest parties to go overland to California, appeals to those boys who love adventure.

The Kingdom and the Power and the Glory. By *James Daugherty.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

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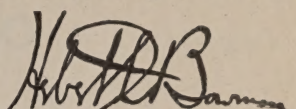

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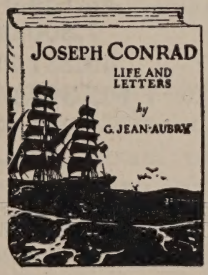

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The North American Review

VOLUME 229 FEBRUARY, 1930 NUMBER 2

Prisoners of Mussolini

BY FRANCESCO FAUSTO NITTI

A fugitive from the Fascist penal islands describes his experience of arrest and exile without trial

MY ARREST by the Roman police took place during the saddest period of Italian political life. On November 26, 1926, *The Official Gazette* published the so-called "Exceptional Laws for the Defense of the Nation." By these laws, the Fascist State made itself absolute arbiter of the liberty of all citizens.

One of these laws created the special tribunal, an exclusively Fascist organ composed of members of the Fascist militia. Against this tribunal there exists no appeal. Its sentences are executed immediately upon issuance. In addition to the death penalty, the tribunal is empowered to impose prison sentences from a few months to a life term. Another of these laws provided for the deportation to the penal islands of those who might be denounced as enemies of the Fascist régime.

Immediately following their publication, these laws were applied in the broadest manner throughout Italy. While hundreds of citizens were arrested and arraigned before the special tribunal, thousands were seized for deportation. Between November 30 and December 10, in Rome alone, about 3,000 persons were arrested. Proportionate arrests were made throughout the kingdom.

ON THE morning of December 2, as I was about to leave for my work in the Banco Commerciale Triestina, three police agents in plain clothes burst into my room in my Rome residence. They stated that the Police Commissioner of the District wished to see me and to obtain from me certain information. Although it seemed odd to me that three such robust messengers were needed to carry such a simple message, I naturally left with my escort for the police office.

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I was placed in a room by myself, and left to wait. Nothing happened until 10:30, when an assistant commissioner entered the room and, without offering any explanation, told me that I should have to go to prison.

"To prison!" I exclaimed. "And for what reason? Of what crime am I accused? May I see the warrant issued by the magistrate?"

The assistant commissioner merely smiled.

"It is not essential that you should have committed a crime," he said. "Nor is it necessary that some magistrate should issue a warrant. Your imprisonment is an administrative measure."

I realized then that I was destined for the penal islands. I felt that individual liberty, the most sacred possession of civilized peoples, had become an absolute nullity, completely at the disposition of an arbitrary and omnipotent police.

ABOUT 11 o'clock, I passed through the portals of the Regina Cœli, the Queen of the Heavens, the largest prison in Rome. I found the main building crowded with prisoners. In the corridors flowed a constant stream of police officers, prison guards, and functionaries. The door behind me had just closed when it was opened again to admit another political prisoner. So it continued.

There was a continuous roar of voices—calls for prisoners, examination of prisoners, with voices raised above the tumult, and so on. After a few minutes, I was placed in a provisional cell, which I found crowded with political prisoners, among them six or seven lawyers. There were also journalists, students and workers. All had been arrested during the early hours of the morning, just as I had been, some of them before daylight. Weeping women and children saw their loved ones led away to an unknown fate.

An hour after my arrival, we all were herded into an examination room. There we were stripped naked, and all our articles of clothing, even to underwear, shoes and socks, were painstakingly searched. Our suspenders and even our shoe-laces were taken from us. Our money, papers, and other personal belongings were sequestrated. We all were registered in the records of the prison, and assigned to cells.

THE Regina Cœli is immense. It is divided into many sections which radiate like the spokes of a wheel from the central hub. Each spoke is called an arm. The cells are narrow and low and shut off from air and light.

The prison already was hopelessly overcrowded. In addition to the ordinary prisoners, there were thousands of political inmates. In certain cells, designed to hold a maximum of four persons, were pressed a dozen, or even fifteen.

I was placed in a cell in the Seventh Arm. It was empty, at which I marvelled, for I had seen that the others were jammed. Later, I learned the reason for this exceptional treatment — superior authority had directed that I was to be alone, solitary. Two days afterward, when I asked to be placed with another in order to escape the unhappiness of solitude, I was informed that orders from above prevented this. Evi-

dently, I was considered more dangerous than the others.

After I had been alone in that cell for twelve days, two companions were given to me. They were not political prisoners, but two youths arrested for infamous crimes. I began then to realize that no distinction was being made between political prisoners and ordinary criminals.

My days in that cell were indeed sad ones, for I knew what awaited me. Nobody thought to give me any reasons why I had been deprived of my liberty. I was already merely a number, and all I could do was to wait for the established authority to determine what would be my fate.

The days were unvarying and monotonous. We left our cells every morning for a brief period of forty-five minutes. We were conducted into a courtyard surrounded by high walls in which we were allowed to walk. Although each period was so short, I waited with the greatest anxiety each opportunity to get out into the light and air.

IN MY cell, both air and light were extremely scarce. As a refinement of cruelty, the window was barred not only with heavy iron rods and glass, but also with a thick wire netting containing merely the smallest openings. In addition, there were outside heavy wooden shutters so arranged as to shut off completely any glimpse of the world beyond, even the sky. Only by dint of great effort and by clambering upon the parapet of the window could I catch a glimpse of the sky of Rome and the crest of Gianicolo Hill, thus seeming to reattach myself to life.

On the thirteenth day of my imprisonment, I was summoned to an office on the ground floor. There I found a man, dressed entirely in black, who identified himself as a functionary of the police. After asking me my name, he handed me a typewritten sheet of paper signed with five names of persons I did not know. It was an order from the Provincial Commission of Rome for my deportation. In the finding it was stated that, as I had been denounced for an adversary of the régime in all its activities, I was to be sentenced to deportation for a period of five years to a place to be designated. The finding added that I had "deliberately expressed the proposal of overthrowing by violence the institutions of the State." There was no statement of the proof sustaining this charge, nor were there any specifications as to time and place of my making the proposal "deliberately expressed.'

I ASKED the police functionary for some explanation. His only reply was to shrug his shoulders and say that his duty was to inform me of my condemnation and to advise me of my right to appeal within ten days to the Central Commission at the Ministry of Interior. I protested vigorously against being condemned without hearing by a commission of which I knew nothing.

"Enough! Enough!" exclaimed the man in black. "What has been done has been well done. All that is asked of you is that you take cognizance of it. Nothing else is necessary. After all, there are an infinite number of men in your very position. If we had to listen to all their complaints — "

With a wave of his arm, the man in black showed me out of the office.

The guards who had brought me escorted me back toward my cell. In the corridors, I encountered long lines of political prisoners who, like me, were going to receive the same paper of condemnation. I encountered many friends and acquaintances with whom I exchanged a nod, a smile, or merely a look. I noted two members of the National Chamber of Deputies, arrested fifteen days earlier despite their parliamentary immunity.

I saw also Professor Filipperi, a veteran educator and patriotic Democrat. His father had been an intimate friend and collaborator of Giuseppe Mazzini, and he had followed in the footsteps of his father, dedicating his life to the education of the people. Although old and ill, he also lay in a cell among common criminals.

As soon as I was again in my narrow prison, I examined more closely, by the feeble light, the paper which had been handed me by the man in black. I saw that it carried the signatures of a prosecuting attorney, of the chief of police of Rome, of a Colonel of the Fascist Militia, and of a Secretary of the Fascist Party. These were the only arbiters of the life and destiny of honorable citizens.

On the following morning, during my short sojourn in the courtyard, I was able to communicate surreptitiously to some of my companions the nature of my fate. I learned definitely that they had received similar sheets of paper constituting their sentences. All those with whom I was able to communicate had, like myself, been condemned to deportation for five years, the maximum period provided by the Exceptional Laws. But none of us knew where we were to be sent.

On the afternoon of December 16 I was informed that I should leave on the following day for the island of Lampedusa to serve my sentence. I recalled only vaguely the name of this island, a real desert rock situated southwest of Sicily near Cape Bon, in Africa. I asked myself what would be my life for five years relegated to such a place. It would be like abandoning the world of men.

On the night of December 17–18 I was awakened between eleven o'clock and midnight. The guards ordered me to leave my cell, taking all my things with me. We passed through long corridors, dimly lighted, until we reached a large hall filled with people. In the poor light I saw about sixty prisoners massed against one wall and surrounded by many Carabinieri, commanded by an officer. A wooden box lay open on the ground under a lamp. It was full of iron chains.

The officer in command began calling off the names of the prisoners. As each prisoner answered to his name, the Carabinieri seized him and placed him in chains. I could only stand by and watch this sad and humiliating operation as I waited for my turn to come.

The wrists of each prisoner first were enclosed in a heavy pair of iron bracelets called *schiavettoni*, which were shut by means of a large screw-bolt. Another and naturally larger iron band was fastened about the prisoner's waist, and to this was affixed a chain taken from the wooden

box. The prisoners then were bound together by these chains in groups of from five to six. There were old and venerable men, members of the professions, Deputies from the Chamber, young students, and stalwart workmen, all bound together.

MY NAME was called. "Present!" I answered. I was chained between Alfredo Morea, a Member of Parliament, and Giuseppe Bruno, a lawyer. Soon afterward we moved off, to the lugubrious clank of the chains and the noise of the guns of our guards striking against the stone pavement, punctuated by crisp commands. We went out into the night.

Outside the prison walls waited large lorries surrounded by officers and men of the Fascist Militia. These we entered, dragging our chains with us. It was about two o'clock in the morning. We moved through a silent, seemingly deserted city. At street corners stood small groups of police and Fascist Militia.

At the railroad station, after a brief delay, we were loaded aboard a train. There were about sixty of us, the first deportees to the islands. Hundreds of others were to follow in our footsteps.

The train which was to take us to Naples was made up of four prison cars into which the majority of us were crowded. These prison cars were the most horrible things the human imagination can conceive. A corridor divided each car into two sections, and each section contained a series of tiny cells, veritable holes, into which a man could barely enter. The walls and ceiling were of steel, so that in winter the cells were real ice-houses and in summer real furnaces.

Each prisoner must remain in his hole for the entire journey, securely handcuffed and seated on a wooden bench. He cannot drink, eat, or rest. The train travels very slowly, sometimes consuming days in covering a distance for which a passenger train requires only a few hours. The prisoner longs for the prison which is his destination. There, at least, his handcuffs are removed and he can stretch himself.

On this trip to Naples, fortune favored me, in that all the cells were taken by my miserable companions who reached the train ahead of me. A few others and myself were placed in a third-class car, dirty and antiquated, but, compared to the quarters of our fellows, a veritable parlor car. The Carabinieri sat beside us, and we remained in our chains for the whole journey to Naples.

AS THE train proceeded, I questioned my immediate companion, Deputy Morea, on the circumstances of his arrest. He was a youthful and courageous chap. He fought in the war when only twenty years of age as an officer of the Grenadiers. He was decorated three times, and also gravely wounded. After the war, he entered politics, and was elected Deputy from the Provinces of Marchigiane, one of the youngest members of Parliament. He was particularly hated by the Fascists because of the part he had played in winning an important legal victory over Deputy Balbo, now Minister of Aviation in the Mussolini Cabinet.

"I was stopping in the hotel in Rome at which I always stay when Parliament is in session," said Morea, telling of his arrest. "One morn-

ing toward the end of November some officers called on me in the name of the chief of police, and ordered me to accompany them. To my astonishment they declared me under arrest. I protested that, as a Deputy, I was immune, but they replied that my immunity did not matter.

"'In a little while,' one of them remarked, 'no Deputy who is not a Fascist will be a Deputy at all. The Fascist Chamber will oust them.'

"They conducted me to prison. Twenty-nine of my colleagues in the Chamber have suffered the same fate, and are being sent to the islands. Many others escaped secretly across the frontier. You know that a few hours after my arrest the Fascist Chamber approved the ousting of all Opposition Deputies, nearly 200 in number."

I thought of those fortunate persons who had been able to escape. My own uncle, Francesco Nitti, many times a Minister and also Premier of Italy, had been forced into exile after having been made a public target for Fascist vengeance.

AFTER a wearying and saddening trip, we arrived in Naples, and were transported to the Carmine Prison. There we were placed in filthy cells. That evening, again burdened with our chains, we were conducted to the waterfront, and embarked on a small ship, the *Argentina*, which transported us to Palermo, in Sicily. We were forced to descend to the very bowels of the ship, away below all the accommodations for passengers. There, amidst the deafening noise of machinery and the nauseating stench of paints and oils, we passed an awful night, prostrate on the wooden flooring.

Of course, there were many who were sea-sick, but there were others, too, more seriously ill, who were treated roughly like the rest of us. I recall particularly a consumptive, Torcolacci, an unfortunate flower-seller from Rome. Having passed a long period in prison, his illness had been aggravated. He had been arrested and deported after a denouncement by unknown enemies. I doubt that he had ever been interested in politics at all, but here he was, chained in with the rest of us and suffering horribly.

WE REACHED Palermo the following morning about eight o'clock, and were taken immediately to the prison. There, we were jammed into various stinking, crowded cells. I was placed in a cell already filled by twenty or thirty prisoners belonging to the Mafia, or Black Hand, the widely known Sicilian society which the Mussolini Government is said to have destroyed. Signor Mussolini himself has said that 12,500 members of this society were arrested in Sicily, and there must have been even more. When we passed through Sicily, the prisons were crammed with these unfortunates. Later, I got to know youths of eighteen and nineteen years who said they were accused of crimes committed before they were born.

The treatment of the prisoners in the prison of Palermo was terrible. The guards were brutal, and absolute arbiters of the lives of those assigned to them. The food was beyond imagination. I recall that for two days were brought to us ladles of

putrid macaroni, cooked in water and mixed with boiled worms. By paying outrageous amounts, we were able to obtain dried figs and onions. We slept on the floor on mattresses stuffed with wood-shavings, two of us on each mattress. For three days we lived here among the *Maffiosi*.

We then left Palermo by train for Girgenti, on the opposite side of Sicily and facing the African coast. The prison there stands on a high hill overlooking the city. Still chained and carrying such personal belongings as were left us, we were forced to climb this hill. It was a tremendous effort and a painful one. We were held in this prison for seven days. I was among twenty of my companions in a cell designed for seven persons. One tiny window supplied all our light and air — by four o'clock in the afternoon it was night for us. Stretched on sacks of straw through which penetrated the dampness of the stone floor, we sought for the sleep which would liberate us from our misery. We asked repeatedly that we be sent on to the island that awaited us, for there we expected the opportunity to breathe fresh air.

In the prison of Girgenti, each of us saw in his neighbor a picture of himself — a long, unkempt beard, a drawn face, eyes tired and red. We lacked even sufficient water for washing, which was done in turn. We were reduced to a pitiful condition.

At last, we were allowed to leave for our island prison. Chained again and with our wrists bound in the iron *schiavettoni*, we descended the steep hill which we had climbed so painfully seven days before. Now, there were more of us. Some ordinary felons, also sentenced to deportation to Lampedusa, were chained in with us. At Empedocle, the port of Girgenti, we were placed aboard the small steamer *Ustica*, named after one of the islands on which *déportés* are held prisoners.

We sailed at sunset. The night was one of terror. The sea appeared to rush upon us from all sides, determined to destroy us. Piled together in the bowels of the ship, one upon another, with wrists chained, we listened to the deafening crash of the waves against the feeble sides of our boat. Nobody could shut an eye. We suffered from want of sleep, from thirst and general weariness, and felt a kind of morbid longing for the island which awaited us on the morrow — Lampedusa, our prison.

NEXT month a concluding chapter describes Signor Nitti's life on the penal island and his escape therefrom. In his book, to be published shortly by G. P. Putnam's Sons, Signor Nitti tells the full story of his experiences, including dramatic events too numerous to mention in this brief magazine form.

This Débutante "Business"

By Alida K. L. Milliken

Is New York's social life commercialized and are its young people exploited—to the detriment of their manners and ideals?

THINGS *are in the Saddle* was the title of a recent magazine article which gave all thoughtful readers much ground for concern. Its main thesis, irrefutably stated, was that the United States is suffering from overproduction, therefore the manufacturer must in some way induce the consumer to absorb more than he wants or needs. In a word, the consumer is exploited to increase the profits of the producer.

Why do hordes of us send copious Christmas cards to hundreds of our acquaintances, to our "calling list?" Because we have more of the Christmas spirit than formerly? No — because some engraving interests thought the custom "good business."

Why do we have Father's Day and Mother's Day? Because necktie manufacturers, florists and telegraph companies think it a clever device. Another most notorious exploitation is carried on by undertakers. It is only necessary to remember what was done after the war, when for the sake of the undertakers' pockets, thousands of bodies were brought back from France at great expense; and to think of the elaborate and senseless funerals of the poor, to realize this.

The American public, because it does possess a Christmas spirit, does love father and mother, does respect its dead, is subtly persuaded it can only express those feelings by *buying*.

In each case cited, emotion is the article exploited.

What has this to do with the débutante?

On all sides we hear hysterical criticism of the young people of the so-called privileged class — their lack of promptness, their shocking discourtesy, their habit of "crashing" parties, their drinking at social functions, their feeling that a night is lost if they go to bed before six o'clock in the morning. In large part all this criticism is warranted.

But what has brought about these habits which subject our youth to criticism? I can not say too emphatically that the evils complained of are in no way the fault of the young people. I have heard the charge made that the shortcomings of our youth are due to the fact that their parents are lazy. So we are and

worse than that we are unthinking and cowardly. We are the victims of sheep psychology and again are so exploited that we unwittingly satisfy our social ambition — a perfectly worthy sentiment — coupled with affection for our children, only, and here is the point, by buying, buying. Buying is getting to be the one absorbing passion with us all, as the manufacturer desires.

The process of exploitation begins when our children are scarcely more than seven or eight years old. Professional party entertainers, marionette producers, magicians, seek the opportunity to entertain our children, for pay of course; hotel managers urge that we do not permit our homes to be upset by children's parties, but use their parlors instead. A long train of persons eager to take over the entertainment of our young besiege us. So that we finally succumb, consoling ourselves with the thought that undoubtedly we can buy a better party, if a standardized one, than the home-made one we had originally planned. As a result, not only is confidence in ourselves weakened, but there is eventually a reaction on the part of the children. I recall the pathetic remark of one of my own children at the age of eight: "I don't want to go to any more parties, because we always have the same magic man."

As the children grow, the pressure increases. We are offered dancing lessons, a legitimate and proper commodity that we should buy, part of a social education; but it does not stop there. The dancing school teachers exploit us. They organize subscription dances. For the good of our children? Again the answer is in the negative. They do it for their own financial profit, and small blame to them if we, as consumers, "fall" for it — as we do because we are cleverly baited by the pretended exclusiveness of these parties. What is the result? Mothers who want to entertain, in their own homes, in a normal way, discover to their chagrin that they can't because these subscription dances have filled in every available date and there is no free night left for the entertainment they are planning. I recall one mother who did not fall into the exploiter's trap, but instead went ahead with her arrangements for a dance in her own home, whereupon she was waited upon by the organizer of a subscription dance. She begged her to change her date (with the invitations all out!) because the date conflicted with one of the organizer's subscription dances scheduled at a public place, and the conflict of dates would jeopardize the organizer's "gate receipts." It is a typical illustration of the exploitation to which our young people are subjected.

We come next to the Débutante Age. Remember that up to this stage all which our sons and daughters have experienced is through the buying for them, by their parents, of subscription entertainment with no spontaneous giving and receiving of hospitality anywhere in evidence. This buying, of course, is sometimes veiled by the lesser evil of "getting in" to the desired series of dances. Some of these have their place in the scheme of things, if they are complementary

to a normal social career, but not if they are multiplied, as they are, by commercial organizers.

It is at this age that the "social secretary" appears. Far be it from my purpose to say that in this huge city, with all its complications and ramifications, the social secretary is not a necessary and helpful adjunct. She entered into the scheme of things to look after the details of those perfectly legitimate series of dances initiated in the past by social matrons, anxious to carry on traditions. But now she has her wares to sell, and of course, with our training in buying what is offered, the mother buys. The secretary sells to her clientèle influence in "getting in" to parties, both subscription and private.

As an aside, let me point to a flagrant example of the manner in which our débutantes are exploited. A while ago mothers of standing were pestered with invitations to become patronesses — a magic phrase! — of a certain Débutante Ball. Preliminary notices of this event appeared in the social columns of the metropolitan press. Tickets could be obtained from a Mrs. X—— unknown to every one. Lists of patronesses and their social activities were made much of. One can sense the agonies of those not included, as they rushed to accept the invitations which they had inadvertently neglected. How could they have known that the names were cold-bloodedly printed for effect without the consent of their owners? The lists rapidly swelled. Mrs. X—— is a clever woman, and who shall blame her for capitalizing the frantic desire of us consumer-mothers to have ourselves and our daughters appear in the limelight, and thus "pull off" a party, at our expense, which was wholly a commercial enterprise of her own?

Rapidly, and with certainty, parents and young people have learned their lesson. They have been taught that they must buy to get, not to make or give, with the result that social life in New York is commercialized instead of being civilized. The mother and her daughters and sons strive to be conspicuous, not to be distinguished. Most of the entertaining is done in public places. The fact is a calamity, since personal hospitality is lost, the individual touch is missing, and all entertainment, bought and paid for, is of a like pattern, standardized. The small, intimate group which formerly gathered in the home, becomes a mob in the public place of entertainment. Dinners and dances nowadays are large and promiscuous in their lists, and are based upon the American idea of being "bigger and (therefore) better." Boys and girls are swamped with invitations from people of whom they have never heard, their names merely happening to be on the lists sold by the social secretaries. If they are in college or any occupation it is well-nigh impossible to answer these invitations promptly, if at all; and why, when we think of it, should they commit themselves eight and ten weeks in advance?

Hostesses become careless in demanding the courtesy of promptness from their guests. Since they are entertaining in public places, no inconvenience to cooks or others involved in service is of con-

cern to them. Because of the tardiness of guests, dinners are not begun until an hour or more after the appointed time; and guests, to avoid tedious waiting, arrive later and later; dances following these dinners begin later and later, and are prolonged later and later. It had come to such a pass lately that no party was judged "good" unless it dragged on until five or six o'clock in the morning. The more people who "got in" to a party, the greater success it was. Hostesses boasted that they ordered only 1,000 suppers and paid for 1,500 — so popular was their dance. Invited guests and social secretaries procured invitations for the uninvited.

Isn't "crashing" a logical result of these conditions? Hasn't the desire for a "good party" encouraged it? Social secretaries try to "sell" invitations even to private houses, where limited space demands a limited list, and so calling the hostess on the telephone to ask if certain of their clients have not been "overlooked."

Another result of such a system is that, if a dance continues till six in the morning, boys can not endure it with a semblance of pleasure without alcoholic stimulant. I, for one, with no reference to the prohibition law, say they are justified. Girls are intoxicated by the dancing and music. Not so the stag line, which dances only a third or less of the time. For this and other reasons, hostesses are urged to serve cocktails and champagne. Social secretaries tell timid hostesses that their guests will not enjoy themselves without alcoholic stimulants. "Everybody does it," is the argument. And again, the hostess must buy success with a large bootlegger's bill. It is all an insult to youth. I know from conversations I have had in the last few years with boys and girls that they don't want elaborate parties, don't want late parties and don't want liquor. "In the fell clutch of circumstance" they take what is bought for them. What a travesty it all is!

Then what can be done to bring back enjoyment and the proper social intercourse and experience for our young? Much has already been done. As an interested public knows, early last spring the Parents' League and the Junior League of New York circularized their members with questionnaires concerning these matters. Almost a unanimous report was returned from both organizations in favor of earlier closing hours for dances, and demanding promptness at luncheons and dinners. A committee of mothers of débutantes was appointed and a meeting of all mothers of débutantes of the 1929–1930 season was called, at which resolutions were passed binding all present to coöperate in the suggested reforms. These merely made common sense articulate, but as we know common sense is a rare article, and so the battle is not yet won.

So far, I think the young people have made a more earnest response than the parents, although the latter in most instances have been reassuringly encouraging in their coöperation. Invited guests have arrived more punctually. We hope that those hostesses who are still indulgent toward the laggards

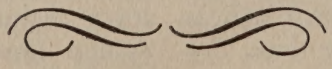
will not defeat our endeavors by waiting for these before seating their guests. Firmness and determination are necessary in the accomplishment of any reform. Most dances now close at three o'clock, the prescribed hour. In many instances boys and girls alike, emulating Cinderella of old, leave the party on the "Three o'clock Curfew," even though the orchestra plays on.

I reiterate, the young are reasonable and courageous. Of course they are conventional, and will follow an example set; so that if the older generation are not as earnest as they are, and do not literally adhere to their resolutions, we shall all slip back to conditions which we say we deplore, and it will be the more shame to us.

ONLY a beginning has been made. There are many problems still to be pondered. The present system of dances is wearing thin. The girl must be cut in on incessantly, and thereby she sees no one with any satisfaction; the over-filled stag line is bulging and crowding the dance floor, and each member of it is beginning to get restive over the fact that his much desired partner is immediately tagged by his rivals. There is given to the boy little or no opportunity to shoulder his part of social courtesy and responsibility, because if luck be against him he may be caught, to the girl's irritation as much as to his own, in the mesh from which neither he nor she can be extricated within reasonable time.

Let us search our hearts to see whether or not our own vanity is not at the root of the evils which I have pointed out. We strive more for our daughters' and our sons' social success than for their spiritual welfare. We lower our flags from where they were wont to fly, ostensibly that our children may not suffer any lack, but in reality because we can not ourselves bear to witness it, even when the experience would be truly uplifting to them.

In any event, let us look to ourselves, for whatever the younger generation does, you may be sure that the older is responsible. We can not excuse ourselves by blandly saying these things are post-war excesses, for after all our generation and the ones before were responsible for the war. It has been accurately said that "criticism of others is obverse flattery of ourselves." But it is not so when we criticize the young. Criticism of our children is complete condemnation of ourselves.



Civilization at the Bridge Table

By Ely Culbertson
Distinguished Bridge Expert, Editor of "Bridge World"

and Peter F. O'Shea

Professor R. E. Rogers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has lately instructed his extension lecture pupils that persons who spend their time playing bridge have fallen to the lowest depths possible for humans. We hear a chorus of "Cheers for Rogers!" drowned out by an amused antiphony of soprano hisses and bass boo's. Priests of bridge are indignant at the professor's attack upon their art. Millions of players need a spokesman to argue that they are not dumb-bells.

On one point, English professors and bridge professors are agreed: millions of our people do spend considerable time playing bridge. During that time they are becoming either more civilized or less civilized. Which? What is happening to their minds and souls, at the bridge table?

The answers to these questions should be immediately determined by a committee of foremost citizens interested in American progress. Since President Hoover has appointed no such committee, we offer this article in lieu of the report that they would undoubtedly turn in.

Both a bridge and a bridge table are tools of civilization. Each promotes a meeting of men and thoughts. Bridge is the card game of civilized people. Any medium of civilization, a school, a church, a bridge or a bridge table, defines the type of civilization peculiar to its surrounding nation. Squinting at the correct angle you will see our civilization reflected from the level surface of the bridge table as from a mirror.

But bridge does more than reflect, it influences.

Having become at least as popular as churches, golf, or common stock, it must, like them, affect our national character. Specific qualities of our national self are required, exercised and intensified by it. First:

Bridge is a game of team work: An American's education in team work begins in childhood with baseball, basket ball and football, to be succeeded later by the various departmentalized activities of corporations, business enterprises, and subdivision of labor — all of which require team work. After thirty and in the evening, our battleground of team work is transferred from the athletic field and the office to the bridge table. Our habit of instantly falling into teams is being devel-

oped by the bridge table to a point where it cannot but increase our collective effectiveness in all other team activities of business, politics or society. That's enormously important in this complex age where most things are done through organization rather than by soloists.

Bridge is improving our coördination in many of the complex modern activities which use organization as a gigantic tool. Forty years ago Henry Ford had to learn his trade as a machinist, but under present Fordized conditions, the one trade Ford requires his employees to learn is team work. Team work is the universal trade of every American. Bridge tables are a million gymnasiums to improve the mental suppleness of apprentices and masters.

E. H. Harriman, in the wild old days of freebooting captains of industry, of exploitation, of stock market corners and bluff, probably hired only skilled poker players; but in the present days of science, facts, and team work General Harbord, of the Radio Corporation, or Patrick E. Crowley, President of the New York Central, might well require all employees to play bridge.

Bridge could not have been played in America on its present scale fifty years ago, before team work became a national habit. It cannot be played now on the American scale in any country of Europe. Europeans claim that the individual solo is much to be desired, but such is the case because Europeans are not so thoroughly educated as Americans in the principles and benefits of team work.

If British battles were won on the playing fields of Eton, American wealth and culture of the future are being developed every evening on the folding bridge table. And vastly more people can buy a three dollar table than can attend Eton. Bridge is educating Americans to be more American — to be better manufacturers, distributors, politicians, economists, and citizens.

Bridge provides for the star system too — another American characteristic. Everybody has a chance to be captain, quarterback and ball-carrier whenever his partner obligingly becomes dummy. Suppressed desires are realized. A seventy-yard run through a broken field can be made by a seventy-year-old, dodging like Albie Booth between the east and west hands, scoring by two finesses and an end play. What difference if the touchdown is called a rubber?

Bridge offers also further practice in the American penchant for organizing something, anything, everything. The feminine world no longer need direct its organizing instinct in regard to a club or a charity solely for the pleasure of getting it up rather than for its residual financial benefits to the needy.

A merchant offers with every bridge table an invisible bargain, the opportunity to be a social organizer. Millions of Smiths and Joneses buy. They have the site for organizing at least a foursome. After taking his seat at the table, every player must quietly organize his campaign. A skilful populace organizes miniature enterprises twenty times an evening. Some will organize the United States Steel Corporations, churches, colleges, and chari-

ties of the future. Others will be more cheerful goats for community chests.

Professor Rogers is an abnormal being. Hating the sight of a deck of cards, he forgets that millions of normal people, pronounced equal to him by a somewhat lowbrow Constitution, find economical recreation in a simple portable invention. Some genius made himself a little pocket picture gallery subject to three billion permutations — reproducing the endless variety of life by the mere act of shuffling — and gave mankind a social boon.

BRIDGE demonstrates and intensifies our national habit of doing things *en masse*. Formerly restricted to a few European aristocrats, our new national game has advanced in the characteristic mass manner of America. At any given moment of the afternoon or evening at least one hundred thousand people are seated around bridge tables in homes and hotels, clubs and churches, town halls and college dormitories.

Bridge has become one of our new industries. Fifty-two million packs of playing cards are manufactured every year. All the bridge tables in America placed one on top of another would reach sufficiently high for Colonel Lindbergh to deal himself a hand in passing at an elevation of a hundred miles.

Scores of books have been published about bridge. Several of them have achieved enormous circulation. A monthly magazine is devoted exclusively to bridge. Syndicated articles appear in over a thousand daily and Sunday newspapers. Additional enormous space is taken by paragraphs about innumerable social activities pivoted around bridge. Experts have been playing bridge games aloud over a national radio chain with a hookup for over two million listeners, the largest regular hookup in the history of radio.

A new profession of bridge instructor or coach has sprung up, employing 1,200 bridge teachers, including former society matrons, high school principals, some Russian nobility and retired Army officers — even one major general, six colonels, and several majors. Lenz, Shepherd, Whitehead, Work have become household names as well known as once were Brunel, Roebling, or Eads. Who are the latter? Ignorance is a proof that architects of bridge are better known nowadays than architects of bridges.

EUROPEANS probably cannot conceive that such an army of bridge teachers could exist. They couldn't in Europe. But why should Europeans be shocked at the idea? Their romantic fencing master of past centuries is merely replaced by today's bridge master. He does not, however, sacrifice social caste, as did the professional fencing master. He is a social lion. Imagine inviting your friends "to meet Wilbur Whitehead." Better than Rudyard Kipling!

"Bridge keeps hundreds of bridge teachers supplied with fur coats," growled Professor Rogers, when we communicated with him by telepathy. "I suppose fur coats are more civilized than loin-cloths."

But he misses the real point, which is this: a million Americans now agree upon the scoring ethics and

laws of bridge. Agreement on a base of operations must make millions better sportsmen, economists, realists, and *entrepreneurs*. They will be more practical in business, golf, and politics. They learn to be conservative, not to butt into a stone wall nor to step blithely into an air pocket just before a fateful word from Nemesis doubles the injuries. They learn to be energetic when they have values, else they are bawled out by partner and kidded by derisively grateful opponents. Bridge teaches analysis and realism, caution and courage, accuracy and action.

Bridge intensifies our national capacity for organization, team work, standardization, and star plays. If these are traits of civilization, bridge civilizes. Learning to make one's way in a complicated world is civilization.

But does bridge add to our morals? How about gambling?

Bridge has set the nation to card playing. Does that mean we are becoming a nation of gamblers? No. In the first place, part of the growth of bridge is what automobile manufacturers call replacement of other card games already played, such as forty-five, euchre, five hundred, straight whist, pitch, seven up, and pedro. People who played those games without betting can certainly enjoy bridge without betting. Millions of new card players made by bridge do not bet. For them the intellectual pastime is enough.

Those who do bet, place their wagers on skill rather than on the gambler's god of Chance. Bridge is a game of strategy rather than a game of chance. It draws upon the emotions of thought, rather than upon the emotions of curiosity. Bridge achieves what other card games intend — to centre on skill. Except poker, any real card game pretends to be a game of skill rather than of chance.

Even poker claims to need skill not only in computing percentages or probabilities, but also in psychological observation and attack. Its element of skill is what attracted Americans to poker sufficiently to establish it as the national game of past decades.

Bridge has succeeded poker as the national game because bridge excels poker in the employment of skill.

Such a game as faro is not a true card game and has nothing to do with cards; it is a game of chance hung on numbers which happen to be conveniently carried on cards, just as an umbrella might be misused by a young lady for self defense. But one umbrella poked into a solar plexus does not make all umbrellas subject to the tariff on broadswords. So bridge should not be considered even distantly related to such a low-class gambling game as faro, except by a bar sinister.

Faro is based on ignorance — the fact that *we do not know* what card will turn next. Bridge is based on knowledge — exchange of information between partners.

Popularity of bridge proves that we are not becoming a gambling nation. Gambling cannot be eliminated by making laws against it; gambling is harder to prohibit than liquor. Gambling can only be driven out by the spread of bridge!

Let us illustrate this outcome by turning forward the film of evolution. Bridge is not a static, fossilized game; it is rapidly being fitted with new improvements, like everything else in the hands of Americans.

SHOULD the present rate of improvement continue for only a generation, contract bridge will have advanced so far towards scientific prevision of results that all the remaining elements of ignorance and chance will be removed. Bridge may become 99.7 per cent a game of skill, like chess.

And who ever heard of anybody gambling on a chess game? If I played 100 games of chess with you who are 10 per cent better than I, you would win not merely 10 per cent more games than I, you would win or draw every one of the 100 games. Who would bet on me? Gambling cannot flourish in such an intellectual atmosphere. When chance has been eliminated and skill is absolutely predominant, bridge will involve no gambling.

Bridge has already saved us from gambling. As America grew rich, our increasing national leisure would have used itself partly in deplorable lowbrow games of chance, if it were not for bridge.

True, bridge received a black eye when the wives of Suburbia first began to study it, for these neophytes derived thrills from their optimistic ignorance of what card was going to fall next. Black looks from partners soon reminded them that they should have known instead of guessing. Unnecessary hopefulness became a disgrace in our American *mores*. Ignorance became less and less a desirable part of bridge; it became a source of depression rather than of excitement.

Bridge is decidedly educational. It involves exercise of the mind. Learning to play bridge is learning how to think correctly. We draw one inference from another. Each of two minds learns how to combine several isolated facts into the same complete picture that determines the best bid. Constant meeting of minds is the distinguishing characteristic of bridge over other games.

OUR thinking must be not merely qualitative but quantitative, and accurate. This is particularly true of contract bridge. A penalty attaches to inaccurate thinking. The accurate, quick thinker is rewarded by victory.

True, this thinking must flow along certain channels. But that is true of the writing of verse. Occasionally we meet free verse — and likewise free bridge; but deliver us from both. Anyone wishes to be separated from a capricious partner, unless he has first learned the discipline of bridge, after which we may consider him a genius.

Rigid channels of thought are prescribed in the study of arithmetic, grammar, geometry, language, science, or any other subject pigeonholed in one of the arbitrarily labelled compartments of a college curriculum. A mind which compels itself to conform to a rigid channel becomes more flexible. Here we have the wisdom of the scholastic teachers. Millions of our people have chosen to discipline their minds at the bridge table rather than in debates of theologians or scholars.

In past generations bridge would have been considered too strenuous an exercise of the mind to serve as a pastime. It would have assumed the magnitude of work. Among a large collegiate population with minds which are trained, orderly, flexible, easily organized and alert to a vocabulary, bridge is sufficiently a facile detail to be an amusement and a relaxation.

Bridge is also a gentle exercise for mental muscles developed to Sandow-like proportions by attendance at college. Gargantuan mentalities need something to keep them in form after graduation. Indeed, many enthusiastic students, while still in college, prefer bridge to analytic geometry. No student graduates from Yale or Princeton, Vassar or Smith without an informal though almost obligatory extra-curricular laboratory course in bridge — though the game played at Smith is not so good.

STATE universities and preparatory schools, in general, propagate a fairly correct game of bridge. It is not an accident that the spread of bridge is coincident with the spread of American demand for universal college education. Bridge is the mental indoor sport of an essentially collegiate people. Bridge was never the game of the little red school house.

Our high schools are following their university leaders. In the Cleveland high schools, bridge is taught of an evening. Neither a required nor an elective subject for the busy youngsters, nevertheless it is allowed as part of the community centre work, for which a high school is a quite proper site. In the morning, mothers of families come to one of the buildings of the city's educational department to practise bridge. True, Cleveland is bridge mad. Yet this instance demonstrates the educational value of bridge. Can you imagine poker classes allowed in a public high school? Oh, W. C. T. U!

We see no reason why bridge should not be extended back among the young sophomores. For young people derive the same advantage from bridge as from geometry, with the additional advantages of the psychological factor which is so rigidly censored from Mr. Euclid's best-seller. Young people can and do rapidly learn to play bridge. The next generation of bridge players will probably be as far ahead of us as we are of the Mid-Victorians.

ANYONE wishing to attack card games makes a poor choice by picking what is undoubtedly the best and most superior card game that exists. Bridge represents an advance in the games of the human race. The more Professor Rogers is proud of being a highbrow, the more thankful he should be to bridge because it has made millions of partial lowbrows more highbrow than they were before.

Bridge is also one of the modern tests of equality which human beings are always making with one another. Tests of prowess are always selected as suitable to the environment of the participants in their generation, so that while leading up to the test, and after it is over, everybody may pretend that the test was inconsequential. Bridge, as a test of prowess, has succeeded

back-yard wrestling, corn-husking, wassail and horse-trading.

Ability to play bridge is one of the modern gages of equality, like silk stockings and automobiles. Even those girls who prefer to wear cotton stockings — if such girls exist — must wear silk. Even those people whose brains are really too good to waste on bridge must contribute their high mental equipment, else they leave the assumption that others have barred from them the bridge table for lack of brains.

Europeans assume that Americans want standardization. Not altogether. They want equality. Having decided courteously to contribute their attention to doing what other people would like them to do, they politely prepare themselves to do it fairly well.

OUR best people play bridge — and those who want to be the best. Among the contributors to one issue of a bridge magazine are dignified people like Walter Beinecke, president of John C. Paige and Company; Oswald Jacoby of Jacoby, Young and Company, investments, a Fellow of the Actuarial Society; Edward Pope, manager of the Halifax branch of the Bank of Montreal, and W. E. Talcott, assistant general counsel of the New York Central Railroad. Quite respectable, quite. Respectable subscribers, too, bankers, judges, mathematicians, professors, and even — *pièce de resistance* — a bishop.

Bridge is a unifier. It is contagious among all races and groups. One no-trump becomes a universal language, a practical Esperanto. People who understand the vocabulary of bridge understand each other.

In Holyoke, Massachusetts, the Paper City, where racial and religious cleavages are so distinct that they have been known to affect politics and the appointment of a school superintendent, every winter now there are interfraternity tournaments played three times a week, at the Knights of Columbus Club on Monday nights, at the Masons on Tuesdays, and at the Elks on Thursdays. How can a Ku Klux Klan survive that?

BRIDGE is the game of a leisured people. It could not have flourished among so many million five decades ago, when the universal deity was Production. Bridge can increase and multiply only as Production — Long Live the King! — is laid away within working hours, and is succeeded by the reign of pleasant Queen Leisure of the Evening.

Bridge is the game of an urban people. It is a result of the movement of the population from farms into cities. No partnership game requiring four people could have flourished among isolated farmers. Few bridge players were among the farmers' wives who cooked big meals for forty hungry harvesters.

A discerning eye may trace by the number of people who can intelligently bid no trumps, the future of America's kind of civilization, with its team work, equality, leisure, and collegiate intellectualism. For bridge, like our churches, schools, newsreels, and radio, is an educator, social secretary and civilizer of Americans.

Bridge, in short, is indispensable.

A Rebel from Broadway

By Rose C. Feld

How young Eva Le Gallienne, renouncing the White Way's golden fame, has brought a new meaning to the American stage and to herself unique distinction

Less than ten years ago Broadway was treated to two character portrayals by a young actress which made even the most hardened and cynical critics sit up and write with a new sincerity such words as "glamour," "distinction," "beauty" and "integrity." The girl who evoked this rare praise was Eva Le Gallienne and her vehicles were *Liliom* and *The Swan*. For her, producers and critics and audience alike prophesied a future of wealth and a name blazoned in Gargantuan letters on the skyscrapers of America's great white way. Today you walk down a Broadway which has grown lighter, brighter and tighter in harmony with the rhythm of this brazen decade, and among all the myriad, bewildering signs that shout their wares not one bears the name of Eva Le Gallienne.

Down in the lower part of the city, on a street unaristocratically and inartistically neighbored by the Sixth Avenue elevated structure, by the Salvation Army building, by chauffeurs' doughnut shops, by low-priced clothing shops and dingy boarding houses, stands the Civic Repertory Theatre; and within its packed doors every night the most interesting theatre public that America's most cosmopolitan city can produce, learns over and over again the meaning of "glamour, distinction, beauty and integrity."

The electric sign across the front of the building is not very large and it carries only the name of the theatre. Eva Le Gallienne apparently has had a notion of success differing from that predicted for her. It is a healthful and satisfying sign of our times that today not a single serious lover of the theatre fails to pay tribute to that notion. She has given the American theatre new meaning and new life; she has proved that it can be taken out of the heavily travelled rut of commercial utility and personal aggrandizement and can be placed in the richer and deeper field of cultural development.

Indeed, when one surveys the world of dramatic art, to determine who are its greatest living figures — greatest as judged by their service to the America of today and tomorrow — it is not necessary to compile lists, to mention ten or a dozen names of

our most famous actors and directors. Eva Le Gallienne, in her youth, her versatility, her energy, her idealism and her accomplishment, stands head and shoulders above the rest. The term "highbrow" has put a curse on everything that has anything to do with activities beyond the mental level of the motion picture devotee. It is the fashion of the day to be "hard-boiled" and cynical. Yet in spite of this and in face of this, a young woman only very little over thirty has made a grateful audience acclaim her realization of an ideal.

REBELLION is the driving force of all pioneering work, a dissatisfaction and restless unhappiness with conditions accepted by people with less vision, a conviction that beyond the immediate horizon of safety and well-being there are greater and finer things to be done. Rebellion it was that made Eva Le Gallienne step out from the gilded but confining frame in which her personal portrait as our most successful young actress was hung. She stepped out to become the creative artist; to revive and restore the canvasses in the world gallery of dramatic art. Eva Le Gallienne, the actress, has not, it is true, disappeared; but greater perhaps in a natural sense is Eva Le Gallienne the director of the Civic Repertory Theatre.

It is interesting to trace the germ of an idea and an ideal. Eva Le Gallienne came to this country when she was sixteen years old. She came frankly, she says, to make a name for herself as a "great actress." The idea was not as brashly adolescent as it sounds. She had been acting for two years and had already scored a personal success as a cockney slavey at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London. Luckily for America, the play died in its infancy.

ALL her childhood and early youth she had spent with her mother on the Continent. Her mother is a native of Copenhagen; her father is Richard Le Gallienne, English poet and writer. Eva Le Gallienne, it is said, is more truly a daughter of her mother than of her father. The Nordic spirit is as restless as its fjords, and its feet as well as its mind travel beyond the boundaries of frontiers. The two, mother and daughter, lived in the colorful capitals of Europe and became part of them, at one with the life about them. They were strangers nowhere, for everywhere they found the things that meant home to them, things that have nothing to do with street numbers or the color of the uniform of the national guard. The greater part of their time they spent in Paris. It was there that Eva Le Gallienne went to school. But whether it was Paris or Copenhagen or Berlin, one thing she always found, a repertory theatre.

"It was not that I sought them out," said she, speaking of this stage of her life. "I was not that unbearable creature, the precocious child demanding the heavy literary fare of her intellectual superiors. It was simply a natural part of my education. To the Continental child the theatre is as important a part of his education as are the elements of good grammar and speech. Every curriculum of every good school includes not only music and an appreciation of the museum arts but regular attendance at the always

existent repertory theatre where the literature of the classroom comes to magic life under the spotlight. This is the natural heritage of the European boy and girl. There is no self-consciousness about it; it is as much a part of everyday life as are the bottle of wine at a French dinner and the liqueur that follows."

With the background of the Comédie Française, the Odéon in Paris, the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen, the Repertory Theatre in Berlin, Eva Le Gallienne found herself a little lost when she came to New York. For the first time in her life she felt a stranger in a strange land. She had come here, it is true, to be a "great actress," but "great actress" to her was synonymous with great plays. There were good plays being produced, to be sure, and of these *Liliom* and *The Swan* were outstanding examples, but that kind of success was not what she wanted. That, in a manner of speaking, wasn't "home" to her.

"It wasn't money I had come to make in America," she explained. "This was a young country and I was a young person and I thought that here I would find greater opportunity for doing the sort of things that older people were doing in older countries. I soon discovered these things weren't being done here. I do not mean to say that the American theatre wasn't and isn't doing worth while things, for it was and is and I have the deepest and greatest respect for much of the contemporary work that is being produced. But theatre to me means more than that. It means the perpetuation of worth while plays to which one can turn to as to a beloved book in a library. It means keeping alive and before the eyes of the public and especially of youth the best and the finest plays that have been produced since man first translated the beauty of his mind and aspirations into the medium of stage expression. It has nothing to do with nationality; it has nothing to do with time. It means the recognition of the fact that all the vast treasure of beauty that has been created is the heritage of every person. What I am doing is not the last word nor, perhaps, the best word in the choice of material or interpretation, but it is an effort to produce upon the American stage the same sort of plays that every lover of the theatre finds on the European stage."

Ibsen she had always wanted to act. She has a spiritual kinship with him that is greater than background or tradition. He speaks her language; she speaks his. With the money she had made during her Broadway runs and with money she convinced people they ought to let her have to foster an important cultural experiment, she gathered together a company of actors filled with the same constructive rebellion as her own, many of them rich with years of European repertory experience behind them, and produced *The Master Builder* and *John Gabriel Borkman*. She started with a few matinées; she ended with a regular run that often showed the S.R.O. sign at the box-office. The experiment had worked.

Out of this grew the greater idea of the Repertory Theatre, devoted to the ideal of giving splendid plays acted by a company, mentally divorced from the star system, for an

audience attuned to the efforts of both. All were equally important to make the plan complete.

On October 25, 1926, the Civic Repertory Theatre opened with Eva Le Gallienne as its director. The first play they gave was Benevente's *Saturday Night* and the next morning all the critics in the newspapers more or less kindly agreed with the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted and made the forecast that before long Eva Le Gallienne would be very glad to get away from the artistic vapors of Fourteenth Street to breathe the more lucrative air of Times Square. The second night the Repertory Theatre gave Tchekov's *Three Sisters*, and this time confused critics went back to their lairs to search out a thesaurus to find words that could adequately describe the artistic excellence of what they had witnessed. *The Master Builder* and *John Gabriel Borkman* were added to the first week's repertoire and the new experiment entered its clear and steady rhythm of change and repetition. Since then, more than a score of plays have been added to the list; and, with the exception of one or two, all of them have been retained.

THE names of the playwrights represented form an impressive mosaic of international dramatic literature. Ibsen is there for the Scandinavian countries, Tchekov, Andreyev and Tolstoi for Russia, Molière and Anet for France, Heijermans for Holland, Sierra and the Quintero brothers for Spain, Goldoni for Italy, Shakespeare and Barrie for England, Susan Glaspell for America. The fact that she hasn't more Americans on her list Eva Le Gallienne regrets more than do her critics, who find in that lack a basis of mild detraction of her work.

"It is not that I have no faith in American playwrights," she said. "That certainly is not the reason we haven't a greater representation of American names. But I am not going to produce a play by an American or by any one else unless and until I am convinced of its excellence. With the work of the past, the years have done what one person can not hope to do, sifted and weighed and judged, letting the mediocre die of inanition and shedding ever new light upon work which is inspired by beauty and molded with artistic craftsmanship.

"WITH the works of the playwrights of today, it is a different matter. One must read, search and study alone and one must come to a decision alone. If ever a play comes to me which fills me with the conviction that it is imbued with qualities to give it greatness and duration, I shall produce it whoever the author may be and wherever he may come from. Several such plays have been produced on the American stage and I should have been exultant had I had the chance to include them in my repertory. But there I am pitted against the American idea of successful production. Few authors there are who, assured of making a Broadway success with their play, will let me have it. They prefer to enjoy immediate royalties, based on White Way prices which are more than double our own, rather than let the weeks and the months and the years accumulate for them a return which eventually may be as great in

money value and certainly greater in spiritual and cultural satisfaction. On this subject I can speak with conviction. I know. The happiest thing I ever did was to give up what might have been an assured and continued success on Broadway, with all that it means in money and personal reputation, to do the thing that is more worth while doing — and more honest. Some day, perhaps, some of our more successful playwrights will see eye to eye with me on this.

"PRIMARILY, however, the production of native plays is not the purpose of the Civic Repertory Theatre. I didn't start out with any such purpose, nor do I want to adopt it. The production of an American opera by an American composer is not the *raison d'être* of the Metropolitan Opera House. If somebody writes a fine American opera, excellent! It takes its place among the other operas that are being performed. It doesn't have to be compared with Wagner or Verdi or any of the old masters; it doesn't have to reach their stature. But it must be the best that America can produce.

"What I am striving to do is to give to the American theatre what the Metropolitan Opera Company is giving to musical life in America, an understanding and feeling for some of the finer things that creative artists of the nations of the world have contributed to the rich intermingling pattern of culture and art. That is what the repertory theatres do in Europe. In the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen there is a legend over the arch blazoned in letters large enough for the youngest and the oldest to read, 'Not Only for Amusement.' That is what I want the Civic Repertory here to mean, a theater devoted to the tremendous range of the living world of dramatic literature."

Success in what she has set out to do has not quenched the fire of rebellion in Eva Le Gallienne. Nor are the strength and conviction that go with the pioneer spirit the only qualities she has. Strange in one so young is her mature kindness, her wide sympathy. Meeting her, one understands her predilection for Ibsen and Tchekov. Through a deep fusion of spiritual forces she possesses the qualities of both.

"IBSEN I love, of course," she said. "He is my own kind. I grew up with his work. I read him in the original with my mother. I know what he is striving for. He is rebellious, impatient, strong, uncompromising, fierce in his denunciation of weakness and lack of integrity. He has no fear; he strikes out boldly. Tchekov — he's different. He is kind. He never judges; he never says 'this is wrong.' Suffering has given him understanding of mankind's weaknesses. He knows futility; he knows frustration; he knows the bitter uneffectuality of thinking and planning and doing nothing. He feels a kinship with lowliness. And out of the depth of his heart and its pain he creates beauty."

There is no pose, no grand manner, no affectation about Eva Le Gallienne when she speaks. One is convinced of her sincerity; one is grateful for her candor and for the sense of humor which she turns revealingly upon herself more often than upon others.

Today, our leading commentators on the drama are agreed that nobody is contributing as much as she is to the American theatre. J. Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of *The New York Times*, fills the serious columns of that newspaper with a brilliant tribute to her work, and in lighter vein Robert Benchley of *Life* devotes a page to her enterprise and apologizes for his tardiness in congratulating her on "her victory." In the second year of her repertory experiment, one of America's foremost woman's magazines awarded her the prize dedicated "to the American woman who has made the most distinctive contribution to American life in the field of arts, letters or the sciences." She has received several honorary degrees from American colleges which recognize in her work cultural aims comparable to their own, fortified by the additional advantage of reaching out toward those who have never entered and never will enter a university classroom.

HER theatre is not self-supporting, although during the season of 1928–1929 it played to ninety-four per cent capacity and this year the average promises to be even higher. Yet even with a hundred per cent attendance the undertaking cannot stand on its own feet at the box-office prices of fifty cents to a dollar-and-a-half, which Miss Le Gallienne has established as permanent. To her the kind of audience she gets is more important than box-office receipts.

Particularly interested is she in keeping the young people, the molders and exponents of cultural taste in the future. When she announced her production of *Peter Pan* many of her old stand-bys thought she was making a great mistake. The play had no place in a repertory theatre, they said, and Peter Pan was not her rôle. Again Eva Le Gallienne proved that she was right and her critics, no matter how friendly their instincts, were wrong. Her playing of Barrie's immortal character fills the house to overflowing with joyous children, with grown-ups who are glad to have the excuse of acompanying children, and with those who shamelessly come alone. But it is the children to whom Eva Le Gallienne plays. She wants them there to see her Peter Pan, it is true, but deeper than that is her desire to have them in her theatre, to build up for them a memory of the magic of the stage, to make them want to return to the same place in years to come for the enjoyment of similar but more mature magic.

IT MAY not pay her in dollars and cents but it pays in achievement, and the dollars and cents that are lacking at the end of the year, Eva Le Gallienne meets by going out like a crusader and storming the moneyed battlements of people who are willing to contribute to work that is conceded to be great. Right now she is playing with the thought of extending her audience through the medium of the talking motion picture, but motion picture producers are still convinced that entertainment lifted above the level of the twelve-year-old intelligence doesn't pay. However, she hasn't given up the idea. If she'll want it badly enough and consider it sufficiently important to fight for she will, like Barrie's Sentimental Tommy of whom she is at moments oddly reminiscent, "find a way."

So great has been her achievement as the force behind the Civic Repertory Theatre that today the question is raised whether she is as great an actress as she is a director. Fortunately Eva Le Gallienne has a sense of humor. The question probably makes her smile; it ought to. A few years ago theatre pundits were berating her for giving up a brilliant career on the American stage to tinker with a job she knew little of — direction.

The field of repertory calls for constant change and anyone who has seen her in her various rôles, each different, each individual, cannot fail to rate her as an actress who now outranks all others on the American stage. One does not seek to detract from such great names as Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Katherine Cornell, Pauline Lord, Jane Cowl or Lynne Fontanne; but with the most robust flight of fancy it is difficult to imagine any one of them essaying equally well all the rôles Eva Le Gallienne has made her own in the course of her three years at the Repertory Theatre. Perfection in Ibsen is granted her without reservation or stint. Her Hedda Gabler, her Hilda in the *Master Builder*, her Ella Rentheim in *John Gabriel Borkman*, are Ibsen, as Ibsen made them. But in other portrayals, where the stark strength of the Scandinavian rebel is as foreign as an iceberg in Spain, she also has touched the characters she plays with the breath of talent amounting to genius. Her Sister Joanna in Sierra's *Cradle Song*, her Varya in Tchekov's *Cherry Orchard*, her Jo in Heijerman's *The Good Hope*, her Anna Karenina in Tolstoi's *Living Corpse*, her Peter Pan, to mention a few, show sufficient range of diversity of character to indicate what she is doing. To each she brings an elusive something that arouses in the heart of the beholder a warm rush of delight that only nature in a rare mood or a great work of art can evoke.

Love in the Wilderness

By Thomas Boyd

Author of "Through the Wheat," "Mad Anthony Wayne"

A Romance of Pioneer Days in Ohio

Slender, young and preoccupied amidst the tall stand of rusty cornstalks in the bottomland, George McDermott dexterously continued to work his husking peg, pausing only to lift a forearm and wipe the sweat on the sleeve of the coarse linen shirt his mother had spun for him the year before. About him the frayed pinions of the corn moved gently in the autumn air, a rustling that sounded loud in the stillness of the little clearing by the river. In front of him, across the stretch of black and yellow tassels, rose his parents' cabin, a square of thick gray logs with a sloping roof surmounting a green knoll. Smoke from the side chimney was rising in hidden wisps against the colored leaves of the surrounding forest. His mother was inside cooking venison and succotash in a great iron pot.

The ears of corn thumped down and rattled brittly in the basket as they dropped from George's hand. His iron peg ripped into the husk of another, then stopped. He held himself motionless, listening. From behind him there was a sound on the dappled river's face, less loud than the rustling of the stalks and the creaking of the boughs, but he heard it. His lean, narrow mouth set thoughtfully. He knew that somebody was on the river. That whoever it might be was a stranger to him. For everybody — both Indians and traders — who lived along the Maumee paddled more smoothly and more silently. A stranger! Maybe strangers! An intense feeling of interest churned warmly inside him.

It had been so long since he had seen any strangers. Five years. Then it had been General Anthony Wayne and his Legion who had marched up the Maumee towards Lake Erie where they had whipped the Ohio Indians at Fallen Timbers. George had been with Mad Anthony then, but he had not gone on down with the army to Fort Greenville where all the great Indians — Little Turtle, Blue Jacket, Hopocan and the rest — had signed a treaty which left them only a corner of the land which once was theirs. He had not gone because, he had decided, there was plenty for him to do right where he was about his father's cabin.

Though George and his father had accomplished much, it had not kept

loneliness from sometimes obscuring the youth's clear outlook as a young settler in the wilderness. Dreams of more than his own life knew came to disturb him. Often at night the wretched whimper of a catamount would wake him — calling to someone, it sounded like — and he would lie with staring eyes until dawn tinged the mica of the cabin window above his head.

It was this loneliness, this feeling of incompleteness, that made him listen so eagerly now to the sounds of the strange boat passing behind him on the river. Somebody in it! Not a bushy faced trader from up at the mouth of the Maumee where they were building Fort Industry, not a Shawanese or Delaware Indian, but a person he could talk to — maybe a young man like himself!

Merely to hear the ruffling of the paddles, the gentle slapping of the waves against the sides of the craft, was as exciting to him as anything that had happened since the day he followed Major Campbell's cavalry charge through the tall cornstalks at the edge of Fallen Timbers. He was afraid to look lest through some unpleasant miracle the boat should be empty. If it were, then his life, too, would be empty, he felt.

He looked, finally, steeling his eyes against disappointment. In midstream a small pirogue was moving slowly against the current. A thin man with a paddle knelt in the squared-off stern. The middle was loaded with pots and bedding from the midst of which appeared a woman's head and shoulders. But it was at the figure in the prow that George looked longest. He saw a mass of yellow hair, a pair of brown arms bare to the elbows and a regular profile set purposefully ahead as the girl kept the pirogue firmly on its course.

George was more than surprised, he was stupefied. Not since adolescence had he seen any manner of white girl; never in his twenty-odd years had he beheld a woman with yellow hair. His throat clogged and he felt as if a current of hot air were sweeping over him. Concealed by the cornstalks he continued to gape. He saw the man jerk his elbow a little to the right and indistinctly heard him mutter:

"That field. 'Twarn't planted by Injuns. Not nohow."

The woman raised up a little. Her voice sounded plaintive as she said, "If they's white folks it's a mercy. These 'tarnal trees and rivers."

George saw the girl turn half around. "They's a cabin with smoke in the chimbley," he heard her say.

Her father answered, shortly, "'Tend to where you're goin'. Cabin'll take care of itself."

George waited, hoping the girl would speak again. But she didn't. Nor her mother, either. And evidently her father had said all he had meant to say. In the silence George stood there, watching the pirogue draw steadily towards the bend in the river. At last it disappeared behind a group of overhanging willows.

When the Maumee's surface was serene again George doubled up the fist that held the husking peg and stared at his knuckles bitterly. The swift passage of the girl had changed everything. Things that he had been pleased to have accomplished in the

past were now as nothing: the sills he had hewn for the cabin, the stumps he had pulled, the granary he had helped build, everything in which he had taken a secure pride, now seemed unimportant. Of a sudden he wanted to do something gloriously impossible.

But the wilderness mocked him in this new desire. The trees, so long in growing to their sturdy greatness, raised their slow dignity against his will. And in the pasture north of the cabin lay unbroken sod, tough and thick over the teeming earth. Doggedly he went back to work. After a while his mother called. He saw his father's figure, tall in buckskin, by the door and knew it was time to eat.

Slight, with dark, animated features, George's mother set a great bowl on the plain-topped table. George drew up a three-legged stool beside his silent father. He was eager to talk of the people in the pirogue. At last he said, "I seen some settlers agoin' up the river." He stopped dead still and his face flushed uncomfortably.

His father took no notice of the blood under George's tan. Kindly but almost thoroughly self-contained, he answered shortly, "Seen 'em myself."

George's mother pushed her straight dark hair back from her narrow cheeks and leaned her elbows on the table. "Folks'll be acomin' now. It's naught but what's to be expected. But we've done our share of traipsin'. Leastways I hope."

George subsided. So that, he thought gloomily, was all the interest his parents showed in people who came to live beside them! Just as if they came every day! Just as if his father and mother didn't want them to come at all! And all the while that girl and her family might be travelling farther and farther away. For the Maumee, a few miles westward, was joined by the Auglaize; and a pirogue could venture far before reaching the source of either. They could go for several days on the Maumee to the north and west or for an equally long time on the Auglaize to the south and west. The thought suddenly came to him that he might never see the girl again. At that a wild resentment towards everything and everybody overwhelmed him. He stood up quickly and left the table.

Angus McDermott lifted his eyes in surprise and inquired mildly, "Now what's got into the boy?"

His wife smiled wistfully and shook her head. "I reckon it gits right lonesome for a boy."

George went back to the cornfield and worked steadily until dusk. But meanwhile he kept thinking of the pirogue moving up the river. How far would they be going, he wondered. Beyond the Forks, that was sure; for the bottomland about the Forks was settled by Delawares and Shawanese and a white family coming to this neighborhood would not stop until it had gone far beyond them. And if her father was like his father, he knew instinctively, he would follow the river until he had come to a completely isolated spot. Knowing so much, he blindly determined to find out the rest.

He had to wait for the chance to go in search of them. With an exasperation that was only half hidden he

saw a number of days go slowly by. There was soap to be made, logs to be cut and a trip to be made down to Fort Miami after salt. When these things had been done there was a new job on hand: his father wanted him to help build a new granary, one farther up the slope from the river bank than the old one, for during the last two spring thaws the flood-water had nearly washed it away. George bit his lips but nodded his head. Yet before the work was finished the first snow had fallen and the pirogue had had time to go up the Auglaize to the St. Mary's portage, down the Miami to the Ohio and down the Ohio to the sea if its owners had been so inclined.

But the urge to follow was strong enough in George for him to take the risk of finding nothing. On a bright, crisp morning he set out with his long-barreled musket and journeyed to the Forks where the abandoned Fort Defiance stood, then followed the Auglaize down past Blue Jacket's town. That war chief was a friend of his father's and George knew most of the Indians in his village.

Two miles from the Forks he reached it, a series of widely strung houses made of skin and bark tacked to long, horizontal poles. Dark, round-faced children peeped from open flaps as he approached. A young, beaded squaw thrust forth her head, then drew back again noncommittally. Walking on, George stopped and stooped over by one of the v-shaped apertures. Calmly unoccupied beside one of the upright poles sat a seamy-faced but not humorless old man who said to him:

"Whingy-Pooshies greets the son of McDermott."

George nodded. Like his mother, he had no fondness for the Indians. They sat around without doing anything so long as they had enough to eat, and were unspeakably dirty according to his standards. He asked abruptly, "Did Whingy-Pooshies see the white man's log canoe that came up past his cabin?"

At mention of the pirogue a boy broke into an eager chatter. He was silenced by the old man. Inclining his head Whingy-Pooshies answered, "Ai, Whingy-Pooshies saw the white family." His arm swept out to the left, pointing up the river.

That was all George wanted to know. He turned around, stooped under the flap and went through the rest of the village at a quick pace. But in the forest again he walked more carefully, watching the banks along the little streams which flowed in from the sides.

It was late afternoon when there came from the trees ahead of him the sharply chipping noise of an axe cutting into wood. He stood still. Again the axe fell and he heard a man's voice — her father's — calling, "Stand away!" From that he knew that they were making a clearing on which to build a cabin. He crept noiselessly forward, much as if he were stalking a deer. Only there was no shrewdly measuring light in his eyes as there would have been under those circumstances. Instead he looked half scared and his heart shook like a clapper in a muffled bell. From in front of him came a splintering of limbs and a crash on the hard earth. He stopped dead still. Now he

could see through the branches into the clearing.

A shack covered with strips of bark stood near the river's edge surrounded by white jagged stumps. A little farther away from the stream lay a square of piled logs that formed the beginning of the cabin. George saw the father's broad back bent over the fallen tree, but his eyes swept on down the length of it to where the girl was standing. She was wearing a blue dress made of one piece, her soft yellow hair lay heavily about her slim shoulders, and she was soberly watching her father trim the branches with his hatchet.

GEORGE looked at her with a kind of desperate hunger. For he knew he could go no nearer. The wall of another world seemed to stand between him and this girl in the clearing, transparent but impassable. She was something completely outside his experience, but overwhelmingly necessary to it. He stood there passionately wanting to go to her and speak, but his bashfulness and fear were so great he could not make a sound or movement in her direction.

His shoulders slumped defeatedly. He sighed. Then he turned and walked swiftly back over the long trail that would take him, after night had fallen, to his parents' cabin.

On the way his mind cleared a little, but not much. Stumbling into the light of the hearth where his father and mother were seated by the smoldering logs, he stopped and blinked at them but said nothing.

His father looked up in surprise at his empty hands. He asked half-humorously, "Son, where's that b'ar yore mammy reckoned you'd be fetchin' home?"

George turned his head and muttered, "Ain't been huntin'. Didn't aim to do shootin' when I set out."

His father frowned at him speculatively. The only times George left the clearing was when he went hunting.

"Plenty on hand anyway," said his mother cheerfully; "and your supper's still in the pot."

"Ain't hungry," George answered slowly. He sat down in a corner.

His mother looked toward him in amazement. "Come here," she peered at him anxiously. He came and stood beside her. "Ain't sick, air you?"

"No," he told her heavily, "I ain't sick."

SOON afterward he went to his bed in the lean-to and lay thinking of what a fool he had made of himself, going all that way up the Auglaize and then standing there dumb as a deer in front of a bright light! He should have walked right up to them and told them that he and his parents were neighbors of theirs and that if they wanted him to lend a hand some day he'd be right glad to do it. That was the way! Then maybe he could have got hold of that hatchet and shown her father how he trimmed logs! That would have made her eyes pop, he'd bet. But instead of doing that, he disgustedly admitted to himself, he had done nothing, not a 'tarnal thing.

A few days afterward he discovered that he had done even worse than he had thought at first. He was carrying corn into the new granary,

the one built out of reach of the spring flood water, when it came to him that the cabin foundation which her father was laying was on low ground and would be a dangerous place to live when the Auglaize went on its annual rampage in March or April. He should have stepped forward and warned her father that he was making a lot of work for nothing. Yes, he'd have to go back there again. As he made this decision his erstwhile gloomy face lighted up, for he realized that now he would have a valid excuse to introduce himself and talk to the girl.

THERE was a thin sheet of ice on the Maumee the day he left. Winter had really begun and he pulled his coonskin cap well down over his ears as he stood with his musket by the fireplace getting ready to go out.

His father, who had been concernedly watching him the past few weeks, said, "You goin' huntin' for sartin' this time, son?"

George looked away. "Might be," he said deliberately; "then agin I might not."

"Now there's an answer for you!" ejaculated his father, drily. He appealed to his wife, "Char'ty, what's got into that boy?"

George went out, down past Fort Defiance again, through Blue Jacket's village and along the Auglaize where the bare trees and underbrush stood cold and shivering beneath a whipping northwest wind. As his moccasins slipped smoothly over the frozen earth he kept thinking, "I'll go right up to their threshold an' I'll take off my cap an' say right quick, 'Stranger I'm a neighbor of your'n. We've lived here a spell and I know this river. You'd best build your cabin on some high ground or the 'Glaize'll take it away from under you when it gits high in the spring.'" Then he would be invited to sit down; at last he would be talking to the girl.

He walked on, past the sandy little inlet by the clump of birch trees and finally came to the tree against which he had stood the first time he had come there. Up ahead in the small clearing he heard a sharp, brittle sound. It was like the cracking of ice. He looked first at the roughly made cabin, its doorway open to the cold except for a blanket hung before it. Then his eyes turned towards the river bank. There was the girl bent over the water with a wooden bowl in her hands. He gasped, as if to clamp his bashfulness inside his tightly shut lips, and went quickly forward.

But before George had got halfway across the clearing the blanket in front of the cabin doorway was violently thrust to one side and the girl's father, holding his long squirrel rifle steadily out before him, stepped over the threshold and demanded menacingly, "Where ye agoin', stranger!"

CONFUSED by the unexpectedness of this challenge, George came to a dead halt and stood looking from the father to the girl, then back again at the father and the musket. The words he had meant to speak fastened themselves into a hoop that whirled and whirled around in his head. He couldn't get hold of one of them. His mouth opened and closed noiselessly and his cheeks felt hot. The girl, he saw, was watching him intently;

her eyes were soft and her lips tremulous — not like the steely gaze and line-drawn mouth of her father. "I," said George, "I —"

The girl's father came one step nearer, his bony hands tight on stock and barrel of his long squirrel rifle. There was a fanatical light in his eyes and his chin was set at a stubborn angle. "Git!" he commanded and slapped the stock of his rifle meaningly, "git afore I —"

GEORGE looked at the cabin, the river, the man, the girl. He knew he ought to say what he had come there to say. The cabin was too low and too near the river. It was dangerous. But the look in her father's eyes was also dangerous. George could tell from the way he grasped the musket that her father meant to pull the trigger. The old fool! he thought in dismay; then in anger: the old fool! He felt ridiculous and his temper soared. "I'll git!" he promised, "I sho' will git!" He wheeled about and marched back through the clearing.

On the way home his anger mounted and subsided a dozen times. Finally there was left only humiliation and a dull resentment against life. Now, he thought bitterly after her father had ordered him out of their clearing he would never be able to look that girl in the face again. He swung on through the cold, gathering darkness which made the world all one.

So again he returned emptily to his cabin, with nothing in his hands or heart to cheer him. His father, drying his leggings and moccasins by the fire as before, watched him perplexedly as he came in and asked with a quizzical smile, "You hain't let all the game in this 'tarnal woods make a fool of you agin, have you son?"

"No," said George solemnly, "I hain't;" then he added, "'twaren't the game nohow." He closed his lips tightly.

"Next time you go out with the musket," continued his father, "I expect it'll take a sledge to draw all the meat home."

"I expect it will," George answered soberly. From that moment he determined to fall back into the life he had known before the pirogue with the girl and her parents had come up the river. It had been lonely, sometimes unbearably so, but there had been serene days, too. He wrinkled his forehead and thought hard of how contented he had been before he had known about girls with wavy yellow hair.

BUT often it was difficult to convince himself that there had ever been any contentment there in the cabin and the clearing. Through the winter he kept thinking of the three times he had seen the girl. The first day was pleasantest to remember. It had been bright and mild and her appearance on the river like a gold and silver dream. But on those other two occasions he had been chagrined, first by his inability to talk, then by her coolly violent and suspicious father. What had the old man done that for, he angrily asked himself; just as if he had come there to do the girl some harm! Why should he want to do that? But now the old man could go to hell; the 'Glaize, George felt, could carry his cabin clear down to the bay in

front of Fort Industry for all he gave a whoop.

The winter passed. In the forests spots of brilliant green and heavy black began to show beneath the covering of white snow. The ice over the brooks dissolved, leaving them free to tumble down over rocks and twigs on their way to the rivers into which they emptied. For miles around the hard earth loosened, grew damp, then wet as it thawed. The crystal sheet that covered the Maumee and the Auglaize was no longer bright, it was a rotting yellow by the banks. In the middle the current soon rushed dark and turbulent, with nothing between it and the warming sun. Slowly the Maumee began to swell.

George stood with his father in the soggy bottomland. The clearing seemed peaceful and quiet, but from a bare branch a fat robin was singing shrilly into the clear blue space and below the river gave out its incessant high-water swishing. "A week, now," said George, "an' it'll be time to plant most any day."

His father shook his head. "Come a week, this ground'll be under water; mark my words."

GEORGE restlessly balled his hands into fists. All the country-side was astir after its long winter sleep. That he alone should have to remain idle was baffling. "Kinda like to *do* something," he said.

Angus McDermott, having learned through years in the wilderness to take things as they come, smiled with a hint of irony. "You talk like you was strung up on a limb, son. There's that net in the corner of the lean-to; you mend it an' we'll ketch a mess of fish."

"Well," the job was too slow and piddling, George felt; "well —" reluctantly he turned and went up the slope to mend the net. But that was not really what he wanted. He needed something that would weary him, like digging up the ground or pulling stumps. Then, he believed, he would be able to sleep at night without thinking of that girl. When he thought of her he felt as light as if he were riding a swift white cloud; but always in the background was the remembrance of her father and his grim musket, which made him feel hard and bitter. So, since there was nothing to be done about it, it was better that his mind be cleared of the whole muddle.

WHILE he sat in the lean-to with the stiff cords of the net on his knees, a tiny hammering sounded on the roof. It was raining, the drops spilling in a hurried tumult. A heavy rain, he knew, would not only of itself raise the rivers, it would also hasten the spring thaw. They were treacherous, these spring thaws. A man might go to bed at night with the water not alarmingly high and wake up the next morning — or before — to find himself floating on his bedstead. He listened. Already enough rain had fallen to make rivulets under the eaves. He could tell from the liquid noises made by the fresh drops as they fell.

The rain grew heavier. It came down hard in slanting sheets. He heard, through the logs that separated the lean-to from the cabin, his father come stamping over the threshold in his moccasins and mutter, "Damned if I hain't got soaked agin'!"

"Sho'," he heard his mother say, "you'll grumble worse if it puts the fire out."

George laid away his net and circled his knees with his arms. The water was seeping through the bark of the lean-to roof. In the corner farthest from his bed a little puddle had formed on the floor. It had been a long while since the rain had soaked through so soon. Abruptly a picture of the girl came into his mind. But he could visualize only her face and hair and shoulders. He wondered what she was doing, if she were inside and warm. Inside, probably, but not very warm or dry, for few cabins had rain-proof roofs the first year they were built. And if this weather lasted through the night she'd be likely to find herself with no shelter at all in a day or so. It depended on how long it took the 'Glaize to rise after the rain had stopped.

It did not seem as if the rain would ever stop. It put out the fire in the cabin, and though George's father started a new one with flint and chips, it too expired. After a cold supper George went to bed to the incessant sound of beating rain.

BY MORNING the Maumee had brimmed over its banks and a small lake covered the lowest part of the bottomland. That was, George knew from experience, only the beginning. Not for a day or so, when the hillside streams began draining the accumulated moisture from the forests, would the Maumee really strike its spring thaw stride. He watched it anxiously. It made him think of the 'Glaize. That fool old man, who had no better sense than to chase him away from his daughter when George had just come there to give him some advice — a man as crazy as that wouldn't have sense enough to see that a river that rose so high directly after a rainfall would be bound to rise more than twice as high in a day or so!

WELL, he angrily told himself that afternoon, it was no business of his what happened to the cabin on the 'Glaize. They could take to their pirogue and live on polliwogs for all of him! But the next moment, as if his thoughts were exactly the opposite of what he felt, he suddenly waded down to his canoe which was riding high and fast to the rope that tied it to a willow limb, then climbed in and shoved across to the other side. Beaching the canoe he struck westward through the woods toward the Auglaize. He would have to warn that old man after all, even at the risk of a lead ball through his buckskin breeches.

No matter how or where he walked the earth oozed up over the leather leggings about his ankles. And for all his knowledge of the woods his journey was slow and haphazard, for the main trail by the river was under water and he had to strike through among the trees as best he could. Overhead the sun was hot, but for once its warmth and brilliance could have been spared: it would make the thawing streams like cataracts and the rivers swollen and dark with silt and débris.

As he passed near the point opposite which the Auglaize streamed into the Maumee he saw with a sense of uneasiness that the 'Glaize was lying heavily in its banks, the water looking menacingly swollen by the

half-submerged trunks of the willows at the edges. Farther on he skirted Blue Jacket's village and his alarm grew. For he could see no smoke rising from their bark and sapling houses against the evening sky and there was no sound or movement in the paths between the dwellings. Fearing the river, the Indians had moved away.

He had got to the clump of slender birch trees when evening suddenly dropped down on mud and trees and turbulent water. A little stream was there and his buckskin breeches were wet to the thighs as his moccasins slipped into it. The little stream had become a big one with a current against which he had to plant his feet firmly to keep from slipping. He came to the clearing and wound carefully between the uneven rows of stumps. On his right the ground was covered with a dark glistening liquid clear to the edge of the cabin.

"Hi!" George called. For a moment no sound came from within. Then the voice of the old man answered:

"Who air you?"

"I'm a neighbor," said George. The old fool might get out his musket again, but that couldn't be helped now.

"Go do yore neighborin' somewheres else!" the voice harshly advised.

As George waited, wondering what he could say in reply, he heard feminine voices from inside the cabin. It sounded as if the mother and the girl were pleading and remonstrating. They must have been, for after a while the old man grudgingly shouted, "Speak out what you come here fur!"

George smiled grimly. His eyes caught the gleam of the menacing water, rising unperceived. He shouted back, "I ain't come here to stand palaverin' while this river makes a raft outen your cabin!"

Silence followed. Then he could hear the girl's parents talking and at last the mother's frightened voice, "I was afeared on it all along. It'll be a mercy if we hain't all drownded afore sunup."

"Hush that noise!" her husband commanded uneasily; "ef we git washed out we git washed out." He called to George, "Step inside, stranger."

Walking to the cabin George heard her father exclaim, "What and the —!" and guessed rightly that in swinging out of bed his feet had struck cold water, which he had not known was there. Then life grew brisker within those four log walls. "H'ist yourself Polly; darter, git up; stranger, I reckon it's jist as bad as you made out." The father jabbered quickly as George entered the enclosed darkness. He was a different man now, for fear was harrying him and he had no notion of what to do. Lifting his legs back up on the bed he sat there.

George moved awkwardly in the blackness of the cabin. Something had to be done and, he was aware, he would be the one to decide what it would be. Over the ground on which he stood the water was creeping in slow silence. If it came too high the cabin would have to be abandoned. But until then there was no sense in going out into the wet forest to pass the rest of the night. Meanwhile he had a sense of peace such as he

had never felt before. Somewhere near him in the night was the girl, and this knowledge was like coming at last to the end of a long and baffling trail.

Her mother spoke from the bed of bent saplings and leaves on which she and her husband lay: "Set, stranger. Lucy, h'ist yourself an' let the man set down."

GEORGE heard the words with a kind of awe. Lucy! Her name was Lucy. He had never heard that name before, but it seemed to belong to her miraculously. Still more miraculous was the fact that he was to sit beside her. He stepped to the left where a crisp rustling sounded from a sack of dry leaves. His hand touched the edge of the rough plank that was her bed. He swung himself up and sat perfectly motionless.

After a while her father said, "Right thankful we ain't kotched asleep, the river arisin' like this. Woke up drownded, mebbe."

"You'd been woke up afore that," said George. He reached down to rub his wet legs which were growing numb with the cold. As he raised up again he was aware of the girl moving gently beside him. Slowly a piece of blanket encircled his shoulders. He raised his hand. It touched hers and their fingers slowly intertwined. He didn't care much now whether the water rose or fell.

The night became colder. It was likely to freeze, which would mean a gradual decrease in the flood before morning. A while later he asked her father, "Y'ain't let that pirogue git away from you?"

"She's tied fast. 'Twon't take much wadin' to draw her in."

George nodded to himself. If the need came and the pirogue still floated he could get it even if he had to swim for it. But meantime they were better off in the cabin than anywhere else. At the least it would keep them partially dry. And in the morning it would be soon enough for them to go to shore. Until then there was nothing to do but keep awake and watch the water.

At midnight the swollen river lay within a foot of their beds, George judged it. He waited with every nerve alert. But an hour or so later he found it had ebbed a few inches. He smiled his relief into the night, for the danger had passed. As he rigidly sat there he felt Lucy drowsily relax. Her shoulder touched his breast and he gently put his arm around her to save her from falling.

The night wore on. Soon he could tell from the sounds that he was the only one awake. He felt a protective urge to smooth out Lucy's hair and caress her cheek, but he knew that would waken her. Instead he watched, motionless, for the coming dawn.

HE SAW the light through the cabin door. It was gray as the gray water that lay deep over the threshold and covered the clearing. But there was high ground in the forest beyond, and breakfast if it could be caught. At any rate his powder and flint were dry; now that dawn had come it was better in the forest so long as the flood remained. He took her up; his feet slipping quietly into the chill water. As he waded with her across the clearing he felt that so would he fend for her throughout their life together.

We Cry Unity!

By the Rev. Karl Reiland, D.D.

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

Does the attitude of the Episcopal Church destroy all hope of Christian rapprochement?

In these days of modern thought and liberal tendencies, how is it that a Protestant Episcopal Church like St. George's, New York, can be forbidden by ecclesiastical authority to have a distinguished Presbyterian minister conduct a service in its building? This actually occurred last November and the incident was given wide publicity. Yet it must be admitted that the general public has a nebulous notion of the whole affair. The "ecclesiastical prohibition" has seemed a strange and contradictory attitude in view of the wide interest in Christian Unity — the effort of the divided Christian churches to draw together and reconcile their differences.

The matter reaches back to the origins of the Christian church and its ministry and the differing theories of it among various communions. These theories are built upon the New Testament, supplemented by "the surviving literature of the first hundred years of Christianity." So great is the diversity to be met with in this body of literature that the Roman Catholic, the Eastern Orthodox, the Episcopal, the Presbyterian and the Independent Churches can find material to support the theories upon which their several practices are based. A modern scholar puts it in this way: "In the classic words of *Alice in Wonderland*, 'Everyone has won, and all shall have prizes'."

A chief reason why no specialized order of the ministry prevailed in the beginning is that the Early Christians were expecting the world to come to an end in their lifetime and saw no need of organization. A consequence of this was that different groups arose and various titles came into use and not until the Fourth or Fifth Century is a standard form of ministry discernible. The best scholarship holds that Jesus did not found a church or establish a ministry; but that there was an evolution of ministerial order according to the needs and conditions of the time and that no ecclesiastical form of order can claim divine origin. By the Fifth Century the ministry had crystallized into a three-fold order of bishops, priests and deacons. The bishops claimed continuity and described their office

as a succession from the twelve apostles chosen by Jesus. The doctrine of Apostolic Succession implies peculiar "priestly powers" and "valid authority." The Roman, Eastern and Anglican Churches assert that whoever is ordained in this Succession, that is, "episcopally ordained" has a valid office and ministry and that ministers not "episcopally ordained" do not share this authority and validity; or to express it in another way, Apostolic Succession is the ecclesiastical counterpart of the political conception of divine right.

WE ALL know that the present divisions among Christian churches have arisen in the course of history for various reasons and that the present efforts to heal division are both ideal and economic, but are hindered by the tenacity with which each ecclesiastical body holds to the theory of its origin, or justifies the special reasons for its existence. The Anglican and Eastern churches have never been able to unite. The Roman Catholic Church has no dealings with either and has made known to the Anglican communion that there is no hope for Christian Unity between these two churches except upon terms of submission to the Holy See. The Protestant Episcopal Church in this country and the Church of England, together referred to as the Anglican communion, are harmonious. This communion is more comprehensive than the others, for it includes in its membership on the one hand those who are sympathetic toward the Roman Church and on the other hand those who are sympathetic toward the other Protestant bodies.

Officially the Protestant Episcopal Church is predisposed in favor of ecclesiastical bodies having the episcopal form of ministry. Its canon law favors that attitude because of its own episcopal claims. It does not expressly repudiate other Protestant bodies, but it officially disassociates itself from them. For instance, a Roman priest coming into the Episcopal Church is not reordained, but a Methodist minister must receive episcopal ordination, for the bishops of that communion are not regarded as having part in the historic continuity. It may be well to say, at this point, that the theory of Apostolic Succession, that is, of an unbroken continuity of bishops direct from the Apostles, is only a theory and not a fact. There is no historical material to support the claim. The Apostolic ministry is an evolution, not a foundation; it is a matter of tradition, not truth. The facts of history dispose of the theory; and the practice of the theory can not dispose of the facts of history.

NOW, why in the present instance was a Presbyterian minister prevented from conducting a service in an Episcopal Church? The Canon (23) reads in part as follows:

Of Persons not Ministers in this Church Officiating in any Congregation thereof

No minister in charge of any Congregation of this Church, or, in case of vacancy or absence, no Church Wardens, Vestrymen or Trustees of the Congregation, shall permit any person to officiate therein, without sufficient evidence of his being duly licensed or ordained to minister in this Church . . .

This is a clear prohibition against officiating in any Congregation of *this Church* by any person not "duly

licensed or ordained to minister in this Church." The prohibition is, however, not against officiating in the church edifice but in the Congregation. This is clear not only from the words of the Canon itself but from the title to the Canon, to which, if there were any ambiguity, resort might be had for light upon the meaning of the Canon.

Now, what is a Congregation of the Church? *The Century Dictionary* gives the following definition of "Congregation":

> In modern use, an assemblage of persons for religious worship and instruction; in a restricted sense a number of persons organized or associated as a body for the purpose of holding religious services in common.

Bouvier's *Law Dictionary* defines the word as follows:

> A society of a number of persons who compose an ecclesiastical body . . . In the United States, the members of a particular church who meet in one place to worship.

And *Webster's Dictionary* contains the following definition:

> An assembly of persons; a gathering; especially an assembly of persons met for the worship of God, and for religious instruction; a body of people who habitually so meet.

It would seem clear that the Canons, both 23 and also 21 and 57, which treat respectively "Of Ministers and their Duties," and "Of Parishes and Congregations," use the word "congregation" in the sense of these definitions, *viz:* "a number of persons organized or associated as a body for the purpose of holding religious services in common."

It is officiating in this congregation without evidence that the person so officiating is "duly licensed or ordained to minister in this Church" that is forbidden. The prohibition does not apply to cases where the congregation is not present even though the edifice is used. Nor is it possible to overlook the fact that for years it has been customary to lend church buildings for other than Episcopal Church purposes, and that it has also been customary to invite clergymen other than those episcopally ordained to participate in such services as marriages and funerals, which are not performed in the Congregation but in the presence of the friends of the contracting parties or of the decedent.

We conclude, therefore, that persons not ministers of the Episcopal Church may be permitted to officiate or take part in services in Church edifices in cases where the congregation of the Church, that is, the persons who habitually attend its services and contribute to its support, are not present. Such services would include any for which the Church is lent to others, including marriages, funerals, and others.

The Book of Common Prayer is the book of discipline, doctrine and worship and constitutes a part of the law of the Church. The Preface to the Ordination Service reads in part as follows:

> No man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon, IN THIS CHURCH, or suffered to execute any of the said Functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to the form thereafter following, or hath had Episcopal Consecration or Ordination.

Here again the functions are those of a minister of the Episcopal Church and the Church referred to is the institution and not the parish build-

ing. There is nothing in the law of this Church to prohibit a non-episcopal minister from conducting a non-episcopal rite in a building of this communion. The service prohibited at St. George's was to have been a non-episcopal service conducted by a non-episcopal minister, not in "a Congregation" of this Church, that is, the Protestant Episcopal Church, but in an assembly of Christians of many different faiths, and had that service proceeded no law would have been invaded. Apparently, the reasons for the prohibition were first, that the loan of St. George's Church was an evasion; second, that the officiating clergy had not had "Episcopal Consecration or Ordination."

IT MIGHT have been expected that the Bishop's interest in Christian Unity as a member of the Commission on Faith and Order would induce him to place upon the law that construction which in the nature of the case it seems entitled to bear. His categorical prohibition marked an extreme attitude on the question of Christian Unity, against the Protestant communions and for an Ultramontane ideal. Bishop Manning expressed his ideas in the Christian Unity Conference at Lausanne in 1927 as follows:

> I venture to add a few words to what Bishop Gore has said in regard to that great Communion, the Roman Catholic Church, which is not represented here.
>
> First, we all deeply regret that the Roman Catholic Church did not feel able to accept the invitation which was extended to her to send representatives to this World Conference.
>
> Secondly, although the Roman Catholic Church has not felt that she could send representatives, we want her to know that our feeling towards her is one of love and fellowship, and that it is our desire to take fully into account her place and her great witness in this world for Christ.
>
> Thirdly, while the Christian Communions, Catholic and Protestant, which are represented here can, and we pray that they may, make true progress towards reunion, we recognize that Christian unity cannot be attained until it includes our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church. What we who are gathered here seek is not a unity of Protestants alone, or of Catholics alone. This might only accentuate differences, and perpetuate divisions. We seek a unity which shall include all Christian communions throughout the world, both Catholic and Protestant, which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as Savior, Lord and God.

CONTRAST with this an official pronouncement of Pope Pius XI in the Encyclical *De Vera Religionis Unitate Fovenda:*

> In this one Church of Christ no man can be or remain who does not accept, recognize and obey the authority of Peter and his legitimate successors. . . .
>
> But, all the same, although many non-Catholics may be found who loudly preach fraternal communion in Christ Jesus, yet you will find none at all to whom it occurs to submit to and obey the Vicar of Jesus Christ, either in his capacity as a teacher or as a governor. Meanwhile, they affirm that they would willingly treat with the Church of Rome, but on equal terms, that is as equals with an equal. This being so, it is clear that the Apostolic See can not on any terms take part in their assemblies, nor is it in any way lawful for Catholics either to support or to work for such assemblies, for, if they do, they will be giving countenance to a false Christianity, quite alien to the one Church of Christ.

These two quotations serve to show that nothing can be done for Christian Unity if the attitude expressed by Bishop Manning is maintained. And as Pope Pius XI has made it clear that nothing but absolute surrender to the Holy See

will be considered by him, the ideal of organic Christian Unity comes to an ignominious end.

Christian Unity must from this time forward seek a new direction. It must leave the Eastern and Roman churches alone, as it seems they wish to be left, and envisage a new prospect and take a new attitude toward nonconformity and Protestantism. Let no one be beguiled by the old specious phrases or by the Anglo-Catholic "mirage," calculated to become a Roman Pope but not a refreshing "Pool."

BE THESE things as they may, the Christian Unity League is spreading rapidly. Most efforts for Christian Unity heretofore coming from the Protestant Episcopal Church have sought two things — the recognition of Rome and the reordination of Protestant ministers. The new effort of Christian Unity will be respect for Rome and the mutual recognition of other Protestant ministers. How curiously, though it must be admitted sincerely, this ecclesiastical temperament feels about Protestant affiliation is revealed in the following episode. At the interview between the Bishop and the Vestry of St. George's Church, he was asked by one of our number, "How would you feel about a clergyman of our Church taking part in a communion service with other Protestant ministers in, say, a Presbyterian Church?" To which the Bishop replied: "I would regard it as unwarranted conduct for a clergyman of our Church to take part in such a service." He went on to say that the late Presiding Bishop had so ruled in a similar case in Baltimore. This position would appear to fix an impassable gulf between ecclesiasticism and the real spirit of the Christian religion.

In conclusion, I shall answer a question frequently put. If the Vestry of St. George's Church believed it was right and had thought its position through, why did it give in to an interpretation of the law it believes to be erroneous and to an authority it knows to be mistaken? The Vestry yielded to the imposition of ecclesiastical authority, but they did not yield the principle involved. They did not feel the actual celebration of a communion service should be made a matter of notorious observation by newspaper reporters who would flock to see who took part in this sacred office. If it had taken place normally and naturally, it would have been an appropriate way in which to bring a conference in Christian Unity to a close; yet it was not so vital as to require St. George's, as a matter of principle, to withstand the Bishop as the titular head of the Diocese.

MOREOVER, we felt that the cause of genuine Christian Unity would lose, not gain, by violence. Had we withstood the Bishop, the emphasis would have been on our disobedience; by yielding to his "godly admonition" the emphasis has been shifted. It is made evident that the Bishop's attitude toward all other Protestant communions is as intransigent as that of the Pope toward the whole body of Protestantism. It is said that one of the best results of the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne was that it brought out clearly the differences

that exist between the various communions and how impossible it was for them to come together on one definite proposition or to conclude their extended deliberations with the Celebration of the Lord's Supper.

If the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America are so insistent on the validity of their own orders and the invalidity of non-episcopal orders that they forbid the celebration of a service of the Lord's Supper according to a non-episcopal rite in a church building belonging to an Episcopal parish, it is well to know it. To cry Unity, Unity, when what is meant is Conformity, is misleading and futile.

Lost — $550,000,000

By David M. Figart

At a time when the country's leaders, under President Hoover's wise guidance, are seeking means whereby our industrial system may take up the shock of the recent Wall Street crash and continue "business as usual," one is led to inquire why a rapidly expanding and basic industry like rubber manufacturing should have failed so conspicuously to contribute its share to our national prosperity. It has been estimated that in the eight-year period from 1920 to 1927 the tire industry not only should have paid its owners an additional $200,000,000 in dividends to give a fair return, but that it actually lost $350,000,000 of its capital — a total loss of $550,000,000. Besides this, the American people have been obliged to pay out some hundreds of millions of dollars more than should have been necessary, due primarily to the excessive cost of the raw material on which this industry is based. Furthermore, the rubber companies within the last two years have called up nearly $200,000,000 fresh capital. Rubber manufacturing has in fact become a battle of capital.

American prosperity has been founded upon the high earning power of American industry. Earning power depends upon a supply of raw materials at a price which is fair to both producer and consumer, adequate but not excessive plant equipment, efficient manufacturing and distribution, high compensation and steady employment for workers, and uninterrupted dividends for shareholders. Rarely, if ever, have all these conditions existed simultaneously in the rubber industry. It has been difficult to gauge tire demand and plant capacity for any considerable period in advance; manufacturers have had to contend

with violent fluctuations in raw material prices, alternating periods of high and low production, inflated inventories, and destructive competition in distribution. But of all their difficulties the greatest has been crude rubber. One of our leading industrial bankers says:

> As a general rule, earnings of an industry increase as volume rises and decrease as volume falls. The rubber industry has been a notable exception. The raw material situation has subjected the industry to hazards from time to time so great that capacity operations and a steadily improving operating efficiency could merely reduce their severity.

It may not be generally appreciated that America uses two-thirds of the world's supply of rubber, but controls less than three per cent. Crude rubber is perhaps the weakest point in our industrial system. In 1926 it headed our imports. On crude rubber depends not only the rubber manufacturing industry, but the great motor car industry, and a large part of the steel industry. The bulk of the products of the oil industry are consumed by motor cars, which run on rubber. Capital to the extent of thirteen billions, and workers — with their families — numbering fourteen millions or more, depend upon a raw material under foreign control.

MOST of the world's rubber comes from the Eastern tropics — twelve thousand miles away. While important investments have been made by France, Belgium, Denmark, Japan, Italy and China, plantation rubber is largely controlled by Britain and Holland. English and Dutch traders were plying the Eastern seas before America was a nation. It was an Englishman who brought rubber seeds out of Brazil in 1876, and it was British planters in Ceylon and Malaya who pioneered in rubber-growing while American engineers were developing the automobile.

In emphasizing our dependence upon foreign controlled rubber, the fact that the welfare of the world is based on a fair interchange of commodities between peoples is not overlooked. For every ton of rubber imported from the Eastern colonial possessions of Britain and Holland, we exchange American products of equivalent value.

FOREIGN control of rubber would not matter were it not for the violent price fluctuations, which are unavoidable, and the uncertainty of supply. Industries such as steel control their own sources of supply. The textile industry has a domestic supply of cotton. Agricultural crops such as cotton are annual, and subject to relatively quick adjustment to demand. The rubber tree takes five or six years before it begins to yield. Thus the raw material problem of the rubber manufacturer is unique.

This insecure foundation upon which the industry has rested has not only been responsible for past losses, but has severely hampered development programmes. In the marvellous physical properties of crude rubber there lie bewildering possibilities. Backed by broad, powerfully-financed research, and with adequate supplies assured at a moderate cost, rubber manufacturing will enter upon a period of expansion unparalleled in its history.

Edison has judged the problem of rubber of so vital a nature to the United States that he has for years been seeking a domestic source of supply which might be used in an emergency. Three of our major rubber companies have already made extensive investments in plantations, while one motor car manufacturer — realizing the dependence of his own business upon rubber — has embarked upon an independent planting programme. But substantial as have been the investments already made, it is a startling fact that the combined area planted by the American companies amounts to but 150,000 acres, while the United States requires the output of 4,000,000 acres.

This is a sore spot in American business. Instead of having to curtail operations, dismiss labor, and generally disturb an important purchasing power in our community which we can ill afford to lose at this time, our manufacturers should be in a position to plan constructively for the future with the determination that this industry, which has been responsible for so much capital wastage in the past, shall become a source of new and greater wealth to the nation.

The problem is a big one. It requires a sympathetic attitude from our Government. It requires teamwork among our manufacturers. No one of our manufacturers is large enough, or adequately financed, alone to assume the burden for the country. Nor should it be done on essentially national lines. America uses two-thirds of the world's rubber supply; other nations control ninety-seven per cent. Herein is an opportunity to treat rubber as an economic problem — world-wide in its scope — rather than as a national problem. If we can do that, we shall have done much to advance the cause of world peace.

Who Caused the Panic of 1929?

By H. Parker Willis

A distinguished economist sees the Wall Street crash as a disaster for which responsibility can be definitely fixed and from which the public should learn lasting lessons

The stock market panic of 1929 will always figure in American financial history as an event of first importance. It undoubtedly marks a turning point in our domestic banking situation as well as in our relations with foreign countries. It is also a most regrettable misadventure for a nation which has been presenting itself as a "world market" for capital — a grotesque commentary upon aspirations which might have been fulfilled, but which now must suffer a very serious loss of growth. Concerning the personal side of the crash little need be said. That it has been to many a tragic end of their dreams of fortune is well known; that it has been to others a disappointing collapse of the more modest hope that some cherished object might be provided for or a measure of independence achieved is equally apparent. It has swept away the savings of many persons; and it has certainly transferred large sums of wealth to the few who were in position to profit by the opportunity.

All this warrants a *post mortem*. It is seldom of much use to know who is responsible for a given result when that result was inevitable. Crying over spilt milk does not bring the milk back again. But in this case it is worth while to record, before brief popular memories lose the essential facts in the case, some elements in the situation that must not be suffered to drop out of sight.

This panic was not "inevitable." It was the result of gross carelessness or wanton recklessness. The recording of its causes in frank language may help to prevent the recurrence of a similar situation at too early a date. Perhaps it will assist in the rejection of unfounded explanations and meretricious excuses which would otherwise become traditional. The question of responsibility for the panic of 1929 is worthy of discussion, both from a practical and political, and from a financial, point of view.

Looking at the matter in its broadest aspects we may say with reasonable assurance that the panic of 1929 was not, in the sense in which

the word is ordinarily used, an economic disaster or industrial crisis. Probably it is never true that such collapses come in any one department of human activity alone. Finance and business are always closely intertwined. They do, however, exhibit their characteristics chiefly on one or the other side of things and are described accordingly. In this case, there is little disagreement with the view that the collapse of October was essentially the result of unsatisfactory conditions in banking and in financial management.

President Hoover hastened to tell the country when the first bad news was out, that the industrial machinery of the nation was sound and that its business structure was unimpaired. Although he did not state it in so many words, it was evidently his view that the causes of the panic, whatever they may have been, were to be found elsewhere than in business and industry. That they were of an almost exclusively financial character so far as that is possible has been the opinion of many, and that banking management had much to do with the position assumed by American finance is an idea likewise positively entertained by numerous others. But just what does this predominantly financial and banking character of the panic signify?

IT INDICATES, first of all, the necessity of going some distance back in the history of the United States in the search for the causes which combined to bring about the crash of 1929. After the panic of 1920 had passed its peak, several years were necessarily devoted to clearing up the wreckage it had left behind. This wreckage was represented by several thousand bank failures, chiefly in the West and Middle West, and by concurrent business failures which increased in a remarkable degree. The readjustment of the value of land, which had assumed a fabulously high figure during the war, and was a phase of the immediate post-war experience, was likewise unavoidable.

FROM 1920 to 1925, the elimination of the large stocks of goods which had been hoarded during the war, their disposal at reasonable prices, the revaluation of land, and the adjustment of relationships growing out of the thousands of bank failures which had developed, were the principal features of American finance. The banks had been sobered. They had learned a severe lesson — not to over lend upon, or encourage speculation in, commodities or land. Commodity loans had been the bane of the Eastern banks, land loans the great source of evil in the West, but in neither region had there been any very serious tendency to over speculation in securities. Advances in stocks, where they occurred, appeared to be the result of a new productiveness and new organization of American business, and the great loans that were in process of being made to foreign countries, whether wise or unwise, in many cases represented at least a disposition to aid others in resuming a sound economic position and a willingness to provide a means whereby some of the nation's excess gold could be restored to nations that greatly needed it.

After the year 1925 the United States was in position to determine its own future, financially speaking,

in a way that had not previously been known. Its prestige had been somewhat shaken by the panic of 1920, and the Federal Reserve System was rightly thought to have been considerably at fault. This, however, had been largely a domestic matter, and the European nations still frankly looked to this country as the source both of specie with which to restore their banking systems, and for capital to reëstablish their industries. Many of them were endeavoring to get back to a gold basis, and they necessarily expected a great deal of coöperation from the United States. American bankers and investment houses, too, were making enormous profits from their relations with European borrowers. They wanted this condition to go on, and their position as bankers for other countries to be continued and increased. There seemed no limit either to our usefulness or our profit.

IT WAS in such a situation that the unhappy idea of an international tinkering with interest and discount rates was projected. Negotiations between the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve System, apparently never officially authorized, certainly never officially admitted, developed into the scheme, now well known and recognized, for the maintenance of what is popularly called "easy money" or preferably "easy credit" — low rates of interest and discount — in the New York market. This scheme, at first pursued by indirect and surreptitious methods, gradually came to require more and more positive support, until about three years ago it culminated in an effort to force Federal Reserve rates down to an abnormally low level throughout the United States, nominally in order that there might be no disposition to draw funds to this country from Europe. The Federal Reserve Board at Washington allowed itself to be dragooned into ordering Federal Reserve banks which did not wish to reduce their rates to do so, and the low-rate-and-easy-money philosophy gained ground tremendously. Criticisms and protests were dubbed unpatriotic and plenty of legal reasons were adduced to show that Reserve banks had no rights of their own in regard to the fixing of discount rates, but could always be dictated to by the Board at Washington. We need not, fortunately, feel much doubt either as to the facts in the case or the responsibility for them. Most of the major factors have been brought out piecemeal, in the hearings of the past two years or more before the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives, though the full story was suppressed at the request of some of the authorities.

THE first fruits of this artificial low rate policy were speedily seen in a quickened activity on the New York Stock Exchange. During the year 1925, shares to the number of 452,000,000 had been traded in, and during 1926 as many as 449,000,000 shares, but during 1927 the tide mounted to 577,000,000 shares which were bought and sold. This led up to the record year of 1928 in which over 920,000,000 shares changed hands. By the end of 1927, the stock market was moving at tremendously high speed, and very fundamental changes, both in banking and in

methods of business financing, were occurring. Loans to brokers had risen to heights then unprecedented, and the Reserve System was supplying an unduly large volume of credit for speculative uses. The danger was clearly enough perceived; the policy was deplored by many officers of Reserve banks; and one of the latter half-unintentionally expressed the situation in a public address by saying that it had been necessary to reduce rates of discount at Reserve banks in order to make business good in England.

But business was not very good in England, and ironically enough the great profits that were being made as a result of rising rates of interest in New York were tempting more and more persons both in England and on the Continent to borrow, in order that they too might share in the golden stream which poured from the stock exchanges of this country. Interest rates rose further. They lost all connection with any ordinary guides or tests and during 1928 they often advanced to 15 or 16 per cent for call money. Large sums were attracted from the European markets, being sent in by banks which desired to take advantage of the high rates of interest here prevailing, while foreign investors themselves scraped together what they could and placed it on the stock market. As a result the easy money policy which at first had been designed to keep European capital at home, brought it about that this capital was more rapidly transferred to the United States. It was estimated in the summer of 1929 that sums, even exceeding the vast amounts we had lately loaned abroad, had been sent back here for the purpose of relending or reinvesting in the American market. For the time being, we thus practically cancelled the advances we had made to European countries and we speeded up more and more from day to day the steadily rising prices on the Stock Exchange.

None of this had escaped the attention of those who believed in the international duty of our banking system. In strong language the danger had been called to the attention of the Reserve System and of Congress. Nevertheless the Governor of the Reserve Board did not hesitate to tell the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency when he appeared before that body in the winter of 1928, that he had no reason to believe Stock Exchange loans were too high. He believed also that they were amply well protected. He repeated this same statement at intervals in public places during the year 1928. Other members of the Federal Reserve Board used similar expressions. Both the Governor and the Board permitted and encouraged the continuance of speculation both by word and by act — by keeping rates too low and by assuring the public that there was no danger.

Thus our Federal Reserve System both at Washington and in the several Reserve Banks was fundamentally and primarily a cause of the panic of 1929 by permitting the use of banking funds in an unduly large degree and without adequate protection, in promoting speculation, notwithstanding such action was directly contrary to law.

The government of a country is ordinarily thought of as in many

ways responsible for the direction taken by large questions of public financial policy and control. This was conspicuously true during and after the war, when Governmental authorities at Washington almost unavoidably had been compelled to take control of the financial mechanism and to direct it for the purpose of facilitating the Government's great borrowing enterprises. The close of the war found the Federal Reserve banks deeply involved with the public debt. They had close to $1,600,000,000 either owned or carried as the basis of loans, while the reporting member banks were the owners of some $2,360,000,000 more of bonds and certificates; a figure which meant for the whole country some $6,000,000,000 as a total. Loans on war obligations were $3,000,000,000 more; in all, two-fifths of the volume of our outstanding bonds and certificates.

EXPERIENCE shows how dangerous it is for banks which carry demand deposits to have their resources to any great extent in bonds. It was, therefore, the effort of the Treasury Department as well as of our banking authorities during the years 1920–21 to drive this great volume of bonds out of the banks and into the hands of the public. By the end of 1921 two-thirds of the securities they held had thus been driven out of Reserve banks and one-half out of member banks. But in 1922 under a new national Administration a reactionary policy was introduced. It was now sought to have the banks carry as much of the debt as possible; and as the "Liberty" obligations which had been issued during the war matured, they were instead of being funded into long period securities and sold to investors, converted into other short term obligations and then sold to banks. By the end of 1928, the banks had much more of these obligations than they owned when the war was at its worst. Banks were induced both to buy Treasury obligations and to carry them as largely as possible in their portfolios. During the war an unwise amendment to the Federal Reserve Act permitted the banks to borrow practically as largely as they liked at Reserve banks upon their own direct notes with Government obligations as collateral. The banks now began to purchase and hold these obligations in great quantities, and as discount rates at Reserve banks were reduced, it became more profitable to borrow at these institutions, since the Government collateral often had a higher yield than that which had to be paid on the borrowings of the banks which rested upon this collateral.

SECRETARY MELLON tended more and more to favor and adopt this practice of hand-to-mouth financing. Great issues of indebtedness were maturing several times a year, and they were immediately refunded into other issues of certificates which were sold to the banks. The result soon came to be a basic change in the assets of these institutions. There had been, as admitted by all observers private or public, a gradual decline in the amount of commercial paper carried by the members of the Federal Reserve System, and an increase in the aggregate of bonds, certificates, and other investment paper which had taken its place. Just as the Western banks had tended to

become "frozen" before 1920, through their immense loans upon lands, much of which finally passed into the ownership of the banks themselves through foreclosure, so the Eastern banks began to be more and more overburdened with securities which they had either bought or taken in satisfaction of debts; and with loans on securities which, although nominally liquid, could in fact never be disposed of without "breaking the market" by compelling the borrower to sell his collateral.

THE Treasury Department, refused to recognize all these dangers, and persevered in its practice of placing the Government debt in the hands of banks. Reserve banks, too, gradually assumed the duty of "making a market" for Government obligations by buying them in when they were not in demand and reselling them when circumstances permitted. They tended to become stock market banks. The member banks had thus become great operators in corporate securities — and the Reserve banks to a very large degree in Government securities. It was an unsafe, hazardous situation, one primarily responsible for the unliquid conditions which have come to exist in many banks and which today constitute the greatest obstacle perhaps to the restoration of financial soundness.

The Treasury Department, headed by Secretary Mellon, was thus, along with the Federal Reserve System, a primary factor in bringing on the panic of 1929.

The conditions which are established by bankers or by Government officers do not produce their results automatically; they must be taken advantage of by the public before their effects are apparent. Due to easy money and over ready advances by the banks on securities, the public had begun to develop an astonishing appetite for speculation. This appetite was fully apparent in 1926–27 and earlier. The process of feeding it had already proved profitable. Many business houses were finding it easy to get their capital funds by floating securities in New York instead of by borrowing from their banks as they had in the past, and repaying when the immediate need was over. They were over borrowing in the stock market by selling more stocks and securities of various kinds than they needed to issue. Thus they became possessed of great surpluses of cash which they proceeded to lend in the call loan market. They were the "others" of which so much has been said in talking of "brokers' loans."

And in order to supply the material upon which speculation might act and might appease itself, investment houses of all classes had begun to manufacture "new issues." The bakery industry was fully organized and capitalized, the laundry trade found it easy to get capital. Bootblacking became a well incorporated industry. The butcher and the candlestick maker had long ago had recourse to the speculative market for cash and they now redoubled their applications. Stocks of all sorts and descriptions, good, bad and indifferent, made their appearance.

WHO was to buy them? As long as there were savings available they were naturally used in paying for these purchases, but when they

were exhausted the public obviously turned to the banks, which supplied the funds with which to purchase the issues which they and their friends were fast producing. Of course the banks required a "substantial margin." But they were ready to lend; for only in this way and by their aid could the demand for stocks be maintained and the affiliated enterprises — the concerns operated and officered by bank directors, bank officers and bank stock owners—be fully supplied with buyers for their new issues.

For generations past it has been expected of our bankers that they should exert themselves to restrain hasty or flighty investors, and that they should inculcate the advantages of saving as against speculation. Yet within the past two years it has been indisputably true that this whole range of maxims has been abandoned by our banking community. Through their establishment of affiliated financing companies, they have put themselves into a position as issuers of stocks. Investment trusts, shares in affiliates or associates, and similar securities of all kinds, have poured forth from the banks, while many more have been issued by "groups" which were practically bankers and banking houses in another form. Trust companies have taken up the investment trust business, and in order to further it have allowed themselves to undertake speculative operations of many kinds.

Not only are these facts undeniable, but in addition to them, as already seen, there has been the serious criticism upon the banks themselves in their own corporate capacities that they have allowed their assets to become "frozen." It was three years ago that the Federal Reserve Board remarked this change in the portfolios of the banks and called attention to it in an annual report which was noteworthy in the paragraphs on that subject if in no others. The Board has continued to call attention to the same situation in successive yearly reports, yet the trend away from sound commercial paper, and into security loans has grown steadily stronger and stronger. There are many banks throughout the country, the assets of which are almost entirely in the form of bonds, loans on securities, real estate securities, or call loans. The local business man often finds it difficult to borrow from the banks except on the basis of some kind of collateral security which he may happen to have in hand.

This situation might be palliated or forgiven were it not for the fact that many of our bankers have exerted themselves to the utmost to make the ultimate reserves of the country held by Federal Reserve Banks subordinate to their will. Not only have they not objected to the practice of Reserve Banks already sketched in making a market for Government securities; they have sanctioned, and even demanded, its continuance, and they have, moreover, given their approval both tacitly and through their own practice to the habit of borrowing from Reserve Banks on their own direct notes, protected by eligible paper, which usually meant Government securities, in order to get funds for relending to customers for use in the stock market. In this way they have

sought to place not only their own funds, available for ordinary banking purposes, but also the ultimate reserves of the country, in the hands of the stock jobbing, stock issuing, stock manipulating and margin speculating community.

WHEN we add to this general survey the fact that financing companies affiliated with banks and owned by the same stockholders, not content with bringing out new issues, some of which have had anything but a solid basis, have also allowed themselves to begin the distribution of common stocks, accumulating them by purchase in the market, then working them up to a higher level, then recommending them to their customers, and then distributing them, with assurances that "they would hold their value," it becomes plain how widely our bankers of the present day have departed from the principles and practices of banking as it has been known in past years. Practically every maxim of sound banking formerly known has been disregarded, the whole effort being to build up an immense structure of paper profit, which might be cashed, as opportunity offered in some tangible form, while the community was left to "hold the bag."

This places a very heavy responsibility upon the banks of the country in their rôle as conservators of the public interest and as promoters of thrift. Many have beyond all question been deeply guilty, and their only excuse is the lame one, that it had been supposed that a New Era had dawned. It has taken but a little while to show that they have been fundamentally mistaken in any such supposition, and that the new era which they had hailed is, in poetic language, "that new world which is the old." The principles of sound banking and of correct management of finance have not altered in the slightest — a fact which present conditions are demonstrating although at a very high cost. *The banks and the investment houses have thus been fundamentally responsible for the panic of 1929.*

WHO is to pay the cost of this tremendous breakdown of credit? There can be no doubt that someone must do so. True, the forms of cost that are ordinarily thought of in that connection are largely imaginary. It is possible to say that the stock list shrank from one hundred billions of dollars in value to sixty billions, a loss of forty billions during the panic, but all such comparisons are little better than valueless. There has been no such shrinkage, because there never were any such values as those nominally registered by quotations prior to the panic. The "wealth" indicated by the figures on the exchange was imaginary; as is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that had even a very small fraction of the shares been offered for sale, such sales would, themselves, have brought about a recession. But the real costs involved in this crash are great though they are not to be measured in terms of money. The panic has been tremendously expensive.

It has, first of all, immensely reduced if not largely destroyed, the financial prestige of the United States abroad. The fact that any such mismanagement of our banking

system and of our entire investment structure could have occurred, must necessarily lessen in very marked degree the confidence, whatever it was, that Europeans felt in our business, our officials and our system of banking and finance. The position to which we ambitiously aspired as world bankers can not now be ours. We must earn it and deserve it if we expect to fill it. No doubt those who need money will be glad to borrow here and will do so, but the participation of American finance in the management of European enterprise — the transfer of the primacy in international dealings to New York — must now be regarded as definitely out of the question for many years to come.

ALONG with this loss of prestige in our foreign relations we must undoubtedly reconcile ourselves to a similar lack of confidence in domestic affairs. The great structure of speculation and of lending which had been built up before the panic was something more than fortuitous, and represented a new kind of dependence upon the investment banking mechanism of the country. In some ways this change of method from reliance on commercial to reliance upon investment ways of approach to the market had its beneficial aspects, but whatever they were they can now be expected largely to disappear for the time. The corporation which felt that it had found a sort of philosopher's stone for use in raising capital through the stock market, will change its mind and the resulting loss or lack of profit visited upon many investment banking houses, as well as the resulting retardation of certain kinds of financial growth and progress must be obvious.

These shocks to confidence and this discrediting of new financial method are serious, but they are not susceptible of very close or accurate appraisal. The business results of the collapse will, however, prove perfectly tangible. We have already had a serious shrinkage of opportunities in several different and important lines of trade and it must be expected that this will extend still further.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has been quite right in asserting the essential underlying soundness of the business structure, but neither he nor anyone else can deny that that soundness is dependent upon the smooth and effective working of the financial and investment mechanism of the country. The mere fact that business had been active during the past twelve months indicates nothing with reference to the movement of business during the coming year. Inevitably the closing of expected avenues for the getting of capital must change the plans of many businesses very materially. The rate of failures among our banks and our business houses has been very high for the past five years. We must expect it now to be higher still. The panic of 1920 brought in its wake thousands of bank failures, and the panic of 1929 may be somewhat similar, though let us hope not so severe in its effects upon those banks that have been burdened with frozen security loans. Their experience must somewhat parallel the experience of Western banks which had become involved in frozen loans upon land and goods. These comparisons do not ex-

hibit themselves instantaneously, for time is required for their development. We can not, however, doubt for a moment that in due course of time American business must pay the bill entailed by the stock market debauch and the mismanagement of our banking system during the past few years.

All this says nothing of the effect of the collapse upon individuals; the sweeping away of savings, the crippling of many commercial undertakings and the great modification of the financial plans of others. As yet there is but little conception on the part of anyone of the vast extent and of the deeply rooted character of the speculation which had been eating into American life since 1925, fostered and encouraged as it was by our banking leaders, our politicians and our financiers. It was a disastrous influence upon the individual existence of a large fraction of American citizens and its elimination is in some ways an offset for the tremendous material losses and costs involved by the collapse. But this elimination has been made unnecessarily expensive and has meant ruin in a good many cases where it might have meant only inconvenience and suffering on a limited scale, had correctives been applied at some time during the past year or so. If a major operation must be performed, the patient must be prepared for it. It is never well that such an operation should be undertaken unless there is at least a chance of his recovery. Many of those who have been "wiped out" in the disaster will never recover the position as property owners which they had before they attempted to enter the market. Many others will recover only partly and incompletely. This situation suggests the cost of the panic to the individual.

The breakdown of 1929 was as nearly the result of wilful mismanagement and violation of every principle of sound finance as such an occurrence ever has been. It was the outcome of vulgar grasping for gain at the cost of the community. It has been a national disgrace and a source of untold national and individual loss. In paying the bill entailed by it, the American people should think seriously about how they can best avoid running up another.

Homing

By Walter Havighurst

A Tale of the Alaskan Trade

Nells Rowley was going home. He sprawled out on a bench in the shipping hall at Seattle, gazing dully across the littered floor. A score of seamen lounged about the room, some talking, some reading, some gazing like Nells Rowley with dull spent eyes at the grimy walls. Glutted with a week's debauch ashore and penniless after a voyage's earnings had gone over the counters and into the waiting hands along the skid-road, their eyes were hungry for the familiar world of gray waters, for cold sea-dawns and nights of stars.

But Nells Rowley looked with narrowed eyes at another image on the stained and spotted floor. He saw a winding seafront street in an Alaskan village, and a weathered house at the turning. He thought of it at night — strange how its lamplight against the darkness had lingered in his memory. He could see it now, a lighted window at the end of a dark street, more comforting than a hunter's fire in the midst of lonely winter lands.

The shipping master appeared from an inner office and stood behind his desk. Every man in the room looked up expectantly. "Three A.B.'s on the *Robin Grey* for Honolulu," he called. There was a rush toward the counter and many hands thrust discharge books across the desk. But Nells Rowley sat unmoving, his eyes fixed on the stained and spattered cuspidor that rose above a mound of burned matches and yellow cigarette ends. There had been times enough when he would rush for a job to the south. April in Honolulu. A pleasant thought. To leave the nasty Northern drizzle and the lingering rains. Six weeks of golden sunshine with the dark-eyed girls of Honolulu to offer spice. A pleasant thought. But still Nells Rowley sat unmoving. He was going home.

The room was quiet again after three scowling sailors had swung out of the door with assignment cards thrust into their dungarees. Nells idly rolled a cigarette. He leaned back in his bench and exhaled blue clouds of smoke into the thick, breath-heated air. Tossing the cigarette with faultless aim into the dripping cuspidor, he took a small notebook from his pocket and began idly to thumb the pages. He passed over some loose papers, an

I.W.W. card, a certificate of assignment to a logging camp, three obscene photographs on which the white flesh gleamed luridly out of the collection of worn papers. He thumbed through some names and notations, and fell to studying a page of dates. July 19 to September 12, Horse Creek, Montana. He could see now those swinging fields of wheat, miles and miles of golden grain, a sea of it with the wind moving across the shimmering surface in long and sinuous waves. Wheat from the endless Eastern prairies in an unbroken sea to the very slopes of the dark and purple mountains where the clouds gathered in the violet dawns. May 21, Leadville — Silver Plume. He remembered that high trail over the Divide, the winter's snow not yet gone from the gulches and he freezing all one night before he came down into that steep valley with its worn-out gold mines. November 9, Saginaw. A road-building outfit in northern Michigan, the winds whipping off Lake Huron and the gray waves tossing in a storm of snow. February 12, Bayou Chalmette. Warm weather there, and long days cutting cypress trees in those steaming Louisiana swamp lands.

He closed the pages and looked again across the littered room. Through the varied scenes of logging huts, harvest camps, ships' foc's'les, and construction quarters there came the image of a weathered house at the turning of a darkened street, its lamplight glowing in the midst of a winter land. Nells Rowley was going home.

It was six years since he had left the weathered house in Ketchikan. Then, as a youth of twelve, he had stolen one night aboard the *Admiral Dewey*, asked for a job as cabin boy, and come to Seattle. In the years that followed he had engaged in a score of occupations, harvesting, logging, road-making, mining, ranching, sailing. Last of all he had been working on a construction job near Cœur d'Alene. There, while a three days' snow kept the men in their quarters, he had decided to go home. He could get free transportation to Seattle with a lumber outfit, and from there it would be easy to strike north to Ketchikan.

Nells looked at the worn notebook in his hand. A list of small entries, dates of toil, notations of pay days in labor camps, distances between towns and cities, a few papers and pictures. Here was the heritage of six years, all that was left him after a youth of wandering and toil. He slipped the notebook into his pocket and rolled another cigarette. It was good to be going home.

The shipping master appeared in the door. Nells sat up intently. "Two A.B.'s for the *Spokane*, towing to Buckley Bay." With three steps Nells reached the counter and presented his seaman's certificate. After eleven days of waiting here was a passage past Ketchikan.

For three days Nells worked on the *Spokane*, a rotting four-masted schooner that had lain in disuse for fifteen years before the Sudden and Christenson Line took her over to tow northward for fir. Four seamen made up the abbreviated crew; for seamen with a cook and a captain comprised the vessel's list. Rest-

lessly, Nells put in those days of waiting. Ten hours working in the hold, cleaning out dunnage from the last voyage, calking the gaping seams in the hull, overhauling the martingale, renewing the loading gear. In the evenings he sat on the foc's'le head with his shipmates: Gibbs, a homesteader who had been burned out by forest fires in the Peace River country; Swenson, a Puget Sound roustabout; and Wallace, a loud-speaking Irishman who was to run the donkey engine at Buckley Bay.

Too penniless to spend the nights ashore, they all sat on the foc's'le head and talked of a variety of things. Nells said little, but gazed at the lights of Seattle as they swam through the April mists over the seven hills. In his mind was the image of a lamp-lit window burning under the sombre shadows of the fir-clad Alaskan range.

FOUR short, sharp blasts, a long hawser stretching and straining, a tremor of movement passing through the tall-masted schooner. Nells's heart gave a leap as the tug boat, a deep-draughted little water bug with a mighty cloud of black smoke belching from her funnel, slowly eased the *Spokane* from her dock. He stood at the wheel, taking her out, and felt that he was turning into his own sea-lane as they swung into the Sound. The captain came over from the stern rail. "Steer for that point of land beyond the Island."

"Yes, sir," said Nells. But he steered for a lamp-lit window at the curving of a darkened Alaskan street.

For eight days the *Spokane* towed slowly through the intricate channel into the north. Like a lordly river with soaring mountain shores it was between Vancouver Island and the rugged wall of British Columbia. In the April thaws the snow fields were receding to the high slopes of the mountains. Countless waterfalls trailed down the precipitous sides, threads of lace shining through the dark steep forests of fir, and plunged with a never-ending roar into the channel. Then beyond the narrows lay the open waters of Queen Charlotte Sound and Dixon Entrance, places where the mountains fade from sight and the swell of the sea comes in.

There was little to do on the *Spokane* but stand wheel-watches. Four hours off and four hours on, with the varied shores drifting by almost imperceptibly. Standing at the wheel or leaning on the foc's'le rail, Nells watched the mountains take on the aspects of the North. Thick-growing forests, torrents of water plunging out of the valleys, a trading camp or a tiny Siwash village lying between the steep, dark forests and the sullen sea. After six years the country came back to him with a peculiar familiarity, so that the scenes of Southern toil paled in his mind like a memory long past and all but forgotten.

ONE mild evening as the lingering dusk of the Northern night settled over the rugged mainland, Nells stood at the wheel with Gibbs. The Cape Shakkan light flashed in the distance, twice red and once white, like a rocket bursting slowly above the sea. Four bells sounded from the marine clock in the cabin. "Nights

are gettin' shorter up here," observed Gibbs, "like it is above Edmonton and Peace River."

"Yes," agreed Nells, "even in spring the light lasts till near ten o'clock."

"The old man says we'll be in the Bay day after tomorrow." Gibbs gave the wheel a half-turn as the schooner felt the twist of the tide. "It ain't so far up as I thought. I'd heard it was above Skagway."

"No," said Nells, "Buckley's only a short run above Ketchikan. We'll be passin' Ketchikan before morning."

"You know Ketchikan?"

"YES, I know it. It's my home." Nells spoke with enthusiasm. "Or it was my home," he added. "I ain't been there for six years."

"You been runnin' up here on these schooners?"

"No, I ain't been in these schooners. I never been to Buckley Bay. I ain't even been to Seattle for five years." Nells struck a match and lit a cigarette. He breathed a cloud of smoke into the night air and turned again to his companion. "This here schooner's my first and my last. I tell you, Jack, I'm leavin' this hooker at Buckley. I come up here to get to Ketchikan. I'm goin' home. Quittin' at Buckley and strikin' down the coast."

Gibbs puffed at his pipe. "You're jumpin' her at Buckley Bay?"

"That's what. I was goin' to make a try for shore when we went by Ketchikan. Ships pass close to town, not a mile off. I thought if it was at night I could lower a boat and row for it, but that damned tackle is so fouled you couldn't lower the boat without an axe." He turned and regarded the life-boat swung in the davits over the stern rail. "Well," he concluded, "I'll get down the coast from Buckley. It's damned glad I'll be to see Ketchikan, too. I had enough of beatin' it from one lousy outfit to the next. When I get my feet under my old man's table again, I'll have sense enough to keep 'em there."

"Looks like we'll be short-handed goin' down," said Gibbs.

"No need for bein' short-handed. The company's savin' my pay, that's all. There'll be plenty of sawmill hands at Buckley that'll be glad for a passage to Seattle. No trouble takin' on a sailor to go down the coast." Nells flipped his cigarette over the rail. "Well, I better be goin' along and get up them ridin' lights before the old man comes up and throws a fit. You'd think he was runnin' a liner." He whistled a bar and strode off toward the foc's'le head.

YET Nells Rowley did not leave the *Spokane* at Buckley Bay. He stole ashore the first night, with his bulging barracks bag on his shoulder. But it was only three hours later when he returned to throw the bag on his recently vacated bunk and indulge himself in a rueful stream of curses. Gibbs had been sitting alone in the foc's'le smoking moodily. He looked up at Nells. "What's trouble? You not leavin' here?"

"By God, does it look like I'm leavin'?" asked Nells. "There's no way of gettin' out of this damned hole?"

"What damned hole?"

"This bleedin' Buckley Bay. There's no way out. It's only a

scurvy cursed sawmill camp. There's no roads into the country, and no ships put in here, only these blasted schooners."

"Then you can't get down to Ketchikan?" Gibbs calmly puffed at his pipe.

"No, I can't, without I go back on this scurvy hooker and swim ashore. And that, by God, is what I'm goin' to do."

Two weeks of loading lumber was a maddening eternity to Nells. All day the donkey engine puffed and steamed, the gaff swung over the side of the schooner, the tackle creaked and groaned while a sling of yellow fir came dangling through the air to be deposited in the *Spokane's* hold. There the moody Siwash Indians slowly stacked it piece by piece, until the hatches were slid over a full hold of lumber. Then began the even slower process of building up a deck-load. The gaff swinging back and forth depositing piles of fresh cut timbers, the smoky Siwash workmen calmly piling it along the deck. Six, eight, ten feet high the deck-load grew, until the cabin and foc's'le were hidden under that high cargo of yellow boards. At last chains were tightened and clamped over the deck, the tug blew four shrill blasts that trailed away to the snow-streaked mountains of the North, and the *Spokane* slipped through the narrows into the open sea.

The second evening as the cook was giving his last attentions to the supper pots on the galley stove, Nells stood with Gibbs at the forward rail watching a rounded mountain on the mainland. Nells turned to his companion. "See where the stream curves around that low mountain? Just around the bend is Ketchikan. I better be gettin' ready."

He disappeared into the foc's'le and soon emerged with his barracks bag tied into a small and compact kit. "I left some gear in my bunk. Too heavy to take along. Any of its yours if you want it." He looked ahead at the slowly approaching hill. "Tide's high. That's lucky, 'cause there's a tide rip here, and ships goin' down stream always keep in shore." The tug, five hundred feet ahead of them, was already pointing in toward the mainland. "See," Nells indicated the stoutly-puffing boat, "we're already headin' in. We'll pass close by, maybe a fifth of a mile from shore. I can swim it easy. And you throw the bag after me. I'll pull it ashore."

Behind them the galley door banged and the cook emerged, carrying a laden tray. "Cook's goin' aft with the old man's supper," continued Nells. "That'll keep him out of the way."

He took off his canvas lumberman's jacket, unlaced his shoes, and stood there shivering in bare feet and a flannel shirt. "Wish I could swim with shoes on," he said.

Gibbs watched in silence. "I'll heave the bag after you," he said shortly.

Nells put a hand on the foremast shroud and leaped to the rail. The *Spokane* was swinging around the bend and the buildings of a waterfront village moved by on the adjacent shore. The houses stood chiefly on one winding street that faced the sea. Stores and dwellings on the water side rested on high stilt-like

piles, which raised them above the swiftly moving tide. Beyond the village rose a frowning mountain of fir forest, its summit streaked with the winter's snow.

Nells stood gazing at the town. Here, near the upper end, the buildings on the seaward side gave way to reveal a weathered house at a turning of the seafront street. In the windows, though the long Northern evening was far from spent, shone a cheery lamplight deepening the grayness all around. Nells was lost in remembrance. "I'll heave the bag after you." Gibbs' voice came to him as a grim reminder, a cruel jerk back into actuality. "You better be goin'. This tide's damned swift."

NELLS looked down at the gray and sullen waters. The tide was running fast, with cross currents that circled and eddied about the *Spokane's* bow. He looked again at the village, slowly slipping by. "How far d'you make it, Jack?" He turned uncertainly to Gibbs.

"Oh, it ain't far. But that damned tide'll carry you past the town if you don't make a start."

Nells looked back at the swift dark waters. "It's always bad tide here. One of the worst tide rips on the coast, in these narrows." He rubbed one bare foot against a trouser leg and shivered. "That water looks cold, Jack. Snow's melting in it all along — colder'n ice."

A door banged behind them and Wallace appeared from the foc's'le. "What the hell you doin' there?" he demanded. "Playin' *September Morn?* Come along an' get your chow. Cook's got a mess o' duff. Plum duff to tickle your belly."

Gibbs stood looking at Nells, the tightly-rolled barracks bag in his hand. Nells peered at the water. He looked back at Gibbs. "Plum duff, d'he say? Hi, Bill, plum duff, is that?"

"Aye, plum duff. A whole stewpan full."

Nells jumped down to the deck, slipped on his socks, thrust his feet into his shoes and said, "Plum duff. You hear that, Jack? Let's get after that plum duff."

TWO weeks later Nells Rowley sat in the shipping hall at Seattle. He gazed dully across the littered room and blew great breaths of smoke into the hazy air. The shipping master appeared from his inner office. "Two A.B.'s and three Ordinaries on the *Victoria* bound for Ketchikan, Wrangel and Skagway." Nells looked up idly, but sat motionless as a dozen men surged toward the desk. As they received their assignment cards and filed out of the door he tossed his yellow cigarette end into the spattered cuspidor and fell to reading a crumpled newspaper at his side.

An hour later the shipping master appeared again. "One A.B. in the *Kennebec* for Buenos Aires." In one movement Nells was across the room. He presented his seaman's card and was given the assignment. As he turned to leave the hall, a surly Swedish sailor stopped him. "You know that *Kennebec?*" he asked.

"No," said Nells. "What about her?"

"She's a hungry ship and a hell hole. She's a bad billet, son."

"It's nothin' to me," said Nells. "I'm tired of these parts, and she'll take me away."

The Tide of the Times

By Kenneth Wilcox Payne

Caveat Emptor

Except possibly in the State of Kansas (from which we still await authoritative information),* the enforcement of Prohibition remains America's most sensational failure.

The plans for celebrating on January 16 the tenth anniversary of the experiment were marred by another outburst of dissension over ways and means of making the law effective. The sole point on which Wets and Drys continue to agree is that it is not effective now.

Under the circumstances, the soft pedalling of Senator Sheppard's drastically logical project for real enforcement is strange. Senator Sheppard would make the purchaser of illegal beverages equally guilty with the seller. Certainly to punish each man who buys a drink is not only called for by the intent of the Eighteenth Amendment, but should prove a most effective way of frightening the drinking public into behavior satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League.

If, for the practical purpose of securing convictions, anybody is to be exempt from prosecution, why should it not be the seller of liquor? The latter, being of the less scrupulous class, would most readily betray the other party to the sale; and the Government's Prohibition agents, instead of buying liquor and then convicting the bootleggers and speakeasy waiters with whom they dealt, might peddle booze and then convict their patrons, the ultimate consumers.

Now the sole purpose of Prohibition is to prevent the ultimate consumption of liquor, and not its sale or transportation; the only important or final guilt is that of the drinkers who, in the words of the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are "enemies of the home, the school, the Church and the State." Or, as Fred A. Victor, Associate Superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League, puts it, "they are men and women who trample public good for desires wholly bad."

The gratification, by enemies of

* *Note:* — Governor Clyde M. Reed of Kansas has not yet replied to our request for a statement of the facts of enforcement in his State. It will be remembered that, publicly objecting to the appearance of Jay House's article in our November issue, Governor Reed declared conditions of wetness in Kansas to have been malignantly misrepresented by Jay House and other writers; and that we requested from the Governor an accurate statement of the true relative aridity in the Sunflower State.

the State, of desires "wholly bad" deserves no judicial or legislative leniency. Unless, then, the lobbying Prohibitionists and Administration Drys are secretly in doubt of their own cause, they can not in reason fail to insist that the buyers of liquor should be ruthlessly prosecuted, and that their punishment should be even more severe than that meted out to the sellers.

If there is anything wrong with the logic, ethics or feasibility of this proposal, there must be something sadly wrong with the logic, ethics or feasibility of Prohibition.

Criminals in the Making

On the still larger problem of control of crime in general, a small but significant ray of light was cast recently when a New York policeman captured, with gun play, three youths robbing a store. One of the trio was a backward sixteen-year-old in whom his high school principal had detected, *eight months before*, unmistakable signs of criminality. The principal, at that earlier date, had asked, "Must society wait until he commits robbery or murder before it acts? Cannot something be done now to prevent the inevitable anti-social behavior on the part of this boy?" Society waited, as it usually does, until too late.

The universal judgment of children's court officials is that the potential criminal can be very frequently detected during his public school years. The task calls for the services of highly competent teachers and trained psychiatrists in the schools. Yet, while we build million dollar school buildings and boast of their physical equipment, we permit them to be run by underpaid, overworked and inadequately trained personnel.

The criminals of the United States commit an average of more than thirty murders and sixteen hundred burglaries and hold-ups every day. We have ready to hand in our public schools a system well suited to the early detection of many unfortunate youngsters who will soon be adding their deeds to this appalling total of crime.

To put into operation through the schools known methods for preventive treatment of the pre-delinquent child would not only be a practical measure for reducing crime, but would improve the educational value of the schools to normal children.

Crime Among Nations

Among the manifold functions of organized society, one is to define anti-social behavior; another is to prevent it, in so far as possible, by judicial and police methods.

International society has taken a great forward leap by defining war as anti-social behavior. Until the League of Nations became something more than a project, and until the Kellogg Pacts were ratified, the waging of war was, like duelling of other days, an honorable activity. Now we have made it a crime.

If the change in point of view is too sudden and sweeping to be more than faintly and ineffectually realized as yet, while the ancient patterns of militant nationalism survive, it is none the less too profoundly auspicious to be permitted to languish, or to be clouded in the self-delusion of sheer idealism and political rationalizing.

Lest we betray the task entrusted to this generation, we must press forward, in the face of baffling obstacles, to organize the world for peace as determinedly as, during all previous centuries, we organized it for war. We cannot rest with the mere framing of a new category of anti-social behavior. Without judicial and police methods for preventing such behavior among nations, the world would be like a government that defined crimes by legislation and had neither courts nor constabulary to protect itself against them.

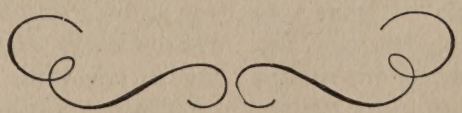
The current inclination to rely upon "the moral force of public opinion" to prevent violation of the anti-war pacts is putting reliance upon a phrase only. It is idealistic rationalizing without reference to facts. The phrase simply reflects a growing state of mind, which would support effective action and which is futile without action.

The immediate practical action for the United States is accession to the World Court. This is far more important to the future than all the current bits of political by-play over disarmament and the freedom of the seas, which concern methods of warfare and not the maintenance of peace.

To say that the World Court — and the League of Nations for that matter — can no more completely eradicate war than our own Government and courts can at present prevent liquor drinking, or the murder of 12,000 persons a year, is a defeatist argument. On the other hand, it is probably an extremist's argument to urge American membership in the League of Nations in advance of public opinion.

But our prompt adherence to the World Court, even so safeguarded as to be little more than a gesture, is nevertheless the right gesture at the right time. A gesture at least is an action, and often more effective than a word. Henceforth, the cause of peace demands fewer words and more action. Let our action be so carefully limited as to placate the last irreconcilable in the Senate, if only it be early and positive!

Unless the world is to fall apart again into openly hostile groupings, the United States must show the other nations — and show them by deed — that all our idealistic praise of peace is not merely the hypocritical pretense that our hemmings and hawings and hedgings have made it seem to some more realistic Europeans.



This *Is* Anastasia

By Gleb Botkin

A one-time playmate of the late Tsar's youngest daughter explains his belief that she still lives

I THINK no mystery in the annals of royalty is more romantic than that of Grand Duchess Anastasia, also known as Madame Tchaikowsky, who, having had her day of fame, now dwells secluded near New York, the guest of a certain Miss Annie Burr Jennings. Miss Jennings is a wholesome type of American woman, a D. A. R., and in general a person as alien to the Russian Court as China is to French cooking. In spite of that, or because of it, the young Russian Grand Duchess and the elderly Daughter of the American Revolution live together in perfect harmony.

To me there is no mystery attached to the case of Madame Tchaikowsky. I not merely believe her to be Anastasia — I know that she is. The guest of Miss Jennings is the youngest daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas II, and the only survivor of the Ekaterinburg massacre.

On what my knowledge rests I shall endeavor to explain in this article. I can speak with freedom now, because I have officially and actually withdrawn from the case. I have not seen the Grand Duchess for about a year, and do not propose to see her. I feel no particular interest in the eventual outcome of her case. In fact, I suspect that it may never have any outcome, save the gradual passing of all its participants from natural causes. At the end, I think the identity of Anastasia will still remain officially a mystery. Thus, for the first time (and I hope for the last) I can here relate what I know of Anastasia, not as one of her champions, but as an outsider who simply happens to be sure of certain facts.

I HAVE known Anastasia since she was seven and I was eight. She has never been very pretty, except for her eyes, exact copies of the soft blue eyes of her father. But what she lacked in beauty, she made up in charm. Even as a child she could be tremendously attractive. She was always gay, witty, possessed of a great sense of humor and, when she wanted, delightfully kind. True, she could also be very haughty, but she never was toward me. The courtiers adored her, yet also considered her an *enfant terrible*. Among her cousins, who knew her better and worshipped her less, she had the reputation of being a little nuisance.

To me, however, Anastasia seemed wholly charming. We used to play to-

gether, to exchange messages through my father, to plan together funny pictures which I later executed for Anastasia and for her sisters and brother. I knew that she was wilful, but she was always cheerful, entertaining and kind.

SOME nine years after I first saw Anastasia, we all found ourselves in exile in Siberia. Tobolsk, where we were sent, was truly a God-forsaken place, 250 miles away from the nearest railroad, buried from October to May in snow, with the temperature at about 40° Fahrenheit below zero.

Our party of exiles was placed in two houses, across the street from each other. I found myself in one house with my father, my sister, and several members of the Imperial Suite. The Empress was very anxious to have my sister and myself study and play together with her children. She repeatedly asked the revolutionary Commissars who guarded us to grant the necessary permission. For some mysterious reason the Commissars stubbornly refused. All we could do then was to exchange with the Grand Duchesses greetings through windows, and messages carried by my father, who, as personal physician to Tsar Nicholas, was allowed to visit the prisoner.

Most of our time my sister and I spent perched on window sills. Through father we knew from day to day every little event in the Imperial Family, while they learned from him everything that we were doing. With the eldest Grand Duchess, Olga, I exchanged verses, for she was a poet of real talent and followed my work in the same field with interest, often giving me helpful advice. For Anastasia and the little heir to the throne, I was still making my funny drawings.

It was, to say the least, a dreary winter, but it would have been drearier still, if it hadn't been for Anastasia. Not yet seventeen, she managed to keep her courage and amuse others even at the darkest moments. My father often said: "How touching the Grand Duchesses are! Today again I heard them whisper to one another: 'Papa is gloomy. We must cheer him up.'" And it was generally Anastasia who led the way.

THE Emperor had certainly sufficient reason to be gloomy. He had abdicated in the mistaken hope that his abdication would unite all political factions and enable Russia to win the war. Instead, he saw his former Empire crumble under his eyes, betray his Allies, and finally succumb to the shameful peace of Brest-Litovsk. Our personal situation was also precarious enough. The soldiers who guarded us had been appointed by the Kerensky Government. The Bolsheviks could not dispatch enough troups across the deep Siberian snow to remove those guards. Thus, we were entirely in the power of a gang of irresponsible soldiers who soon lost every vestige of discipline, spent their time in drunken orgies, and renewed daily their threats to shoot us all.

Once we were officially informed that we were going to be shot "in the course of the next twenty-four hours." These hours, which I spent pacing my room and trying to visualize the forthcoming shooting, I shall not forget. What helped me most to preserve my calm was the ticking of the clock. It sounded so peaceful, so

unalterable, a true symbol of eternity. It occurred to me how little the death of all of us would mean, when it wouldn't even interrupt that quiet, eternal "tick-tack-tick-tack." And I kept pacing the room and listening to the clock. I have never known why the threat was not carried out.

MY SISTER and I were promised not to be separated from the Imperial Family. Nevertheless we were forcibly separated by the Bolsheviks in the spring of 1918. The Imperial Family and my father were taken to Ekaterinburg, my sister and I were left in Tobolsk. Soon afterwards Tobolsk was captured by the "Whites." We were saved. But what happened to the Imperial Family and to father? We knew nothing. At the first opportunity I rushed to Ekaterinburg, arriving there with a detachment of White troops, about a week after the tragic death of the Imperial Family. But I could learn nothing. It was only in the spring of 1919 that a lengthy and rather sloppily conducted investigation, led by Judge Sokolov, arrived at the conclusion that the whole Imperial Family and my father were shot on the night of July 17, 1918, and their bodies burned twenty-four hours later, in a nearby forest. There were persistent rumors that one or two of the Grand Duchesses had escaped, but these have never been seriously investigated. Besides, Ekaterinburg was soon recaptured by the Reds, and the investigation was abandoned.

In 1920 I escaped to Japan. In 1922 I arrived in the United States. Wherever I went I heard of rescued Grand Duchesses. I even met some of them. It came to the point when every announcement of another "discovery" of a rescued Grand Duchess caused me to fly into fits of anger. It was only a cruel and impudent evocation of memories too painful to dwell on, or talk about.

Then, in 1925, I read a cable from Germany about the discovery in Berlin of a Madame Tchaikowsky who claimed to be Grand Duchess Anastasia. The same afternoon a reporter called on me. I declared emphatically that Madame Tchaikowsky was either a fraud or a lunatic. Shortly after the publication of that interview I received an anonymous letter reproaching me for giving out such reckless statements. What, my anonymous correspondent wanted to know, if Madame Tchaikowsky was indeed Anastasia? I laughed and threw the letter into the waste basket.

SEVERAL months passed, and I began to hear about Madame Tchaikowsky again. But every bit of new information about her, that reached me, was always more baffling and disturbing. At length I began to investigate the matter earnestly. The more I investigated, the more I had to admit that this pretender had at least a good case. But then, she herself seemed to remain completely indifferent to her own fate. Whatever case she had was made by her adherents, whose number steadily increased. This alone was unprecedented. Nevertheless I remained highly skeptical.

At last, late in 1926, I received a hysterical letter from my sister. She had visited Madame Tchaikowsky and found her to be indeed Anastasia. But Anastasia was sick, penni-

less, persecuted for incomprehensible reasons by her own relatives. Something had to be done to save her. I had every confidence in my sister's judgment and truthfulness, and yet this time I couldn't quite believe even her. But I naturally was greatly upset, and as soon as I could manage it, went to Europe. Early in May, 1927, I arrived at the ancient Bavarian castle of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who at the time was offering refuge to Madame Tchaikowsky. At first she refused to see me. I waited from day to day. Then, one afternoon, while I was in the hall, the door opened and before me appeared — Anastasia.

It is difficult to describe the shock I experienced, but from the first moment that I saw Madame Tchaikowsky, I knew her to be Anastasia. There could be not the slightest doubt about it. She, likewise, recognized me at once and on the same afternoon she singled out from the many drawings I brought to show her those which I had made in Siberia.

Her situation was pathetic. Her own relatives tried to have her arrested, kidnapped. There had been several attempts on her life. German newspapers, allied with Anastasia's uncle, were waging a ruthless campaign against her, trying to prove that she was a Polish peasant, and clamoring for her arrest. The Duke of Leuchtenberg was losing his head. It was all mysterious and dreadful. I felt myself plunged into the Middle Ages. I could find no explanation of what was going on, but there was no time to search for explanations. One had, at all cost, to get Anastasia out of Europe. I promised to do it; but how?

In June, 1927, I was back in New York, but nobody wanted to listen to me. Some of my friends thought that I was losing my mind, others that I had embarked on some unscrupulous political adventure. But gradually people began to be more attentive and I received several offers to bring Anastasia to this country. Among them was one from Mrs. William B. Leeds, the former Princess Xenia, a distant cousin of the Emperor. This offer was accepted; but even then, it was February, 1928, before Anastasia finally reached the United States.

I thought that now her troubles were over, but I was very much mistaken. The mystery began gradually to clear up. The Emperor had left a fortune to his daughters in England. There was also money and real estate in Germany and Finland. Anastasia's relatives had long been searching for that fortune, but couldn't locate it. It was Anastasia herself who finally gave the necessary information. Then her relatives proclaimed her an impostor and began to claim her fortune for themselves.

To add to other complications, it was just in the summer of 1928 that the money had to be given to Anastasia's aunts, unless a claim for Anastasia's rights were made officially before then. Anastasia received my promise that I would try to save her fortune for her. Meanwhile, however, she quarreled with me and with everybody else, until she was completely isolated on the Leeds estate.

Nevertheless, Anastasia's fortune was duly rescued and tied up in the banks. And then Anastasia's hosts

delivered an ultimatum. She was either going to renounce her claims and let her aunts inherit her money, or else she was to leave their house in forty-eight hours. Did they doubt her identity? Oh, no; they readily admitted it. But somehow the policy of the Imperial Family had prevailed. Anastasia was not to be officially acknowledged.

As a consequence of these decisions, I found myself one day with Anastasia and an American friend, driving in a car along the Long Island highways. What were we going to do? Neither of us had any money, and worse than that, we could not feel certain of Anastasia's safety. Even some of us who had befriended her had been mysteriously threatened.

WE DECIDED for safety first. There was a tiny studio apartment in the attic of an old house on Fifty-sixth Street, New York, east of Lexington Avenue. It was more than modest, full of dust, suffocatingly hot, but it was safe, for it was occupied by a certain John R. Colter, a journalist who had always championed Anastasia's cause, without having ever seen her. I knew that no more loyal person ever lived than he. He would defy the whole universe, but Anastasia would be safe with him. Thither we went, and for the first time I breathed with relief. Anastasia was safe. Luckily she was satisfied with a vegetarian diet. Colter and I had just enough money between us to buy her some lettuce and a tomato for supper.

Then other friends came to the rescue. Anastasia went to live in Garden City, Long Island. Often some of my friends who lived only a few blocks away from her, would gather at my house in the evening, and ask: "Have you heard about Anastasia lately? Is it true that she went back to Europe? Where do you think she can be hiding?"

Anastasia remained undetected and unperturbed in Garden City until Christmas, 1928, whereupon she accepted an invitation from Miss Jennings.

MY FIRST instant recognition of Anastasia in Leuchtenberg's castle might conceivably have been a mistake, but any doubt on my own part as to her identity became impossible after I had seen her daily from August till January. I must say that Anastasia has been totally misrepresented by her own adherents who, in trying to provoke more sympathy for her, and explain away her often bewildering actions or statements, created an entirely wrong picture of her and defeated their own purpose. Anastasia can indeed be bewildering and even exasperating, but only to those who did not know her in the old days. Her personality hasn't changed in the least. She can still be witty and humorous, kind and adorable, but she can also be an *enfant terrible*, and what seemed just naughtiness in childhood can be very trying in a grown up person. She suffers from all the idiosyncrasies common to royalty, and has besides inherited the difficult disposition of her mother, the late Empress Alexandra. She insists on most rigid observance of court etiquette. Yet she hates everything associated — like the Russian language — with her fearful family tragedy. It is on these grounds that

she considers it insulting to be asked questions and that she dislikes to talk Russian. Accordingly, she would often give deliberately nonsensical and untruthful answers or would refuse to speak her native tongue. Her adherents who tried to represent her as a paragon of all virtues and a most truthful person started the very harmful myth that she lost her memory and forgot the Russian language. All of which is pure fiction. Anastasia's memory is amazingly good. Many a time she has reminded me of little incidents and unimportant events which I had long since forgotten myself, but remembered the moment she mentioned them. Actually, Russian is the only language she knows in perfection; but she stubbornly insists on talking either in English or in German, although she speaks both of those languages with a pronounced accent.

But if one doesn't violate a fundamental of court etiquette by asking Anastasia questions, she herself will talk freely of her past. And I must say that it is a veritable ordeal to listen to her descriptions of the tragedy of Ekaterinburg. She tells in detail of all the events preceding the shooting on the night of July 17, 1918. Her last recollection is that she saw the Commissar Yourovsky shoot the Emperor through the head. She herself hid behind her sister Olga. Then she heard Olga scream and lost consciousness. She came to herself in a peasant cart, travelling along the highway with two men and two women. She was covered with wounds and for a long time remained semi-conscious. Later it was explained that the two men were among the Bolshevik shooting squad and accompanied the bodies of the victims to the forest. They noticed that Anastasia was alive and in the night preceding the cremation of the bodies, stole her and brought her to their farm. From there, taking along their mother and sister, they started on the same night in a cart in a southwestern direction. After many weeks of weary travel they reached Rumania.

There Anastasia married one of her rescuers and gave birth to a son. Soon afterward her husband, Tchaikowsky, was killed in the streets of Bucharest. Anastasia's son was taken away from her and placed in an orphan asylum where he is said to have died. Anastasia made her way to Germany, where she wanted to find her godmother, Princess Irene of Prussia. Arrived in Berlin, she threw herself from a bridge in a fit of despair, but was rescued by the police. Since she refused to answer a single question, she was placed in an insane asylum. It was there that she was recognized by Russian visitors who had known her in her childhood. They obtained her release from the asylum in 1922.

Ever since then, the controversy about Anastasia's identity has raged with increasing fury. Many a time Anastasia, in consequence of her many wounds, was on the verge of death. As late as 1925 the doctors pronounced her beyond hope. She survived, but it was only after her arrival in this country that she recovered almost completely.

I must say that Anastasia's account of her rescue contradicts in nothing the findings of the Sokolov

commission, but supplements and explains them on many points. There exists much circumstantial evidence confirming all that she says. Were Anastasia to go to court I believe that she would certainly win her case. But a litigation of this kind would require considerable capital and it must be realized that Anastasia herself is penniless.

WHAT makes the situation even more difficult is Anastasia's own attitude toward the whole case. She is highly indignant at her relatives' behavior toward her. But her indignation is, so to speak, a political one. She considers herself the head of the House of Romanov and regards her aunts' refusal to recognize her mostly in the light of a rebellion. I never heard her express any indignation on moral or humane grounds. But to public opinion she is supremely indifferent and accordingly does nothing to win any supporters. To all my representations on the subject, she invariably answered:

"What do I care what some sort of people think or say about me? No matter what they say or think, I am still the Grand Duchess Anastasia."

She has more or less the same attitude toward the courts. What she really wants is not so much a legal recognition by the courts, as a voluntary submission of her revolutionary relatives.

But perhaps Anastasia's main trouble is her suspiciousness. It is not surprising that a person who has endured her dreadful experiences would become suspicious. But I think that with Anastasia this trait is more inherited than acquired. Her mother, Empress Alexandra, was suspicious to the point of abnormality. For instance, in the winter of 1917–18, during our Siberian exile, the Empress suddenly began to suspect my father of being a revolutionary. Anastasia likewise sees enemies everywhere. It is enough to arouse her displeasure on even some trivial matter, to have her suspect one of evil designs. Kind and charming as she can be toward those she trusts, she becomes haughty the moment she loses confidence. In this manner she has antagonized in turn most of her champions.

FOR my part, though I am no longer active in the task of establishing her identity, I would like to see the case solved, if only for the sake of history. Incidentally, there is a peculiar coincidence that might interest the mystically inclined. The Romanovs became first nationally prominent in Russia when Tsar Ivan the Terrible married a young woman of an obscure middle class family, Anastasia Romanovna. She enjoyed great popularity, and in 1613 her grand-nephew Michael Romanov was elected to the Russian throne. Thus it was an Anastasia who brought the Romanovs out of obscurity, and it is with an Anastasia that they are now dropping back into obscurity. For whatever may be the outcome of the case of Anastasia, there can be no doubt that the Romanovs have played their final part in history.

Shall Protestants Adopt the Confessional?

By George Barton Cutten

President of Colgate University

The suggestion of a Protestant confessional appears periodically. Some recognize that the practice as conducted by the Roman Catholic Church has been of benefit to certain parishioners and wonder why Protestants can not benefit by it also. Immediately upon any mention of the confessional there comes to the mind of the Protestant the fact that the abuses of the confessional had an important causal connection with the beginnings of the Reformation, and he naturally remembers these abuses rather than any good which has been or may be derived from it. There is no doubt that, even surrounded as it is in the Roman Catholic Church by all the safeguards, it is still at times corrupt; but that is only saying that Roman Catholics as well as Protestants are human. To the average Protestant, the confessional is typical of the worst in Catholicism.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the talented pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, and Professor of Homiletics at Union Theological Seminary, has again suggested that Protestants adopt the confessional. There are several reasons why this should appeal to him. He is probably the most outstanding preacher of any denomination in America. His enemies in trying to destroy him only succeeded in advertising him, and fortunately his ability made the advertising of permanent value. This talent for preaching and the nation-wide advertising which he received gave him his well-deserved reputation. As a consequence, hundreds overflow his church every Sunday, and thousands — the number can only be roughly estimated — hear him weekly over the radio.

Dr. Fosdick is sought not only on account of his reputation as a preacher, but because of his broad sympathies and well balanced judgment, and people by the hundreds desire to pour out their troubles to him. Many who succeed in seeing him and talking with him undoubtedly are helped, and when he considers the great numbers he cannot see on account of lack of time, he naturally asks the question, Why not a Protestant confessional so that every troubled person can go to his own pastor and find rest to his soul by relieving his mind of sin and sorrow and perplexity?

Well, why not? I suppose we all admit that if we could have a man of the character, judgment, and sympathy of Dr. Fosdick to whom to go, a Protestant confessional would be most helpful; but think of the thousands of Protestant clergymen who are lacking in the elements essential to a confessor. In Roman Catholicism the priest as a confessor stands not for himself but for the Church, and a person confesses to the Church; in addition, the confessor is surrounded by forms and rules which make the office as near fool-proof and knave-proof as it is possible for human ingenuity to make it. Among Protestants the minister as confessor would himself have to assume responsibility and we would go to him because of his personal qualities. He would be entirely without obligatory forms or rules and the conditions would result in trouble and error and, probably, scandal.

IT MIGHT be thought that a Protestant confessional would but formalize what is now going on in an informal and irregular manner in practically all our Protestant churches. Here, again, we are generalizing from Dr. Fosdick's experience. Undoubtedly Protestant ministers, the members of whose congregations have confidence in their integrity and ability, do have their parishioners appeal to them for advice and comfort, but probably in the case of a majority of our Protestant clergymen anything like a confession is rarely, if ever, heard; and this is well. To establish a Protestant confessional, to be adopted in a general way, would be to invite disaster in the majority of cases. The ministers who are worthy of receiving the confidence of their fellows are now being consulted; the others would better not be encouraged to ask for confidences.

IT MAY be, however, that Dr. Fosdick's principal reason for suggesting the adoption of a Protestant confessional is his acquaintance with and belief in mental hygiene, and the psychoanalytic principles upon which it is founded. Very early in the development of this new branch of mental science Dr. Fosdick received an insight into its principles and practices through his friendship with the late Dr. Thomas Salmon, the first medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and has since been much interested in the subject. Undoubtedly this has helped him much in dealing with some of the cases which were presented to him. It may be worth while for us to inquire just how close the relationship between psychoanalysis and the confessional really is, especially in the light of the emphasis which is now being given to the former by modern psychiatrists. This may help in our decision concerning the wisdom of establishing a Protestant confessional, for if science is adopting the principle of the confessional the church must not lag behind.

When one becomes acquainted with the art of psychoanalysis, especially in its early history, he is immediately struck with its similarity to the confessional of the Roman Catholic Church. It was then known as "the cathartic method" because the innermost secrets of the life were poured out, and a cure resulted. The likeness, however, is more apparent

than real. It is true that the confessional probably has value from the standpoint of mental hygiene, but what value it has is principally preventive rather than curative. That it has been retained so many centuries, even in changed form, is some index of its worth, whether or not this has always been of a mental character.

In James v: 14, 15, we find the only reference to confession to men made in the New Testament. It is as follows: "Is any among you sick? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sin, it shall be forgiven him. Confess therefore your sins one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." At first the penitent confessed to a company of believers, later to religious leaders, and only in the Thirteenth Century secret auricular confession became a law of the Church. Now the priest hears the confession, absolves from sin and its consequences, and imposes a penance. I John 1: 9, says: "If we confess our sins He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

The connection between confession and healing, indicated in the quotation from James given above, seems to link it somewhat closely to psychoanalysis. There is no doubt but that confession and the absolution which follows do relieve inner tension and provide a mental peace which is beneficial. They heal the divided self or the mental conflict caused by moral lapses and secret and questionable desires in a life which is endeavoring to conform to certain moral standards. William James put it in this way: "For him who confesses, shams are over and realities have begun; he has exteriorized his rottenness. If he has not actually got rid of it, he at least no longer smears it over with a hypocritical show of virtue — he lives at least upon a basis of veracity." Dejerine (*The Psychoneuroses and Their Treatment by Psychotherapy*, p. 300) says: "They were profound psychologists who instituted confession as an important religious practice," and Stekel (*The Depths of the Soul: Psychoanalytic Studies*, p. 23) writes: "The tremendous power of the Roman Catholic Church is even today due to the fact that it enables its members to confess their most secret sufferings from time to time and to be absolved. Dr. Muthmann calls attention to the fact that suicides are most frequent in Protestant countries, and least frequent among Roman Catholic peoples, and he thinks this to be attributed to the influence of the confessional, one of the greatest blessings of numberless people." What is true of suicide is probably also true of religious mania.

While it has been charged that Protestants when they wish to unburden themselves eschew the church and consult a lawyer or a physician, this is not always so. Even if the Protestant believes that religious confession is a private matter between himself and God, he does not always restrict his confession to Divinity, and not infrequently a

weekly prayer meeting has become a confessional in which all present participate. A certain religious movement which has recently received considerable publicity has as one of its principal tenets full and free confession within the group.

As already noted, the chief psychological value of the confessional is preventive and not curative. The confessional may prevent the forming of complexes, but unfortunately most of the detrimental complexes have their origin in early life, before the time for first confessional. The first impulse of a wrong doer is to repress the evil and drive it from his consciousness and, if possible, from memory. This he is not often able to do, especially in adult life. Only a small proportion of repressions actually result in complexes. Even if not many complexes are prevented, the returns in present peace are probably worth while and are the chief value of the confessional.

MANY mental and physical troubles are caused by complexes and phobias which are not of a religious character and would not naturally be included in the religious confession. A fear of a certain disease might not cause that disease but in turn might be the cause of a mental trouble much worse. That would not naturally be presented in a religious confession. In fact some sects, such as Christian Scientists, claim a better result by ignoring such fears than by confessing them. However that may be, the fact remains that confession would touch but a small portion of the causes of complexes because of its dealing with moral and religious conditions only.

More important than that, though, is the fact that the complexes are unconscious and are unknown to the patient's regular waking consciousness. It is to the discovery and revealing of these that the analyst's most skilful technique is directed. Neither the penitent nor the priest can deal with them for they cannot be confessed. They are not only consciously unknown, but the mental mechanism of the patient keeps them stubbornly repressed, until they are drawn from him by insistent and ingenious methods.

IN ADDITION to the fact that in the confessional the examination is superficial and does not probe deeply, the ideals underlying the two processes are very different. The confessional focuses attention upon guilt and how it may be removed; psychoanalysis emphasizes the primary hidden origin and how it may be revealed. In psychoanalysis there is practically no such thing as guilt; that is the criticism of it which moralists are continually making. The acts which the Church calls sin, the analyst resolves into some unfortunate experience in early life for which the patient can not be held responsible, regardless of the apparent responsibility of his resultant act in later years. On the other hand, the confessor can not and does not delve into the hidden recesses of the mind to find the origin — he takes the deed at face value, judges the guilt according to the confession, and imposes penance.

There seems to be little doubt that at times there is a great deal of rationalization heard in the confessional. Innumerable excuses are

presented for not living a good life — the clergy are incompetent, society is incorrectly organized, and many similar statements are made. All such rationalizations and insincerities effectively abort the essential aim of the psychoanalyst, which is to lay bare and eradicate the evil which is being confessed, together with its causes and ramifications. At times the penitent accepts the penance rather than make a genuine confession, and to him the penance removes the necessity of a plenary confession and the assumption of the consequent guilt. The debt is paid; the penitent escaped lightly, to be sure, but it is over with and that is the penitent's good fortune. That in itself prevents the disclosure of hidden experiences for which the analyst is searching, which is so important for the success of his method. Of course, if the confessional worked out ideally that would be one thing, but we are dealing with imperfect individuals or there would be no need of confessionals.

EVEN if the confessional and the analysis were the same, the minister or the priest has neither the time nor the training for this work. The analysis of a single person takes months and perhaps years. Frequent confessions taking up difficult themes and the answering of specific questions are utterly opposed to the method which analysts now use. Trained analysts are rare, and perhaps not a dozen clergymen in this country have even an elementary training in this complicated technique. On this account psychoanalysis can never take the place of the confessional, nor can psychoanalytic methods be used in the confessional. Different from the confessional, psychoanalysis is curative rather than preventive.

There are two questions of technique which are important to consider in showing the difference between the two methods. One is sublimation and the other is transference. There is a wide difference between the direction given by the confessor and the sublimation which is the ultimate object of the analyst. Sublimation is spontaneous and usually unconsciously motivated; the direction given to the penitent is direct and conscious. The former is positive, the latter is likely to be negative. It is, of course, possible that sublimation may be aided in confession, as it is at times guided in psychoanalysis. No doubt the confessor could profit much by suggestions obtained from the psychoanalytic method, but present practice shows a broad divergence.

TRANSFERENCE is a different matter. This strong emotional reaction is as dangerous if not understood as it is inevitable. Before the analysis has proceeded far the patient exhibits violently pronounced feelings toward the analyst. These may be in the form of either love or hate, and the whole volcanic emotional content of the complex is transferred to the analyst. It is the task of the latter to keep this emotional tone at a certain moderate level until the emotion subsides and the analysis is complete. Not only is this very different from the practices of the confessional, but to introduce a practice which would admit or require such elements would be necessarily fatal.

Thus, when one reaches below the surface, he finds the apparent likeness between the confessional and psychoanalytic practice to be very slight. It is probable that the value of the confessional is not so much in the confession as in the subsequent absolution and penance. The sin is paid for, there is no need to worry over it, the penitent is assured of forgiveness, the whole matter may be dropped, and mental peace results. Whether this is good theology or not we must leave to the theologians, but it is good practical psychology.

On the other hand the Protestant may be told that God will forgive his sins, but he has no one to tell him dogmatically and unquestionably that they really are forgiven; no one to impose a penalty on him which he can work off in expiation. God does not speak to him as does the priest; he is left in doubt. If conscientious he may worry, and from this starting point, if nervously and mentally unstable, there may be a direct road to insanity or suicide. Your guilt does not seem so great to others as to you, and someone else will be far more lenient with you than you are with yourself if you are really in earnest about this whole matter of sin and guilt. Of course, if this is purely a formal affair, the penance imposed by the confessor may seem severe. Confession may occasionally relieve the mind of some unpleasant experience which might develop into a complex, but without the absolution and penance the greater part of the value would be lacking.

It is here where a Protestant confessional would be weak. Simply to sit and hear confessions so as to give a chance for relief of mental tension is not enough, unless one is prepared to go through the whole psychoanalytic programme; or we must go farther and include absolution and penance, which I am not sure the Protestant is willing or prepared to do. Not being able to see into the heart of the penitent, how can any confessor be assured of the contrite spirit which is necessary for forgiveness? No absolution is of any value unless it is positive, and only a lifelong training in a theology, such as the Roman Catholic, could assure that. Some kind of a compromise might be concocted, but it seems that it might lack the essential element.

The value of psychoanalysis to the confessor seems to be confined to two suggestions: in the first place there are certain psychological laws which psychoanalysis has revealed, which may be applied in a general rather than a technical way; and, in the second place, the confessor should have sufficient training to recognize the need of special treatment, so that if an analyst is required he may be recommended or employed. The reasons why a priest or minister should not practice psychoanalysis seem to make it prohibitive.

The possibility of abuses wrapped up in the confessional, such as those against which Luther reacted, and the social and religious dangers, are always present. If we add to these the psychoanalytic pitfalls, a Protestant confessional becomes increasingly undesirable. The present informal relationship between pastor and parishioners seems, after all, to be preferable in most cases.

Our Harassed Children

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Why not take them out of the experimental laboratory and give them a chance to be themselves?

One of the oldest and most successful appeals to our charity — old-fashioned personal charity and new-fashioned organized charity — has always been the case of a poor widow with a large family. How could the unfortunate woman earn her living and take care of her children, too?

Of late it has been obvious to child specialists, neurologists, and psychologists that the lone child of a rich couple was only too well equipped with parents, and that the kindest thing to be done for him was to get him away from their exclusive and terrific devotion and interest. But as there was never an alarming number of only children of multi-millionaires, the poor infants served as warnings in fiction and the drama, and sensible, average people like you and me let it go at that. Our own parents, were their children few or many, sent us to school, to dancing class, or music lesson, and to "play" in our free time. They never bothered very much with what we played; they assumed that we knew our own business best. If we washed our hands before supper and didn't pick up too many unsuitable manners or words, they let us alone, particularly if we lived in the country or suburbs. As a matter of fact that was one of the reasons for living in the country or the suburbs.

It is quite clear that people of reasonable means and a good, cultured background can't very well turn children out to play in the streets of a big city. It wouldn't be physically safe, without going any further into it. A nurse, a governess, or some older person must supervise whatever roller-skating or dog exercising or game playing goes on in the parks or on broad, less crowded avenues.

Now, nothing could be more reasonable than this, and nothing could be more natural than that the good city schools should see the problems involved and try to coöperate in solving them. Because only rich people can afford to keep a governess for children of school age, and it is clear that one responsible person can look after a group at play as well as after a single child.

So the good city schools offered gymnasiums or playgrounds or various interesting expeditions to their

pupils for afternoons and Saturdays, and it is hard to think of a better or less expensive arrangement for the average city parents of high ideals and moderate means. If people must live in the city, or prefer to live there, they must arrange for play and recreation in the city, and fathers and mothers can't spend their time in sharing it or protecting it.

So far, so good. The vast majority of Americans don't live in our big cities, however, and the educational programmes of the metropolis have really no more to do with the rest of the country than the traffic problems of the metropolis: they are in a class by themselves.

But it is just here that the standardization, the publicity methods and the eager desire to be up-to-the-minute, which are undoubtedly the three leading factors in American life, come in. Is there a theory or "project" or psychological problem which occurs to the experimentalists who handle the great masses of the foreign elements in our public school system, or the smaller masses of our upper class private schools, or the particular cases of our mental clinics, or psychiatry laboratories? It is eagerly incorporated into the family schedules of up-to-date parents all over the country, regardless of the fact that, without any proved necessity for doing it, they are taking away hour by hour their children's leisure and freedom and chance to develop naturally and healthfully by themselves.

Let me give a concrete case of what I mean. A well-to-do city mother of my acquaintance told me with great pride that her six year old boy was spending a fine autumn afternoon with his class, in an intensive survey of the largest baking plant in New York. "They will see," she said, "the whole process, after the flour has left the mill, to where the loaves of bread are put on the delivery wagons. And every step will be explained to them. It isn't lessons, exactly, but see how much knowledge they are getting unconsciously!"

"I hope it will be quite unconscious," I answered unfeelingly, "it would have been with me, when I was six years old!"

Why leave it there? Why not hop on the delivery van (surely, the most fun of the trip) and watch the loaves distributed? Why not watch the slices buttered and eaten, and later observe the digestive process (obviously the most important of all) with the X-ray?

Frankly, I think this is bosh!

Was it Science and Invention they were observing? Was it Commerce? Was there a vague, lunatic idea of substituting the modern equivalent for grandmother in her heart-warming and stomach-filling kitchen?

Nobody will ever be able to compute the value of the unconscious hours of childish association with elders, busied with their practical household and outdoor tasks. Their fragmentary conversation, their natural, willing answers to childish questions, their requesting or permitting assistance, were real training.

Admit that modern living conditions, mechanical appliances, mass production, contraction of the home

and expansion of the community, have altered all this — admit it freely; but is a flour factory in any sense the equivalent for it? Is it the same thing at all? If you can't send your child out to the pasture with the hired man to watch the milking, are you really serious when you suggest a group visit to a condensed milk plant, in its place? Because your child can't help in the autumn apple-picking, do you prescribe a visit to an applesauce cannery?

Of course you don't, and no parent left to himself would. This is the logic-gone-wrong of the professional educationalist.

And where has it landed them, these eager young parents? Having provided something educational or stimulating or coöperative for every hour in the day and every department of the body, mind and soul, what are they working at now? Classes or systems or "projects" *for developing the child's initiative!* This is certainly the last irony of all.

How are you going to develop initiative, anyhow? Who really knows how to do it? Are you sure that everyone has it? What would happen if everyone had?

The old Romans knew all about this. They observed that about one man in every eight had potential qualities of initiative and leadership, and they made their unit what the English call "a corporal's guard" — seven men and a leader. The Girl and Boy Scouts call this group a "patrol," and if you are wise enough to break up your Scout group into bunches of eight and let them elect their own leaders you will almost invariably find that they will choose the best of the bunch.

The average, normal child has all the initiative it needs — it is born that way. While I have not a doubt that there are timid, undervitalized children who will greatly benefit by wise drawing-out and judicious stimulation, they correspond to the children who have weak digestions, poor eyes, imperfect circulations: every deviation from the normal profits, naturally, from extra care and training.

But I have seen so many cases of harassed little souls so cultivated and stimulated, and probed for possible talents, and tested for various reactions, and exploited in so many ways at once, that I am more and more convinced that the majority of them would do better if left entirely alone.

A child's mind is not just so much jelly to be poured into a mould. It is a growing organism. Life — just life — is teaching it something all the time, whatever else its self-imposed teachers are doing. It can digest only so much; only what it personally digests can nourish it. And even if it were jelly, the mold could be only one shape and one size — you can't pour a quart of material into a pint pot.

I doubt very much, for instance, if there are any more good sculptors now than there ever were: I mean by this, people whose achievements in sculpture are such as to warrant their devoting their lives to this art and enriching the world by it. But I am continually urged to admire the efforts in this line of whole roomfuls of children; not as something

which kept them busy for a while, but as really interesting and valuable results — which they are not.

All children are not actors. Few of them are playwrights. Few of them (daring as this may seem!) are poets. Most of this constructive work they are set at is unnatural, self-conscious and imitative. In the public schools they follow very interestingly the racial lines we should naturally expect: the Germans are musical, the Italians are plastic and dramatic, the Americans are inventive and managing, the Jews, by quickness, application and industry, capture the prizes. In the end, the successful ones settle down at something for which they have a natural bent and concentrate on it and win, or dissipate their energies and lose. Just as they did before there were play directors and before every child was assumed to be a mine of unexplored talents and a garden where flowers of every latitude flourish indiscriminately all at once.

THIS class of harassed children is growing larger every year. It is no longer the poor little rich boy who gains in every way by being sent to school or camp simply because this gets him away from his parents. It is the child of moderate means in comfortable suburbs, small towns and the smaller cities, who is so trotted from one cultural experience to another that he never gets time to find his own level, pick his own companions or spend his personal leisure — and everybody has a right to some personal leisure — as he wishes.

Is there a famous metropolitan Sunday school within train distance of his home? He is promptly rushed off to it, "so that he may have the best," at a cost of two hours train travel a day. Is there a new teacher of rhythmic dancing, dramatic expression, professional story telling, musical appreciation or nature study? He is enrolled with him. His games are classified and compulsory. His pleasure reading is listed summer work. He is watched for complexes as we were watched for measles during an epidemic. *Mother Goose* and *Jack The Giant Killer* are garbled for his alleged benefit into horrifying moralities, civic lectures and spinach-and-carrot propaganda.

IT IS not for nothing that the children of large families almost always turn out better poised, more independent and less nervous than the only son or daughter. It is because they were necessarily "let alone" more. There wasn't enough attention to go around, and they profited by that fact. So they do at summer camps in spite of routines and rule-of-thumb disciplines. Only the unusual and abnormal suffer there, and the general run of boys and girls come back better in mind and body than they were when they arrived.

I am not unmindful of the fine work done by child specialists. That they have done wonders for the mistreated, misfed, misunderstood child, is conceded. The abnormal child today has a better chance than ever in the history of the world.

But I feel that too many children who don't at all need the systems elaborated for this particular type of child are being subjected to them. Too many healthy, intelligent chil-

dren in comfortable homes are being organized and supervised and regimented, when they would be perfectly safe physically, mentally and spiritually, if they were let alone and treated more casually. Too many are being over-groomed for races they will never run, and over-exploited for talents they don't possess.

Poor parents, whose anxious care insists that their child shall never miss a trick in all the educational upheavals and psychological discoveries and schedule reorganizations! They forget that all these changes in point of view impose a great strain on young organisms whose greatest safety lies in a placid routine. I have long felt that all the new fads should be tried out in orphan asylums or penal settlements, and that individual parents, who pay for education, should insist that any one system must last at least five years.

The trained seals in the circus have a more stable system of education than well-to-do children today. And, as seals, I think they show better results for the money!

The dormouse and the white rat seem to be marked out by Providence for scientific experimentation, and there are so many of them that it doesn't much matter. But with increasingly smaller families, it seems to me that children should be lifted out of the dormouse class, and taken out of the laboratory for a while.

An unprejudiced comparison of the results of a sensible, healthy, let-alone system with the product of so much and so worried supervision, will, I am sure, convince anyone that the modern mother is defeating her own ends by too eager and too constant cultivation of a field that must lie fallow for definite stretches of time, if it is ever to produce the good crops of healthy maturity.

The Lady Boss

By Estelle Mendelsohn

In which one of her own sex adroitly lets down the feminine executive

I believe the woman executive has not been analyzed by one of her own kind. Whatever criticism of her has been made comes from outside her own ranks. I have been one of the clique for fifteen years, and my criticisms are at least well founded in experience.

We women who work must admit from the outset that we find very few business peaks around us decorated by successful executives of our sex. The examples are so few that the sour soul who maintains that women have, for the most part, failed to attain eminence, success or efficiency in a directive or executive capacity, is able easily to hold his ground.

The isolated instances serve to strengthen rather than to weaken his case. For it is usually found that such women boom in a bass voice, are whiskery, muscular and masculine, and don't use rouge. In short they are not typical women, and therefore contribute nothing to the case of the successful woman executive.

From this dour dictum are excepted women teachers, artists, copy writers, forewomen of factories, Young Women's Christian Association officials, real estate campaigners, women in politics, women who own and operate their own business, and all women whose directive work brings them in contact only with underlings of their own sex. Transport these last named ladies to executive jobs, where they have to supervise, instruct and direct men, and the whole morale of the department or business immediately suffers.

Women are quite helpless in this situation. They can no more change their status in business than they can change their organic composition. And it is precisely that organic composition which hampers and hobbles the lady boss.

Biologically she is designed to do a certain job. For several million years she has satisfactorily performed that job. Her entire organism has evolved along the path of maternal fitness. She has developed the characteristics which stand her in best stead as a sweetheart, wife and mother. She has, hitherto, fulfilled her destiny. She has complemented the male and borne his children. She has been passive in the sphere outside her domestic horizon. She has been pursued. She has been uncer-

tain, unhappy, unfinished and incomplete when she failed as wife, mother or mistress. She has reflected the glory of her sons. She has vicariously thrilled to the plaudits which fell upon her husband or lover. She has illumined history as a siren, a sorceress, a poisoner, a plotter, sometimes as a poet and painter, once as an army campaigner, but most often as counsellor, comforter, teacher, mentor and abettor of man, the doer, the director, the battler, the leader.

Suddenly she became "emancipated." The world war unleashed thousands of her to business activity. Hard upon the cataclysm came inventions to further her freedom from the drudgery of household labor. She milled into offices and factories. In an incredibly short time she pried open every avenue hitherto closed to her. She soon demonstrated her aptness as a saleswoman. She piled up gargantuan totals of insurance, real estate and investment sales. The charm and persuasiveness she had previously exerted in her amours, now became her invaluable aid in selling.

WHEREVER she could remain a woman, and quite naturally manipulate the characteristics of her sex, she became strikingly successful. She went into politics and became gloriously happy in crusading. But, as soon as she reared her head above the ramparts, and strode into places which narrowed the margin of her womanliness, she flopped with a heavy thud. And the most outstanding instance of her ineptness in the fields she would force open, is that of the business executive. This is all the more curious in the face of the examples which are limelighted and rotogravured as "successful" women. The truth is that they are shams. They are not successful, because the measure of their achievements must always be considered in ratio to that of the male executive, and it always falls short of his standard. Indeed, it *must* always fall short of his standard. Because —

THE job is the lady boss's second choice. Her natural destiny is stultified for the artificial interest of a career. She is not genuine as a business leader. The rôle imposes upon her traits which are the very antithesis of her pristine state. She yearns to be dependent — but she must be independent. She is susceptible to flattery — but she must be suspicious of every compliment that comes her way. She is naturally solicitous and maternal, but she dares not display softness. She likes to gossip, but small talk is denied her. She is inherently objective, but her job calls for a subjective treatment. As a woman she is emotional, intuitive, irrational, impulsive. As a business leader she must be reflective, analytical, impartial and impersonal. Historically she is vain, coquettish, refined. In business she must cultivate a neutral mien. The feminine foibles that are common to all women, she must consciously curb and curtail. She is, then, hobbled at the start by the incompatibility of her organism with the requirements of her career; and by the constant dissembling which the ulterior interest in her work forces upon her.

Here it is appropriate to look into the lady boss's single state. The supporter of her cause now rushes in

with examples of widows and wives who are executives. The widows are single, as far as this terminology is concerned, and they function exactly the same as their spinster sisters. The wives are anomalies which are subjects for another analysis. A woman is interested only in her historical vocation. The very fact that she absents herself from her metropolitan home and family, when she is married, argues in the same direction, because home and family have lost their historical aspect for her. The wife who becomes a business leader, immediately contradicts the definition of wife. Such a woman is incomplete, unsatisfied and maladjusted.

The girls who saturate business in menial and minor jobs frankly avow — to themselves at least — their intention of retiring into matrimony as soon as opportunity offers. Whether they flow back into business has nothing to do with the case. The boredom of their lives, after marriage, the diminutiveness of their kitchenettes, drive them back into the whirlpool, but essentially their aim is matrimony, and not business.

WHILE the lady boss was in the ranks as a subordinate, she, too, entertained high hopes of marriage. But, the very qualities which projected her into bossdom, mitigated her chances of marriage. The man who wants to marry a successful woman, a woman executive, a lady boss in short, is himself a freak. The fate of being known as Miss So-and-So's husband will descend upon him. The lady boss is almost always unwilling to give up her career after marriage, and the field of prospective husbands who are willing to accept her conditions, narrows to a microscopic zone. The business girl who is a personable, thoroughly feminine creature is handicapped in her aim for bossdom. Her chief hesitates to make her head of a department, because he knows that sooner or later she will marry. Likewise he hesitates to employ a young woman who is already married. He does not want to risk the possibilities of enforced absences for periodic childbearing. Examine the evidence. It is not from accident, patently, that the majority of lady bosses are spinsters.

A SUCCESSFUL executive must be supported by an efficient staff. The woman executive is unable to gather around her experienced, highly capable and intelligent men, for the simple reason that such men invariably refuse to work for a woman. A man who holds a job directly under a woman, is regarded as inferior by his fellows. Whereas, young Edward testifies with quite some pride that he works for Mr. Perkins, he takes no such pleasure in admitting that Miss Amelia Mandeville is his boss. Ask him. He hedges and ho-hums, and says, evasively, "Oh! I don't have a boss. We all do our work in our own way." It is always a source of keen humiliation to him that he is subservient to a woman, and if he is married, the sore is full of festering.

Just consider how this affects the efficiency of the lady boss. She cannot employ men of the highest calibre, and she is, therefore, reduced to a choice of two types of employees — young, callow fellows eager for any job that will furnish them with experience, and ready to flee the yoke

of the lady boss when they've come to maturity; or older men, has-beens for the most part — inert, inept fellows, insensible to the covert ridicule of their fellows. Never will you find an aggressive, thoroughly seasoned man in the full flower of his productiveness, who will voluntarily seek a post with a woman executive.

Show me the male personnel of the woman-steered department, and I'll show you a group of men with canker in their hearts — the devastating realization that they are the pawn of the matriarch. The lady boss, therefore, must be content with second-raters, or younglings; and if the younglings are clever and full of promise, they'll not stay with her. The dynamic forces which prevent her from surrounding herself with superior man power, give her a department which functions below par. This is no indictment of the lady boss. She may be, in fact, of so brilliant a turn of mind, that she can make up the deficiency of her staff through her own labors. But, it is an illustration of the incontrovertible conditions which militate against the efficiency of her rule.

The male executive indulges in a *camaraderie* with his associates. He may be a curmudgeon, a "wowser," a rattlesnake or a Dry, but he shares a common masculinity with them and he is tacitly included in conferences, get-togethers and luncheons. The lady boss may participate in business conferences, but she is never invited to lunch with her fellow executives. How does this handicap the lady executive in her work? It shuts her out of the pale of executive hobnobbery, and it exerts a corroding influence on her self appraisal.

When solicitors, salesmen or any other callers look in upon the lady boss, they immediately take on a different front from the one they wore when they spoke to the man in the next office. The salesman's entire bag of tricks must be changed when he comes to see a woman. His customer cigars stay in his pocket; the dubious but well relished story of the red-headed stenographer languishes for the telling. He cannot invite her to the athletic club. He can send her flowers, candy or theatre tickets. But she is contemptuous of such coarse methods. Does the lady boss suffer because of this discrimination? Yes, it's another factor that constantly forces her to be on her guard. She would like to believe the things the unctuous gentlemen tell her — of her smartness, her good fellowship, the fact that she's not like the ordinary woman — but she dare not. She is holding down a man's job, fighting men on their own ground, but they cannot forget her sex. Her merits they attribute to the masculine side of her ledger — her foibles they catalogue as feminine. So she strives mightily to put down the things within her that cry out "Woman!"

The lady boss is usually a hard taskmaster. Having a man's job, she sets herself to equal or outscore him at every possible point. If the men in her department suffer abasement, it is inevitably reflected in the output of her division. But what of the girls who work under her?

Let us see how the female personnel influences her equilibrium. The lady boss has seceded from the an-

cient ranks of her sex. Women have so long served and ministered to men, that the lady boss deprives her female underlings of their legitimate right to charm, coquette and bridle. They envy her. They distrust her. She is an awesome and unnatural product. They would like not to work for a woman, but, unlike the men subordinates, they count their association with the business world as temporary, a prelude to marriage, and they suffer their temporary bondage with a grudge. You will see where this leaves the lady boss. There presses in upon her the chafing of the men in their vassalage; and the alienation of her own sex inevitably articulates itself. Again, a factor is created which impedes her progress.

THE lady boss is usually well paid, but she seldom draws a salary corresponding to that of a man in a similar position. She may jibe at this disparity. Her chief will then tell her that she is receiving a very fine wage "for a woman." Whenever this question of salary arises, the sex distinction is given clear utterance. Indeed, likely as not, her firm will make no secret of the fact that they have appointed a woman to the executive post, because they can pay her less than a man. Strange to say, the lady buyers, saleswomen and campaigners are quite as well paid as their men associates. In such cases, remuneration seems to be gauged in ratio to actual productiveness. A separate scale exists for the woman executive. When the lady boss is in a reflective mood, she weighs her worth — she knows her own strength, her ability, her intelligence — and she smarts under the ruling which exacts a penance for her sex.

All these matters are objective handicaps, which meet every woman when she reaches the executive post. They are handicaps peculiar to women — they do not confront the male executive. But men have their troubles, and the lady boss usually must entertain the ordinary hazards of business competition, with the added load of biological impedimenta.

ALWAYS — always she has the biological constrictions. Watch her in a crisis. Hysteria, tears, tantrums are just below the surface; they come readily into play whenever she is disturbed or distraught. Pit her judgment, her doggedness, her humor, her tolerance against those of a man, and see how little claim she has to these traits. The girls who work for her find her unfair, petty and jealous. A male executive can bank on the respect of his force. He can dispense favors, he can show interest in the progress of this or that youngster, and yet keep his distance. A woman almost always has a tendency to become familiar with subordinates. If she shows interest in a young employee, it is primarily a maternal interest. She is usually deeply concerned with the amours of her staff. The dress, deportment and behavior of the girl workers are her special care. If the general get-up of his girl employees are offensive to a man, he will deal peremptorily with the matter as one disturbing to the efficiency of his business. But the lady boss is never so happy as in bringing a flamboyant girl worker into a cordon of discipline, in dress and behavior.

In general, she always finds, or creates, conditions and situations in business which permit her to satisfy, in some measure, the essence of her womanhood.

Come now the examples of the woman who is strikingly successful in politics; of the woman who has forged ahead as a manufacturer, or as the owner of her business. A woman in politics — that is an actual job holder in office — is not beset by the handicaps of her sister in business. If the political job calls for a staff, no such problem is present as confronts the lady boss in her attempt to build up an efficient business department. The male Government clerk is a routine worker. He is not a person of initiative, individuality and force. A wrong policy on the part of a business executive may disturb the delicately balanced equilibrium of the concern. Not so in politics. Here a woman may be a *woman* — the political machine has repeatedly shown its imperviousness to the direst maladministration.

And what about women who are manufacturers? Look into their history. Invariably you will find that the woman manufacturer creates articles which appeal to women. She is a successful maker of candy, of gift articles, she designs furniture; she makes apparel, she owns beauty parlors and similar concerns. Her aim is to create, not to rule. I know of a woman who heads a factory for the making of farm machinery. Bring forward several such examples, they will not disturb the verdict one iota. Such cases are symptomatic — they are not characteristic of women.

Can a woman be a successful business executive? I think not. There are jobs for which women are specifically fitted, and they are essential to such work. Wherever a woman can retain her assurance, she can accomplish her purpose, and having accomplished her purpose she is happy — she is successful. But that purpose must coördinate with the functions of her sex. Woman is too much differentiated to become adaptable as a business leader. There she is successful in ratio to her masculine, and not her feminine, qualities.

Then what is a woman to do? She has leisure, but she lacks the capacity to enjoy her leisure. She has ceased to be complacent. She must constantly seek excitement and recreation. She needs to relax, but she has lost the ability to relax. She talks at large about her progress since her emancipation from household cares, but her temperament and mentality have not evolved in pace with the shattering of her fetters.

Despite the fact that, emotionally, a woman is very much a woman — yet paradoxically the very definition of woman is taking on new shades. Previously it carried with it strikingly distinctive traits and qualities. Today it means hardly more than the physical structure which is peculiar to the female.

If woman is set for a definite goal, then her immediate history fails to reveal the destination of her aim. And if she is ultimately to achieve renown in business leadership, then there is little evidence of success among her sisters to encourage her in the fight.

Wanted—the Personal Physician

By Harold C. Stuart, M.D.

Assistant Professor of Child Hygiene, Harvard Medical School

A plea for a new type of practitioner to replace the vanishing family doctor

Invaluable though his service has been, and picturesque though he was in his day, the old-time family physician is departing, never to return. Invoking the "good old days" of ten-foot snowdrifts and one-horse shays will not restore him. The stagecoach and the clipper ship were useful servants. Their disappearance is regretted, but they will never return because they are unfit to meet modern needs.

Medical needs demand a form and quality of service suited to this day and generation. The family physician of the old school on one round of visits might bring a child into the world, set a fractured leg, advise as to the children's diet, treat pneumonia, and face a baffling problem in diagnosis. This sort of general practice, noble though it was and necessary as it is today in isolated communities, does not meet, single-handed, the complex requirements of modern medicine. Nor is it the type of service best fitted to our urban civilization. Science has revamped life, changed business, and transformed industry. Medical practice without science has only slight survival value. Examples of the vital necessity of the scientific method in ministering to the sick, today, are not far to seek. Sugar-coated pills demand no scientific knowledge and technique. Insulin, which has transformed life for the diabetic patient, makes exacting demands. The dosage must be studied with extreme care, and varied to meet the changing condition of the patient. This condition must be determined by exact chemical measurements. Radium and X-ray offer other examples. They are valuable means of treatment but their handling must be scientific, else serious results ensue.

All of which does not mean that every general practitioner is inadequate; rather that no one man can offer the best possible service in all fields of medicine, and that those who would serve well in the general field must call freely on the specialist. The general practitioner's dilemma has been a puzzling one, both to himself and his patients. Some people hold loosely to the coat tails of a general practitioner for the comfort which he is willing to give in

minor complaints, and show a mania for specialists when anything important develops. Others insist that the family physician deal with every exigency from a simple skin disorder to a serious surgical condition, and yet are quick to complain if all does not go well. He can no longer be expert in all of these fields, so must either content himself with giving inferior service or stoutly refuse to do much that is asked of him. Young men who are about to choose medicine as their life work view the dilemma, see the increasing complexity of procedure, and elect more and more to enter specialized fields.

YET the old-time family physician had something which deserves to live, not merely because of its inherent fineness, but because it is needed. I refer to a personal interest in, and knowledge of, his patient as an individual. Human understanding and sympathy, of such vital importance to the individual in illness, are conspicuously lacking in many a modern doctor's make-up. Some are so absorbed in the study of disease that they miss the humanity of the diseased. Others have been caught in the modern struggle for system, efficiency and speed. The lack is not wholly the physician's fault. Patients have intensified it by the popular custom of changing doctors.

Change is not the exclusive property of the medical world. The family homestead, about which generations centred their fondest memories, has given way to a varnished box of an apartment, changed without regret at frequent intervals. The old nurse, who often cared for children and grandchildren in the same family, has been replaced by a girl, engaged spasmodically, and ready to give up her position for the most trivial cause. In some communities, these peripatetics have become classified. "Sitters" just sit with the children. "Pushers" combine the sitting capacity with a willingness to perambulate with the baby carriage and its contents. "Sleepers" specialize in going to the extreme of actually staying in the home overnight.

HOWEVER sweeping these outward changes, the fundamental human desire for the personal service of a physician remains unchanged, and the personal element must be restored to medicine to meet this need. It can be restored only by one physician being made responsible for the entire health of an individual, and by that individual turning to one physician in all matters of health. Only then can the physician really understand the patient's physical and mental characteristics and be able to serve both as intelligent counsellor and sympathetic friend.

If in the instance of the President of the United States a personal physician is desirable, he would seem deserving of the consideration of plain citizens. An individual's personal health is as dear a concern to a limited group of his loved ones and friends as the health of the Chief Executive is to a larger group.

Before the days of quick transportation, the family was the obvious circle about which the physician's ministry revolved. When the doctor called, it was an occasion, frequently signalizing hard won triumph over distance, snowdrifts, and wash-outs.

Grandfather, grandmother, the baby, mother, sonny — all touched the skirts of the doctor and often found healing. Changes in family life, the automobile — many other factors — have reconstructed the family. The individual assumes larger proportions, as the object of medical attention. Science and specialization have intensified the requirements forced upon the physician by the new order.

THE pediatrician, sometimes known as "children's specialist," stands out among the medical men of today as the nearest approach to the personal physician. His relation to his patients encompasses much of the best of the old-time family physician's functions. Further than that, the pediatrician, trained scientifically as he is, not only has a better equipment to care for child illnesses but is more thoroughly alive to the needs of prevention. He is in every way a physician of health as well as sickness.

Except in the matter of the age of his patients, the pediatrician is not a specialist. I once overheard a mother, asked if she had a pediatrician care for her children, declare that she had been brought up in a day when a different specialist wasn't needed for every finger of the hand. I was tempted to ask her what part of the human anatomy she considered her child. There are specialists in problems that apply particularly to childhood, but most pediatricians accept the general care of infants and children in both health and sickness.

The pediatrician's interest in the problems of well children — diet, rest, habits and so on — affords an excellent example of the field to be explored by the personal physician to the adult. An interest in health will be an important requirement in the future. In an Eastern town recently a clinic for well babies was started by a local organization. The governors proposed to put a pediatrician in regular charge. The general practitioners in the town opposed this, feeling that they could handle all problems by turn-and-turn-about. After a few months, however, they sent word to the governors recommending that the pediatrician take charge throughout the year. Their habits and viewpoints had not readjusted readily to the needs of a clinic where all the problems concerned well patients. Their workshop had for too many years been the sick room.

IF, THEN, the pediatrician is serving, with ever-increasing influence, as the personal physician of the children, who shall become the personal physician to the rest of the household? Will the pediatrician extend his ministrations to the older ones? Hardly; for the problems to be dealt with in early life are fundamentally different from those occurring in later years, and a different training, viewpoint and interest are essential. The reactions of an infant or a child to disease are vastly different from the reactions of an adult. Although most diseases occur in both age periods, the methods of diagnosis and treatment vary widely. Furthermore, growth, development, training, diseases of the newborn, infant hygiene and feeding, are special problems, requiring intensive study. The time required for a medical man to become

proficient in both child and adult problems is more than many men can devote to training, and there are only a few rare individuals whose temperament and interests will not prove a handicap with one or the other age group. If a division is to be made, grouping by age is useful and the end of adolescence would seem a logical and convenient division.

As another candidate for personal physician, the man known in medical circles as "internist" may, and at times does, qualify admirably. However, he deals only with disease of the internal organs, chiefly the infectious and degenerative diseases, and is more properly a specialist in strictly medical conditions. He too often eliminates himself because of his habitual preoccupation with disease, as such. He is the right man in the right place when a patient is suffering from a serious disorder and a great help to the personal physician as specialist. Slight deviations from the normal which form no picture of disease, or mild common complaints, seldom interest the internist, and needless to say these are frequently of keen concern to the patient.

From every standpoint, the former general practitioner is the logical forerunner of the future personal physician. Instead of worrying over the encroachment of pediatricians and specialists upon his domain, he might better be developing the possibilities of preventive medicine and early diagnosis, relieved to have specialists available so that his patients can obtain the best medical service under all circumstances. The situation in many families who have adopted pediatricians for their children is unsatisfactory. The general practitioner is irritated by the loss of the children, and the parents miss for themselves the type of service they have learned to appreciate as given to their children.

Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, has said: "If the general practitioner holds tenaciously to the idea that his chief function is to patch up people after they are broken down, I fear he is going to have a hard time. But if he comes gradually to look at his job in a new way, if he thinks of himself, and is regarded by the community, primarily as a counsellor of health, if he is going to discover and deal with diseases in their incipient stages, if he is going to specialize on diagnosis and become an expert in personal hygiene, then he seems to have a long and inspiring vista of satisfying work opening up before him." The reference in this quotation to the general practitioner's need to concentrate on diagnosis as well as prevention should be emphasized in connection with the personal physician. He will be the first called in case of any illness and it is therefore of the utmost importance that he be an expert in diagnosis. If he is to decide when a surgeon shall be summoned, he must recognize the early signs of surgical conditions; and act promptly if the surgeon is to secure the best result.

A friend of mine more than two years ago began to lose appetite and weight, and to tire easily. Having lost a brother some years before from tuberculosis, she went to a well-known physician and explained the situation. A careful physical examination revealed nothing, so she was

merely given some advice as to diet. A year later her symptoms were more pronounced and her mother insisted upon another examination. Again finding nothing, the physician assured the patient that all was well, and suggested that as she was the baby of the family, her mother was too solicitous regarding her condition. He apparently assumed the patient and her mother to be neurotic. Had he known them more intimately he would have dismissed this possibility absolutely. As a result of his remarks, my friend refused to heed her family's suggestions regarding rest, and accepted a business position requiring unusual activity.

Within six months a hemorrhage from her lung took her back to the doctor who now advised an X-ray examination. The picture showed a tuberculous process which was obviously of considerable duration and required a long period of cure. An X-ray taken at an earlier visit would undoubtedly have spared this individual much time and anxiety. A personal physician really interested in maintaining health and trained in early diagnosis of disease would be alert to the possible significance of her symptoms, would keep in close touch with her even though she had not yet developed lung signs, and would not wait for hemorrhage before securing an X-ray. The vague complaints of an apparently well individual did not focus this physician's attention and interest.

I am not suggesting that these problems are always easy. Far from it. Too much medical "petting" is distinctly harmful for some people. I am calling attention to the advantage of having the physician know intimately and be personally interested in his patient, with that interest extending to him in health as well as in illness.

On the patient's side there is little tendency to develop this relationship. Adults generally have not formed the habit of assigning the care of their health to one physician, but prefer to do nothing until disease gets well under way and then to shop around among specialists. The mother is apt to have developed confidence in her obstetrician, and to look to him for occasional medical advice, even between pregnancies. The young husband prides himself on being well and, when serious illness develops, usually places himself in the hands of a specialist, often choosing a man in the wrong field, so that changes in personnel frequently are necessary.

People are awakening to the desirability of keeping their children well by regular scientific supervision, by preventive inoculations against diphtheria and the like, but only in rare instances apply the same logic to themselves. Adults would do well to adopt a regular personal physician whom they see at least once a year for general health examination, whom they come to know and respect while in health, who will secure coöperation and confidence in time of illness, and who will be left in complete charge regardless of what specialists may be consulted. There are, at present, in most communities physicians well fitted and willing to give this type of service; but their numbers will diminish rather than increase if people treat them as incompetent

and inferior because they do not call themselves specialists.

The best interests of each individual require the regular services of one personal physician; collectively the family may best be served by two physicians with different training. In smaller, isolated communities, one man will still have to serve in both capacities, but from necessity rather than choice. Perfect harmony should exist between these two physicians after their patients have been clearly defined, and if both are definitely limiting their practice to exclusive age periods. Thus will be avoided the embarrassment of having a pediatrician in occasional attendance where a general practitioner feels that the children are part of his clientèle. Family problems may then be handled by friendly conference between the personal physician of the children and of the adults.

THE dangers of over specialization disappear with such a personal physician in charge. All others are specialists, called in only to meet special situations, and then with the consent and advice of the personal physician. The better specialists, realizing the inadvisability of assuming sole responsibility for the general health of an individual, often refuse to give specialized treatment without general medical supervision and cooperation.

Any community is fortunate to have a good specialist available in any field of medicine, and the enlightened, conscientious practitioner is delighted to have expert advice when confronted with a difficult situation. The captain of a steamer calls for a pilot when he approaches a strange harbor, the pilot having studied that particular harbor until he knows every danger and every requirement for safe navigation. The best captain in the world cannot be expected to know all the details of every harbor, and the captain who refuses to call a pilot, asserting that he knows as much himself, places himself under suspicion. In the days of the voyages of discovery, captains were compelled by circumstances to navigate their own ships through uncharted seas. They became extremely skilful in so doing. In like manner, the family physician of the past handled unknown situations remarkably well without any advice, because no one better informed was available. The pilot was thus developed long before the medical specialist because the care and protection of property have outranked the care and protection of life. We now have available to a large and rapidly increasing proportion of the population, specialists — medical pilots — to help the physician sail through dangerous and unusual situations.

THE captain does not abandon his ship when the pilot comes aboard. He turns over the responsibility for the navigating operations to the pilot, but the captain still commands and is responsible. If he loses confidence in his pilot he seeks another. The specialist in medicine must assist and advise, but never supplant the personal physician. One of the most serious disadvantages resulting from the development of specialists is the habit which many people have formed, of securing the names of different specialists, and,

when illness occurs, visiting the one in whose field they believe their difficulty to be located. Thousands of tonsils are removed unnecessarily because patients with sore throat have gone straight off to a throat specialist. Not that the specialist wilfully makes business for himself, but he knows nothing of the individual's background and makes his decision largely upon the local appearances which at the time may be unusually bad.

MY ATTENTION was called recently to a little girl who had been given a spinal manipulation. The mother called in the manipulator because the child complained of pain in her back. She undoubtedly would have called an orthopedist if the pain had been in the feet. The next morning the pain was better, but the child had chicken-pox, whereupon a pediatrician was called. The back pain undoubtedly was an early symptom of the general infection. To avoid this kind of incident, and not because of senseless, hidebound ethics, the best specialists insist upon the patient's personal physician if there is one.

Every personal physician must be free to decide for himself when he needs help. He also should be quick to sense any uncertainty or lack of confidence felt by his patient, and be ready to secure a consultant's opinion, even though he may feel perfectly confident himself.

Certain of the so-called "special schools" of medicine have something of real value to add to the sum total of medical thought and practice. The disciples of these schools, however, meeting with pronounced success in certain cases, become overzealous and try to apply their theories to the entire field of medicine, in disregard of the accumulated knowledge of science and medical experience. Thus they become helpful to some patients, and dangerous to others. No one is fitted to be a personal physician unless thoroughly trained in the fundamental medical sciences.

SHOULD the personal physician care for a mother during pregnancy and deliver her in labor, or should an obstetrician render these services? This question is being answered in our larger communities by medical practitioners refusing to practise obstetrics, and by mothers insisting upon expert attention. This tendency deserves encouragement. The period of pregnancy is exceedingly important for both mother and child. The hours of labor are more dangerous for the infant than any other period of life. Many infant lives may be saved, much permanent damage to infants avoided, and mothers spared a great deal of suffering by expert obstetrical care. Although most pregnancies and labors run a natural course without serious effects upon mother or child, the incidence of difficulties is sufficiently great and the possibilities of prevention are sufficiently apparent, to justify every mother in seeking the best available obstetrical care.

The obstetrician must either be adopted as the individual of choice in all maternity practice, or else all of those who are to qualify as personal physicians must be given far more adequate training and clinical experience in the care of pregnancy and labor than they receive in our medical schools today. Although wise and skilful interference with the normal

process of birth in many cases will reduce the mother's suffering and the chances of damage to her infant, interference by those inadequately trained increases the incidence of infant and maternal deaths. There is, therefore, some justification for the belief that a well-trained midwife who knows enough not to interfere in any way, is safer than an insufficiently experienced physician who tries to do something. It is doubtful that the modern American woman would be content to revert to the midwife for obstetrical care, even though well trained midwives were available. It is to be hoped that the services of skilful obstetricians will become available to a rapidly increasing number of women for the care of pregnancy and labor, but the obstetrician should never supplant the permanent personal physician.

THE medical service I have outlined — personal physician regularly with specialist on occasion — will cost more than the old-time family physician, just as a modern fireproof school building costs more per child than the little red school house. Whether such medical service is economically sound is another matter. Inadequate medical service is not cheap at any price. The total cost of illness, and not the individual physician's fee, is what must be considered. There are many people who would rather pay a physician $2 for each of five visits than $5 for each of two visits, even when the same or more is accomplished.

The cost of medical care is tremendously high, due to a variety of causes. In fact, some of the most important causes could be eliminated. First, unwise or unnecessary use of the services of specialists. If they were only called to deal with problems which perplexed the regular physician, and upon his request, the deaths of specialists from starvation might mount momentarily, but the cost of medical care would be reduced. The duplication of medical opinion is also expensive. A little more care in the choice of a consultant and a little more willingness to abide by his opinion and advice would prove a great factor in economy. The custom of collecting a list of "perfectly wonderful physicians" and then running from one to another, is uneconomic as well as foolish. The regular use of a personal physician and the early seeking of his advice in case of illness would also prove a great economy by preventing much needless incapacity.

IF THE cost of medical service is not to rise beyond reasonable bounds, it must be chosen with discretion. The patient is unfit to make such choice wisely. He should find a personal physician; stick to him, and leave the choice of specialists, when, as and if needed, to this guide, philosopher and friend. To such a challenge physicians will surely respond; and we may hope for more of the old-time sympathy, devotion and confidence to accompany this personal physician-patient relationship.

Those Sons of Wild Jackasses

By Ray T. Tucker

Intimate sketches of the Rebels who have commandeered the Senate

There may have been more truth than truculence in Senator George H. Moses's characterization of certain Progressive and Democratic leaders of the United States Senate as "sons of the wild jackass." For since the wise-cracking son of a New Hampshire minister, by his apparent attempt to discredit the coalition controlling the Upper House of Congress, drew nation-wide notice to these howling prophets from Western wildernesses, there has proceeded from numerous noncomformist sources the suggestion that "the wild ass" of Biblical times was a creature possessing qualities of sturdiness and stubbornness sorely needed in the political stable. In any event, it is because of the possession of these virtues — or vices — that the small group of Old Testament Senators seems to be growing rather than diminishing in power. Moreover, Moses has given them an even more mulish spirit, and inspired in them a donkey-like desire to bear the responsibilities as well as the burdens of the worthy beast to which he likened them.

Though the public may not realize it, these "sons of the wild jackass" have been running the Senate for almost a decade. It was they who placed that body on the front page in the years that followed the World War. It was the fierce fights which they waged against both Democratic and Republican Administrations, sometimes with the wholehearted but whispered support of Moses and fellow-Stalwarts, that robbed the House of Representatives of the dominant position it enjoyed before and during the war years. It was, for instance, Borah of Idaho, Johnson of California, Norris of Nebraska, and "Jim" Reed of Missouri, who blocked confirmation of Charles Beecher Warren as Attorney-General. It was Caraway of Arkansas who sponsored and stage-managed the lobby inquiry.

It was Walsh of Montana who uncovered the oil scandals and demonstrated that even $100,000,000 can be convicted and deposited in the hoosegow. It was Brookhart of Iowa and Wheeler of Montana who drove Harry M. Daugherty from the Cabinet and forced a house cleaning of the Department of Justice and its annex, "the little green house on K-Street."

There have, too, been numerous other victories gained in the face of Presidential protests and the mobilized force of public opinion. Though their sorties have frequently been of a savage and spectacular nature, some well-meant measures have been pressed through the Senate by these unsmiling Spartans, only to suffer defeat in the House, where every reference to the Senatorial incapacity to legislate except in a turbulent manner provokes guffaws. It is no exaggeration to say, in review, that the "sons of the wild jackass" have been the dominant influence on Capitol Hill since the last year of Woodrow Wilson's Administration.

At the present moment, this "gyrating crew," to lapse into another of Moses's unpleasant colloquialisms, is riding the Senate bareback style. Their control may be due in part to the reinforcements they receive from partisan Democrats, but theirs are the insurgency and inspiration. Though in a minority, it is the "sons of the wild jackass" who, lifting up their tongues and heels at daily huddlings in Senator Borah's barn-like office, plan the strategy that irritates "witty George." Except to those who, through years of observation, appreciate the ability, independence and resourcefulness of the insurgent band, their victories seem to partake of the miraculous.

It would seem, too, that fate fights on their side, for the very years which saw the West sending able and alert men to the Senate witnessed an amazing decline in the stature of their colleagues from the East. Within a decade the conservative seaboard States have lost such irreplaceable spokesmen as Lodge and Weeks of Massachusetts, Brandegee of Connecticut, Dillingham of Vermont, Fernald of Maine, Colt of Rhode Island, Penrose of Pennsylvania and Wadsworth of New York. Meanwhile, the tide of political unrest, tumbling across the plains and mountains, has swept into Washington men who yearn to be "the captains of their souls" even if their individualistic ideas of navigation steer the Republican Ship of State upon the rocks.

They have brought with them a genius for rebellion, due, in part, to their environment. The elder group, it must be remembered, got their political tutoring in a day when Bryan and Roosevelt were sending the West into spasms over such spectres as trusts, Wall Street domination, imperialism and selfish politicians of the East; the youngsters owe their start in politics to the West's suspicion that Eastern financial and industrial interests were responsible for post-war deflation in the agricultural region. Except for a few who have grown gray in political service, they are small-town lawyers, editors, erstwhile teachers and business men, and they have the outlook of this self-centred class. For them life has been real and earnest, and there has been little opportunity for social or financial advancement. Many of them, no doubt, do not yet own a swallow-tail or a pair of striped trousers. Theirs is not a compromising spirit, and this lack of the give-and-take philosophy may, with their want of a sense of humor, be their greatest weakness,

but it has often proved to be their strength.

In Borah the coalition has the most eloquent member, though the most mercurial; in Norris the ablest parliamentarian; in Brookhart the most impervious; in Walsh the shrewdest lawyer; in Blaine of Wisconsin the most plodding; in "Young Bob" La Follette of the same State the headiest; in Howell of Nebraska the most studious; in Norbeck of South Dakota the most brutally outspoken; in McMaster of the same State the most "radical;" in Shipstead, Minnesota Farmer-Laborite, the handsomest "son of a wild jackass" ever to move in the exclusive circles of Capital society. Though their Democratic associates, especially the patrician Carter Glass of Virginia, deprecate mention of a "coalition," and like to maintain the fiction that the Progressives are merely accepting Democratic leadership, the minority members contribute many assets. Glass himself possesses a power of invective unsurpassed, and a knowledge of finances which equals Andrew W. Mellon's. Wheeler ranks as the most reckless member on either side, Caraway as the man with the meanest tongue, and Harrison of Mississippi as the wittiest. It is, in short, a formidable group of bothersome and badgering broncos.

NEVERTHELESS, these "sons of the wild jackass" can reconcile their own differences, which in some respects are as abysmal as those that separate them from the Stalwarts, when they deem it expedient. Whereas the "regulars" cannot seem to compose the leadership claims voiced by Messrs. Watson, Reed, Jones, McNary and Smoot, the Progressives have, for the moment, submerged their prima donna-like aspirations. Recognizing the value of Borah's participation in plots against the Administration he helped to elect, they have impressed him into leadership, despite his constitutional tendency to run out whenever he discovers that he is in peril of becoming unorthodox. Such Machiavellians as Norris and "Young Bob" yield to Borah at every turn and twist; they consult him hourly and stage their daily conferences around his desk. To him they have held out the promise of headlines and "honorification," and the Idahoan has succumbed, as ever, to those temptations.

THOUGH he was Hoover's shiniest champion in the campaign, Borah has been manœuvered into a position of complete antagonism to the White House on foreign and domestic matters. When he realizes how far he has strayed from the path of conservatism, he will undoubtedly beat it back to political regularity, but at present he heads the mad gallop. For a while there were fears that he would desert the coalition, and wagers were made by his associates that he would not cross the Rubicon by delivering an address in favor of the debenture plan of farm relief. He did, indeed, plead a cold on the day he was scheduled to make his original speech for the bounty, but he later shocked himself and his allies by going through with his heresy. So Mr. Borah, despite his horror of political adventuring, as he demonstrated when he deserted Roosevelt and Johnson in 1912, finds himself the top kicker in the stampede.

Shaggy-maned, lonely figure on a political hillock of his own, beloved for his intellectual independence but bewildering because of his desperate dashes for the party whiffletree each reëlection year, the Sage from Idaho may, through faithful adherence to Progressive philosophy, achieve at last a brighter place in Senatorial memoirs than he has won by past triumphs. Yet it is difficult not to feel sorry for him. In his reminiscent moments he must suffer at the thought that he emerges from a career which started so promisingly toward the White House as a sort of step-son of the "wild jackass."

THE actual leaders of the present movement are Norris and "Young Bob" — the one a grizzly-haired veteran whose slow pace and shadowed visage reflect two-score years of political strife, the other a black-haired, boyish figure beginning a career which many predict will be more conspicuous than his father's. The relationship between the two, the father's friend and the son, is almost parental. When "Young Bob" arises to address the Senate, the older man swings full around in his chair so that he may catch the boy's every word and move, and unconcealed love and admiration shine in the tired Nebraskan's eyes. It is little wonder that the Cromwellian Roundhead and the enthusiastic boy have so much in common. Norris, as the bravest Progressive of them all, knows what it is to suffer for his beliefs; his desertion of his lifelong party to follow "Al" Smith has left scars. "Young Bob," as son of a man hated and denounced more bitterly than any American since the Civil War, springs from a household bloody but unbowed. Though young in years, La Follette, like Norris, is old in political knowledge and experience. At the age of 24 he became his father's secretary; at 25 he was chairman of the Republican State Committee of Wisconsin; at 29 he was vice-chairman of his father's Presidential campaign committee; at 30, the minimum age, he became a Senator. Now 34, his father's friends believe his achievements will surpass those of "Old Bob," largely because the son shows more balance. Whereas "the old man," as he is affectionately remembered, would never compromise even on non-essentials, the son will yield to conquer, if necessary.

EXCEPT for Norris, La Follette is credited with more political sense, industry and courage than the rest of the herd. He has exhibited a grasp of the chemical schedule of the tariff measure, the one assigned to him in the Progressives' division of responsibility, worthy of a more experienced statesman. In defending publication of secret roll calls on the West and Lenroot nominations, "Young Bob" stood on their heads such oldsters as Moses and Reed of Pennsylvania. Indeed, these two gentlemen were made to appear ridiculous when the Senator from Wisconsin had finished his two-day attack on their proposal to muzzle the press. For one thing he revealed, with charity rather than malice, that Reed himself had been guilty when it suited him of disclosing discussions which went on behind closed doors. On numerous occasions La Follette's quick thinking has saved

the situation for "the sons of the wild jackass." Withal, he makes friends easily, and the Stalwarts love him, as they did his father.

If in "Young Bob" the Progressives have a tempered blade, they have a Gibraltar of granite in Norris. In moments of discouragement he is their rock, their refuge, their "stonewall." His life has been a constant struggle. As county attorney, district judge, member of the House and Senator, he has lived, it seems, only to fight. Not that he seeks quarrels, for he prefers quiet hours with his slippers, his long-stemmed pipe and his books amidst the ferns and flowers of his apartment home on the top floor of the building that houses the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Church. It seems that he was destined for the political wars. He had been in the House only a few years before he was named a manager in the famous impeachment proceedings against Judge Archbald — the trial which so heartened crusading Progressives of an earlier day. He spent many tedious days and nights as floor marshal in the fight on Cannonism, and if he grows weary and disillusioned at times, the beginnings of despair may spring from the long hours when he patrolled the floor day and night lest the parliamentary power and trickery of his foes prevail. Norris still gives the impression that he has never recovered the sleep lost in that mighty conflict, but it is only his eyes that blink. Deep down the blaze of battle burns as bright as ever, despite his recent reference to himself as "almost too old to be useful."

Alone of all the Progressives Norris declared for Smith against President Hoover — a brave but futile gesture in the face of the Democratic candidate's Prohibition views. So disheartening was the outcome that the Senator decided to quit, but reports that the Administration was grooming a man to oppose him brought him back to the lists. "I would rather be right than regular," he roared as he challenged his enemies to unseat him. Now, almost sixty-nine years old, he is girding for another battle — "the last and the best," perhaps.

His loss would be the severest setback the Progressives could suffer. No Senator equals him in parliamentary skill, as he demonstrated when he forced the Senate into the ridiculous position of passing three separate Muscle Shoals bills within a few days. Though one measure had been adopted by both House and Senate, and sent to conference, the Nebraskan contrived to prevent its enactment, thereby holding open the door for possible passage of his own measure for Government ownership and operation. His selflessness is another of his characteristics. In his earlier years he was overshadowed by Roosevelt, subsequently by Borah and by "Old Bob" La Follette until the latter's death. Now, in the days of his glory, he again bows to Borah out of devotion to the cause.

Between Norris, urbane even in his ugliest moods, and Smith W. Brookhart there is a sharp contrast. Yet it is quite possible to misunderstand the Iowan by judging him simply from his "smelling and tell-

ing" on the Wall Street broker who served liquor at the Senatorial dinner. Had the host not been from Manhattan's street of all evil, Brookhart might not have told. He is, without any question, the maverick of them all; he symbolizes the supposedly uncouth and untamed forces which Moses meant to disparage. His middle name is "Wildman," and he lives up — or down — to it. Life has treated him hard, but he has never winced. Teaching school, reading law, serving his country in three wars, being kicked out of the Senate one minute and reëlected the next, Brookhart has had neither time nor desire to cultivate personal pity or graces.

A BULKY, brute figure, he looks his best and typifies the massive power of the hewers and drawers when, on the rifle range, he climbs into his favorite pair of loose overalls. Careless of speech and people's feelings, as he is of dress, this Iowa farmer is the Senatorial embodiment of all the "isms" of angry armies of otherwise conservative and conventional agriculturists. Strangely, he is also the most cheerful prophet of the Progressives' millennium to be found in Washington, and countless disappointments do not daunt him. For all that, the very inertia and imponderability of the man's attitude make him a valuable ally; more than any other, he never knows when he is beaten or browbeaten. Moreover, in cataloguing the Iowa rebel, it must be remembered that he has been the champion marksman of the world, and one does not hit bull's-eyes without persistence, a stout heart and a steady grip.

Hiram Johnson revels in revolution, unless his desire for high tariffs on California peanuts and lemons induces orthodoxy, and he is almost a man without a party. Many years of personal disappointment have quite quelled the partisan spirit, leaving him dour, grumpy, revengeful. A man peculiarly susceptible to prejudice and personal buffetings, he lacks the impersonal temper of Borah or Norris. Yet he can hardly be blamed. In the White House sits his ancient foe, whose first political effort was to contest for California's Presidential delegation against the victorious Johnson in 1920. The two made up after a fashion for campaign purposes, but the recent White House snub has revived the feeling of other days.

DAY after day Hiram is to be seen hunched forward in his front row seat in the Senate, his fingers playing political taps on his paunchy stomach, a deep scowl upon his fatherly face. And what a disappointing career he has to look back upon, if his advancement is measured by his aspirations! Had he not consented to be Roosevelt's Vice-Presidential mate in 1912, he might conceivably have been his party's standard-bearer in 1916, the year in which he prevented Charles Evans Hughes from becoming President. Even more grievous must be his thoughts of a midnight conference at Chicago in 1920 when, so legend runs, the Vice-Presidential nomination was offered him after Warren G. Harding had been selected for first place. Johnson, aiming at the Presidency, is said to have rolled over in bed, pulled the sheets about his leonine head and

turned his face to the flowered wall-paper. There, as later events demonstrated, was tragedy. . . .

Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota has been quite neglected in the roll call of "wild jackasses," especially as he is, perhaps, the "wildest" of all. He never forgets an enemy or a friend, and he does not know fear or caution. Unlike some of the others, he has no suppressed pride of place. He started life as a well-driller, and boasts of it. He makes no attempt to conceal his broad Scandinavian accent, which, with his plain dress, gives him the cast of a prosperous butcher. He is chairman of the important Banking and Currency Committee, but he laughingly admits that he turns over all knotty problems of legislation to Glass or Duncan Fletcher of Florida. Seemingly a naïve and childlike spirit, "Pete," as he is known, is political boss of his State and one of the smartest politicians in the Senate; his naïveté is an affectation and armament.

IT WAS he who filled *The Congressional Record* during the 1928 primary campaign with documents directed toward those episodes in President Hoover's life susceptible of political attack. Hoover's Presidential opponents — Watson, Goff, Curtis and Willis — furnished the material, but Norbeck gave it articulation. His savory comments on prominent personalities and happenings, delivered in a Scandinavian servant girl's brogue, delight his colleagues. Of the recent market collapse he had this observation, "Vell, vot goes up must come down;" thereby demonstrating his qualifications for his Banking and Currency chairmanship.

Among the jackass herd Senator Glass seems as lost as Henry Ford would be in a chair of philosophy at Heidelberg. Only his intense spirit of partisanship binds this cultured, classical and old-fashioned Virginian to the riot squad from the West. He is a typical Southern gentleman, or, as his friends humorously add, he was until he came to the Senate, where his genteel traditions are sorely tried. Until his entry into national politics, first as a member of the House and later as Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury, Glass's life moved in an even *tempo* in the soft shade of Lynchburg, where he owns and edits the leading newspaper in that section of the Blue Ridge. Short of stature but mighty in influence, he has to his credit authorship of the most important pieces of legislation in many, many years — the Federal Reserve Law.

HIS is the sharpest tongue in the Senate. Excessively high-strung, he roams the centre aisle of the chamber during debate like a ferocious animal, suddenly to shake his head fiercely, throw up his arms and turn upon an offending foe with maniacal vigor. He has high regard for the Senate's prestige, and during a recent controversy with the House his voice was heard almost daily to describe his antagonists as "contumacious gentlemen." To the coalition he is a tower of strength where they need it most. With his vast knowledge of questions affecting the tariff, taxes and national finances, he serves to offset their opponents' Goliath, Andrew W. Mellon.

"Thaddeus H. Caraway, Democrat, Jonesboro," as the Arkansan

lists himself in *The Congressional Directory*, is a smarter Tom Heflin. Born in the same raw and resentful environment that gave the Alabaman to the anti-papal bloc, Caraway absorbed the same loves and hates.

He got his fairy stories and his politics from the knees of ageing Confederate heroes bleeding under the whip and gun of Northern reconstructionists. His own father, legend says, was murdered by persecutors of a broken and beaten South, and the half-orphan was left in the place of his birth, Nigger Heel Swamp, to survive as best he could. Through a Darwinian struggle he has risen to the Senate with rancor in his heart toward Republicans, Yankee influences, the great financial interests — a respecter of no person or privilege. He is a political porcupine rather than a "wild jackass;" to touch him is to regret it.

His is the most waspish tongue in the Senate, differing from Glass's as a rowdy streetboy's insults do from a philippic. I have seen many a Senator slump into his seat rather than engage in repartee with the stooping, poorly dressed Arkansan. Possessed of a more orderly and balanced mind than Heflin, Caraway rips his opponent apart, sprinkles acid on the wounds and sidles from the chamber before his victim can compose himself for an answer. A hawklike district attorney in his youth, he displays a devastating faculty for clarifying and summarizing situations which lobby witnesses or Republican floor leaders would prefer to camouflage.

Grim, gray and gaunt, Walsh of Montana is one of the most picturesque members of the "jackass" coalition, if not of the Senate. Though a most worthy Progressive, his Liberalism differs from that of a Norris or La Follette. Their Progressivism proceeds from their hearts, from a simple sympathy with the downtrodden, from hatred of the oppressors. Walsh's is bounded on all sides by reason; not until Progressive principles have penetrated his judicial mind do they move him, and then not outwardly. Whereas the others' outcries may leave them trembling, their hair awry, their cravats flapping, their voices shaking, Walsh's reactions are cold and mechanical, though quite as effective. His face may assume an even whiter pallor and his voice a sharper edge, but there is no apparent emotional response. For that reason, perhaps, he ranks as one of the greatest lawyers inside or outside the Senate.

His integrity holds the respect of all factions. To friend and foe he appeared at his best that autumn evening when, to his chagrin and amazement, his oil inquiry disclosed Edward L. Doheny, the Senator's friend, as owner of the "little black bag" that had carried $100,000 in cash to Albert B. Fall. Seemingly unmindful of their long friendship, Walsh gazed into the baby-blue eyes of the old prospector from across the committee table, and wrung from him a story which, at the moment, seemed to mean jail and disgrace. Through several black hours the inquisitor never faltered.

Yet that night, alone in his apartment, Walsh all but wept. Between himself and Doheny there had existed those intangible ties upon

which intimate friendships twine — a common birth State, religion and political affiliations. Like himself, Doheny had had to struggle against sore odds for the little portion of fame and fortune which Walsh's cross-examination had swept away on the scorching winds of public shame and contumely. Walsh, the son of a poor woodcutter in a humble Wisconsin home, the lad who had earned a few pennies by lighting the gas lamps of the town of Two Rivers, the youth who taught himself the two professions of teaching and the law — he knew only too well how hard-won had been his old friend's solacing rewards and personal comforts. And so this grim Irishman, this relentless prosecutor, this embodied brain, broke down as he poured forth to a mutual friend his wretchedness. This incident on the evening of his greatest triumph reflects but one of the numerous paradoxes of a figure whom few can fathom.

In this scene, too, resembling so strangely the torture chamber of the Spanish Inquisition, may be found the source of the strength of the "sons of the wild jackasses."

Old Shaman

By Lilian White Spencer

My son was killed in war against the whites,
My son's son starved on their way of exile,
The son of my son's son is at the white school.
I would have taught him Navajo magic:
Lightnings and thunders in the medicine-house
While bright noon laughs outside;
Wonder of the holy corn grown from kernel to ripe ear
In a day;
Songs that bring sunrise and sunset to the sacred room.
No other of my blood will swallow great plumed arrows
And bathe in fire without hurt.
I am last to stand the long eagle feather on end,
Making it dance, a living thing.
None will come after to see in deeps of the *boganda* water-bowl
All that was and is and will be.
The son of my son's son reads a book
He counts one and two.

The Jazz Age in Finance

By Paul Willard Garrett

Will stocks again reach their 1929 peak?

All market breaks since the 1921 beginnings of the Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover bull market have been turned into ordinary episodes by the rich man's panic of 1929, so recently witnessed. Even the March, 1926, drop of 16 per cent, although it seemed serious enough at the time, is now viewed as an incident in a major forward movement.

The country had seen but four major "bear" markets in the last quarter of a century. Until the September-October-November introductions to the ursine animal last year, the present generation of investors had not met the beast. To them it was a creature of history. For their enjoyment had come a new era of permanently high stock prices and perpetual prosperity. It seemed almost too good to be true, but true apparently it was. Then somebody flicked a match. The country took fright. It suddenly turned seller. The world was treated to a spectacle of falling quotations exceeding in the blazing terror of its threat any market conflagration ever witnessed by a nation of interested but helpless by-standers.

Whether we call the decline of 1929 another major bear market or a violent corrective set-back, it will go down in history along with the great bear markets of 1903, 1907, 1916–1917 and 1919–1920. Values indeed were swept down further from their highs last fall than during any previous bear market.

Specifically the general level of market prices fell 48 per cent this time, whereas declines for previous bear markets had ranged from 38 to 45 per cent. But the story of the recent market casualties is not fully told by a comparison of the percentage drop with earlier bear movements. The number of rich people hit and the breath-taking speed of the fall were among its most striking features.

Instead of a safeguard, fat margins were the market's ruin. The man on a narrow margin of loans at his bank or broker's came through better this time than the man who went into the autumn with a 50 or 75 per cent safety zone that he could not maintain. The narrowly-margined fellow was crowded out early in the game. He sold when bids for stock were firm. The 50 and 75 per cent speculators were lulled into the sleep of the drugged. They believed them-

selves beyond reach. They were slow to let go. When finally the limits of their margins drew near the scramble to sell brought on hysteria, a disruption of the Stock Exchange's mechanical facilities, panic. Their squeeze came when prices were low and when bids were scarce.

Too long a familiarity with high altitudes for stocks had led some people to think in terms of points rather than percentages. Seventy-five or 100 points on General Electric seemed a reasonable safety margin to the man who had followed it up from 200 or 300 to 400. That theory proved disastrous. The general market fell 48 per cent but it fell 183 points.

CONSIDER within how brief a space this record decline was compressed. The 48 per cent or 183 points were all lost at some time between September 3 and November 13 — largely, indeed, in three or four trading sessions. This is significant in comparison with the past. The panic of 1903 carried stocks down 38 per cent from the February 16, 1903, high to the November 9, 1903, low, a period of nine months. But the total loss was only 26 points. The bear market that culminated in the panic of 1907 brought a 45 per cent drop, but from the levels then prevailing that reflected only 42 points from the extreme high on January 7, 1907, to the extreme low on November 15, 1907 — eleven months. The bear market of 1916–1917 lowered values 40 per cent, which meant 44 points, between November 21, 1916, and December 19, 1917 — thirteen months. The post-war bear market of 1919–1920 reduced values 44 per cent, which reflected a drop of 53 points, between November 3, 1919, and December 21, 1920 — more than thirteen months.

In all panics previous to 1929 the stockholder had been able to make a decent landing. At least there was time to sight solid ground and head for it. The market this time went into a tailspin from which few could extricate themselves.

BEFORE answering the question whether stocks will ever again reach the early September peaks, let us observe that they always have returned to their highs in the past. What they may do in the future is another matter, perhaps. At least up to the present the stock market has never failed to make up its loss in a major bear recession, and never failed when that job was finished to move on higher.

But that is not all. Each succeeding bottom in every major bear market since 1900 has been higher than the one before. The bottom registered by the Dow-Jones industrial averages in the 1903 panic was 42.15. That in 1907 was 53.00. In 1916–1917 it was 65.95. In 1919–1920 it was 66.75. The November 13, 1929, bottom, if bottom that be, was 198.69.

Unless new forces in American corporate development threaten to reverse the trend in profits, presumably the public's confidence in common stocks eventually will again restore the September peaks — but when? Has the lusty bull market of eight years' growth been thoroughly deflated? May we reasonably reckon that the November 13 prices represented bottom?

Things seem high or low only by comparison. A 48 per cent or 183 point drop from the September 3 high made the November 13 industrial lows seem low indeed. They seemed far down the slope to the man who had his eyes fixed on the towering peaks above. But let him turn and look below to the valleys from which stocks rose if he would test altitudes. For even at the November 13 bottoms stocks were commanding price levels twice those prevailing throughout 1923 and 1924.

ALL economists will agree that stocks were thoroughly deflated in the summer of 1921. Then can we speak with assurance in calling the November 13 levels deflated? Stocks even then were selling at three times their August, 1921, prices.

The statistical case against the public utility stocks is worse. The Standard Statistics Company's index of utility stocks fell 55.6 per cent or 196.5 points between September 23 and November 13 — from 353.1 to 156.6. Surely there was deflation for you. But let us look down the slope.

The setback of March, 1926, was precipitated in part by a soaring market in public utility stocks. Before the bubble burst utilities rose to what then seemed a towering peak on February 6, 1926, of 106.3. From the November 13 bottom public utility stocks would have had to fall another 32 per cent to get down to their early 1926 peaks. And of course if we look beyond to the levels of 1923 or 1924 and of 1921 the altitude of the utilities seems still a dizzy one.

Now it does not follow necessarily that industrial or public utility stocks will ever get back to the 1921 levels. But it takes some such comparisons of hard facts to make us view current happenings in perspective. Up to 1925 stock prices in this country had moved within reasonable limits. The Dow-Jones industrial averages up to the beginning of that year had never touched 125. They had been as high as 100 in 1906, 1909, 1916, 1919, 1922, 1923 and 1924.

THE jazz age in finance began after 1926. Stock prices with the growth of a country-wide speculative fever developed a *tempo*. They doubled and trebled. There seemed no limit to the heights that the market might reach. The more the market rose the more reckless those in it became. By early September last year people were admitting openly that their interest in buying stock was to get the ride. Yields for idle funds long before had ceased to be the objective of the search.

The average return available on common stocks at September peak prices was only 2.88 per cent. Stocks were not earning their keep. Quality bonds were simultaneously selling to yield 4.87 per cent.

Up to early 1928 stocks in this country had always sold at levels yielding more than bonds. From then on to the 1929 break the disparity widened steadily. Rising stock prices drove the indicated return on stock investments down. Falling bond prices lifted yields on fixed interest-bearing obligations.

A variety of causes for last autumn's panic have been set down by the commentators but the explanations do not shed much light. European liquidation, the rapid expan-

sion in brokers' loans, the heavy emission of new securities largely of the investment trust or finance company variety, and the tariff, each has been blamed.

But these seem thin cords by which to hang the destiny of a great bull market. A market of strong supports would not have collapsed on the failure of any one of them.

All of these things could have gone wrong without wrecking a market built solid all the way up. Time and again in the past worse reverses have been met without shaking the market. That these started the decline, therefore, is not important. It simply tells us what exposed the trouble.

Deeper down is the now obvious fact that the market was ready to fall. It awaited only the release date. What made the great bull market finally vulnerable?

MIGHT it not have been that Americans in their New Era talk of prosperity went beyond all reason? (The country in its enthusiasm over the future was discounting for the next five years a rate of improvement in earnings similar to that of the past five.) Might we not awaken one of these days to find that a grand pipe dream? Might we not discover that we were just a little mad in our calculations of what can be saved through corporate marriages on a wholesale plan?

That vast progress over the years to come awaits American industry, nobody doubts. That we have the makings of prosperity for so long as we can see ahead, is plain enough. But was it quite reasonable to wager that the momentum of the 1929 earnings growth could be maintained indefinitely?

In the final analysis it was a public psychology feeding on its own bullish enthusiasm that made men and women willing to pay any price for common stocks. But psychology is a fickle thing. It has a way of turning on itself — of bringing humans back to stern reality. When a man begins to suspect that he is dreaming, he suddenly wants to feel the touch of earth beneath his feet.

WE NEED not ignore the underlying drift to common stocks in recognizing that the country swung too far in that direction on "hunches." The signals had been set against the market for months. Call money had been up to 20 per cent. Time money was loaning at 9 per cent. Repeatedly the Federal Reserve had warned us that too large a proportion of funds was flowing into stock speculation. It had raised its rediscount rate. Loans had continued to mount. Stocks were commanding 20 and 30 and 50 and 100 times earnings. Joy riding in the stock market had become a national pastime.

But the stakes were so high that men, at first cautiously and then boldly, disregarded the signals. Each successful haul gave them new confidence. The market concluded that the old signals no longer worked. When they did function it was too late.

How long will it take stocks to recapture the peaks so recently lost? Will they ever get back? Will the turn come from these levels? Or will the market first go to new bottoms? These are puzzling questions on which we can but speculate. Stocks

fell further in the panic of 1929 than in any previous bear market, and did it quickly. Does that mean they will come back faster?

The decline in the panic of 1903 ran nine months. In less than a year after stocks touched bottom they regained all that had been lost. They then kept on rising for another year. Stocks fell for eleven months at the time of the panic of 1907. It took them two years to get back all that had been lost. The war decline of 1916–1917 ran thirteen months. In a year and a half they recaptured the loss.

The collapse of the inflationary market of 1919–1920 induced a decline for thirteen months. Recovery then was irregular and slow. It was four years before all that had been lost was regained. But thereupon stocks advanced for another four years without any serious setback.

ONE thing is sure. If cheap money were the only factor, the market's performance could be charted now. Rarely in history has a bear market emerged from its panic stages more favored by a supply of cheap money than the present. Cheap money is not a prospect. It is a reality. Within a month after the break the Federal Reserve cut its rediscount rate twice. Bankers' acceptance rates were reduced ten times in a month. Brokers' loans have been reduced more than three billion dollars. As I write, time money has fallen from 9 per cent to 4½; call money has loaned on the outside at 3 per cent.

Cheap money will be a powerful help to the market. It will even stimulate prices, provided investors keep their faith in dividends. The break restored stocks to levels at which many were again attractive to the man who wants to put money into investment issues. That is a solid basis, indeed, so long as prospects give assurance of uninterrupted dividends.

BUT, in the final analysis, what will determine the extent and rapidity of the market's recovery is business. Will the Hoover programme check soon the unmistakable recession in industry that now prevails? If business is headed for a dragging recession in 1930 — and some people think it is — then investors will turn more money into bonds and preferred stocks. In their present reduced circumstances people will not bid for stocks on thin air. They are not so bold as before. They lack courage. But if convinced that 1930 profits will be maintained, their courage will come back, slowly, perhaps, but not so slowly as we now think.

White Cities and Oasis Towns

By Frank Schoonmaker

Cities of that brilliant rim of sunshine spanning North Africa which fascinate with their crenelated walls, fretted gateways and lofty minarets

French North Africa, from Marrakesh the Red to Tunis the White, is bounded on the north by blue water and on the south by sand. Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia form together the sunlit rim of the Dark Continent — strangely barbaric little countries at the back door of Europe. Lying within twenty hours of Marseilles, within a night's voyage of Sicily and a morning's crossing of Gibraltar, they belong nevertheless to another very different world: they are the farthest outposts of the East, strongholds of all that is most beautiful and most mysterious in the civilization of Islam. They are countries of veiled women and slippered men, of brilliant markets drenched in the white African sunshine, of snake-charmers, story-tellers, and minarets from which the muezzin still calls the faithful to their prayer.

Casablanca, that flat, white, half-modern town on the Atlantic seaboard of North Africa, is the prosaic gateway to some four or five of the most enchanting cities of the world. Perhaps the strangest and the loveliest of these lies off to the south where the Moroccan plain, sweeping back from the sea, rises into the foothills of the Greater Atlas — Marrakesh the Red. This proud old capital of the Sultan's empire stretches away, with its green fringe of palms, behind a long, low, copper-colored wall; beyond, like artificial scenery painted upon the blue curtain of the sky, tower the great rugged summits of the Atlas, with their eternal canopy of snow.

As far as its atmosphere is concerned, Marrakesh is somehow reminiscent of the Bagdad of *The Arabian Nights*. The colorful people of a hundred southern tribes come to gossip and barter in its market-place; its lofty minaret, the *Koutoubia*, is the pride of Morocco; its gardens are as beautiful as the most beautiful of Spain.

The overland journey eastward from Casablanca is a too-short succession of clear glamorous days spent inside the walls of crumbling ancient towns, and a succession of incomparable starry nights. First, Rabat and Salè, facing one another across a shallow estuary like two white birds — Rabat and Salè, twin ports

from which the corsairs sailed out to prey on the commerce of old Spain, and in which Cervantes and Robinson Crusoe were sold as slaves. Then Meknes, the Versailles of North Africa, the colossal folly of that mad old sultan, Moulay Ismael, who built here, on a promontory of the Moroccan upland, a palace which rivals in splendor the Alhambra. And so to Fez.

FEZ is one of those cities which, once seen, can never be forgotten. It is a city of mystery, of narrow streets and walled gardens, a city into which a river runs and disappears. From above, from one of those neighboring hills which, under the evening sun, take on the fine warm color of tarnished gold, Fez has the appearance of a green and white mosaic, neatly laid out across the lap of the valley. Surrounded by a high crenelated wall of mud-dried brick, it is a town of exquisite fretted gateways, of mosque towers, inlaid with green tiles that reflect the sun, of busy markets and little shops in which one can buy the brilliant tooled leather for which Fez is famous.

Each of the three divisions of North Africa has a distinctive character and a distinctive charm. The gorgeous crumbling cities of Morocco have no counterpart in the country to the east. Perfumed Algeria with its eternal flowers, its white roads bordered with eucalyptus trees, its miles of mountain scenery, is easily first in the matter of natural beauty. Tunisia, from Kairouan to the desert towns of the South, is, as far as its people and their daily life are concerned, the most picturesque of the three.

Throughout this whole North African empire the French, showing a tact and a respect for beautiful things which does them infinite credit, have overlaid the mellow civilization of the Moors and Arabs with the practical machinery of modern life. The unity of such perfect cities as Marrakesh, Rabat, Fez, they have been careful not to spoil. Yet even the remoter towns of Southern Tunisia and of the Moroccan plain are now accessible to the tourist. The railways of North Africa, as a whole, are excellent; and where the railways cannot penetrate, the ubiquitous busses of the French Line, the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, carry the traveller with equal comfort. It is now possible to dine, under the shadow of the walls of Meknes, on food that one would scarcely expect to find outside of a Parisian restaurant; it is now possible to enjoy the last word in luxury on the very rim of the Sahara. What wonder that North Africa competes, successfully, with Egypt and the Riviera for the favor of those who in winter are dissatisfied with the pale Northern sun?

THE traveller coming overland from Casablanca crosses the Algerian border not far from Oujda, and passes, on his way to Oran and the Mediterranean, through two exceptionally interesting towns — Tlemcen, known to the Moors of five centuries ago as "The Pearl of the Mohgreb," famous today for the ruined city outside its walls, for its bracing mountain air, its flowers, and the singular beauty of its environs; Sidi-bel-Abbès, home of the Foreign Legion.

Oran, for all its commercial pros-

perity (it is the chief port of the department that bears its name), is one of the least prepossessing of Algerian towns; Algiers, on to the east, is one of the most charming. An immense white amphitheatre of closely built houses rising around what is perhaps the finest bay of the North African coast, Algiers is no less attractive from a distance than from close at hand. Like Cairo, it is a city in which the East and the West, which never meet, walk side by side. Despite the sophistication of its modern quarters and the vast hotels that overlook the city from the height of Mustapha Superieur, Algiers never allows one to forget that it, too, belongs to the Dark Continent, that over its mosques the Cross has not yet replaced the crescent.

NO DESCRIPTION can do justice to the variety of the Algerian countryside, to those vistas, by turn so grandiose and so intimate, which one gets from the window of an automobile or a train. White little valleys overflowing with wild narcissus, magnificent savage gorges along which the road winds like some tenuous gray thread, strange clambering towns, great forests of cork and ilex, villages of flat-roofed cubical houses, lonely flocks of sheep presided over by picturesque shepherds dressed in the brown *burnous* of the Khabyles — these, following one another in bewildering succession.

Far over in the southeastern corner of Algeria, midway across those mountains which divide the desert from the sea, lie the ruins of the Roman city of Timgad — an African Pompeii, desolate and impressive. Beyond, where the Sahara reaches northward like a great yellow sea, is the oasis town of Biskra, once a starting point for those long caravans that trekked away toward Timbuktu and the Niger, now a sort of gracious Deauville on the burnished rim of the desert. Biskra, and its less sophisticated southern sister, Touggourt, are places in which few travellers will be disappointed. Under the dark shadow of their thousand palms, almond orchards bloom in winter; Eden itself could not be more fertile than are they. Caterpillar automobiles have replaced the caravans of fifty years ago: it is now possible for the tourist to take, comfortably and safely, either the twelve-hundred-mile journey across the Sahara, or shorter, trans-desert trips to the corresponding towns of South Tunisia.

TUNISIA, as far as its landscape is concerned, is a country of comparatively little beauty. Tunis, its capital, is as different from Algiers as Algiers is different from Fez. Seen from the low white hill of its Kasbah, or citadel, Tunis, with its vaulted streets, its over-arched markets, its almost windowless houses, looks like the alabaster handiwork of some enormous swarm of mason bees. And yet it is a city often charming, always picturesque. No town in North Africa offers so much to the lover of little shops and the lover of bargains. Carpets from Kairouan, embroidered leather, hammered brass and copper, may be purchased in Tunis for a song.

A little to the north, on a gently sloping hill that overlooks the bay, lie the pitiful ruins of proud Carthage, the home of Dido, the one-time

rival of Rome. And to the south, rising abruptly from the level plain, is Kairouan, surnamed "The Holy," a place of pilgrimage for pious Mussulmans, a colorful little city, unspoiled and strange.

The traveller who decides to follow southward the curving coastline of Tunisia, through Sousse, Sfax and Gabes, to Djerba, that "Island of the Lotus-eaters" to which Ulysses came, will be amply rewarded for his pains. And yet, even more interesting than the cities of this costal region, are the oasis towns — Gafsa, Tozeur and Nefta — to the west. In these, as in Biskra, one feels perpetually the presence of the desert. Like some siren, treacherous and beautiful, it beckons always from beyond the last trickle of water, the last clump of palms. These towns, bathed by day in the blinding white sunlight of the Sahara, clothed by night in the mysterious tranquillity of its silence, have all that vivid charm, that romance, that glamour, which make North Africa as a whole one of the most inviting travel countries of the world.

Winter Sunset

By Margaret Tod Ritter

I, mortal, walk beneath a gold-leaf sky
Blown thin as glass. One footfall shall suffice
To shatter it. One pebble thrown, one cry,
Shrill as a flageolet, poignant, precise,
Shall bring to ruin dome of asphodel.
This is the moon's bright rind stretched taut. One arrow
Of phantom nightingale shall prick the shell
Into a small transparence, curved and narrow.
The honey-pallor of the sky is laid
In shining amber shadow on the snow
Of aspen pool and cypress colonnade.
Now shall the alabaster afterglow
Be brought to dust of daffodil, be brought,
As smoke of dream, to nothingness, to nought.

Our Own Oxonians

By Joseph Stanley Pennell

Contrasting ways in Oxford and American Universities are shown by a practical minded graduate

To an average American, Oxford has meant a place where Rhodes scholars are sent, where all the men smoke Dunhill pipes, wear Oxford "bags" and yearly watch the crew row against the Cambridge eight. But lately Oxford has been getting into the American magazines, the American newspapers, and even that gaudy, extravagant but meritorious American institution called Advertising. The American Rhodes scholars, the ordinary unattached Americans at Oxford, and the fact that Oxford is one of the oldest and most famous seats of learning in the world, are the causes for its increasing publicity throughout the United States. The Rhodes scholars are at once news; other Americans, studying at so distant a University are also news; and Oxford, the word, even in other places besides America, holds as much glamour, to one who has never been there, as the fact that the Prince of Wales danced with a humble barmaid. Therefore much is written about Oxford for American consumption which is largely wrong and merely "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Of the Rhodes scholars, in particular, there has been a great amount of more than slightly inaccurate reporting interspersed with statistics, which were, generally speaking, more damned and lying than most statistics. And most of this journalizing has been done by people who know so little about Oxford that they might presumably ask one of the undergraduates the location of the University, or fail to pronounce the name of Magdalen College *Maudlin*, which is the snobbish and initiated pronounciation. Thus, a welter of inaccurate information about America's Rhodes scholars is dropped upon the American public by the ignorant. On the other hand, Rhodes scholars and other American Oxonians have written and published, in the States and abroad, accounts foggy, incomplete and misleading, which, all the while, *seemed* to be accurate.

Ordinary American Oxonians have written none too charitably of their colleagues the Rhodes scholars. They have intimated what might be set down in plain words to read: "The Rhodes scholars are, for the most part, a set of unbirched and

bumptious asses from the American backwoods, who come up to Oxford, display their ears, socially, only to themselves, hate the English undergraduates, and go back to America exactly as they were before, except for the fact that, having once left Merry England, they think upon it tenderly, and immediately become confirmed Anglomaniacs in America." This, of course, is unfair and untrue, although it holds a grain of veracity. Among the better part of a hundred men there are always bound to be a few of bad choice, and this fact along with a certain amount of prejudice and jealousy, has incubated much unfavorable publicity for the Rhodes scholar from America. Such stuff as the American periodicals have used about him seldom goes into the English newspapers or magazines. But he does, forsooth, have his handicaps.

He comes up to Oxford for the first time with very little idea of "what it's all about," and after he has been installed in rooms in his college which have no central heating, no running water and various casual cobwebs, he talks it over with his fellow scholar, who has crossed the Atlantic with him. If they didn't feel a certain responsibility toward the committee back home which chose them, they would decide that they'd clear out at once. They surely never appreciated American plumbing! And the weather! And the English college boys! You can hardly understand their speech, and they never seem sociable. But these new American Oxonians remember in time that they are Rhodes scholars! Being such, they must collect their wits and make an attempt to create a good impression on whomsoever is unfortunate enough to be near; for, in the back of their minds, there is always that committee at home — there are always their parents and friends who expect great things of them.

Added to these considerations they have a certain personal pride which gives them the desire to appear to advantage. Haven't they done a difficult thing in winning this scholarship? Surely they have! Therefore, many of them set out to impress people in ways which are only more unnatural than they are ludicrous. For instance, they will talk, in deadly solemnity, with the English undergraduate about politics. On their young shoulders they will insist on bearing the weight of the United States and the United Kingdom. With great gravity they talk, while the Englishman grins and bears it, answering them with his natural facility and his tongue in his cheek. It is several terms before many of the Rhodes scholars get their tongues properly placed in their cheeks.

A non-Rhodes Oxonian wrote a much quoted article which appeared in *The London Daily Express*, in which he claimed that the American Rhodes scholars were, for the most part, handicapped by a lack of cosmopolitanism:

> They would be as much at sea in New York as in London. They stay in England three years, grow lonely, because the Englishman by nature does not make himself familiar with them in the first three days, and then relapse into the easier and less profitable habit of trooping about in term time, and on the Continent during vacations,

with one another. The result is that 90 per cent of them go back to America exactly as they came, except, perhaps, with a little more knowledge. In the twenty years since the first Rhodes graduates returned home, only one, Christopher Morley, the novelist, has attained real distinction. The majority of these 600 men have sunk into obscure teaching jobs in colleges, and become absorbed in domesticity.

This Oxonian goes on to say that the non-Rhodes scholar, usually from Harvard or Yale, and having lived in Boston and New York, is generally equipped with more *savoir faire* than the Rhodes scholar, by which statement he probably means to insinuate that the majority of Rhodes scholars are from Gopher Prairie and show it. This isn't true, for it is safe to say that half the Rhodes scholars can claim a well-known Eastern college or university for their Alma Mater. Nor do the non-Rhodes men from our large Eastern institutions display *savoir faire* in any startling amount. But both varieties of Americans manage to get along at Oxford and form, in most cases, a reasonable amount of English friendships.

ALMOST any American who enters Oxford University, no matter what section of the United States he comes from, is bound to have some little difficulty in adjusting himself to the tutorial system of study, the sports, the comparative inconvenience of living, and the English temperament, but it is seldom that he doesn't adjust himself and come finally to enjoy all these things, including the temperament.

From his rooms, in one of the twenty-three colleges, he at first roundly curses the climate, the plumbing and heating. He looks with some contempt on the tea habit. The rather loose system of study perplexes him, and the college sports seem somewhat foolish in his eyes. But the end of the first term of two months generally finds him acclimated, hardened to the absence of running water and central heating, and perhaps almost enjoying his tea. He has also discovered that he can easily do something very definite in his study, whether there *seems* to be anything definite to do or not. The sports even have ceased to be the bore that they were.

PERHAPS it would be well to explain the rudiments of the Oxford system of study, for it is difficult for Americans to gain more than a muddled idea of it from the current misinformation about it in our own periodicals. To the American it seems, at first, as has been said, somewhat loose. He gains admission to the University by the acceptance of his American degree or the passing of an entrance examination. After that he gains admission to his college in various ways. Perhaps he has excellent letters of recommendation. Once a member of the college, he is herded by its master or head, in his gown and square, to the Divinity Schools, where when his name is called he signs the University rolls, has a little Latin read at him by the Vice-Chancellor and, Presto! he is "a member of this University." On this ceremony there follows no complicated enrollment in courses, for he has already declared that he intends to "read" English, Law, "Modern Greats" (Modern Classics) or whatever happens to be his choice. He is

merely assigned to a tutor, who may or may not be one of the professors of his college (although one may "read" anything at any college, all the colleges are not provided with instructors in every subject). This tutor is to prepare him for his final examinations, which come at the end of his two or three years, and constitute the only recorded and really important examinations of his entire Oxford career. Of course, from time to time, his tutor will give him collections (quizzes) merely to ascertain how the student is progressing toward that comprehensive knowledge of his subject which will enable him to pass his final examinations or "schools," as they are called in Oxford patter. These collections, however, mean very little. There is no salting away of credit hours each semester as there is in American universities.

OUR Oxonian goes to his tutor for the first time with some misgivings. Clad in his short commoner's gown, and seated as near as possible to the small Oxford lecture room fireplace, he sees his tutor's breath on the cold air, as that gentleman, after formalities are over, pronounces in unfamiliar inflections something of this trend:

"Let's see, do you know just what you're up against? Have you had a look at the Examination Statutes? Here they are. Just have a look at them."

He has a rather furtive look at them, and his tutor continues:

"Most people prefer to leave out the Nineteenth Century in preference to the Seventeenth; but, of course, that's largely a matter of choice."

He leaves out the Nineteenth Century, and his tutor asks:

"Have you read any Chaucer?"

When he enumerates the few things he has read of that poet's works, his tutor suggests:

"Perhaps you may do me an essay on 'The Humor of Chaucer.' And," handing him a checked list, "you might look in on these lectures. They might be of use. I shall meet you Wednesdays at eleven in Hertford. Good morning!"

WATCHING his tutor's breath on the damp air, our American Oxonian closes the door and walks away from his first tutorial somewhat reflectively. He looks at his lecture list and finds four or five marked lectures. And he knows that a lot of the older undergraduates hold the opinion that going to lectures is useless; but, of course, that's largely a matter of choice like the Nineteenth Century — you aren't required to go. There really isn't much definite work to do, except to write the essay.

When next week he rather embarrassedly reads his first ardent effort to his tutor, that educator thanks him, and is usually charitable enough not to tear it in too many pieces.

"Have you been to your lectures?" asks the tutor.

Yes, he has been to them.

"Well, what did you make of them? Are they of any use? Did you enjoy them?"

Well, he did enjoy some of them, but others were dull and incomprehensible. During the week he has heard fearful tales about his final examinations. Many men have "ploughed" after three years work.

(He has already learned the Oxford version of "flunk.") His tutor's laugh on the frosty air only half reassures him.

"Hm," concludes the tutor, "something more about Chaucer next week. Suppose you do an essay on his characterization. Good morning, and don't believe all the libels you hear about the English climate!"

And our young Oxford man steps out into the Oxford mist, still rather groping for something definite to get learned — the way he used to do at his American university. It is only after his first term that he awakens to the realization that the Oxford mist has lifted, and he *has* learned something. Has he not seen his tutor's breath on air that is not now so frosty and damp as it might be, and heard him say:

"Your collection was rather good, Mr. So-and-so!"

And he has even begun to *feel* more learned. So does the American, generally speaking, adjust himself to the Oxford way of gaining an education.

Meanwhile he has rather forgotten the plumbing and begun to enjoy the merry blaze of an English fireplace, even when the out-of-doors is like a frozen sock. He has played "rugger" (English football) in bad weather, or rowed on the Isis River while the rain beat in his eyes and exhaustion beat him down. Curiously enough, he has gained a sort of content from all this. Perhaps he has won his college rowing colors or gained a permanent position on its tennis six. Perhaps even the 'Varsity lacrosse captain has his eye on him and he may "make" a "Blue," which is the English equivalent to an American university letter. Now that he understands the English better, he has his friends among them.

All these things happen to most Americans who come up to Oxford; and when they go down for the last time and back to America they are, for the most part, the better for it, despite the frequent complaints that Rhodes graduates have attained no distinction in the States. Indeed, the Rt. Honorable H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford, has been grossly misquoted as saying that while Rhodes scholars were admirable in character and took admirably high standings in their examinations, they were failures because they did not become prominent in America on their return. Mr. Fisher has denied this emphatically, in an open letter to *The London Times*. These accusations of failure to attain national distinction in America are more or less well grounded, but what of that? A great many of the Rhodes graduates have gained much respect and have become important men in communities, States and universities of the United States. And the fact remains that the Rhodes Scholarship Foundation is not so overwhelmingly old but that there is still some hope that one of the scholars may even have tea in the White House one fine day.

And now we approach that delicate question which has been the birth and life of so many women's clubs in America — which has driven our population ever to divide, curse, argue, resort to violence and finally to Mr. Volstead's Act. For some time American Oxonians have been

coming up to "wet" Oxford from a supposedly "dry" country — from a country whose university authorities are instructed to frown upon the slightest indulgence in alcohol. Whether or not these Oxonians have indulged in illicit alcohol at their American universities is a matter which is to be decided by circumstance, their temperaments and conjecture, but, it is safe to say, that there are hardly any who arrive in Oxford teetotallers, or, at least, if they do arrive so it is seldom that they remain so. For while they are in England they discover that the social life of the country requires a moderate indulgence in liquor as well as tea, a condition that allows them to make one adjustment which is, in most cases, not overly difficult.

It is not to be supposed, however, that they immediately throw off all restraint and begin to drink to excess, any more than it is to be supposed that they disdain to drink. They do what any normal man would do "when in Rome." Of course there are Occasions! The college may "go to the head of the river" and win the Eight's Week rowing laurels; the college may take the Rugby football tournament; any number of things may happen which will cause an Oxford man to drink long and deeply. But these occasions don't come so often that they impair the health and morale of the undergraduate. Moreover, there are no rules against drinking, so one seldom gets very drunk in defiance or smartness.

But Oxford does have a set of traditional rules, which are habitually enforced by the officials of the University and its colleges. The Americans at first find these rules a little irksome, and then they accept them as calmly and philosophically as the English undergraduate, who is able to arrive at an observance of the Proctorial Rules which interferes neither too much with his personal comfort, nor with the intactness of the rules. These Proctorial Rules have arisen out of conditions which have been springing up at the University from its youth to its present antiquity. There were "town and gown" riots; there were various youthful escapades; and there are still youthful escapades, which, while not so various, occasionally cause another rule or two. Here is an ancient rule:

> Academic dress is worn.
> (a) in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, the Proctors, the Registrar or other officers of the University;
> (b) at University ceremonies;
> (c) in the Bodleian library, in the Examination Schools and at University Lectures;
> (d) out of college after 9 p.m.

This one is more modern:

> Undergraduates are forbidden (under severe penalties) to attend public subscription dances either in clubs or in hotels or dances not licensed by the Proctors and held in Public Rooms. This does not apply to the Balls and Dances in Commemoration week given by Colleges or University clubs, nor to other dances given by colleges.

There are other rules, such as the forbidding of undergraduates to go up in airplanes without Proctorial permission, or to own automobiles, all of which are enforced by those unique University police the Proctors and the Bulldogs, known always to the undergraduates as the "Progs"

and the "Bullers." There are two Proctors, a Junior and a Senior; both are appointed from the University "Dons." There are eight hired "Bulldogs" whose duty it is to assist the Proctors.

When a man is "Progged," as the slang goes, the "Buller" catches him at the offense, whatever it may be, and asks him very politely to come and see the Proctor. The Proctor, who is generally lurking near, for they must go out *every* night, after tipping his mortar board to the offending undergraduate, asks:

"Are you a member of this University?"

The "Progged" answers in the affirmative.

"Your name and college, please!" demands the Proctor.

And the unfortunate gives them.

THE next day he receives a formal summons to go before the Proctors, where he is fined, "gated" (made to stay in college after 9 p.m. for a period of time) or "sent down" (expelled) according to the seriousness of his offense. These rules, however, strict as they seem, need not bother the wise and discreet Oxford man, after he comes to know the degree of their flexibility, and the Americans soon become acquainted with that.

Nor need the college custom of "knocking in" at its gates, which are always closed about 9.15 p.m., annoy him. He knows that he must pay an increasing gate bill to get into college up to twelve o'clock. And at twelve he knows he must be in or face being sent down, if he hasn't a valid excuse or the Dean's permission to stay out. Sometimes the Americans consider this an interference with their liberty, but almost always they become used to it in time. There isn't anything to do in Oxford outside of college after midnight, anyway, although there are ways of bending the gate rule.

GRANTING that there are exceptions, it is eminently safe to say that the average American Oxonian is a normal fellow who always grows to love Oxford, if his love does grow slowly. He never becomes an Anglomaniac, but he always gets along with the English, whether he comes from Gopher Prairie, New Haven, or Dubuque — and he forms English friendships. By the end of his first year he has become nicely adjusted to English customs. All this holds true in the cases of both Rhodes scholars and ordinary Americans. And when the Rhodes scholar has tucked his tongue firmly in his cheek and begun to forget that committee back home, he becomes the likable and interesting young man that he is. So our American Oxonians, we find, meet and surmount their difficulties, despite the libel which has been printed against them.

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

FEBRUARY, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 2

OVER-EMPHASIS

The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is presumably interested in the advancement of teaching. This is an admirable concern, but it breaks out in curious fashion and in queer places. During the current winter it was manifested chiefly in a general state of alarm over the corrupt condition of collegiate football.

It took the Carnegie Foundation three years to make up its mind about football, so perhaps we have no right to express a less matured opinion. But with the spirit of investigation practically epidemic in America we could not well avoid it, and it has led us into strange byways and detours of our own. Asking the pardon of the Carnegie Foundation, we present our conclusions on over-emphasis in athletics. If the Foundation doesn't care for them, the members of that august body may as well face the fact that we didn't care much for theirs either.

Our first discoveries originated in a personal interview with "Reds" Google, star halfback of a good many institutions of learning during a brief but brilliant academic career.

"Over-emphasis?" said Mr. Google. "What's that? You mean professionalism and all that? Yeah?"

We insisted that we had not intended to imply anything unpleasant. But was it true that he had worked his way through college by means of a pair of number fourteen feet? What compensation, if any, had he received for his services to dear old Hacksaw University on the football field? Had he, in a word, been prostituting his art and selling his amateur standing for a mess of gate receipts?

Mr. Google didn't think so, but we had him worried. "I got a scholarship, all right," he admitted, "and a nice job waiting on tables which brought me in as much as thirty dollars a week. Easy money, too, with nothing to do but serve three meals a day to fifty or so cake-eaters, and take turns on the dishes. After I chucked that job I got another selling insurance, which is all right if you ain't too particular. And during my senior year I had the laundry concession on the campus. Yeah, I guess I was a professional all right. And then there's my sweater — I got that for nothing from the alumni or somebody. And somebody sent me a box of cigars after the Army game. I don't know who it was, but I suppose they were trying to buy me."

"You see how serious this is," we pointed out. "It means that you have been receiving remuneration, in cash and kind, without returning any adequate service for the same except for a few hours spent on the football field. And you played not for the love of the game nor the glory of old Hacksaw, but for pay. The Carnegie Foundation will get you, if you don't watch out."

"I see it all now," he said gloomily. "That

sweater — them cigars — and maybe the gold-plated cigarette lighter which the boys back home sent me. And there's been a feller around trying to get me to go into the bond business. I bet he didn't mean me any good, either."

We were sure he didn't. And we began to be very sorry for Mr. Google. We could see he was conscience-stricken, particularly for taking so much and giving so little.

"I ought to square myself," he said. "All them things, all that money! And me doing nothing for it all except practise every afternoon from lunch to sundown for a couple of months and play in seven games until I broke my leg. I wish I'd known it before. I wouldn't have let those mid-western teams walk up and down my face if I'd realized I was doing it for the money. I wouldn't have lost those three teeth, either, or split my favorite floating rib. It just shows what ignorance will do to a man."

So we left him to think of his sins, and went after more evidence. And found it, too.

We don't know whether the Carnegie Foundation is aware of it, but we have positive proof that a large proportion of the cricket, croquet and cribbage teams in our great American universities are boys whose entire education is being paid for by outsiders. These outsiders are in many cases not even alumni; they know nothing, or nearly nothing, of educational ideas and academic standards; they just pay the bills so that these young athletes can get into college and play on the teams which advertise their respective institutions. Nor are the boys held to a strict accounting of what is spent on them and in many cases their educational work is of very inferior quality. It isn't just a matter of tuition bills and bare necessities, such as might be provided by a scholarship fund. Some of these horrible examples of over-emphasis are provided with cars, radios, saxophones, coonskin coats and pocket money to support them all. They live high, wide and handsome, take a small share in sport, and graduate or fail to do so with no distinction whatever. And there are thousands of them.

If the Carnegie Foundation has any indignation left, we commend to its most careful attention all these misguided youngsters, these sad examples of the exploitation of youth, these shocking cases of over-emphasis, — in a word, these boys and young men whose fathers are working their way through college.

The final phase of over-emphasis discovered by our survey was revealed in the Navy-Dartmouth game which closed the Eastern season. You may recall that it was cold on that occasion. Radios everywhere froze up in trying to transmit the chilled emotions of the official announcers, and eighteen members of the press were carried away from the game before half time. The Navy goat froze so stiff that most of the whiskers on one side of him were broken off short when his team scored the first touchdown, and the referees and umpires in their airy plus-fours were a pitiful sight to see. By actual count there were forty thousand red noses in Pennsylvania's stadium that afternoon, and ours the reddest of them all.

It was a fine game, but also a shocking exhibition of over-emphasis. The turf of battle was of the approximate consistency of reinforced concrete, and on this unfriendly surface the players over-emphasized each other all afternoon. The play was punctuated by the cracking of skulls and the snapping of bones; the customary and comfortable thud of hard-boiled humanity into the bosom of mother Earth was replaced by sounds as of sledge-hammers on a pile of rocks. We wish the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching had been there to see, but we bet they weren't. They were probably sitting by a fire somewhere, over-emphasizing their next report on the decline of collegiate manners, morals and manhood and deploring the loss of the old virtues of disciplinary education.

O tempora! O mores! O fiddlesticks!

The Genteel Art of Nursing

Nurses are something which is liable to happen in the best regulated families, not to mention the others, and among the many and curious accidents of life their visitations are as likely as any to find man defenseless and unprepared. Not until he has survived several of them does he realize how fearfully and wonderfully they are made, and even then there is little that he can do about it. In tribute to their varied charm and indispensable ministrations, and as a word of warning to those who have yet to live and

bear with them, we present the products of prolonged personal observation, in a spirit scientific and in no sense critical. We approach the subject, indeed, with respect and apprehension. This also is the only correct way to approach a nurse if you value your health, and if you don't — well, if you don't, what business have you with a nurse anyway?

In general a nurse may be defined as a critically unstable compound of science and nature, put together with tape and safety pins and cemented everywhere with starch. She is trained like a doctor, registered like a racehorse or a Holstein cow, cool, clean and crisp as a full dress shirt, and salaried like a bank president. So if you can't be healthy, for goodness' sake be careful.

A nurse comes into the household in a variety of guises. She may be the handmaiden of proud motherhood or a ministering angel in the shadow of calamity. She may be a pinch hitter for the presiding genius of the home or an efficiency expert to restore its scattered peace and poise. She represents authority in emergency and first aid in all doubt and distress. She is the doctor's silent shadow in his presence and his substitute in his absence. Whatever she is, the domestic universe begins to revolve around her as soon as she takes off her hat.

Husbands shrink and shrivel to nothing in her presence and wives obey her whims and wishes who have never known obedience before. The gas stove does her homage and the furnace roars louder at her will. The family diet follows her least desire and friends and neighbors come and go at her bidding. The wash swells importantly at her presence and the cat learns to run more quickly and in new directions. The odor of antiseptics follows her around and every germ takes cover at her coming and thinks on its sins.

All this is in part the custom of civilized behavior in the presence of the ministry of healing, and in part the consequence of the extraordinary procedure whereby a nurse is manufactured. This also we have analyzed, presenting herewith our observations on the proper way to become a nurse, supposing that you can think of nothing better to do.

Presuming that you are of the right gender and denominator and have the requisite taste for iodine and operations, you may become a nurse with only trifling expense and exertion. First you should acquire a fair average education, together with blonde hair and a good natural color. No one is quite sure, of course, what an average education looks like, but it includes reading, writing, and the ability to count up to forty-two dollars a week. Add to this a little literature and history, which should be well shaken before taken; also algebra, amateur theatricals, æsthetics, hysterics, plain and fancy weight-lifting, and light housekeeping and cooking. You may now apply for admission to a school of nurses, presenting evidence of birth, age and fighting weight, a recommendation from your minister or Congressman, and signed certificate of vaccination in all available localities, whether rural or urban. If the school happens to be short of hired help, you are almost sure to be enrolled.

Your first year in nursing school will be devoted principally to scrubbing hospital floors and newly-arrived accident cases. You will also learn the rudiments of physiology — which can be very rude and rudimentary on occasion — and how to make a five-foot sheet cover a six-foot bed. As collateral studies you will learn how to identify bichloride of mercury and other *materia medica*, and how to fry a strictly fresh egg.

In your second year you will learn how to fry two eggs, whether fresh or not. From scrubbing floors you will be promoted to scrubbing the woodwork, and will be allowed to hand sponges and minor surgical impedimenta to the doctors, who will treat you — at least during business hours — with all the courtesy and personal consideration due to the rest of the hospital furniture. By observation and experience you will gradually acquire a great deal of inside information about the human race, which will leave you just as sweet and unspoiled as ever. In fact, if you spoil at all easily you had better give up nursing before you go into it at all.

In the third year you will be taught how to shake down a clinical thermometer without dislocating your wrist or putting your patient's eye out. Further you will discover how to shake down a pillow and mattress without losing your patient or your temper. Lastly you will learn how to shake down the patient or his surviving relatives, and your preliminary education will be practically complete.

If you have been industrious and ambitious your future is now assured, barring accidents from overdoses, mixed labels, or matrimony.

Your principal function from now on and forever will be to keep charts. Night and day, winter and summer, weekday and Sunday, alive or dead, the patient's chart must go on. A nurse is known by the chart she keeps, and unless the doctor has a chart to pucker his brows upon and make clucking noises about, he is sunk without trace and drags all his nurses down to ruin with him. Remember also the sacred privileges of your chosen profession. Yours are the first aid and the last rites. Your tender womanly hands bring cool comfort, warm sympathy and hot chicken broth to your patient. And remember also and at all times the inscrutable dignity of your profession, so that to your patient at least you always appear as a compendium of antiseptic authority bound in fresh starch. Treat him kindly, but keep your distance. Though how you are going to do so and also wash his face and teeth for him is a matter entirely beyond our present comprehension.

Where's Your Hat?

Among the unimportant phenomena of a curious world is the fact that we wear no hat. This is no mere collegiate gesture, for by no stretch of imagination or vocabulary could we be called collegiate nor do we show any of the more decisive symptoms of the collegiate complex. We wear no hat for reasons which seem to us sufficient and convincing. In the first place there is the crowning glory of our hair, which is of the thickness and texture of a thatch roof. Secondly we can never find our hat in emergency, and thirdly we have no hat. And finally, we don't care to wear a hat.

How simple this all sounds, when reduced to categorical statement! But is it, in fact, so simple as it seems? It is not. It appeared so, when last spring we suddenly resolved to be bothered no more with hats. It seemed a trivial thing to toss into an ashcan the faded and shapeless remnant of felt which remained of our winter headgear, and to omit to buy another. And on the whole we went through summer rather well, with some share of company in our hatless state and none to say us nay. Aside from occasional embarrassment in department stores, where young ladies would mistake us for clerk or floor-walker and ask to be directed to the most surprising places, we were scarcely molested. We just went hatless and were happy.

But winter came and spring was far behind, and about our hatless brow the storms began to beat and blow. And these were no matter of mere mundane weather. The weather doesn't care about our hat. There are few sorts of weather which can make us miss our hat, and even these we can easily avoid. Many years ago we learned to come in out of the rain, and the benevolence of modern civilization has provided trains and trolleys and subways and taxicabs and automobiles and umbrellas by which to do so. We need a hat no more in winter than in summer. But nobody will believe it.

Kind friends and perfect strangers insist that we should wear a hat. We ask them why, patiently and with a real desire to know. They answer that everybody wears a hat. Now in the first place this is palpably untrue, for we wear no hat as we stand there arguing about it; and secondly there seems to be no logic in the argument. The fact that so many people whom we thoroughly dislike wear a hat might be considered an excellent reason why we should do otherwise. Nor can it be proved to us that we should be beautified by a hat, and not even our best friends really think so. They want us to wear a hat because they are wearing a hat, and for no other reason under the arch of heaven.

But the importunities of these hat-ridden slaves to custom have led us to think far more seriously of hats than we ever intended or expected to. We have considered and contemplated them all — all the masculine monstrosities with which one half of humanity comes to a bad end. We refer, of course, only to civilized attire, appropriate to city or suburban wear. We make all needful exceptions in favor of fur caps for lumbermen, football helmets, tin hats for soldiers under fire, aviators' caps, pith helmets for the tropics, straws a yard wide for the farmer in the fields and caps for the icemen to keep their pencils in. We make allowance for the bald and for those who have been scalped by Indians. We leave leeway for uniforms, for fancy dress costumes, and for paper hats at Halloween parties. And what is there left?

There is the ordinary felt hat. It is very cunningly made, with a wickedly rolling brim and a twin hump in the middle of it so that it distantly resembles a dromedary. It fits where it touches and nowhere else, and its shape has no logical, rational, func-

tional or evolutionary relationship to the head whatever. One might as well wear a teapot or something in its image, and with only slight variations in the way in which one thing leads to another one would be doing that very thing.

An argument in favor of the felt hat is that if inverted it makes an excellent receptacle in which to carry beer. But for this purpose it is inferior to the bowler or derby hat, which is otherwise an even more preposterous performance. Though famed in song and story and a Presidential election, the derby is as reasonable a way in which to top off a well-dressed man as it would be to tie him in pink ribbon. The derby is undoubtedly as beautiful as a coal scuttle and equally appropriate for a headdress. It becomes sensible and in a manner useful only when one has an opportunity to kick it down the street.

So now we arrive at the old straw hat. Here, if anywhere in headwear, there may be historical justifications for a sorry jest. The straw hat of today may be a significant moment in a panorama of rolling centuries, from the time when the untutored savage adorned his person and combed his whiskers with brambles and spear grass to the modern day when civilized man goes lidded with the manufactured quintessence of a bale of straw. It may be that moments of wonder adorn its history. There was, for all we know, that inspired occasion when the colored hatband first leaped aboard the woven skimmer, when some feudal knight wrapped around it the rainbow of his lady's garter. There was the critical era when it could go no higher without being pyramided in the fashion of New York architecture, when some unknown benefactor guided it safely and sanely back to a pancake contour. There was the genius who lined it; the other who ventilated it; the third who gave it its leather inner sole.

But when all is said and done and granted, the straw hat is an affliction. Comfort cannot be woven into a halo of hard straw, and he who says that his old straw hat is comfortable is no more than a loyal liar. It is, perhaps, as comfortable as the Iron Maiden of the Middle Ages, who may have had her circle of admirers and enthusiasts, but such pleasure as may be drawn from it is an ascetic sort of joy. To wear it is, in fact, a mortification of the cranial flesh, and it leaves its mark on a man. If it fits him well and closely, as forsooth it never does, it clamps his brow and occiput and frontal and temporal bones in a gentle hand of iron; if it fits him loosely it oscillates across and around his cranial protuberances and raises corns and bunions. There may come an illusion of peace and fitness in the twilight of the straw hat season. But this does not mean that the hat now fits the head; it means only that the softer vessel has weakened, and the head now fits the hat.

These are our hats. There are others, as the stovepipe or high silk hat, worn at funerals, weddings or political parades and appropriate to none of them. There are caps, which may start out well but finish by making their wearer look like second cousin to a gunman. There may be still others, for all we know or care.

In our time we have worn all of them and cannot recall that they ever did us any good. Just now we wear none of them and have the world around us worried to death. We know very well that if we should rob a bank or open a bucket shop or become an interior decorator or go into the Methodist ministry it would cause very little stir and everybody would soon be used to it. But the world will not forgive our hatless condition. It will not even forget it, though we now recall it only when we pass unscathed by the check room at hotel or restaurant or theatre, while our friends and fellows are paying unwilling tribute to recover their clothing from a bobbed-hair bandit.

We converse and argue as usual with our friends and acquaintances. We greet them on the streets and walk and talk with them. But wherever we are going, whether in the flesh or in the pleasant pastures of the spirit, we come at last to the eternal and inevitable question mark. Our companions bear with us as long as they can, their curiosity checked by courtesy or kindliness or unwillingness to hurt us more than necessary. But it comes at last — the crisis of all conversation and the climax of all debate, the fool question par excellence, the protest of conformity against the rebel, the outcry of willing slavery to the mode, the pointless, profitless question, — "But where's your hat?"

The Long and Short of It

"My dear, I'm quite sure no generation of women was ever called upon to face problems

like we are. In a way, I suppose, it's the price we pay for our emancipation and equality with men and the Nineteenth Amendment and everything, but it does seem hard that when something really difficult comes up it has to be settled by the women. And the men can't help us, either. I've had it out with my Jimmie, and he's worse than useless. He's terrible.

"It isn't that I care one way or another about mere style. I've always said that a woman has a right to be independent, and in a way it's her duty to be independent for you know how dependent the men are, and if it wasn't for women standing up for what they know to be right the world would be in a bad way. But if the right people aren't going to wear them short any more, then you can see that anybody who does wear them short is going to be — well, sort of classified, and you know how a woman hates to be classified. I'd simply hate to be classified, and I won't be that way if I have to wear them down to my ankles. But on the other hand nobody wants to be extreme or conspicuous or anything, though I'm sure I don't know which is worse — to be conspicuous because you are wearing them short when some people are wearing them long, or to be conspicuous because you wear them long when there are still so many nice people wearing them short.

"It isn't that I don't think a long dress is becoming. It's awfully becoming to me, or I should think it would be, but then I do have nice knees and Jimmie doesn't mind much if I do. And it took me so long to get used to wearing knees again, what with my mother's people being Quakers and everything, and now just when I've sort of overcome my inhibitions I've got to start all over again and get some more. It's so confusing I could cry. And then it was really so nice to be able to kick out — not that I ever did kick out, my dear, but you know what I mean — and now these old skirts are going to be flapping around and we'll all be skirt-conscious again in no time.

"But aren't the men ridiculous! Jimmie tries to tell me that the women are just wearing them long again because somebody in Paris says so, as if any Frenchman could tell a free American woman what she should wear or shouldn't wear. It's a positively indecent idea. Jimmie doesn't understand that skirts and waist lines and figures and everything go up and down and in and out just like the stock market, and I've told him again and again that when he can tell me why his old stock market behaves the way it does I'll tell him why I can't wear a dress more than one winter. It's just like gravitation; you can talk about it, but you can't explain it.

"And then there's another thing. Some of the women — nice women, too — aren't loyal to the rest of us. I'm afraid the men are right when they say there's no solidarity among the women, no sex loyalty. Why, some of the smartest and cleverest people are saying they won't wear them long, no matter what the style is or anything. Just see how that mixes things up. If you could only be sure that people would think that you were just being clever and independent and interesting and everything when you went right on wearing them short — why, then, maybe I'd wear them short. But the trouble is that people are so uncharitable and suspicious. Most of the women I know would just think I didn't know any better or couldn't afford a new dress, even if I wore a price tag and a sales slip right on the hem so they could see I just bought it.

"So there you are. I have forty-six dresses now and they fit me beautifully and I look nice in them and Jimmie has been so generous I hate to bother him. But if I don't get a long one pretty soon everybody will think he lost all his money in the market this winter, and that I don't care whether I ever get a new dress this side of the grave. And between you and me, my dear, I think these fashion people have got us licked. The only way you can show you've got a new dress nowadays is to wear a tail on it. And if I can't show those cats in the Thursday club that I get a new dress when I want it, there's no sense in belonging to the Thursday club at all.

"But it certainly is hard. Women always did get the worst of it, and I suppose they always will. It may be the man who pays, but it's the woman who has to make up his mind what he's to pay for."

The S. & N. Alphabetical Education

No. 20. Entomology

Entomology, so far as we can find out, is the science devoted to the Hexapoda class of

the great phylum Arthropoda. This definition, as you will readily see, excludes centipedes and spiders from consideration, which is a great pity. We shall therefore assume the responsibility of stretching our subject to include these domestic pets, as well as bees, ants, seventeen-year locusts, Japanese beetles, fleas, ticks and possibly clams and oysters.

The study of entomology has been going on for two thousand years, and the insects themselves for even longer. Its fundamental purpose is to discover a method of keeping the green aphis off apple trees and ants out of picnic lunches, after which some attention will be given to cockroaches in bakeshop basements. Little progress has been made, though it was reported that the flies were not quite as bad as usual during the summer of 1929.

The purely scientific aspects of entomology are a matter of distinctions, social and otherwise, among the members of the insect world. A little earnest study will enable even an amateur to distinguish between a mosquito and a tarantula and to develop a certain sensibility to the differences between hornets and — for instance — butterflies. There are occasions on which these distinctions are of the utmost importance.

In a constructive sense, entomology is designed to make insects fascinating friends, if not inseparable companions of their older brethren in the evolutionary scheme. Even a little entomology will, for example, take most of the terror from the sight of a centipede in the kitchen sink, and convert a daddy-longlegs down your neck into an amusing experience. It works not quite so well with roaches and red ants, which are a little difficult to assimilate into the well-ordered household, though they may frequently be found there.

But for a wonderful experience in applied entomology, you should keep a bee. A bee is such a useful lesson in industry for the children, provided you can persuade them to overlook the fact that the products of the domestic bee's industry are invariably taken away from him without adequate compensation. If you love children, and nature, and buckwheat cakes with honey, you should by all means keep a bee.

The first thing is to get a bee. If you live in the country you can go into the great outdoors in the fall of the year and sit awhile under a pear tree. There will be pears lying around you with their sides stove in, and if you sit there quietly you will soon have a bee. Maybe you will have a wasp too, and perhaps a hornet, but don't allow these to divert you from your purpose. Stay where you are until you get a bee.

Now that you have a bee you will need a beehive. A beehive is an apartment house for the bee and his family. The bee is distinctly a family man, though there are some stories about the drones which we really cannot tell you until you are a little older, and he needs space, quiet and comfort in order to raise his brood. That is what the beehive is for.

To construct a beehive, take the family phonograph to the shop and remove the works. Bore holes through the doors, some large and some small for different sized bees, and attach a light board inside for a landing stage, where the bees may wipe their feet before entering their living room. The hollow interior should be divided into compartments so that each bee may enjoy a measure of privacy in laying its honey.

Set the beehive in a quiet spot in the garden, insert the bee, and walk softly away. Later you may return, and remove the honey by lifting the lid, closing it again at once so that the bee will lay more honey. Serve the honey for the family's breakfast, and you will find that everybody will be very pleased indeed.

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Holidaying in Denmark

DENMARK, the erstwhile "whispering gallery of Europe," whose castle walls have sheltered so many of the crowned heads of the Continent, no longer simmers with political intrigue, yet it possesses a fascination all its own — the subtle charm of an interesting country that wins the affections of all those who visit it. And the first thing that strikes us is that Hamlet must have been the only "melancholy" Dane there ever was. No one seems sad in this land of beechwood forests, lush green pastures hedged with wild roses, wooded parks stocked with trusting, wide-eyed deer, castle moats floating silvery swans, and thatched houses sheltering the nests of great ungainly storks. Besides, it is the homeland of real fairies where Hans Christian Andersen, that greatest of all believers in fairies, lived his love-lorn life.

Copenhagen attracts us by its naïve sophistication, somewhat reminiscent of stray bits of Paris, brisk little outdoor cafés, Wivels Terrace — a smart luncheon rendezvous — its broad boulevards, and the afternoon parade along the Langelinie Promenade which winds gracefully along the ancient fortifications and fronts the harbor. Ideal bathing during the summer in the Baltic, the North Sea, or the Sound; splendid automobile roads, excellent hotels, and rustic wayside inns all spell pleasure for the tourist and a genuinely satisfactory holiday.

Through Scotland's Heathered Hills

WHEN Mary, Queen of Scots, lowered her baby in a basket down the sheer rock walls of Edinburgh Castle so that he might be carried in haste to gray Stirling for safety's sake, this royal mite began a journey which ended only when he ascended the throne as King of Scotland and England. No longer were these two countries to be at each other's throats. A bond had sprung up between them. Today a railroad whose miles of steel unite these two great countries from one end to the other, seems somewhat to symbolize this union. London, Midland, and Scottish — what a host of heroes and romance these three words do evoke, for the land through which this railroad carries us has been the backdrop for a vastly entertaining section of the drama of human life.

From Thurso, whence Kitchener sailed on his last mysterious voyage, and from which point we may take boat for the Orkney and Shetland

Isles and drive out to John O'Groats, — the very northernmost tip of Scotland — clear down to Bournemouth on the southwesterly shore of England, this shining ribbon of steel winds with endless convolutions, making travel comfortable not only by its excellent service, but by its many splendid hotels. Through the wild highlands to Inverness it comes, where the Caledonian Canal pours into the sea and Culloden Moor stretches its misty heather, down, down, to Perth, that centre from which so many lines diverge that it is puzzling to know by which we really want to travel most. But when Gleneagles is so obligingly near-by, we waste no time but dash down there to explore for ourselves the three golf courses, two of which, the Queen's Course and the King's Course, are world famous, and to indulge in a bit of care-free recreation and sport while we make the luxurious Gleneagles Hotel our home.

Over the Trossachs from here, to the Trossachs which have haunted us ever since schooldays when we read *The Lady of the Lake*. Yes, they are all there, just as Scott described them — Loch Katrine with Ellen's Isle and Loch Lomond shimmering under the sheets of rain and blowing mists, so Scotch and so alluring. To motor through the Trossachs is ideal, if you care to tarry on the way, for how else will you be able to stop on the heathered hills to watch the sheep and when you see a lone shepherd ask him to pipe for you while he tramps majestically back and forth, his dog at his heels?

Past Stirling Castle with its Scottish ghosts and over the plains at Bannockburn to Scott's "mine own romantic town" — beloved Edinburgh. To the Castle, John Knox's house on High Street and Holyrood, the scene of the love and tragedy of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of the brave gaiety of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and we hie us down to Abbotsford where Sir Walter Scott sat in his deep green leather chair and wove romance for the world. Shortly before his death, he remarked, "I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted." Regretfully we pass through his garden, blue and gold with larkspur and gorse, and turn up the steep hill to the road. It is a place in which to dally.

Lingering by the English Lakes

SOUTH we go over the English border near Gretna Green, bold as the old-time cattle thieves, and into Keswick, that key to the English lakes which spread themselves over the be-

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guiling countryside like a lacey shawl of silver and sapphire. Even their names are a soft enchantment — Windemere, Grassmere, Esthwaite, Wastwater, Rydalwater, Derwentwater and Conniston — natural magnets for the poets and lovers of nature who found solace in their loveliness and all the loveliness they mirrored. Here Wordsworth lived and meditated in "Dove Cottage," and Southey, Coleridge, Mrs. Hemans, DeQuincey and Ruskin stayed at various times; and these associations awake uncanny memories which weave over this land of lakes and larks a spell peculiarly its own. It is a superb country through which to tramp; hotel accommodations are plentiful and, in spite of being thoroughly up-to-date, they succeed in retaining a certain rustic atmosphere which is seldom very prevalent in districts so widely travelled as the English Lakes.

Shakespeare's Country

Now for a jump into the very centre of England, to Shakespeare's own land, better known and more conscientiously haunted by travellers, perhaps, than any other part of England, save only London herself. It was a popular playground, so the chroniclers say, long before the Norman Conquest, and continues to woo the world to its doorstep — or, to be more accurate, perchance we should say to the doorstep of Will Shakespeare's own gabled and betimbered house. Stratford-on-Avon is always a cherished recollection, indelibly impressed on memory if you are so fortunate as to have witnessed one of the Master's plays given in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre by its incomparable company of actors. It seems as if we must never have heard English before in all our lives, and the glamour of it remains with us for days afterward, the essence of romance.

Following along to the south through Sulgrave and the Washington country, through Cheltenham, Bristol and Bath with its ever present reminders of Beau Nash and his gallant times, straight down to Bournemouth spins the silver thread of the London, Midland and Scottish. Of course it is bound to end at London, though it also manages very clever trips through Ireland and Wales which we hope some day to take.

Enchanting Switzerland

February finds Switzerland glittering with snow that has the peculiar faculty of never getting grimy or mussed. Each branch of evergreen, each bit of carving on the warm brown chalets claim its own dazzling drop of fluffy icing until, from the highest mountain to the lowliest valley the land seems a picturesque wed-

ding cake. Winter sports are at their height; St. Moritz sees the International Ice Hockey matches at its Ice Stadium, Engelberg this year holds the Swiss Ski Championships, Davos has its Ski Derby, Ski Races, and its famous Bob Races. Venetian night fêtes on the ice rinks, masked balls, tailing parties, ski gymkhana, ice carnivals and shooting matches vie with each other for the attention of the fashionable sports world. Fresh crisp winds whip the color to our cheeks, sleighbells and laughter echo through the still violet distances, and skaters glide over the smooth ice of the rinks to the strains of eerie music.

But later as some green begins to show in the valleys and the dainty chamois pick their way gingerly down to the lower slopes for pasture, he who would see Switzerland thoroughly and at his own sweet will should make the acquaintance of those useful and economical "Unlimited Travel Tickets" issued by the Swiss Federal Railroads, which save much time and trouble by being available right in New York.

Nassau's Sunny Sands

DIRECTLY after the Revolution, American Loyalists began going down to Nassau in the palm-fringed Bahamas, and Americans have been going there ever since, using these charming islands as stepping-stones to one royal adventure after the other. Blockade-running by the Confederates was exciting sport in the 'Sixties, and before that marauding Spaniards and any number of death-dealing pirates provided the colony with excitement, though really Columbus was responsible for it all by extolling way back in his day the spring-like verdure and soft breezes of these islands.

Plunge into the translucent blue ocean from any of Nassau's soft white sandy beaches, and history fades clean out of the picture in the delicious thrill of the present. Exceptional opportunities for cruising in small yachts among the outlying islands, fishing for all manner of wily fish, golfing on a perfect seaside course, living at any of the well managed hotels which have obligingly sprung up wherever they might be wanted, and topping off with some baked turtle, the national dish, allows plenty of leeway for a pleasing variety of tastes and explains the exceeding popularity of these islands with Americans as among their favorite winter resorts.

To spring from the languorous spell of Nassau into the vigorous atmosphere of the Bavarian Mountains is a long jump. But a certain dramatic event lures us on — the Passion Play at Oberammergau. A period of ten years usually elapses between performances of this holy drama but it

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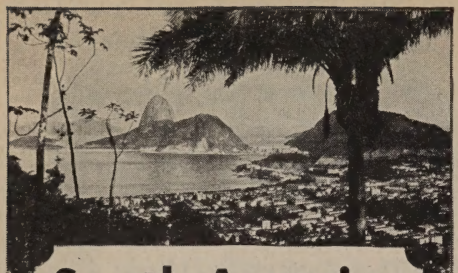

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has been decided to hold it this summer, just eight years after its last performance.

With each repetition of this age-old custom, it gains impetus and popularity, and when it is announced that the drama is to be given, all roads lead to the little Bavarian village nestling confidingly at the foot of the Ammer Mountains. This year thirty-three main performances of the Oberammergau Passion Play are scheduled, the first performance being planned for May 11, the last for September 28. It has been bruited abroad that the Passion Play season would be extended this year because of the extraordinary interest it awakens, but it is authoritatively announced by the German Tourist Information Office in New York that an extension of the play period can not be considered Besides the main performances, so-called repetition performances are sometimes arranged, as was the case during the last Passion Play season. For these, however, reservations can not be made as these performances are decided upon only a few days in advance and are mainly for the accommodation of the local population.

These gay festivities naturally spread themselves over the countryside, and this year a great outpouring of music will be heard at Munich where Mengelberg will come in May with his famous orchestra, Toscanini will conduct the New York Philharmonic, and Feutwängler will direct the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra In July Reinhardt will present his staging of Johann Strauss's *Fledermaus*. Another music festival whose motto is "From Bach to Beethoven" will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the "Augustine Confession" at Augsburg, in the Golden Hall of the beautiful old Rathaus, and in adjoining rooms a "Reformation Exhibition" with autograph letters, books, pictures and seals dating from the Reformation will be arranged commencing on June 15. So that, all in all, the Bavarian Highlands will be humming with activity and offering their well-known hospitality to the many visitors who will be seeking its joys this summer.

The Northern Games, which take place in Stockholm every four years, will be held in 1930 during the week of February 8 to 16. This is the outstanding sports event in northern Europe this winter.

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Traveller's Guide

MEDITERRANEAN

S.S. *Calgaric*, James Boring's Travel Service, Feb. 15, personally conducted.
S.S. *Rotterdam*, Holland America Line, Feb. 6, ninth cruise.
S.S. *Laurentic*, White Star Line, Feb. 27.
S.S. *Mauretania*, Cunard Line, Feb. 20.
S.S. *Conte Grande*, Lloyd Sabaudo Line, Feb. 8.
S.S. *France*, French Line, Feb. 12.
S.S. *Empress of Scotland*, Canadian Pacific Line, Feb. 3.
S.S. *Empress of France*, Canadian Pacific Line, Feb. 13.

WEST INDIES

S.S. *Kungsholm*, Swedish American Line, Feb. 1.
S.S. *Reliance*, Hamburg American Line, Feb. 22.
S.S. *Caledonia*, Cunard Line, Feb. 15.
S.S. *Duchess of Bedford*, Canadian Pacific Line, Feb. 11.
S.S. *Statendam*, Raymond-Whitcomb, Feb. 25.
S.S. *Araguaya*, Royal Mail Steam Packet, Feb. 6 and 22.
M. V. *Vulcania*, Cosulich Line, Feb. 14.

HAVANA, NASSAU, BERMUDA

S.S. *Lapland*, Red Star Line, Feb. 8 and 22.
Munson Line to Nassau, Weekly Service, Fridays.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN

Swedish American Line, direct route to Sweden, 8 days.
Norwegian American Line, Norway, 8½ days.

SOUTH AMERICA

Munson Line, fortnightly, Saturdays.
Grace Line, fortnightly, Thursdays.
Pacific Steam Navigation Co., every four weeks.
Furness Prince Line, fortnightly.

LAND CRUISES

Raymond-Whitcomb, to Mexico, Feb. 6 and 20.
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The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

Cautious Attitudes

Business entered 1930 with three questions uppermost. They were: How long will the present recession last? Will business get worse before it is better? Will the stock market break badly again?

The closing days of 1929 were field days for the statisticians, investigating the duration and extent of "secondary reactions" in securities and plotting the probable course of indices of business activity. A willingness to consult the precedent of the past is more evident than for two years. Many who seemed confident six months ago that the United States had burst from old fetters into a New Era are now trying to judge from the records if, when and how severely fresh liquidation will sweep stock prices down again. Doubtless there are thousands who hope or expect to purchase stocks before they really start upward again, but who are not yet ready to act for fear the bottom was not reached either during the unprecedentedly severe declines of early November or the subsequent "secondary" breaks during December.

To justify this attitude of caution there are, of course, many sound reasons. Any business man of the elder school will say that a stock inflation and a credit expansion which was five years in the building cannot be liquidated in a few weeks or months. Even though the percentage of decline in the stock averages from the highs of 1929 to its lows was as great as usually occurs in bear markets lasting perhaps a year and a half, they will stick to this opinion. And they can point to supporting statistics, such as those of the loans upon securities of the reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve System. By the end of the year these loans were about one and a half billion dollars less than they were at their peak at the end of October, but they were very little below their total at the beginning of October, and in interpreting the figures it must be remembered that the peak was an emergency creation; it represented the great increase in the loans of the New York banks when, to prevent the crash from being worse than it was, they were suddenly compelled to replace funds withdrawn from the stock market by private lenders. Since that time the member banks had been able to liquidate these emergency loans, but they had not been able greatly to reduce security loans otherwise from the total before the market began to break.

This is undoubtedly a significant state of affairs. In addition it may be noted that total security loans of these banks at the end of the year were about half a billion dollars larger than a year previous, although stock price averages were lower, and that the ratio of loans to deposits was still far above both a year ago and "normal" according to the precedent of past years. It is hoped and believed that during the early months of this year these loans, and the loan ratio, will be reduced further; until they are cut down fear that panicky liquidation may break out again will operate against the complete restoration of confidence.

Downward Trend

When all is said, however, the fact that the trend of these loans is downward is a cause for satisfaction, and the 50 per cent reduction in brokers' loans in New York that has occurred is even more encouraging. The need of headlong, unrestrained liquidation is past. The first disorder has been overcome, and gradual reduction of loans ought not to have effect upon stock prices other than to keep them down to levels which generally will be considered cheap and by reasonable standards, not by those which prevailed until last fall. At prices approximating those of the middle of November stocks ought to find support.

In addition to this fear of secondary liquidation which undoubtedly is the chief deterrent to business confidence, it is probable that apprehension, heightened by uncertainty and ignorance of facts, is affecting many. The market collapse has left an aftermath of grapevine rumor which is very disturbing to those who have neither the facilities nor the desire to dig up the facts. Thus a story has repeatedly come back to the writer that many New York brokerage houses — usually it is a definite number, as thirty — are in imminent danger of failure as a result of losses caused by the break, and that forced liquidation from them is constantly to be feared. The most careful check fails to establish any verification for this story other than that which common sense must tell everyone is true, that many individual fortunes have been destroyed and many heavy losses sustained. It does not overstate the facts in the

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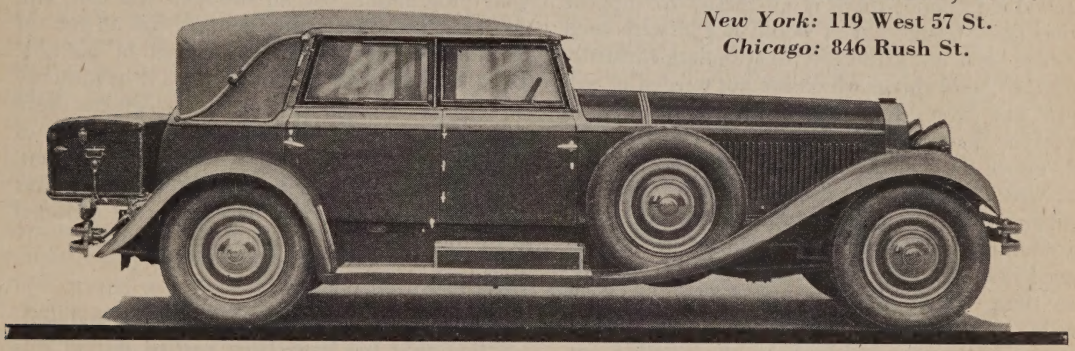

least to say that in no responsible quarter of Wall Street is the slightest fear felt of an important or scandalous failure. The situation is entirely in hand.

So with many of the less affecting rumors that are passed around. From the end of October trade journals and independent surveys have assured us that the total volume of retail sales was well maintained, while the grapevine telegraph has generally asserted the opposite — a contrariness which is a commentary on the human disposition to look for the worst. Christmas trade cannot be summed up at this writing, but November business, according to the actual figures of sales compiled by the Federal Reserve Board, was larger than in the same month of 1928. And while the more expensive stores apparently suffered a little during December, many which deal in less luxurious goods have done the largest business in their history.

Mr. Ernest Elmo Calkins, a well-known New York advertising agent, made it his business to run down three rumors that he heard. One was that Atlantic liners were sailing without passengers; the fact is that travel is fully up to the seasonal normal, and that southbound ships are jammed. The second was that cancellations of orders for high-priced cars were arriving in batches; the fact is that cancellations of the largest producer in that field have been only 2 per cent of sales, a quite reasonable figure. The third was that a prominent New York store had discharged 2,000 employes; the fact is that the store is employing 100 more this Christmas than last year.

Moderate Recession

OF COURSE in presenting this view of the situation it is not intended to deny that the business of the country is in a moderate recession, that production in many industries has declined, that wholesale trade is generally dull and that some of the commodity markets are depressed. The facts are available to all; business has been declining since September, and it is not likely to be as good in 1930 as it was in 1929. But the recession was a cause rather than an effect of the stock market decline, and it probably would have appeared and run its course irrespective of the stock market. Curtailment of production in the lines where it was necessary was resorted to with sufficient promptness to suggest that the corrective process will be completed during the first quarter of 1930, and that after a slow start the year will make a satisfactory record after all. Some think recovery will begin in the early spring, others not until midsummer. That the low point will be reached during the first quarter is agreed.

The Stabilization Programme

MISAPPREHENSION as to the nature, purpose and accomplishments of the conferences of business leaders called by President Hoover after the stock market break is evident in much of the comment upon them. They are belittled because the programmes of expenditure presented are declared to be only those which the corporations intended to carry out anyway, with a few exceptions. That is true. To use that fact as a basis of criticism reveals a complete misunderstanding of the plan. The thought behind the conference is not to persuade executives to spend money which their own judgment tells them is wasteful and uneconomic; there is no reason to suppose that good business men would fall in with such a plan. It is not artificially to stimulate construction, to build things which are not needed or will not soon be needed. It is rather the obverse, to prevent the artificial curtailment of construction, to insure that all those things which are needed, or which soon will be needed, are built. In employment and wages it is the same. Automobile manufacturers are not expected under present conditions to keep on producing cars to add to those which already glut the market; it is asked only that by doing all those things which ought to be done they keep the number employed as large as is consistent with sound business policy, and that they do not set in motion a vicious circle of deflation by cutting wages.

The key to the undertaking may be found by reference to the chief tenet of the New Era philosophy, which is that stabilization can be and is being achieved. It is the thought of Mr. Hoover — of his oft-described "engineering" mind — that the substitution of all possible coöperation and control, founded on sound information, for unrestrained competition can achieve a considerable measure of stabilization. The present application of that idea is to interrupt the vicious circle of deflation at its beginning. The downward course of a business cycle usually includes curtailment of production, unemployment, lower wages, stagnation of enterprise. The effect is to limit buying power at a time when the real need is an enlarged market, resulting in a further curtailment of production, unemployment, etc. Obviously, if production can be reduced as necessary, when a surplus of goods is piled up, without bringing all the other evils in its train, the duration and extent of the downward trend will be limited. The purpose of the conferences is, through the powers of publicity and coöperation, to keep up employment, wages and enterprise. It emphasizes particularly the idea that plant and public construction should be undertaken in dull times rather than good times, thus mitigating the severity of the swing in the upward as well as the downward direction.

Take a hypothetical case of a corporation which, by reason of large profits or new capital raised at a low cost via the stock market, is in a strong cash position and has a definite programme of capital expenditure on plant or equipment. Twenty years ago it is likely that the directors of that corporation would have postponed the expenditures, laid off men and cut wages when confronted by such a situation as now exists; the thought of conserving assets would have been uppermost. Now, say the conferences, go on with your programme, use all the men you can, and don't cut your wage rates, and we will all get out of our difficulty with a minimum of distress. The plan is not *per se* inflationary; it would only become so if ordinary business judgment were ignored in the expenditures and if an inflation of credit should be carried out to finance them. Corporations are now financially so strong that no such inflation should necessarily be included in the plan.

Stabilization Steps

THIS is the first step of its kind toward stabilization that has ever been carried out in this country. It is interesting to conjecture whether under reversed circumstances a similar programme to check production and capital expenditure in time to prevent accumulation of surplus stocks and inflation of any kind could be carried through. Probably not. Russia has her State-controlled industrial programme designed to adjust output to needs and prevent either booms or depressions, but she elects to enforce her programme by a method which the American ideal rejects in favor of voluntary action, which on other grounds is held more desirable than State planning. Hence we shall continue to rely on individual and trade association judgment to restrain booms, and muster our full forces only to mitigate depressions.

The outlook for 1930 is that allowing for seasonal fluctuations a rising trend in business will set in some time during the first quarter or early in the second and that with improvement thereafter the year will make a fairly good showing. On January 1 the automobile, rubber and textile industries had experienced two months of curtailment; the steel industry had been on a low level almost as long, and building had been under 1928 figures throughout the year. All of these industries will start off 1930 cautiously, but it should not be long until accumulated demand permits them to increase their output. As the last

quarter was the dullest of 1929 so the first is likely to be of 1930. If industrial production should be 10 per cent less for the whole year, which is probably the most pessimistic prediction necessary, corporation profits will be smaller. Nevertheless modern students of the subject believe that the stock market is less a barometer of business than a thermometer, and security prices likely will follow the course of industry, closing the year at prices substantially above the recent lows.

Money Markets

THE course of the money markets may be interesting. A general expectation of easier money early in the year exists. This is based on the stock liquidation which already has eased rates so greatly, and upon the usual seasonal decline after the holidays. Thereafter many competent judges expect rates to advance again, though not to the high levels of 1929. This expectation is based on the belief that business demands for funds will increase, that foreign countries will return to this capital market to borrow, and that as long as credit is even moderately cheap there will be buyers of stocks to make use of any unabsorbed surplus. The last belief is a sort of sedimentary residue of the late speculation, — the truth that is left in the New Era philosophy after its sifting. For although extreme assumptions as to the value, both actual and relative, of common stocks may be dropped out of consideration for a long time, they will persist in modified form, and a steady demand for good stocks at prices once considered dear in relation to earnings and to bond prices is likely when confidence in business once more becomes reasonably general.

One factor of importance in the monetary outlook is the increasing export of gold from the United States. Exceeding $100,000,000 between November 1 and January 1, this movement is essentially a belated transfer of foreign loans floated in this country months or perhaps years ago. While our money rates were so high some of the proceeds of these loans were left on deposit in this country; in the process of international transfers more of them became the property of France than any other country. After our money rates declined to a level at which the deposits no longer earned much more in this country than they could abroad the repatriation of this foreign capital, which had already begun on a small scale, was rapidly accelerated. This export movement is a return to other countries of gold which Reserve officials have often said we hold in trust for them. Nevertheless it will not stay abroad indefinitely,

(*Continued on second page following*)

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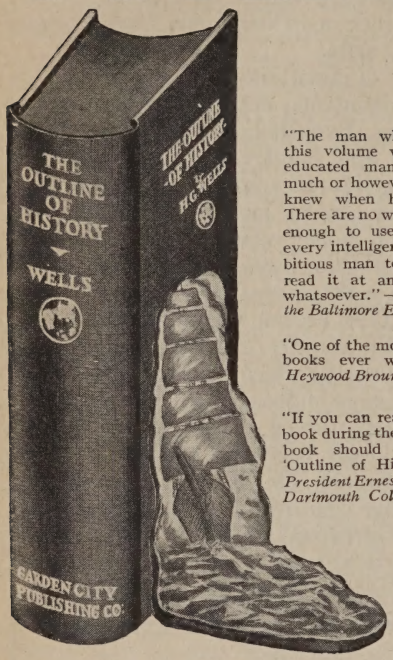

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FRANCESCO FAUSTO NITTI (*Prisoners of Mussolini*) is the nephew of one of Italy's former premiers.

ROSE C. FELD (*A Rebel from Broadway*) is a New Yorker who has been on *The New York Times* Sunday staff for many years.

WALTER HAVIGHURST (*Homing*) worked on steam and sailing vessels in the Pacific, after graduating from Denver University.

KARL REILAND (*We Cry Unity!*) occupies the famous pulpit of St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, New York.

MRS. SETH M. MILLIKEN (*This Débutante "Business"*), a Smith College graduate, is a New Yorker by residence.

ELY CULBERTSON (*Civilization at the Bridge Table*) was born in Russia where his father was an American mining engineer.

GEORGE B. CUTTEN, D.D. (*The Protestant Confessional*) has been president of Colgate University since 1922.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON (*Our Harassed Children*) has long been popularly recognized for her understanding of children.

ESTELLE MENDELSOHN (*The Lady Boss*) is an Australian who came to the United States nine years ago.

HAROLD C. STUART, M.D. (*Wanted — the Personal Physician*) is interested in the preventive aspects of medicine

THOMAS BOYD (*Love in the Wilderness*) claims Ohio as his native State, where he was born thirty-two years ago.

DAVID M. FIGART (*Lost — $550,000,000*) is a New York business man who is interested in the rubber industry.

PAUL WILLARD GARRETT (*The Jazz Age in Finance*) is financial editor of *The New York Evening Post.*

JOSEPH STANLEY PENNELL (*Our Own Oxonians*) has worked on *The Denver Post*, and written feature stories for other papers.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

for after foreign deposits in this country are withdrawn trade balances will have to be settled directly from abroad, and the transactions can scarcely fail to bring to us, the creditor, large imports of gold from time to time. Meanwhile the effect on our money markets will probably be negligible. The Federal Reserve Banks can easily offset moderate gold exports through open market purchases of bills or securities which will build up member bank reserves to replace the gold, and so maintain the lending power. Almost certainly such will be the policy of the Reserve System. With business on the decline, and the administration and all leaders committed to encourage it, the Reserve officials could scarcely do otherwise.

The Future

TAKEN as a whole the future is rather hopeful for the buyers of both bonds and stocks. Money rates probably will not be as high as in 1929 for a long time to come; hence bonds purchased at prices which still reflect the repercussions of those money rates should show profits in the not-distant future. And upon a basis of a 6 to 7 per cent dividend, earned one and one-half times to twice over, by a sound corporation, stocks are at last in line with realities. Purchasers can buy the New Era without paying a price that more than discounts it. Granted good selection and diversification, the buyer of stocks can ask for nothing more; upon that basis he is investing, not speculating.

Among those whose faith in common stocks was shaken but not entirely destroyed by the market collapse, and those who fear the business recession may be prolonged and severe, a quest is evident for so-called "depression proof" stocks. Among these the foods group is ranked high, on the theory that though the great American consumer will stop buying fur coats and pianos he will not stop eating. In equal favor are the chain five and ten cent stores, which seem to go along comfortably in good business and bad. During 1920 and 1921, years of depression, these chains showed steadily increasing earnings as compared with 1919 and the years since have been very prosperous for them. The tobaccos are another group included in the "depression proof" class, for cigarette consumption jumps ahead each year without much reference to business conditions, and the cigarette long since displaced other forms of tobacco as the leading item in the companies' earnings. Most of the public utilities, particularly those serving thickly settled residence communities, fall into the group, and so do many miscellaneous stocks whose business for one reason or another seems impervious to the ups and downs of the business cycle.

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North American Review

March

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James W. Wadsworth, Jr.

Business and 1930
Lewis H. Haney

A Woman on the Jury
Imogen B. Oakley

The Great God Gab . . . . . P. W. Wilson
The Smile of Buddha. A short story . . . . . H. M. K. Smith
How Misery Breeds Crime . . . . . Joseph Jastrow
Back to Bonds . . . . . Paul Willard Garrett
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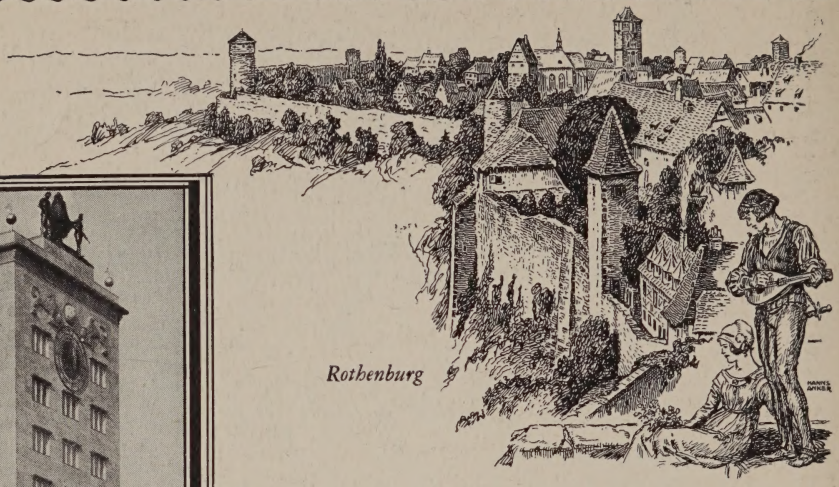

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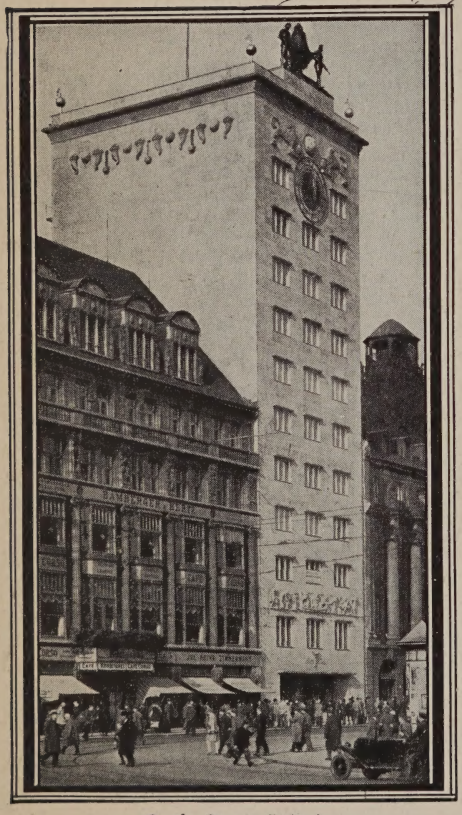

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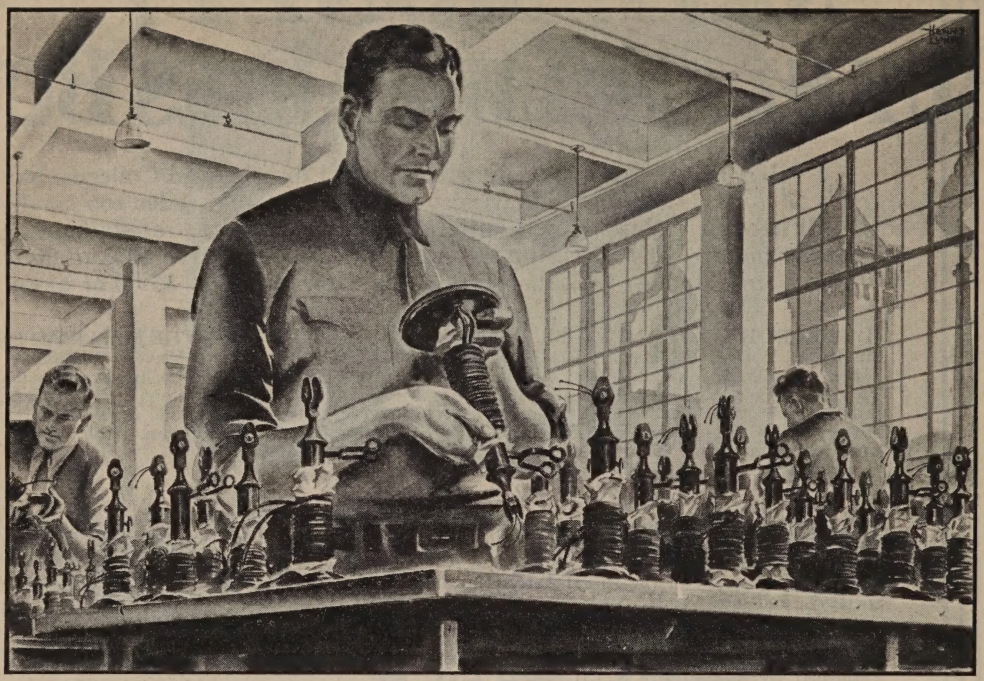

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ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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By Way of Introduction (Rear Advertising Section)

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The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

The virtue of us lies in our hope about life, our touching belief that there are simply no limits to the individual American's chances to have a good time with his fifty or sixty years of living. His will builds itself around this One Idea that there is a chance. Under the stimulus of a fresh, untried continent, he has shaped his new faith. — From the Preface to *My People* by Arthur Gleason.

The scene [contemporary America] is at once ludicrous, arresting, inspiring, and always genuinely stimulating. . . . There is just a chance that America might whirl itself into the most breath-taking civilization which history has yet to record. . . . But to date the chief exhibit is activity. Manners, due mainly to speed and congestion, are growing steadily worse. . . . Current American civilization, as a total phenomenon, hardly deserves more than the credit of being hectically alive. Which is better after all than being beautifully dead, but still a long march from Attica. — From *Prosperity: Fact or Myth* by Stuart Chase.

Always when the Landscaper is about to set forth for foreign lands, he begins to speculate about his own country, and to try to puzzle something out of what is going on in these United States, and more especially, in New York. At one end of the journey just about to begin lies Spain, where the contrast with the life of this country is on the whole stronger than in any other nation of the Occidental world. To be leaving a country where everything is in unceasing state of flux — witness the extraordinary recent phenomenon of the creation of an entire class of "new poor" by the crash in the stock market — and to be going to a country where the pattern of life has long been fixed, where crystallization has done its work in society and in the economic conditions of the population, where religion has gone on unchanged for hundreds of years, is inevitably to speculate about such matters of human happiness.

The two quotations at the top of this department are from two recent books that will richly repay reading. Mr. Gleason's collection of essays about America (Morrow, $2.50) are optimistically intelligent; their author still has faith in the belief that this is a free country, where any man may hold up his head, and where there are no barriers, social or otherwise, except those set by native deficiencies or the unwillingness to work out one's own destiny. Mr. Stuart Chase, who is one of the Landscaper's favorite authors, does not, as one may readily see, quite agree with Mr. Gleason. He admits that we are doing a great deal of running about in this country, but is not at all certain we are getting anywhere with it.

But Are We Prosperous?

His volume is published in the Paper Books series, and it is a very valuable analysis of the economic condition of the country, written, it should be added, before the autumn disaster in Wall Street. Mr. Chase did not believe that we were in quite so prosperous a condition at that time as many people thought, nor is he sure that we can claim to be really prosperous as a nation until we manage to cure many of the ills that have followed upon the rapid changes in our industrial organization for the past decade or more. He does not believe, for example, that we should boast too loudly of a system that sets an age limit in industry and business at 45 or even 40 years; the extreme plight of the middle-aged man or woman in our present system is one of the gravest problems we have. He thinks, as the quotation referred to will show, that we may evolve a civilization of some importance, but his optimism does not go much beyond that point.

What the Landscaper wonders about more and more as he grows older is whether in the main people are happier in a civilization such as ours which gives the strong every opportunity, but so often at the expense of the weak, which gears life up to a point where none but the fittest can be free enough of economic anxieties to be happy, or whether an older civilization which does away automatically with most of these stresses and strains is not really to be preferred. The question is academic, to be sure; we can not change our civilization any more than Spain can hers. Spain is trying to change in our direction; we, of course,

AMBROSE BIERCE

That master of style, that "Superman of Letters," as many high authorities call him — the only author about whom five books of biography were published last year — had this important work in preparation throughout his long career in literature, taking notes on the misuse of words by eminent writers only, and ignoring the diction of those meriting no place in Letters. "Narrow etymons of the mere scholar and loose locutions of the ignorant are alike denied a standing." Happily, he brought this volume to completion, as the culmination of his literary activities — his last word — and entitled it

Write It Right

All of. "He gave all of his property." The words are contradictory: an entire thing cannot be of itself. Omit the preposition.

Alleged. "The alleged murderer." One can allege a murder, but not a murderer; a crime, but not a criminal. A man that is merely suspected of crime would not, in any case, be an alleged criminal, for an allegation is a definite and positive statement. In their tiresome addiction to this use of alleged, the newspapers, though having mainly in mind the danger of libel suits, can urge in further justification the lack of any other single word that exactly expresses their meaning; but the fact that a mud-puddle supplies the shortest route is not a compelling reason for walking through it. One can go around.

But. By many writers this word (in the sense of except) is regarded as a preposition, to be followed by the objective case: "All went but him." It is not a preposition and may take either the nominative or objective case, to agree with the subject or the object of the verb. All went but he. The natives killed all but him.

Fail. "He failed to note the hour." That implies that he tried to note it, but did not succeed. Failure carries always the sense of endeavor; when there has been no endeavor there is no failure. A falling stone cannot fail to strike you, for it does not try; but a marksman firing at you may fail to hit you; and I hope he always will.

Got Married for *Married.* If this is correct, we should say, also, "got dead" for died; one expression is as good as the other.

Juncture. Juncture means a joining, a junction; its use to signify a time, however critical a time, is absurd. "At this juncture the woman screamed." In reading that account of it we scream too.

Lengthy. Usually said in disparagement of some wearisome discourse. It is no better than breadthy, or thicknessy.

Literally for *Figuratively.* "The stream was literally alive with fish." "His eloquence literally swept the audience from its feet." It is bad enough to exaggerate, but to affirm the truth of the exaggeration is intolerable.

Self-confessed. "A self-confessed assassin." Self is superfluous: one's sins cannot be confessed by another.

Shades for *Shade.* "Shades of Noah! how it rained!" "O shades of Cæsar!" A shade is a departed soul, as conceived by the ancients; one to each mortal part is the proper allowance.

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Primarily intended for authors, editors, proofreaders, lawyers, clergymen, educators, students, "Write It Right" is being purchased by many thousands of others who are mindful of the supreme importance of correct diction. One reveals his ignorance when he misspells a word; he reveals greater ignorance when he misuses it. Many in charge of large enterprises, aware that in good writing precision is the point of capital concern, that the misuse of a single word may impair one's entire argument and endanger important negotiations, are ordering this volume in quantities of several hundred at a time—for use by their secretarial staffs and representatives generally. There is no substitute for this book; there is none like it. All revel in its irresistible wit.

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are not even mildly interested in hers, except in highly isolated instances.

We Must Have Money

ALWAYS after such a crash as recently shook the stock market, we have a wave of suicides and mental breakdowns, and nothing could be a plainer index to the importance that the mere possession of money plays with us. The Landscaper is a long way from agreeing that we are the money-grubbers our European friends so often picture us, but it is a fact that in our existing scheme, a business man, who may be young, in good health, intelligent and quite capable of being of service to himself and to society will feel after the loss of money that everything is ended; many such took their own lives after the recent break. An older country, where poverty is as familiar a companion as death, is more philosophical about such matters; the question of "keeping up with the Joneses" is settled at birth, and if there are clothes enough to cover one's body and food to fill the stomach, what else matters?

Some observation here and there has brought the Landscaper to the rather reluctant conclusion that there is less real happiness in the midst of our most marvelous mechanical civilization than there is in much more primitive countries, which comes back to the statement we have so often heard that the Machine has run far ahead of its Inventor; that the race is by no means as yet adjusted to the wonderful paraphernalia it has provided for itself. We shall see. Before the Landscaper returns to New York, for which there is a sudden warm rush of feeling at every leave-taking, he promises to take a few observations in Puerto de Pollensa, which is on the Bay of Pollensa, Island of Majorca, a smugglers' village completely anarchic in every respect, and not unlike Paradise, from all reports. Once and only once, according to a delicious tale in Douglas Goldring's *Places and People*, the solitary policeman of the community tried to make an arrest, but Pedro, the offender, was too busy to go to prison, and there the matter ended.

Beauty for the Seeing

BETWEEN now and then, there will be some weeks in London, renewing old acquaintances, and feeling the quiet beauty of a city that for all its surface ugliness can offer unexpected breath-taking moments. So can New York, which, incidentally, is at its best late Saturday afternoons and Sundays, when it is possible to pause a moment on a sidewalk for a look heavenward without being trampled upon. Mr. Chase says our skyscrapers are wonderful if we could only see them, and he has spoken Gospel, but even if we can not often see them, they have a way, when the eye is ever so slightly uplifted, of appearing suddenly and startlingly; as, for instance, a day or two ago when the Landscaper, walking down Madison Avenue, saw against a clear blue sky, with one dash of rose for the sunset, two towers, both lighted, one near at hand, and the other far down the island. . . .

Just how much these random reflections have to do with books may be somewhat of a question, although those who read the Gleason and Chase volumes will find, perhaps, that they are not altogether without application. Anyway, the Landscaper refuses to be confined altogether to landscapes of the literary variety; books have their moments, but so has the world outside. No stronger impression remains from anything read during 1929 for example, than one view in Spain; the sun was setting in a clear, sharp sky behind Toledo, which was seen from the terrace of an ancient hillside villa of the sort known locally as *cigarrales*, two miles outside the city, and the city looked exactly as it did when El Greco last saw it. Overhead, there was a roaring, and a great silver plane flashed into view, carrying the mail and passengers from Madrid to Seville. . . . The contrast was simply incredible, and long afterward, one gazed at the darkening towers and wondered if the whole scene had not been imagined.

And More War Books

TO COME more directly back to the matter in hand, the most interesting feature of the current situation is the large number of war books that has already appeared, and the even larger number that is announced for the rest of the year. After the deluge of 1929, which included a great many books that were not at all successful in finding readers, there might have been some justification for a change in style. But it is obvious that a great many writers of established reputations have turned their attention to the subject within the past two or three years, and it may be that their books will do enough toward influencing public taste to give the other volumes by less well-known authors at least a chance. The new year had no more than started before two war books were launched, both by Englishmen of reputation and one a sort of novel — most war-novels, so called, are not novels at all — the other an autobiography.

The reference is to H. M. Tomlinson's *All Our Yesterdays* (Harper, $2.50), and Robert Graves's *Good-Bye to All That* (Cape and Smith, $3). Mr. Tomlinson's American publishers, taking their cue from what some of the English critics have said of the book, are calling *All Our Yesterdays* a

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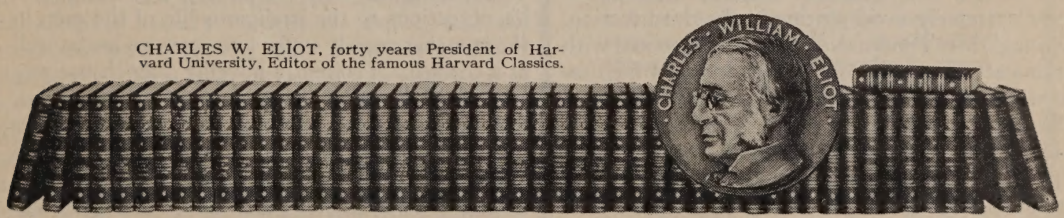

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"Great English Novel of War and Peace," which strikes this reviewer as somewhat extravagant, just as this reviewer feels that some of the English critics have over-praised Mr. Tomlinson's book. This English critics sometimes do, in spite of the somewhat general belief in this country that American critics are the only ones who use superlatives. Mr. Tomlinson has written a thesis-novel, in which he seems to say that the industrial system was responsible for the World War. So astute a critic as Mrs. Isabel Paterson, who is not infrequently uncomfortably clear-headed about such matters, has pointed out that there were wars, and very unpleasant ones long before steam engines were ever dreamed of. But the vitiation of the thesis upon which *All Our Yesterdays* is based, should not really detract from the readers' pleasure in a beautifully written book, in which the style is a source of constant delight, and in which the spirit is so essentially English as to make the volume a fascinating revelation of national character.

A Different War Novel

MR. TOMLINSON'S book differs very emphatically from so many of the recent books about the War in that he tries hard to get at the roots of the difficulty, putting back the beginning of the story to the time of the Boer War, and giving only a relatively brief space to description of the actual fighting. It is therefore much less obviously exciting than *All Quiet on the Western Front;* it demands a good deal more coöperation on the part of the reader. It is divided into three sections, the first of which deals with the period of the South African difficulty, the second of which describes a Conradian jungle episode, with symbolic bearing upon the main story, and the third of which is directly concerned with the events immediately preceding the War, such as the Irish Revolution, and with the War itself. There is some extremely vivid writing in the third section, although Mr. Tomlinson is far less concerned with dramatic effects than he is with his own meditations upon the stupidity of the whole business. The book is held together by certain characters who appear in all three sections, although it has no "plot" in the old-fashioned sense of the word. It merely moves forward with Time itself.

This is Mr. Tomlinson's second novel, *Gallions Reach* having been his first. The Landscaper is not sure that either demonstrates anything startling in the way of fictional ability; certainly, for all his intelligence, sensitivity, and beauty of language he is hardly a first-rate practitioner of the novelist's art. All this is, however, a good deal less important just now than the fact that *All Our Yesterdays* is one of the best of the books dealing with the War and furthermore, a book that should be read by all who care for style that follows in the best tradition.

A Poet's Autobiography

ROBERT GRAVES' *Good-Bye to All That* created a sensation the moment it appeared in England, largely attributable to its author's frankness in discussing living and dead heroes and others. The book is another picture of the War and of the war-period, this time by a distinguished poet; it has some of the elements of horror that are to be found in all books which try to tell the truth about war. Its author reflects upon all manner of things in its pages, and at the end declares that whatever he has thought or done belongs to a past life; that he "died" in the War and is now living a second life. He attains a fine objectivity in his autobiography and this is particularly true of the part of the book that deals directly with the War. He is not too shocked or horrified to try to paint true pictures and dig up underlying human motives, and this gives especial value to what he has to say. There is not in this country, of course, the same intense personal interest in Mr. Graves's narrative that exists in England, but the book will find its readers, and it deserves many.

Another recent war book, of which its publishers think quite well is *Retreat: A Novel of 1918* by C. R. Benstead (Century, $2.50), which is the story of an English parson who went out to take his place as chaplain in the front lines, and who was frightened into a state bordering on insanity by what he saw and heard. Eventually he got out of the mess and a monument was erected to him in the church he once served, explaining that he had died in the service of his country. There is an abundance of irony in this situation, but a scared preacher is not a very easy person to write a book about. As a central figure he is bound to lack interest; his fear is not at all a pretty thing, and his objections to the irreligious life of the men in the trenches merely make him seem an ass as well as a coward. Of course, a novelist may choose any sort of character he pleases to write a book about, but he must not complain if the public is less interested in the reactions of one sort of person than in the reactions of another. The writing in *Retreat* is of itself not particularly distinguished.

More Yet to Come

THERE are several other war books of importance announced for the spring season, and some more on the horizon for the autumn. It must not be thought that in bringing out so many of these books at the present time, other publishers are merely trying to duplicate the good fortune of the publishers of *All Quiet on the*

Western Front; the secret of the publication of so many war books just now lies in the attention that has been paid by writers to the War during the past two or three years. How much longer this interest on the part of writers, publishers and public will continue remains to be seen. There is a good chance that really worth while books, whether about the World War or *How to Grow Sunflowers in Hothouses* will continue to find a market.

Two recent American novels are of especial interest because they are concerned with the contemporary scene. One of these is W. R. Burnet's *Iron Man* (Lincoln Mac Veagh-The Dial Press, $2.50), a choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Mr. Burnet's first novel, *Little Cæsar*, having been chosen by The Literary Guild; the other, Katherine Brush's *Young Man of Manhattan* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2). Mr. Burnet's first story was about gangsters, and his present one is about an honest prize-fighter named Coke, who had a Delilah for wife. Coke liked to fight, wherein he differed from most modern prize-fighters, who are more interested in finance. Mr. Burnet has written pretty closely to formula in this novel, and one may cast some doubt upon its literary importance without even suggesting that it is not first-rate entertainment, but excellent reading-matter for those who do not demand too much from their authors. Mr. Burnet very evidently knows his stuff; the dialogue has the ring of authenticity, and the whole book is full of the quality of genuine honesty on the part of the man who wrote it.

A Little Slicky Perhaps

Miss Brush's story of newspaper life in New York is also interesting as a picture of the times, but it has none of the sincerity of Mr. Burnet's yarn. *Young Man of Manhattan* appeared as a serial in *The Saturday Evening Post;* it has all the nice, slick technique that belongs to that Philadelphia literary institution, and it has a wrenched happy ending that is pretty nearly inexcusable. Miss Brush's young newspaperman becomes a successful novelist, which sometimes happens to drunken and brilliant youngsters in journalism, but hardly often enough to be considered typical. Aside from these objections, Miss Brush's novel is readable and entertaining; it has in it the elements of a popular success, which it is probably having by this time. Miss Brush has done some really good short stories, and here's one reviewer who wishes she would do as well some time with the novel.

The next instalment of the Landscape, barring shipwreck or other acts of God, will be written from somewhere in the vicinity of Piccadilly. . . .

(*Continued in rear advertising section*)

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The North American Review

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The Death Toll of Enforcement

BY JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR.
Former United States Senator from New York

A partial survey of the lengthening list of fatalities that are darkening the cause of Prohibition

You have probably never heard of Sylvester Strickland. He was an ordinary Southern darkey, who was walking along a highway near Vivian, Louisiana, one night in April, 1924, when three strangers popped out of a hiding place to waylay him. Perhaps he was scared speechless; at any rate, he took to his heels without waiting to argue. He ran until a shot was fired that brought him down, dead. His pursuers then discovered that they had killed a harmless neighborhood character, instead of the rum runner they had been waiting for. Sylvester was duly buried, and the strangers went back to their work. They were not footpads, but Federal Prohibition agents, who had made a mistake.

I have picked the paragraph labelled "Strickland, Sylvester," out of the mortality records of the Federal Prohibition Bureau almost at random. If you care to go through those records, you will find a lot of other cases in which Prohibition agents of the United States Government have killed innocent persons.

You will also find killings done in error by agents who fired at automobile tires; by agents whose wild shots hit vital spots; by agents who tripped in discharging guns. A number of the tragedies, as reported, are those in which enforcement officers acted, presumably in self-defense, as when a prisoner resisted arrest, or fired on them, or made a motion that indicated he was about

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to draw a weapon. But there is also a liberal sprinkling of killings, even as officially recorded, in which the victim, whether guilty or only suspected, was shot when running away.

Naturally, the cases are widely diversified. Nor is the Federal record complete. More than two hundred and sixty deaths were reported in the Government's latest accounting. Senator Tydings, of Maryland, recently cited fifty-one Federal killings, which were not included in that official record as made public, and estimated the total number of deaths due to Prohibition enforcement at eight hundred. This estimate, of course, included non-Federal cases. But it developed later that the Senator made an inaccurate computation, in which he erred on the side of conservatism. A thorough canvass of the country by the Hearst newspapers has now shown that Prohibition enforcement deaths, Federal, State, local and so on, number more than 1,300.

THE slaughter, which has been going on for ten years and has shown no signs of abatement, has not caused Prohibition zealots to modify a fixed idea that America must be made bone-dry at any cost. On the contrary, they have tried to sweep back the rising tide of opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment by putting new teeth into enforcement legislation. They have argued that the Prohibition experiment should have as long a trial as was given to the old liquor licensing system. As liquor licensing dates back hundreds of years, — some four centuries in England, for example, — there is not much comfort in that proposition for those of us who deplore the carnival of crime, violence and corruption to which Volsteadism has given rise.

WHEN a hundred million people are being subjected to a prolonged social experiment, regardless of whether they like it or not, they are likely to ask questions. What has this ten-year campaign of the teetotalers accomplished? Can Prohibition, which has been discarded as a failure by every other nation in the world which has tried it, with the exception of Finland, be made a success in the United States? Can our Dry laws ever be enforced without wholesale violence and bloodshed? These questions, to be sure, are open to controversial answers, but they have one common denominator, law enforcement. We know how that work has been carried on, and we know that violations are piling up, as evidenced by the policy of putting new teeth into the law from time to time.

In connection with the whole enforcement problem, there comes to my mind a fundamental truth, as defined succinctly a few years ago by a Government Commission of the Irish Free State. This Commission, which had made a long and painstaking investigation into the liquor question in Ireland and elsewhere, stated in its report:

> We desire emphatically to point out that temperance legislation has succeeded in the past only so far as the willingness of the community involved has permitted it to succeed. The essential functions of the law are to preserve order, maintain justice and protect the community. It is not the function of the law to make people good. Whenever it tries to do so without general public support it fails.

What Prohibition in America needs most is general public support. I doubt the national Dry law will ever have that prop to lean on. But whether I am right or wrong in my opinion, the fact remains that killings by Dry agents have alienated popular sympathy and in many cases actually aroused bitter hostility. Let us consider only a few of the flagrant examples.

Mrs. Lillian DeKing was telephoning from her home in Aurora, Ill., to an attorney, in an effort to end an altercation between her husband and a party of Dry raiders over service of a search warrant. Suddenly, a policeman who had approached DeKing from behind, knocked him senseless with the butt of a shotgun. She jumped up from her chair, to run to the fallen man; the gun went off, and she was killed. This killing of an innocent woman occurred in the presence of her little son.

Henry Virkula, a confectioner, was driving home in an automobile, near Little Falls, Minn., one night last June, with his wife beside him and their two children asleep on the back seat. There was a sudden order from the roadside to halt, followed by the discharge of a shotgun, before he could stop the car. Virkula, mortally wounded, collapsed at the wheel. No liquor was found in the car. The Dry agent was quoted afterward as having explained that he had shot at the tires.

Jacob Hanson, a secretary of an Elk's lodge at Niagara Falls, N. Y., was killed in similar circumstances, except that he had mistaken his challengers for highwaymen and "stepped on the gas."

Charles P. Gundlacht, who lived near Leonardstown, Md., refused to permit Dry agents to enter his home. After he had warned them off, they continued to advance, and he fired, wounding one of them. They killed him while his distracted wife was looking on. These raiders, according to later evidence, had no search warrant. The man they slew summarily was not a criminal, but an aged farmer, who had stood up for the ancient principle, once inalienable, that a man's home is his castle.

Down in Oklahoma, Oscar Lowery and James Harris, World War veterans and brothers-in-law, were on the porch of their farmhouse near Tecumseh, with Mrs. Harris and the Harris children. They were discussing a picnic set for that afternoon. A stranger entered the yard and kicked over a chicken coop. He went on to a feed crib, where he poked about. While Harris was getting a shotgun, to drive the supposed drunk off the place, the stranger fired on him. Harris fired back, wounding his assailant in the face. Amid the ensuing turmoil, other armed men appeared, and both Harris and Lowery ran from them. Lowery was unarmed. Mrs. Harris, running ahead of the pursuers, called on her men to surrender, that the strangers were Dry raiders. Presumably, her brother and her husband took that advice; it was testified in subsequent legal proceedings that Harris and Lowery were shot dead while holding up their hands in token of surrender and pleading that their lives be spared.

Even children are on the Prohibition death roll. Among them are Mildred Lee, eleven years old, who

was killed on going out with her father, a reputed rum runner, for a pleasure trip in his speedboat on the Detroit River; Sheridan Bradshaw, aged eight, who was riding with his father in an automobile at Las Vegas, N. M.; Clarence Bailey, an Alabama schoolboy, who was running away with a jug of whiskey; John Danley, who was fleeing from a raid on a moonshine still in Virginia.

SUCH shocking tragedies as these — and they make up only a fraction of the number of cases in which lives have been taken — turn the spotlight of publicity on dark chapters of Prohibition enforcement. Newspaper readers who have not noticed the death of some friendless or lowly person like Sylvester Strickland, discover that the killing of Mrs. DeKing grew out of a search warrant issued on the false affidavit of a snooper who had been hired a few weeks after his wife had divorced him on a charge of habitual intoxication; they find that Gundlacht, whom raiders saw fit to kill, was a man seventy-seven years old; they observe that the shooting down of two war veterans on July 4, 1929, occurred when their fellow-citizens were celebrating Independence Day.

There is a distressing abundance of evidence of that kind. And America is overridden by a multiplicity of Dry units, independent of one another — Federal, State, county, city and town officers, as well as unofficial volunteers and hired snoopers — who manage to keep popular indignation up to concert pitch. Such a killing as that of Mrs. DeKing, or little Mildred Lee, has unfavorable repercussions even among the ranks of the faithful in small communities, inasmuch as it serves to dispel their local illusions, based on very limited observation, that conditions are getting better and better day by day. The great experiment suffers a setback throughout the country; regardless of whether Prohibition is worth the price in violence and bloodshed, a law which lacks general public support can not be made popular with a shotgun.

TO THE inquiring public, which is being experimented on, Prohibition spokesmen from time to time give explanations to show that killings and other outrages are necessary or unavoidable incidents of a crusade with a great moral purpose. Their stock argument, that the law must be enforced because it is the law, is not enough, in my opinion, to win support for a sumptuary statute. It does not explain away, for instance, the fact that the Eighteenth Amendment, father to the Volstead Act, is the only clause in the United States Constitution which has incited general disorder, corruption and gunplay. It does not answer the interminable argument about personal liberty. It does not encompass the fact that if we are to have general respect for a law, we should first see to it that that law appeals to reason as a regulation which the public requires or demands.

There is an emphatic conflict of opinion as to the need or the demand for a National Prohibition law. We classify the disputants roughly as Wets and Drys. But there is another large body of citizens who are not in either category — people who are

apathetic or in doubt, and who are consequently open to conviction. For that reason, chiefly, I believe that, while Prohibition killings may be condemned on the one hand and condoned on the other, their effect, by and large, will be to undermine the bone-dry law, so long as we are unable to make people think alike by Act of Congress.

THE free use of firearms by Federal dry agents has directed public attention to a peculiar situation in our courts, where shooters have been tried for homicide or murder. It has been a common practice of the United States Attorney-General's office to intervene in such cases and have them removed to Federal tribunals. That procedure is authorized in a statute enacted nearly a hundred years ago, which was designed to protect officers of the United States Government against local prejudice arising out of acts performed by them in their official capacity. The law was extended by the Volstead Act so as to cover Federal Prohibition officers. Consequently, local prosecutors have as a rule been obliged to contend with both counsel for the defense and Federal attorneys, who have had the legal machinery at Washington behind them.

The factual record of some of these trials speaks for itself. For the killing of Jacob Hanson, which I have described, two Coast Guardsmen were indicted by a Niagara County (N. Y.) Grand Jury for second degree assault, and later for second degree manslaughter. After a date for their trial in a State court had been set, the United States Attorney of the district caused a Federal Judge to transfer the trial to a Federal court in Elmira. Thus, witnesses who would otherwise have been able to testify in Buffalo, near the scene of the shooting, had to travel to a city 150 miles from there. In Elmira, one of the defendants was discharged for want of evidence, and a jury disagreed, standing nine to three for conviction of his companion. A new trial was set, this time for Rochester, seventy miles from the scene of the killing, where the defendant was acquitted. For the killing of the boy John Danley, two agents were indicted, charged with murder. After a Federal court had intervened, the case was *nolle prossed*, a year and a half after the killing occurred. Three Coast Guardsmen were indicted by a county Grand Jury at Miami, Fla., for the murder of Ermon H. Jones, a suspected rum runner. On a writ of *habeas corpus*, their cases were taken to a Federal court, where they were acquitted.

AS A sidelight on these examples, let us consider the court procedure that followed the killing of Lowery and Harris. A volunteer member of the Federal raiding party was convicted in a State court at Chandler, Okla., of first degree manslaughter. He was sentenced to fifty years' imprisonment. As he was not a Government officer, there was no intervention in his case. The Federal agent who had taken him on the raid was indicted similarly; but, according to the latest account at hand, he was to be tried in a Federal court, if at all.

The Federal officials involved in these cases are doing their duty; the

courts are administering even-handed justice; there is no impropriety in the method of procedure. Yet, the layman finds that a Government Prohibition agent, indicted for a killing, enjoys a sort of immunity from ordinary processes of law under which other killers are found innocent or guilty. He finds that the machinery of local courts, to which he himself looks for wise and impartial administration of the law, must bow to a superior tribunal, when it comes to a prosecution for a homicide committed in the name of Prohibition. He finds that obstacles have been interposed in behalf of the defendant which have too often made it impossible, or inordinately difficult, to obtain a conviction. He wonders, perhaps, why a volunteer agent in the Lowery-Harris atrocity has already been sentenced to fifty years in prison, while the trial of a Federal agent, indicted in the same case, is still hanging fire.

OUTRAGES committed by gun-toting Dry agents, Federal or non-Federal, have become so notorious that the disarming of enforcement officers has been advocated, even by some of the sincere Prohibitionists. In my opinion, that step is hardly practicable. It must be remembered that the field administration of the dry law often involves desperate hazards. Commissioner Doran's latest accounting, which is only the Prohibition Bureau's mortality record, lists the killing of fifty-six agents. Many of those fatalities have been the work of violators who take life without compunction, firing from ambush or, on being cornered, shooting their way out. An even more dangerous lot of criminals, because they are well-financed and well-organized, is to be found in centres of population where gangs of racketeers have found a gold mine in the bootleg and moonshine traffic. While the scores of murders committed by these men in gang wars, or in depredations incidental to their trade, are not listed as Prohibition killings, they are nevertheless attributable to our social experiment. In my opinion, it would be not only futile but absurd to expect an unarmed agent to cope with such desperadoes.

IN SHORT, I believe that unarmed agents would be utterly unable to cope with the critical situation which now exists, and that armed agents are gradually alienating that public support, without which the National Prohibition law can not succeed. Those are the two horns of the enforcement dilemma — be damned if you do, and be damned if you don't.

We shall undoubtedly find a key to the problem if we weigh it in the light of what the Free State Commission has called "the willingness of the community involved." The Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed, or substantially amended, so that each State could make its own liquor regulations in accordance with diversified local conditions. That course would give us a sound liquor system backed by a preponderant public opinion and operating for the advancement of genuine temperance.

Prisoners of Mussolini

Part II

By Francesco Fausto Nitti

In his first article, Signor Nitti told of his unexplained arrest by the Fascist authorities. As the article closed, he was in the hold of an Italian vessel en route to a penal island

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the prisoners in the hold could tell from the stir above that they would soon be ashore. A little later, the ship's engines stopped, and, still in our chains, we were herded on deck.

Lampedusa lay before us — a rock, arid and desolate, with the area of a few square miles and inhabited by a miserable four hundred fishers of sponges and *tonni*. There is not a tree on the island, hardly a patch of vegetation, not a piece of cultivated earth; instead there are dry bushes, goat paths, red rocks, and stones — stones — stones. Even in the inhabited quarter, a collection of about one hundred dirty huts ranged along narrow streets, the foot encounters at every step stones of all dimensions scattered through the mud.

This was the village to which I had been sentenced for five years of exile among convicts serving life sentences. On our arrival, three hundred of these unhappy creatures were on Lampedusa, living the lives of beasts. Allotted to large rooms, deprived of all cleanliness, light and air, dressed in sordid uniforms of black and yellow stripes, these men with whom we political *deportés* were compelled to divide our existence both aroused our compassion and, at the same time, our loathing. They were of all ages, from all parts of Italy, and guilty of all crimes. The greater part had been there for many years. Nearly all were alcoholics.

The Government allows these convicts four lire (about twenty cents) a day, out of which to manage an existence. On a rock like Lampedusa, without possibility of employment, these men simply exist. They lie on the ground in the narrow village streets under the heat of an African sun, awaiting the hour to retire into their dormitories, in which they are locked every evening at sunset. It is needless to add that the Government's allowance is expended for drink. They prefer the strong

Sicilian wine, sold in various dirty holes in the village, to food. Despite the vigilance of their guards, many of the convicts are armed with knives. In their crimes and quarrels inspired by alcohol, they kill one another. During my stay on the island, I saw men killed, slashed to death and bathed in blood.

WE POLITICAL prisoners were placed in a long, low room not far from the quarters of the convicts. We were locked in at five in the evening, and taken out at seven in the morning. Each of us had a small cot mounted on wooden legs and covered with a sack of straw. The air inside the room was insufficient. The only water we had for all purposes was contained in a clay jug. For fourteen hours, from evening until morning, we lay in this vile atmosphere.

There were one hundred and twenty political prisoners crowded like animals into that single room. In the mornings, we were allowed to walk about the streets of the village, but not to leave its limits. The Government allowed each of us ten lire (about fifty cents) a day out of which to buy our food. This was the only distinction made between us and ordinary convicts. We were guarded by about one hundred Fascist militia, commanded by three Fascist officers, by an equal number of Carabinieri, and by numerous policemen. A Commissioner was in charge of the entire colony.

The lieutenant of the Fascist militia, who became ruler of the island, enjoyed himself by persecuting us. We were arrested without reason, cursed and maltreated. This lieutenant, a vicious type, hated the political *deportés* under his guard. He frequently declared that he would like to kill us all, that we were scum by reason of being anti-Fascists, and that few of us would leave the island alive. The members of the Italian Parliament among the prisoners frequently suffered from his fury.

The brothers Ticconi, two youthful *deportés* from Rome, were maltreated without reason until their blood flowed. Our friends, Morgesi, a decorated war veteran, Scalarini, a newspaper cartoonist, and many others were among the victims of the Lieutenant. The letters from our loved ones passed through the hands of the Fascist officers, who censored and frequently destroyed them. There were neither books nor papers allowed to us. We were not permitted even to exercise sufficiently, and there were no rules of hygiene that were respected.

I WAS frequently threatened by the Lieutenant, who regarded me with an especial bitterness because I bore the name of my uncle, political leader and former Premier of Italy. Often he gave me plainly to understand that at the first opportunity he would make me feel the whip which he always carried and which many of my companions already had felt.

The surveillance was so strict that we had no chance to communicate with our friends on the mainland; but a new and violent episode drove us to search avidly for some outlet. Pietro Rossi, a Roman youth, was stabbed by the Lieutenant. The young man's only sin was that he sang some songs in the Roman dialect, which the officer interpreted as anti-Fascist despite the fact that they had

no political content whatever. For several days, without receiving any attention for the wound in his chest, Rossi was held in the Lampedusa jail with twenty companions whose offense was that they had listened to his songs.

REALIZING that we were headed for genuine trouble, many of us felt that the time had come for us to rouse ourselves. It would be better to fall at once beneath the blows of our guards than to witness daily these outrageous persecutions. A few of us conferred together and devised a means for informing those on the mainland what was happening to us. From the mainland, the news spread abroad, and the foreign press published stories revealing the character of our existence. The Government at Rome became fearful, and sought to correct conditions. An inspector was sent urgently to Lampedusa. After listening to our vigorous protests, he relieved the Lieutenant, who returned to his native town in Sicily.

Then, in due course, Lampedusa was cleared of political prisoners. We were distributed among the islands of Favignana, Pantelleria, Ustica, and Lipari. I was assigned to Lipari, and was sent there in chains on March 15, 1927. All these islands are off the south coast of Italy between Sicily and Sardinia. They already were filled with political *deportés* from all parts of the nation. There were renewed the persecutions to which we seemed doomed. On each island, life sunk to the depths of misery. There was no possibility of occupation. There were no decent habitations. Always there was the dangerous and humiliating mingling with the common convicts.

In Ustica, when the colony of *deportés* was founded in November, 1926, there were about sixty political prisoners among about eight hundred convicts and one hundred and fifty Arabs, who had been taken from Cyrenaica, in Africa, because they were suspected of relations with rebel Arab tribes. Among the Arabs were many important persons in the African colony, including Deputies in the colonial legislature, chiefs of tribes, and other conspicuous citizens.

USTICA is a rock of volcanic origin about forty miles off Palermo, in Sicily. Its area is about two square miles. Its complete lack of water makes impossible the growth of vegetation. There is not a tree on the island. As in the other islands, the area in which the prisoners were allowed to live was limited to the village. There are about eight hundred inhabitants, mostly fishermen. There is simply nothing to do. The brutalized convicts supplied the police and the Fascist militia with plenty of provocative agents to stir the political prisoners.

The number of political prisoners on Ustica increased steadily. They came from all parts of Italy and from all political groups. There were among them Slavs and Germans from the territory acquired by the war, such as Sdrebnich, a member of Parliament, who was transferred from Lampedusa, and Professor Riedler, of Bolzano. Among the members of Parliament serving their exile on Ustica were Damen, Molinelli, Conca, Romita, and Maffi.

Another member of Parliament was Misuri, once a Fascist, who passed to the Opposition after the assassination of Matteotti.

The life of the prisoners on Ustica became even more difficult with the coming of another Fascist Lieutenant, a terror, apparently chosen for the precise purpose of making their existence more insufferable. This officer had a most exaggerated idea of himself and the duties allotted to him. He assumed the attitude of a small despot, free to dispose as he willed of the lives of his subjects. He even seized offenders on the ground that they had murmured against him personally. Like our former tyrant on Lampedusa, he thought his superiors too kind-hearted. He boasted that since 1919 he had served as a member of the widely known Fascist *squadre d'azione* in setting fires, sacking homes and offices, and beating the enemies of Fascism.

Friends transferred from Ustica to Lipari brought us these miserable tidings of life on that other island of unhappiness.

I WAS on Lipari from March, 1927, to July, 1929, or more than two years. My recollections of that time of hardship and of misery are only too clear. The island contains about 12,000 inhabitants, of whom approximately 5,000 live in the village of Lipari and the remainder in the surrounding country. For many years, Lipari was the island to which were deported ordinary prisoners, who left behind them unhappy memories of violence and crime. Today, it contains the largest island colony of political prisoners, about 500 being crowded into the most inadequate space.

The *deportés* are not allowed to leave the centre of the village. We were permitted to walk along only two of the wider streets which were picketed by detachments of Fascist militia. A number of narrow, dirty side streets completed the area in which we could move about. We could leave our houses after seven o'clock in the morning, and were required to return before seven in the evening during the winter and before nine during the summer.

THE *deportés* were housed in the large rooms of the mediæval castle which from the height of a rock dominates the surrounding sea. Some of us were able to obtain permission to live in private houses in the village, where we paid very high rents. Living was most expensive, as the tradesmen were bound to profit from the "foreigner" who had come against his will to live on the island.

Most of the natives were fishermen, small shopkeepers, or peasants, all of a very meagre culture. In general, they treated the political *deportés* with great respect, but were fearful of us, in the knowledge that the police might arrest anybody who came near one of the prisoners.

Every morning at eight o'clock, there was a general roll call of the prisoners, followed by a distribution of the governmental subsidy of ten lire per head. The subsidy was not enough even to satisfy the appetite for food. A small number of the *deportés* received help from their families, and so were able to live not too miserably. Those who had

their wives and children with them suffered the greatest privation. It was very hard to find work, and that which could be found was most uncertain and badly paid.

A Fascist militia detachment of two hundred men and three officers, another hundred Carabinieri, and a small force of police kept a severe and untiring surveillance on the prisoners. There was a picket at every corner. In the streets everywhere we encountered militia, Carabinieri, and police. A chain of sentinels guarded the outskirts of the village on the land side; and, at sea, cruised three fast motor boats armed with machine guns and equipped with radio. A small warship presided over this little squadron. There were also smaller police motor boats, searchlights, semaphores, and a powerful radio station in the castle which unites the island with the naval bases at Messina, Trapani, and Palermo.

My state of mind after a few months of life in such surroundings was sad. Kept under especial surveillance with a few others, deprived of any possibility of work, forced to follow daily a life both monotonous and humiliating, my spirit struggled toward freedom as a man deprived of water strives to reach the spring. My only comfort was in association with the friends around me, the flower of Italian culture and political education, among them Emilio Lussu, member of Parliament for two terms, and Carlo Rosselli, professor of political economy at the University of Florence.

Lussu had been an officer in the Army for eight years. He had fought in the World War as a captain in the celebrated Brigata Sassari, composed of soldiers from Sardinia, and had won four medals for valor on the field of action. After the war, he became chief of the Democratic Party in Sardinia, the strongest anti-Fascist political group on the island. Lussu fought the Fascist dictatorship fiercely and incessantly, in Parliament and in the press. Persecuted and deprived of his parliamentary immunity, he finally was arrested and imprisoned for ten months at Cagliari. He was tried and acquitted, but Mussolini ordered that he be deported to Lipari. He arrived in chains, like a common criminal, with five years of exile in prospect.

Rosselli also had served as an officer during the war. After it, he entered the ranks of the Social Democrats, and contributed largely to the escape from Italy in 1926 of the party leader, Filippo Turati, whose life was menaced by the Fascists. For this, Rosselli was condemned to ten months' imprisonment, and was then deported to serve a five-year term on Lipari.

There on the island, Lussu, Rosselli and I resolved to unite our skill and ingenuity for escape from our misery. For almost a year and a half, we studied our plan and prepared a project with the most meticulous care, despite the fact that all three of us were kept under watch. Lussu always was followed by agents during his brief walks, and his residence was guarded day and night. Every evening, a patrol passed our habitations to assure themselves that we had re-entered for the night. With the greatest prudence, we tried to

live in such a manner as to eliminate this constant suspicion. Lussu, for example, having been gravely ill, continued after his recovery to behave as though still very weak. He rarely went out. He retired early every evening, frequently saying that he had to be careful in order to assure his recovery. Little by little, he seemed to convince his guards that he was in no condition to undertake a risky enterprise.

In the meantime, by mysterious ways, we communicated with political friends resident abroad. For obvious reasons, I am not at liberty to disclose the channel through which we effected this communication. Suffice it to say that these friends had promised us effective assistance. They made good those promises. After long months of bitterness, disillusionment, untiring effort, and unheard of suffering, the time came for us to shake off our chains. . . .

IT IS 8:30 in the evening of July 27, 1929. We know that our friends are coming to fetch us. They are coming in a fast motor boat from a distant coast, risking everything that we may be free again. Fortunately for us all, it is a beautiful evening. Soon the Fascist bugle will sound *Ritirata*, calling all the exiles into their quarters for the night. By divers routes, having devised our several means for eluding the vigilance of our guards, we three are to reach the shore, and make our separate ways to the appointed rendezvous.

I reach the water's edge at a rocky point, dark and deserted and yet only a few yards away from the lights of the village. From where I am, in the obscurity, I can see near-by the brightly illuminated village square on the waterfront. Before me on the water lie numerous fishing craft with their riding lights shining through the night. In the port proper are the police boats, and on the quays detachments of Fascist militia. My companions and I must reach the rescue boat only a few yards distant and yet invisible in the darkness.

To reach the spot agreed upon, I must cover a part of the coast patrolled by two vigilant detachments of our guards. We have made a long and accurate study of the placing and the habits of these patrols; and, by means of knowledge thus acquired, I hope to elude their watchfulness.

IT IS now 8:45 or thereabouts. Dressed as I am, I throw myself into the sea, and swim along the shore at a safe distance for about one hundred and fifty yards to the point of the rendezvous. I am the first to reach the spot. Where is our boat?

Our rescuers have been given the most detailed information concerning the island and particularly regarding the point at which they were to take us off. Aboard the rescue ship, I know, is a very dear friend, who served two years on Lipari and was then put at liberty. He had gone abroad later from Italy secretly, and had coöperated with our other friends in the project for our rescue. Now, I know, he is in charge of guiding the rescue boat to the point of rendezvous he knows so well from his two years of suffering. I have faith in his enterprise.

The Fascist bugle sounds *Ritirata* as I reach the shore at the appointed

spot. It is nine o'clock, the time when the exiles must be in their quarters. For a few minutes, I wait impatiently in a state of anxiety beyond description. Where are Lussu and Rosselli? I imagine the most tragic possibilities. Have they been discovered and arrested? The sound of a motor coming from over the water makes me tremble. It draws nearer — nearer — nearer. A long shadow, of solid black, creeps into my vision. Then — I recognize my friends. Eagerly, I plunge into the water and swim to the craft.

Clambering aboard, I am received with all the manifestations of the warmest affection. It is a moment of high emotion. After thirty-one months of prison and exile, I am filled with a feeling of liberty. I urge my friends to shut off the motor so as to eliminate its noise. In an indescribable state of mind, we wait in silence for Lussu and Rosselli. They do not come! They are not coming? What to do?

It is almost 9:40. In a short time, the control patrol of the village will be visiting the habitations of the exiles and will discover our absence and give the alarm. Hundreds of men will begin scouring the island for us, and police boats will search the sea. Suddenly, we notice that the current has been carrying us toward the port into the zone of light. Instantly, oars are pressed into service to check the perilous drift. Now we can see the people walking in the lighted square, among them the soldiers, the Carabinieri, and the Fascist officers. Near-by are the fishing boats, with men aboard who at any moment may denounce to the authorities this strange craft, without lights, that rises and falls with the waves of the harbor.

We pass through dramatic moments, but the very audacity of the thing saves us. Nobody conceives of the presence of an intruding craft. Perhaps our resemblance to certain of the police boats is our salvation. We escape from our perilous position.

About 9:45, we hear sounds ashore. Soon afterward, we see the heads of two men swimming vigorously in our direction. Discarding all caution, we start the motor, and head our boat in their direction. In an instant, Lussu and Rosselli are aboard. In another, we are rushing away with all speed.

We know that, in a few minutes, the village will be in an uproar, and the hunt will be on. But our first thought is of the sea. We have a slight advantage on our pursuers, and we are sure it will prove sufficient. At a fantastic speed, we double the extreme cape of the island and then that of the neighboring island, Vulcano, and drive into the open sea. Without relaxation, we plunge on thus through the entire night. The day brings a land of freedom.

Lussu and Rosselli tell us why they were late. Lussu, disguised as an old islander, had been compelled at the last minute to change his route in order to avoid a Fascist patrol which that evening had appeared at a place where none had ever been before. Rosselli had been forced to hide himself to escape various patrols which had appeared unexpectedly as he made his way to the shore.

Unfortunately, since our escape,

life on the islands has become more miserable for our friends. One, Paolo Fabbri, whose term was soon to have expired, has been arrested on charges of complicity. He, like our other best and dearest friends on the island, was absolutely in the dark as to our plans. Absolute secrecy was most essential to our success. Rosselli's wife, an Englishwoman, was arrested while spending the summer in Piedmont, and was released only after a lively campaign in the British press against such a mediæval act of reprisal. Rosselli's brother, a student of history never in politics, was seized and exiled to Ustica, where he suffers all the hardships of a cruel régime.

Our joy in our regained liberty is marred by the thought of so many of our citizens still languishing in the prisons and on the islands.

The Great God Gab

By P. W. Wilson

Seeking the great orators of today, a well-known public speaker finds none, and declares that oratory has been smothered in a welter of words

It is with a certain engaging candor that an appreciative editor has asked of me, the perpetrator of a thousand speeches, the sensible yet searching question whether I do not think that, after all, the art of oratory is obsolete. Where, he inquires sadly, can we find the Demosthenes of the Twentieth Century — the Daniel Webster — the William Ewart Gladstone? Bryan has passed away, Coolidge is silent, Hoover reads from a document, and despite Lloyd George, despite Borah, despite Briand and other oratorical mediocrities, there is no longer a Cicero to be heard.

The question, thus raised, is certainly pertinent to the epoch through which we are passing. Of the floodtide of time which we call the Twentieth Century, three decades are all but complete, and mankind has been swept from the moorings. The whole world — barbaric and civilized, America as well as Africa, Europe as well as Asia — has been rent by a revolution, without precedent in its violence to accepted tradition.

No longer do we dwell upon our planet. We travel, as it were, in an airplane, detached from the environing landscape, and our only sensation is rapid movement. In estimating the worth of our progress, we should take into account not only what we gain but what we lose; and oratory, like the pantomime or the pack-horse, should be included.

Not always do we realize the full force of the impact which is shaking the fabric of civilization. It is not only institutions, churches, temples, mosques and synagogues, to say nothing of armies and navies, that have crumbled and even collapsed. Faiths are shaken which were firmly held. Fashions are transformed, customs discontinued, restraints broken asunder, etiquette obliterated, marriage is modernized and crime, like war, is elevated to a science. It is thus not only to faith and tradition that the Twentieth Century has issued an ultimatum. The Modern is equally an attack on art, and the question, where are the orators? is only one element in a larger and more searching question.

It is here that we need to be exceedingly clear as to our definitions. Are we right in describing Oratory as an art, comparable with poetry and painting? The Greeks did not think so. Among the nine Muses, you will find Melpomene, with her tragic countenance, and Terpsichore, tripping on her toes. But you will not find Oratory. For some reason, the orator is denied a passport to Mount Helicon, and his disability is expressed in a somewhat brusque phrase. We are told that Oratory is not an art, but the harlot of the arts.

TO MAKE the point plain, let us contrast oratory with acting and the dance — over in a moment and surviving thereafter as no more than a fading memory. But between a number performed, let us say, by Ruth St. Denis, and a smart repartee by Lady Astor in the House of Commons, there is after all a certain dissimilarity. Let us suppose that Lady Astor, like Ruth St. Denis, is radiant with admiration, hope and love. Even so, when she snubs Mr. Kirkwood of Glasgow, she has to limit these impulses to the end immediately to be served. Every orator's language and allusions are subordinate to the day's business, which is strictly to achieve a result — to enlighten, to persuade, to remind, to solemnize, to convert an audience usually less awake than himself and, in any case, preoccupied. A bad speech that "puts it over" is better than a good speech that fails to "put it over," and at Westminster an exordium, perhaps the most effective ever uttered, consisted of the words, "And so, my Lords."

BUT in the dance and in acting, Art, though fleeting in its vehicle, exists for the truth and beauty in itself which themselves are immortal. It may, like a butterfly, glow and glitter for a day alone, but the glow and glitter are glimpses of the beatific vision which is eternal. Never were there finer speeches than the speeches in which Sir Robert Peel denounced the Corn Laws. Never were speeches heard and read with a more intense enthusiasm. Yet who, today, would dream of chartering a theater in order to deliver those speeches? When, however, the maidens of the East strike an attitude that expresses an emotion, when a Kean or an Irving "creates a part" and impresses it upon his generation, we have that "thing of beauty" which is "a joy forever," and —

> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness.

Studying archaic papyri, a perpetual dynasty of interpreters will emulate that original legend of the sublime. Of Oratory as an art, it is thus the essence that it suits the occasion, and that, when the occasion is over, the spell is broken.

LET us extol, then, the orators of the past, but let us not forget that their exploits are, as a rule, no matter of record but only of a vague and unsubstantial tradition. It is said that, in the Eighteenth Century, the greatest speech delivered in the English language was Sheridan's denunciation of the treatment inflicted by Warren Hastings upon the Princesses of Oude. But not a sentence of it remains. Indeed, of all oratory, once so impressive, it may be said that nothing survives, except those few phrases and fragments which can stand a test, transcending immediate utility, the test of literature. Christ spoke as never man spake, but it is His gems of utterance alone that today echo in our ears. St. Paul's discourse at Athens, obviously a great argument, can be read, as it reaches us, in two minutes.

Even where it is a case of *litera scripta manet*, we judge of our orators, not by their perorations but by their phrases. What do we recall of Pitt's famous rhetoric except that, in his final words at the Guildhall, he spoke of England saving herself by her endeavors and Europe by her example? Or of Canning's eloquence except that, impromptu, he boasted of summoning the New World to redress the balance of the Old? My own hero was Gladstone, and of his gorgeous declamations I doubt if I could quote three sentences. So much depends on the personality, the voice, the applause. If the speeches of Mark Antony and Portia are immortal, it is because drama surrounds them with the setting. On the stage, we see their effect. But in the press today, a speech, if too important to be ignored, is only printed without those parentheses —cheers, laughter, interruptions— which suggest what the Greeks would call the chorus. We serve up our eloquence cold, and usually it is in print before a word of it has been spoken. The cold arises out of cold storage.

THE weakness of Oratory is thus that it can be imperishable only in so far as it is something greater than and different from its essential self. Take the Gettysburg Address. Every word of it was written before it was uttered, and utterance was merely an accident. As a proclamation, as an editorial, the Address would have been still supreme. So with Newman's sermons; they are of the same quality as Pascal. Indeed, the Philippics of Cicero, or an oration by Burke, do not differ as art from a chapter by Gibbon or an essay by Macaulay. If, moreover, we had actually to sit through one of those speeches by which Burke earned the reputation of being the dinnerbell of the House of Commons, we might sigh for an hour of Borah or Lloyd George. The very fact that this oratory suits us, means that it did not suit the victims on whom originally it was inflicted. It was that kind of oratory about which, as we endure it, we moan, "But it will read well."

They who suggest that oratory is obsolete, are the dupes, then, of a

fallacy. They are judging of the art, if art it be, not by its appeal to the contemporaries for whom alone the art is intended, but by its faint echoes at a later date. Whether Lloyd George, Briand and Borah are as great orators as Cicero and Demosthenes, we shall never have the means of knowing. There is no yardstick, as President Hoover would put it, with which to measure such parity. This, however, can be asserted. Neither Cicero nor Demosthenes, as an orator, achieved the actual results in policy and administration which are plainly attributable to the utterances of their successors. The orator of today raises armies and disbands them, builds ships and scraps them, borrows his billions, levies his taxes, insures the aged, dashes the goblet from the very lips of the thirsty, and settles the issues of peace and war. Test oratory by the only test that applies to it, namely, efficiency, and never has there been an era so ruled by oratory as our own. To democracy and even to dictatorship, the practice of persuasion has become an imperative necessity.

It is no wonder, then, that Oratory, so far from declining in the Twentieth Century, has never flourished at any time with so triumphant an exuberance. Any idea, any hope, that the speech which is merely silver may yield one day to the silence which is golden, must be dismissed. A hundred years ago, a speech was an event, and, in most countries, a crime against society. The particular objection to Protestantism, and especially Nonconformity, was that the preacher was substituted for the prelate and the priest, who were content with the service book. It was because Parliaments were "talking shops" that monarchs detested them.

But the Oratory which yesterday was an achievement, is today an atmosphere. Here and there, a benefactor of mankind like Mussolini, convinced that one person alone should talk at once, denounces "Parliamentarism," and reduces the most vocal of nations to the quietude of Rigoletto. Surveying the world as a whole, however, we find that Parliaments become, not only more numerous but more noisy: if Italy attains to Nirvana, it only means that India, with four times the population, reorganizes her mysticism as an auditorium. In the Parliament of Pitt, few save Pitt dared to speak. Orators today may not be as polished in their periods as their predecessors, but they find safety in numbers.

In the English Speaking Commonwealth, never have there been so many pulpits in so many churches, so many rostra in so many legislatures, so many professors in so many chairs in so many colleges and universities, so many lectures advertised with optimism in columns announcing amusements, so many courts of law where perspiring advocates prance to their own prating and induce juries to discern justice in gesticulation. Loquacity has lengthened our luncheons and our banquets are prolonged by what, too often, is post-prandial balderdash. Even in the home, there is usually some friend who, inadvertently tuning to the correct wave length, turns on a tap against which to be deaf is the only defense.

We are warned that the love of money is the root of all evil. If we have, perhaps, too much of this blessing called oratory, it may be because it is a blessing that falls on him who gives as well as those who receive. Even announcers, not content with declaring their own names, indulge in what the history of conversation celebrates as "a mouthful." It is the public that is to blame. In days when all of us are orators, you would suppose that audiences, being a minority, would suffer. Not at all. They like being lectured and pay the potentates of the platform at a higher rate than they pay doctors, dentists, or clergy. It is not the fault of the orator if sometimes he talks rubbish at ten dollars a minute. Demand creates the supply and even rhetoric must submit to economic law. The trouble with this kind of oratory is not that it has declined. On the contrary, it is in the ascendant. We are witnessing the avatar of the Great God Gab.

GENUINE oratory is designed to bring men to genuine decisions. It is art with an aim. But what of these lectures? Many are genuinely informative and valuable as clearing away prejudice. But others, particularly when classified as inspirational, are merely an attempt by oratory to be an art for art's sake. Here is talk, not for the purpose of proving a man to be a traitor, or saving his soul from hell, or winning a vote for some reform, but solely for the purpose of talking. People listen, moreover, not in order to learn, or to be convinced, or to repent, but for the sake of listening. Amid the ills of life, they look upon rhetoric as Tennyson regarded his rhymes. Perorations are endured as "a dull narcotic numbing pain." They pass in at one ear, out at the other, and in passing, fondle, as it were, the wearied and worried brain, also soothing the outer edges of frayed nerves. An English bishop, so it is said, went on tour in the United States. His first address was coldly received. He cut out half his points and diluted the rest, and enthusiasm developed. When his points were reduced to twenty-five per cent, his success was fully achieved. So, at least, he says. But I have also heard what American audiences think of English bishops.

THE vogue in eminent authors also is coming to a desirable termination. At home, their friends know that, being able to write, they can not talk. But a magnet draws them across the Atlantic, they are advertised, appear before the footlights, are seen, and everybody goes away entirely satisfied, including the distinguished author with his dollars. It is magnificent but it demonstrates that, if oratory is not always literature, neither is literature always oratory.

In the Twentieth Century, we are deluged, then, with a veritable avalanche of insistent verbiage. We talk about the mass production of goods. But what are a few thousands of automobiles a day, a million or two pairs of boots, even a billion cigarettes and safety pins, compared with the daily production of quadrillions and quintillions of words? Probably the greatest work of art in the world is the Venus of Milo. Yet not one word desecrates that loveliness; the lady and the genius who created her are alike anonymous. Why do we, in

our wisdom, fill our world with utterance? Walk along a street, and words flash from sky signs, glow on the pavement, and roar from uplifted foghorns. Buy a pound of tea, and fifty words explain its virtues where none would suffice. Drive along the Boston Post Road, and the scenery is reduced to a mere background for a vista of words — so many miles to this hotel, so many cents for this chicken dinner, and so many British defeated on this battlefield. The very sky is today obscured with words suitably suggested by literary airplanes, emitting smoke; and aviators, as they loop the loop, release a magnified elocution into the astonished empyrean.

IN EARLIER centuries, a word really cost something. If uttered, it could be heard by only a handful of people. If recorded, it had to be written by hand with a pen on parchment or linen paper; and no mechanical duplication was possible. A man thought before he spoke. He thought a thousand times before he produced a manuscript. Even a hundred years ago, a man was content to gossip with his friends at the village pub, and a woman discussed her neighbors at the well. But what about the village green today? It has been extended by electricity across the Atlantic and eavesdroppers listen not through keyholes but on party lines and wireless stations.

Inevitably, this mass production of words has led to mass loquacity. It is much more wonderful to talk platitudes across an ocean than it is to indulge in sound sense over a cup of tea. Our fathers were missionaries. They preached a gospel. We are trans-missionaries. To us, it is the transmission, not the thing, that really matters. Doubtless it is a phase, but we have still to get over it. However amazing may be this mechanism, we have to recognize that mechanism is not our master but our servant. The gramophone, the radio, the loud speaker, the talking picture, increase the range of rhetoric, but so far from refining it, they tend to eliminate the nuances of the voice; they separate the orator from that communion with the crowd which is the very breath of his being. They are not helps but hindrances, and the man who is inspired to eloquence by a metal disc, muzzling his mouth, has yet to be discovered.

The output of uttered words is thus abundant. It is not over the quantity of eloquence that we need to be anxious, only the quality. If we insist on talking, let us talk well.

THE orator, like the aristocrat, used to be "born." But, for aristocracy and art alike, we have abolished the hereditary principle. Everybody nowadays is expected to be as fluent as a politician. Reading, writing and arithmetic used to be the three R's. Oratory is the fourth. It is what, in schools and colleges, our grammar allows us to call "a compulsory subject."

We are told by experts that hitherto we have used, at most, only one-tenth of our brains. It is in order to stimulate the latent preponderance of unemployed intellect that we attempt the task called education, and undoubtedly there are results. *The Manchester Guardian* has held a competition in which children of

fifteen years were asked to draw pictures of their fathers and mothers. The sequel was a veritable revelation of unsuspected ability to execute a passable likeness of a familiar face. As with the pencil, so with the tongue. The maxim that a child should be seen and not heard, is rejected. Years before a youngster can have anything to say, he is encouraged to say it, and such a habit, once acquired, is not likely to be lost in later life.

YOUTH, of course, knows its own business best, and in the manufacture of orators, as of athletes, there have been great improvements. When I was at Cambridge, I made it a rule to spend an hour in solitary preparation for every minute that I was to speak. I suppose that I was foolish but, at least, I was President of the Union in my second year. Once only did I speak against my convictions, and then for a wager, nor shall I ever forget the silent disapproval of my college debating society. But in these days intercollegiate debates are variants of football, and arguments are organized like "plays," each team appearing with its card index of points to be made and answered. As for convictions, they are dictated by the coach, and it is assumed that if everybody at Vassar has decided to believe in companionate marriage, everybody at Cornell must live happily ever after. The whole object of the education is to substitute the mentality of a group for the responsible and courageous initiative of the individual.

There is thus no fear whatever that the citizen of the future will be unequal to the task of proposing a vote of thanks or presiding over those Lions, Tigers and Elks who today accelerate evolution and humanize zoölogy. For convivialities, there is, after all, a reason. They draw citizens of diverse groups into the one commonwealth, and the great ceremonial known as "getting together," including vocal tributes to *Sweet Adeline*, whoever Sweet Adeline may have been, is not without a justification. But there are two ways of conducting these functions, and it is worth while to put the best that we have, not merely the loudest, into them.

PENDING the arrival of trained reserves of rhetoric from Harvard and Princeton — if I may be permitted, without bloodshed, to mention these universities in the same paragraph — some of us old fogies have, as it were, to carry on to the best of our effete ability. I think that, on the whole, we might devote more time than we do to the study of our rhetorical outbursts. Many an opportunity of contributing to the mind of the community is thrown away by men of influence who do not even pretend to offer their best. No woman makes this mistake. When a woman appears on the programme, she devotes as much attention to her adverbs and adjectives as she gives to her dress and her hair. She respects the audience and no audience, so respected, fails to return the compliment. Let a man listen to any responsible woman in public life and he will learn what Oratory, even at the average, deserves of her exponents.

The Smile of Buddha

By H. M. K. Smith

A Chinese Fantasy

The nightingales, in the pear trees by the wall, were still. The darkness of a night heavy with the perfume of *ylang-ylang* and oleanders lifted itself slowly from the tops of the pine trees which climbed away over the hills, like a procession of stooped and shadowy ghosts. The light of the last stars grew fainter, and far out upon the yellow seas of China, the waves began to take on the faint glimmering of dawn.

A little wind was born of the morning. It rose first to the extremities of the green *ting* flowers and then came hesitating like one of the new dancers in the Emperor's palace beneath the cypress and pines. It wandered among the willows and the hibiscus and lingered over the fretting face of the sacred lake. Between the frail stems of young and graceful bamboos the myrtle vines and the sweetbriers began to whisper to each other, and the crimson plumes of the Passion of Buddha bowed in stately greeting to the snowy blossoms of the pomegranates.

The gray stone fretwork of the temple took form in twisting dragons damp with the night mists, and the lions of Buddha cast in white porcelain glittered like wet silver in the increasing light. The lotus buds shook the dew drops from their tinted eyelids and turned their faces slowly toward the east. From within the temple, booming and quivering through the whispering garden, came the call of a great bronze bell, and following close upon it the chiming of myriad other bells of silver and of bronze.

The sacred storks stretched their wings and came down to poke among the lily pads for gold fish, and from beyond the walls of the garden, tiled with glazed china, drifted the first sounds of the wakening city below. The cries of the vendors of oranges, the calls of the bearers of sedan chairs and of 'rickshaw coolies, mingled with the songs of the boatmen faintly high and the shrill, happy laughter of the early bathers. Pale coral tinted mists began to rise upon the tawny face of the river, and in the distance slow moving junks tugged at their moorings.

From the rear of the temple, in the white robes of a novice, came a tall slender youth with a grave and thoughtful face. As he walked he read from tablets of ivory, knitting his brow as though he could not

understand that which was written or as though he searched for something which he could not find.

"Tao," he read, "is the source of everything; of heaven and earth; of the trees, the flowers and the birds, of the sea, the desert and the rocks; of heat and cold, of day and night, of summer and winter, and of the life of man; man rises out of darkness, laughs in the glimmering light, weeps in shadows and disappears. But in all these changes, the *One* is manifested. 'Tao' is all Life: all Life is 'Tao.' To know this harmony is to know the eternal. To increase life is to know blessedness. To be conscious of the inner fecundity of 'Tao' in the life of man is strength. It is but 'Tao' in the innermost soul which gives life to the children of men, nurses them, protects, matures and completes them."

SO READ the boy with troubled eyes. Then with an impatient gesture he flung the tablets aside and hurried onward to the lake, unfastening his garments as he went so that he stood quite naked among the undulating rushes at the water's edge. He threw back his head and smiled as he mounted a flat rock and stood for an instant with joined finger tips. He dove with a flashing of ivory limbs into the water, causing a sudden panic among the gold fish. Then rising, he shook the water from his eyes and hair, swam slowly around the lake back to where his white garments lay like a bit of drifted snow against the green.

For a long time he lay upon the flat rock with his arms outstretched, his long pale fingers touching the water on either side. Close to his head a white lotus flower swayed with the rhythm of the water and, turning suddenly, he drew it close and pressed his mouth deep into its golden cup. As he lay there, his lips seeking the heart of the lily, he trembled and his face and neck flushed to the faint pink of nautilus shells. He rose hastily and began to pick up his garments from the grass. Half clothed, he stopped and a curious look came into his slanted black eyes as two great yellow butterflies began to circle around each other before him. Vaguely fearful, they brushed sulphur tinted wings, yet vibrated with desire to creep into the heart of the datura buds to that marriage and death that to them must be one. The troubled look deepened as he looked upward to where the storks, high on the holy gate, caressed each other by their still unfinished nest, nor did it leave him as he picked up the ivory tablets and hurried into the temple.

THE bells rang again, and the great carved and gilded doors swung open. The bitter sweet odor of incense so dear to the shadowy guardians of the temple floated out to mingle with the odors of the garden, and the morning wind stirred the curtains and streamers of silk embroidered in gold with the sutras of Buddah. The sun burst in through the opened doors and shone full upon the life-sized golden god, silent, inscrutable, majestic. About the august lips there hovered the shadow of a smile, a smile affable, ironical, majestic, yet at the same time strangely and wistfully sweet. In vestments heavy with gold and with dazzling jewels upon his brow, he sat upon a

lotus leaf of bronze supported by four elephants' tusks, minutely and wonderfully carved. So he had sat for a thousand years, and through those thousand years it had never changed, that smile so terrifying in its mystery and yet so sadly and ineffably sweet.

THROUGH curtains of scarlet, the white clothed novice appeared, supporting the aged priest of the temple. The ancient one wore a robe of yellow silk upon which fantastic symbols were embroidered in black, and a cap of black velvet which threw his pale expressionless face into the grotesque relief of an old and hideous ivory mask. Leaning heavily upon the boy's arm, the aged priest advanced to the shrine and with great difficulty prostrated himself and touched his forehead to the floor. With much hissing and intaking of breath he mumbled the morning devotions to Buddha in a voice as dull and expressionless as his face. With even greater difficulty he rose again and as he left the shrine he fumbled in his bosom, drawing from it a tiny pipe of brass to which he muttered as though it were a living thing. The boy turned his face away as from an odor that sickens.

Returning, the novice began to place fresh incense in the burners of brass and copper, brushing from their bases the ashes of incense already burned. He trimmed the wicks of the ruby lamps, and then from a recess he brought forth a box of gold lacquer and brushes and began to regild the massive screens which stood to the right and to the left of the shrine. But always as he worked, his lips moved as though he pronounced a name, stopping with poised brush to look over his shoulder toward the bridge of blue and white porcelain which led from the garden of the Governor's palace beyond.

This was the last day of her coming. For twenty-nine successive days she had come to the temple, that fairest of all the flowers of heaven and earth, the young and childless wife of the Governor, the great Chi-Tai of the Province of Hunan. For twenty-nine successive days she had prayed with many gifts and sacrifices, that she might bear her lord a son. The Governor, who was old, looked upon her with growing coldness and disfavor in this second year of their marriage, for he had no son to bear his name nor to pray for him when he should be called to his ancestors. So it was that she had come for a full moon, a daily suppliant to the temple of the smiling god.

Pity at first had filled his boyish heart as she prayed for the great gift which had been denied her, this slender child wife, younger even than he. Then from day to day as he had looked upon the fair modesty of her beauty from the scarlet curtained recess which hid him from her eyes, that pity had grown into a deep and yearning tenderness which he did not, could not, know was love.

NOW that it had come, the thirtieth day and the last, strange thoughts troubled him: questions confronted him demanding answers which he could not find, and life now seemed a deeper, sadder mystery than he had ever dreamed. What was the secret of life? What was it that brought one so lovely, one who deserved all the gifts that the gods

might bestow, a daily suppliant to the temple? Why should the gift of life be denied her, that gift so freely given to all the world, to all nature, to all living things? He had searched the holy books, but had found no answer, and to his questioning the old priest, his master, had replied as he chuckled over the richness of her gifts, "The gods are wont to smile upon those who give so freely and all will yet be well, all will yet be well."

WHAT above all was this strange unrest, this burning in his heart, that would not let him sleep? It was like a sea, like the broad heavens, like death. It hurt. It was a great flame searing out of his soul toward her. It was fearful, but so lovely and so infinitely great. Again the troubled look that the golden butterflies and the nesting storks had brought to his eyes flooded their dark depths, and again the pink of nautilus shells stained his skin to rose.

Sudden hate flamed in his heart against the Governor, so old and harsh with years, and then a terrible fear as he thought of the penalty for childlessness which is written in the law. A hundred evils could be heaped upon her, she must humble herself even to her servants, she might be cast out of her husband's house or sold into slavery, if it so pleased her lord.

The last day, and she would come no more. The benediction of her beauty would no longer rest upon his lonely secret life, nor the plaintive sound of her voice echo longer through the dim temple, more beautiful than the music of the wind harps. No longer could he gaze in secret upon a face more lovely than the stars, or feel that presence far gentler than the moon-flooded night of summer. Tears dimmed his eyes, and from the depth of his boy's soul there rose a great cry for compassion upon her, for the fulfillment of her hope, for an answer to her prayer.

His tears were bitter upon his lips as he prayed, but he did not know it. "All Life is in Thee, Creator of the World, Thou art all Life." Unheeded, the box of gold lacquer fell at his feet, and, overturning, covered them with shining gilt. He held out imploring hands toward the shrine, whispering: "Buddha the merciful, give me a sign, give me a sign." But Buddha sat as he had been sitting for a thousand years, calm, inscrutable, majestic; sat as before upon his lotus leaf of bronze, and smiled. There was no answer, and the young novice bowed his head in resignation to the will of his gods, and as he bowed his head still lower, his eyes fell dully to his gilded feet.

"Thou art all life, all life is in Thee."

Outside there was no sound save as the myrtles and the sweetbriers still whispered to each other, but the scarlet plumes of the Passion of Buddha bent still lower toward the unfolding and snowy blossoms of the pomegranates.

SLOWLY, slowly through the mist of tears those golden feet came into conscious vision. How like the feet of that One who sat upon the throne before him, that god who represented the great Mystery in which was all creation, all life. What did they mean, those feet of gold? He looked to that unchanging face and downward again to his feet.

Then there came into his eyes the terror of an overwhelming question, and after that the flashing light of wonder and of truth — "Thou art all Life, all Life is in Thee."

High and clear now his voice rang through the temple, echoing back from the bells of silver and of bronze. His life, her life, all life was but one. That was the secret, the solution. Even as his golden feet were as the feet of Buddha, so was he in and of that thing which Buddha was, of Tao, of life itself, the great cause, the one source of creation. In his being lay the answer to her prayer. He, himself, was god. Higher and still higher rang that vibrant exultant cry, "Thou art all Life, all Life is in Thee."

THE wind stirred the curtains and streamers of silk so that the gold and silver dragons seemed to writhe and twist with life. The smoke of incense rose in circles of palest blue and amethyst to the face of Buddha, hiding for a little all that was terrifying and implacable and leaving only the sweet sadness of his eternal smile. At the foot of the shrine in a posture of supreme adoration knelt the figure of a boy in the white garments of a novice, a boy with strangely shining feet of gold.

The sun was high and the warm light of midday filled the garden, diffusing in its warmth the perfumes of jasmine, of Tonkinese aloes and sweet smelling lavender heliotrope. The lotus flowers lifted their crowns of ivory and gold from the waters of the sleeping lake and exposed their golden hearts to the sun. The storks perched with closed eyes high on the holy gate, and the gold fish dared to come forth again to play among the lily pads. In the cool green shadows of a shelter of bamboos, the old priest of the temple slept as only those sleep who are slaves of the poppy, and in his hand he still clutched the tiny pipe of brass.

From the Governor's palace came a procession headed by men at arms, wearing curious round helmets of varnished straw and with shoulder shields of linked brass laced with scarlet. Some carried fork shaped spears, lacquered in crimson and black, and others bore crossbows with quivers of arrows which were headed with sharks' teeth, polished and sharpened.

Servants followed wearing robes of blue, and then the great Chi-Tai himself, supported by two eunuchs and leaning upon a staff of ebony bound with silver straps and with a head of jasper. In spite of the warmth of the sun, he was wrapped in a cloak of the heavy brown silk of Canton trimmed with the fur of sables, and though the way was short, he stopped many times to rest.

AT THE foot of the temple bridge they waited for a sedan chair of carved and gilded teakwood, enclosed in a canopy of green silk upon which were painted brightly colored birds and flowers of every hue. Four eunuchs in robes of blue and apricot, and with their queues bound round their heads and held in place by pins of carved ivory and turquoise, bore the sedan chair upon their shoulders. Beside it walked six female slaves with black tunics over their pantaloons of white silk, turbans of lilac crêpe upon their heads, and carrying baskets of painted bam-

boo. They prostrated themselves upon the ground as the sedan chair was lowered and a slender, veiled figure stepped from beneath its canopy of green.

The aged Governor raised a shaking hand to his sun-blinded eyes and said something in a high and threatening tone, which brought moans of anguish from the female slaves and caused the veiled woman to shudder as though she stood in a winter wind. Then turning away, the old man was helped into the sedan chair and, in a moment, the woman was alone save for her female slaves, her amahs, who still lay weeping upon the ground.

SLOWLY she moved across the bridge with its arches of blue and white porcelain, her tiny feet encased in satin shoes of blue and silver, the heels placed in the center of the foot. Her pantaloons and the long narrow coat were of sapphire blue satin, embossed with silver lilies and seed pearls. Her long delicate fingers were tipped with shields of gold set with turquoise and coral and heavy laden with rings set with pearls and rubies, opals and sea green jade. In her hands she carried long rosaries of amber and crystal beads, and under her heart glowed a great emerald, a magic charm for those who are childless. Covering her hair and surmounted by a wreath of jeweled flowers of every color, and falling almost to her feet, she wore a veil of silver tissue with a fringe of silver beads, as though she came as a bride to the temple of Buddha.

Behind her came the amahs, carrying the offerings in baskets of painted bamboo. Sticks of incense, musk, civet, ambergris and sandalwood tied into bundles with colored threads; little garments made of silk as though for a child; tiny caps made of gold and silver paper; prayers written on crimson tissue, bunches of marigolds and tuberoses, rice cakes, lichee nuts and sweets, a pair of white doves in a cage of rushes, and many strings of coin.

ENTERING the temple she made obeisance first before the family altars, where on ebony bases stood the tablets of white and scarlet nephrite bearing in letters of gold the spirit names of her husband's ancestors. Then advancing to the shrine, she prostrated herself, clapping her hands three times and touching her forehead to the floor. Behind her the amahs did likewise, and then, placing the offerings before her, they withdrew to the outer court of the temple where they squatted sleepily in the sunshine.

The slender sapphire figure moved forward to the shrine. In a brazier she burned the tiny caps of gold and silver paper and the prayers written on crimson tissue. On the steps of the altar she set the baskets of oranges and sweets, the doves in their cage of rushes and the tiny garments of silk. Through a slot in the floor she dropped the strings of coin and lighted the incense of musk and sandalwood. Then, casting into the sacred enclosure the little bunches of marigolds and tuberoses, she prostrated herself again and began in a plaintive monotone to recite the prayer of those who are childless:

Buddha, Tien, Eternal One,
Creator of the Universe, hear my prayer.
Weeping I kneel, in tears I come.
My heart is barren.

I have no child.
What face shall I bear
When I come at last
To my holy ancestors?
Oh Buddha, Buddha look upon my agony,
Behold my tears.
Out of thy heart, give, oh give me, lord,
a child.

She sank sobbing to the floor, her fingers entwined in her rosaries of crystal and amber, the magic emerald beating with her heart. Shadows crept toward the shrine and the light grew pale and dim. She rose to her knees and in an agony of appeal she extended imploring hands toward the golden figure, the silent immutable god to whom she had prayed for a full moon in the bitterness of her disappointment and her despair.

WAS it the wavering breath of incense, was it the trick of tears? Was it a miracle? She fell upon her face in terror for the god of gold had stretched out a hand toward her, the right hand which held the sacred lotus. Then in utter fear, she heard a voice, a voice throbbing with tenderness and with sadness, too. Yet as she listened fear left her heart and there came into it a strange exalting calm. As though from some far off celestial world, the words came drifting through the scented shadows.

Rise, daughter of Heaven,
Rise child of the stars,
Your prayer is heard.
Buddha himself, Creator of all Life,
Hears your prayer.
Out of Tao, the heart of Life
Shall your child be conceived
Favored of Heaven.

Step by step that majestic figure of gold descended from the shrine until it stood at last by the prostrate body in the marriage veil of silver tissue. Then half swooning she felt herself lifted to her feet by hands of living, throbbing gold and opened her eyes to look into those as pure as hers, eyes that held in their dark depths the secret of life and the answer to her prayers.

She saw through a light, not dazzling but calming and holy, the figure of her god by some miracle alive. He stood before her, tall and straight as a palm tree, his countenance as peaceful as a calm evening in the hush of trees and the still moonlight. He raised his hand with a gesture like the movement of a flower and held it out to her.

She placed her hand in his and her dream body soared aloft through space with a whirling of wings and of jade bells tinkling. She forgot the world. She was but the earthly form of formless Tao caught up by the rhythm of a movement through which the world came from, and must go back into, Life. She was in absolute reunion with Tao with whom she once was one. She was in union with her god.

THEN slowly on clouds of perfume she drifted back to earth. She came as one who has but wakened from a dream of exquisite loveliness and with shining eyes. Slowly she walked with her eyes cast down, her lips moved as though in prayer as the amber and crystal beads slid through her fingers. The amahs looked with wonder upon the beauty of exaltation which shone like a light from her face, and whispered one to another — "See — see how the emerald glows upon her heart! Surely our beloved has seen a vision! Surely now our prayers shall be heard."

Within the temple all was still, and the golden figure sat as before upon his throne, calm, inscrutable, majestic. At his feet lay withering bunches of marigolds and tuberoses, and from them rose acrid and bitter incense. Face downward among the faded flowers as though spent from ecstacy, lay a figure clothed also in vestments of gold, a figure like that of the young novice of the temple, and yet unlike, for hands and face and feet alike were lacquered heavily with gold. The light of the setting sun streamed into the temple from its western gate. It fell upon the head of him who lay before the shrine and upon the face of Buddha. Upon the lotus leaf of bronze he sat and smiled, and from the lips of the boy with the gilded face came an echo — "Thou art all Life, all Life is in Thee!" . . .

THE last of the snowflakes had fluttered to the brown earth and spring had wakened the garden again from its long sleep. The bamboos were already putting forth their tender green shoots and the plum trees and the white camelias were in flower, on the evening of the Day of Souls when the dead come back to earth.

The young priest of the temple walked slowly down the little path between the copper colored trunks of the pine trees which lead to the burial places. He carried in his hand a bamboo wand from which was suspended a white lantern and upon it in letters of black he had written the name of the old priest, his master, who slept now forever under a cover of pine needles. Very carefully he hung the lantern over the grave, so that the spirit might find its way, and then he ran quickly to the pear trees by the wall.

He climbed into the very top of the tallest of them from where for many nights now he had watched over the garden of the Governor's palace beyond.

He peered out from a cloud of pink and white blossoms toward a pavilion covered with jasmine which sent out a perfume that reached him even there in the swinging pink branches of the pear tree.

WHILE he sat watching the men at arms who guarded the pavilion as though it held the Governor's most priceless treasure, he made a little song —

> Ah, jasmine with your starry crest,
> Ne'er may they cut thee, ne'er molest,
> For under thee, my love finds rest.

As he sat singing he could see servants and slaves hurrying to and from the pavilion with bronze lanterns and torches, and he climbed still higher into the pear tree, even as the moon was climbing higher into the star spangled sky. The silvery light flooded the garden, and his own body stood out in black relief against the face of the moon.

Now the astrologers in black robes and high pointed caps came forth from the pavilion to read the portent of the stars on this auspicious night, and the men-at-arms drew near to hear what the wise men should find written in the heavens. As the soothsayers lifted their dimmed eyes to the moon, behold a strange shadow seemed to cloud it and there was a murmuring among the wise ones as they bent again over their parchments to search out what evil omen

that shadow might portend. But the captain of the guard, whose eyes were young and keen, lifted his cross-bow and the shrill song of an arrow wakened the little nightingales as they slept in the nest in the pear tree. When the astrologers raised their eyes again, behold, the shadow was gone from the face of the moon and they rejoiced: it was a good omen and they hurried into the pavilion to show the Governor and the learned physicians the wonders of the horoscope which they had cast.

FOR a long time, the slender body lay where it had fallen, and then slowly, painfully the dark young head was raised until it rested against the kindly brown roots of the pear tree. Slowly the hands wandered over the breast until they found the shaft of the arrow and when they had found it, there came upon the paling face a smile of wonderful sweetness and resignation. As he lay there he did not think of himself, nor that this was the end. He remembered rather that it was the Day of Souls, and that he had not as yet said the prayers which are written for the souls that might on this one night return to earth. He began the intonation, but each time he found himself whispering instead those prayers which are written for souls newly come to earth, the souls of little children newly born, those who in the holy books are called the smiles of Buddha. And because he was growing very tired he did not try to remember the other prayers, but said over and over again: "Smile, Oh, Lord of life upon this soul of thy creation." Softly the words came from his lips as though he were falling asleep. — "Smile, Oh, Lord of Life upon this soul of thy Creation."

Then suddenly through the stillness of that fair spring night there came a shouting from the Governor's palace with the beating of tomtoms and the deep song of drums. Silver trumpets sounded, there was the clang of cymbals; servants ran through the garden crying aloud for joy, waving colored lanterns, setting off long strings of fire crackers and clapping their hands with shrill words of happiness and congratulation.

At the foot of the pear tree, the boy still lay, and now a look of exquisite joy mingled with the agony of his suffering. He raised his head at the sounds of rejoicing, but after a little all was still again save only for the whisper of the pear blossoms as they fell upon the ever whitening hands still interlaced about the shaft of the arrow.

Then piercing the stillness, like the soft wailing of a three-toned flute, there came the faint crying of a new-born child.

AGAIN the pear trees bowed their flowery crowns with a shower of perfumed petals, and at their feet like ghost lilies two pale white hands arose bearing an arrow headed with a shark's tooth polished and sharpened and stained with red. A crimson stain spread over the white garment of him who lay so still, and from lips wreathed in a smile of utter tenderness and love there came so softly whispered that only the pear trees heard: "Smile, Oh, Lord of Life, upon this soul of thy creation!" "Smile, Oh, Lord," and then a long soft sigh.

Sentimental Juries

By Imogen B. Oakley

A woman, untrammeled by preconceived notions about jury service, opens her eyes in wonder when initiated

The jury system is on trial. Extolled for centuries as the sure defense of the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich, it now stands before the bar of public opinion charged with serious offences against the society it has been supposed to protect. The prosecution accuses it of ignorance and incompetence and hints of proofs of venality. The defense claims that the evidence of the prosecution is incidental and circumstantial and that to accept it would be to destroy the strongest bulwark of democracy, and it cites specifically as dangerous to individual liberty the suggested plan of the Wickersham Commission to dispense with jury trials in certain Prohibition cases. Now, we women, new to jury service and unhampered by legal traditions, may judge the system with a naïve vision for the facts and realities. Hence, fresh from jury service, I feel justified in writing of my adventure and the opinions it has led me to form.

The selection of jurors for the county courts in my State is little more than a game of chance, as I discovered to my amazement when I answered a summons to serve on the jury in the Court of Quarter Sessions. Their names are chosen haphazard from the assessors' lists; many of the chosen find small difficulty in being excused; and no attempt is made or required to ascertain the mental and moral qualifications of such as remain to render the verdicts of the courts.

It is true that, shortly after being subpœnaed, I did receive, as presumably did all the other talesmen, an official paper on which I was requested to state my political and religious creeds and my habits of drink. Granting that private habits of drink have become matters of public concern, a citizen's political and religious beliefs are supposed under the law to be his own individual affairs. I sought the opportunity of asking the prosecuting attorney on what authority he sent me that paper. "On no authority at all," he answered. "We merely hoped that you and the other talesmen would not refuse the information, for it is really necessary to know the political and religious prejudices of the jurors. We have learned by sad experience that the average juror is reluctant to

convict a prisoner of his own party or creed, and even more reluctant to concede the innocence of a religious or political opponent; and, of course, a juror who is a drinking man will never vote against a bootlegger."

BEFORE we assembled in the court-room, the eighty talesmen among whom I was numbered had been reduced by various excuses to forty-seven. The judge declared indignantly that there were not enough left to conduct the business of the court, and that no further excuses would be considered; nevertheless, he was obliged to excuse one man because he was an unnaturalized alien, and another because he was deaf. One woman was allowed to go home because she was so frightened that she was on the verge of hysteria and another, who was evidently a janitress or a charwoman, because she said that she would lose her job if she should stay away three weeks. A keen-eyed man with a north-of-Tweed burr, who whispered to me that he was the only man in the city able to make and fit together every part of a watch and who doubtless would have made a competent juror, was excused on the plea that the shop could not get along without him.

His departure left thirty-seven men and five women as available jurors. The majority of the men described themselves as grocers' clerks, plumbers' assistants, and chauffeurs, and several who were recorded on the assessors' list as "gents" declared that they were looking for jobs. A bit of leaven was added to this intellectually inert mass by a bank cashier, a young clergyman who might have been excused but felt it his duty to remain, and a middle-aged travelling salesman whose business had taught him much of human nature. It was the first time that women jurors had been supplied to that court, and though the judge welcomed us warmly, and said he hoped much from our conscientiousness, I could not feel that we raised the level of intelligence. In addition to my inexperienced self there were a colored woman, elderly and somnolent; a quiet young woman who said little but may have thought much; and two lively flappers — a word I use in no invidious sense, but merely as a synonym for youth and the joy of youth in trying its wings. They had attained the required age of twenty-one, but were still rejoicing in their expanding plumage. They had lipsticks and vanity cases which they used to the open interest and admiration of their young masculine fellow jurors.

BY THE chance which makes jurors I was assigned to the first panel, and took my seat in the jury box with eleven men. The case appeared simple. The colored driver of a wholesale grocer's delivery wagon was accused of selling a barrel of apples from the wagon and pocketing the money. The witnesses were chiefly ignorant colored men, fellow employees of the accused, and under the heckling of the lawyers they became confused and contradictory in their statements. The summing up of the lawyers, who each belittled the evidence of the other side, only deepened the mist of uncertainty which the judge's charge failed to dispel; and, enveloped in this mist, we retired to the jury room.

The room was small, dark, and poorly ventilated. It was furnished with twelve chairs, a table, and an enormous spittoon, around which we gathered. Eleven pipes and cigarettes were promptly lighted. I felt that I could not see that spittoon put into active use, so I said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but smoking is not allowed in court." "This is not court," responded one of the jurors, puffing vigorously at an unsavory pipe. "Excuse me again," I said, "but I should think that the room where the verdicts are considered must be a very inner sanctuary of the court. Shall we call the guard and ask him to refer the matter to the judge?" Pipes and cigarettes promptly disappeared. I have learned since from jurors of experience that it is quite customary for a jury to agree to disagree in order to go to the jury room for a smoke, and the foreman of a jury under investigation in a Pennsylvania court testified that he said to his fellow jurors, "Now, boys, we must take one more smoke all around or the judge will think we have not given enough time to this verdict."

THE smoking question being happily settled for my own jury, we were able to proceed to business, but when the roll was called no one was willing to vote either for or against the defendant. We were hopelessly befogged, and too new to our duties to know that a perplexed jury has the privilege of returning to the court room for further instructions. Finally the foreman said, "The judge told us that we must give the prisoner the benefit of any reasonable doubt. Now, the lawyers and the witnesses did nothing but contradict each other, we didn't understand the judge's charge, and we can't make head or tail of the case. In my opinion we are in a state of reasonable doubt, and if we are to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt we must acquit him." All except myself applauded this solution of the problem. I felt far from certain that our total ignorance could be legally construed as reasonable doubt, but when the foreman said indignantly, "You are not going to stand out against eleven jurors, are you?" I hastened to assure him I was not, and he reported a unanimous verdict of "not guilty."

AT THE noon recess I asked the old and experienced crier, with whom I had established friendly relations, what he thought of the verdict. "Bum," he said, "absolutely bum. You have only to look at the man to know he is guilty."

This was disturbing, so I appealed to the prosecuting attorney, who had promised his aid when my ignorance should require enlightenment. He agreed with the crier. "We know the man is guilty," he said. "Why didn't you listen to the judge's charge?"

"I did," I replied. "We all did, but it made the case no clearer. But what can you expect of so ignorant and inexperienced a jury?"

"There, there," said the old crier, patting my arm. "Don't take it so hard. You'll soon learn. You've got the makin's of a good juror."

A few days later I found myself empaneled with the two flappers and several of their admirers. The case concerned a street fight. Two colored toughs had disturbed the peace and

dignity of the Commonwealth by hitting each other in public, and it became the duty of the jury to decide which had hit the other first. The vote in the box stood eight to four in favor of the defendant, and we were sent to the jury room to come to an agreement. In recalling the evidence furnished by the witnesses, one of the flappers said we must remember that in a previous fight the plaintiff had been the first to attack, and quite probably he was again the aggressor. She was reminded that the judge had particularly charged us that the previous fight had no connection with this one, and that we must forget it. "Well," said the flapper, "I guess we must go by what the witnesses *say*, and I guess I know what that witness *said*. I guess I know as much as the judge about *that*."

The two flappers agreed on this, and six admiring young men found their arguments convincing. The vote continued eight to four, and it began to look as if the foreman would have to report a disagreement, when the clergyman, who was with me in the minority, came to me and said, "These young people are so young that they know it all, and they will never yield. Have you a firm conviction that the defendant is guilty?"

"No," I answered, "I think merely that the evidence seems to point that way."

"Do you think," he asked, "that it makes any difference to society which of these two toughs hit the other first?" "No," I said, "I don't." "Then why should we not vote with the majority and save the State the expense of a new trial of such a silly case?"

I agreed. The two other members of the minority agreed, and the foreman reported a unanimous decision in favor of the defendant. The old crier was contemptuous when I sought his opinion of the verdict, and the prosecuting attorney asked despairingly, "Why do you never listen to the judge's charge?" "Four of us did listen," I told him, "and voted to convict, but the young people would have it their way." The attorney sighed, "You never can tell what a jury will do."

Two cases of homicide varied the lists of petty larceny, assault and battery and accusations of financial crookedness which made up our daily schedule, but we women were excused from court during the trials of the murderers as there was no place to put us should we be empaneled and compelled to remain over night. I chose, however, to return to the courtroom every morning, and by listening to the witnesses and the rulings of the court to increase my knowledge of legal procedure. I did not fail to observe that the lawyers on both sides made many challenges. Before the necessary twelve men were finally selected every talesman had been called and questioned. I was curious to know the reasons for the challenges, and at my first opportunity appealed to the prosecuting attorney. "You promised to superintend my legal education," I reminded him. "Am I permitted to ask why you challenged so many of the jurors?"

"Do you mean to say," he answered, "that you did not grasp my

reasons? They were sufficiently obvious. I challenged all those men because of their congenital stupidity. Two-thirds of those jurors haven't enough common sense to bring a verdict in petty larceny. What do you suppose they would do in a complicated murder case?"

BOTH murderers being admittedly guilty, the prosecution asked for verdicts of murder in the first degree, while the defense argued that the verdicts should be accidental homicide. The evidence for accidental homicide was not convincing, and the lawyers for the defendants dropped their arguments and resorted to what is known in court parlance as "sob-stuff." I had already noted in the simple cases brought before my jury that it was when the evidence was weak that the lawyers "worked the sob-racket," and I had become indignant over their appeals to emotion instead of to reason. I had become indignant, also, over the contemptuous treatment given by the lawyers to the police officers who were called as witnesses. These officers had often seen the commission of the crime, and in any case were only doing their duty when they arrested the accused persons, yet their testimony was belittled and often their characters assailed. The counsel for one of the murderers went so far as to advise the jury never to pay any attention to the testimony of the police, who, he said, "are all liars. They are paid to work up evidence, and they work it up, facts or no facts."

The verdict in one of the murder cases was handed in one morning immediately after the opening of the court, and the travelling salesman who had been on the jury that brought the verdict said as he passed where I was sitting, "Good-bye. I'm off for the day."

"For what reason?" I demanded.

"Because I have been shut up two nights in the jury dormitory and the young idiots with me spent the whole time dancing, singing and wrestling, and I am worn out for lack of sleep." I asked the prosecuting attorney to show me the dormitory. I found it clean, well-lighted, and capable of good ventilation, but the jurors who are retained overnight must be confined in it from four in the afternoon, when the court adjourns, till nine the next morning, when it again convenes. They are forbidden to speak of the case; they are allowed no newspapers and no book except the Bible. Naturally the young men let their energy escape in noisy games, while the older men are deprived of rest, and the eagerness of staid citizens to escape a duty which may condemn them for an indefinite time to close companionship with effervescent young hoodlums and men of doubtful physical and moral cleanliness becomes understandable and even excusable.

IN THE Federal court, the game of selecting jurors is played with an honest endeavor to get intelligent men and women. The United States district attorneys keep on file the names of citizens whom they know personally or by reputation, and from time to time people of good repute are asked to add to the file the names of such acquaintances as they believe able and willing to do efficient jury service; then, when justice

is the loser, as it often is, the fault can not be chargeable solely to the jury's lack of intelligence. Its reason may be drugged by "sob-stuff," or the evidence presented to it may be colored by the politics of the moment.

About one-third of the Federal jury to which I was summoned were women, and if these women showed themselves a shade more intelligent and a trifle less prejudiced than their masculine associates it was doubtless because the very best women had obeyed the call, while many of the men best adapted to jury duty had been excused for what they pleaded was more important business. Bootleggers and other violators of the liquor laws absorbed the greater part of the court session, but as I was challenged by the defense every time chance put me on a panel in a bootlegging case, I missed the opportunity of observing how the minds of the jurors, a number of whom were avowedly wet, reacted to the evidence against the prisoners and the arguments of the lawyers.

IN THE only Federal case on which I was permitted to serve, the defendant was a young man accused of using the United States mails to defraud, a technical term which covers many offenses, and which in this instance meant blackmail and threats. The prosecution offered evidence to prove that he had written a series of letters to the plaintiff demanding a certain sum of money to be delivered at a given time and place, failing which the plaintiff's little daughter would be kidnapped. The evidence being against the defendant, his counsel drew a pathetic picture of his client's youth, poverty, and friendlessness in the great city where he had come seeking work.

I thought the prosecution might have countered with one still more pathetic of the fate of the poor baby who was to be kidnapped, but emotionalism would appear to be the prerogative of the defense, and the judge in his charge dwelt much upon the youth and misfortunes of the accused and bade us remember them in coming to a verdict.

THE jury was composed of eight men and four women. We retired to the jury room, where the eight men voted to acquit and the four women to convict. We women were amazed at the solid vote of the men. "Consider the evidence," we urged. "You must admit it is against the defendant." But the men replied, "We don't intend to convict that young man," and the foreman said, "I have a son of my own and I will never send another man's son to prison." "Each woman here has a son," we answered, "but what has that to do with the young degenerate on trial?"

The men merely reiterated that they would never send another man's son to prison, and several of them declared they would sit there for a week before they would vote for conviction. They did not fail to remind us that the judge had tacitly advised acquittal, and one man added the clinching argument, "The judge comes from my county and I for one will follow his advice."

Again and again the poll was taken, but the result was always the same, eight to four. Finding that we faced disagreement and a new trial, we women talked the matter over

among ourselves. We admitted that the judge had, in effect, recommended acquittal, and we felt that, considering our inexperience, we ought not to disregard his advice; and finally with great reluctance, we yielded to the majority. And so it came about that twelve jurors of good average intelligence, each one believing that the prisoner was guilty, voted to acquit him and turn loose upon society a young degenerate who would doubtless repeat his offense. I happened to meet the judge as he was leaving the courtroom that afternoon, and I stopped him and said, "I understood from your charge to the jury in that case of blackmail and threats that you advised acquittal." "Yes," he assented, "and you gave me the verdict I desired and expected."

"Don't you believe the young man is a degenerate?"

"Yes," he said, "I do."

"And don't you believe he is guilty?"

"Yes," he said again, "I do."

"Then will you allow me to ask why you advised us to acquit?"

"Because," he answered, "the poor devil has been in jail three months waiting for his trial and has been punished enough."

As I walked along the corridor pondering on the different interpretations that the legal mind and the mind of a layman might give to the judge's answer, chance threw me in the way of the "poor devil's" attorney and gave me the opportunity of asking if his client's plight was really as sad as he had described it.

He smiled. "Perhaps not, but it made a good story, didn't it?"

"So good," I replied, "that it convinced me of his guilt. Will you admit now that the evidence was against you and for that reason you resorted to 'sob-stuff'?"

"Yes," he replied. "The evidence was against me and what else was there for me to do? But my pathetic tale had no effect on you women. I watched the jury closely as I spoke and I soon saw I had the men, but the faces of the women never softened. I have had experience with women jurors before and I made up my mind this morning that never again will I argue a case before a jury with women in it, for a client whom I know to be guilty. I will challenge every one of them."

A SUSPICION that had been growing in my mind since my first days in the courtroom was there and then confirmed; men are the emotional sex. Having been brought up in the orthodox faith that it is my sex that is ruled by its emotions, my amazement was great to find men jurors more susceptible than women to emotional oratory, and to learn from other women jurors that we are all of one mind as to the apparent inability of our masculine associates to grasp the elementary fact that the more pathetic the lawyer's appeals the weaker the evidence.

"Feminism is ruling our courts," says an eminent judge. By feminism he must mean sentimentalism, but sentimentalism is the last fault to charge against women jurors. A distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar has spoken to me of the consternation felt by the average attorney when for the first time he confronts in the jury box "the un-

relenting logic of the feminine mind," and it is this unrelenting logic which may eventually banish women from the jury, not openly by law, but covertly by pre-arranged challenges.

Not long ago in my own city a very pretty young woman bought a pistol, went to her husband's office, and deliberately killed him and his stenographer. Her lawyer placed her and her baby in a charming attitude in the courtroom, set her to weeping gently but not enough to make her eyes and nose red, and then asked the jury — a man's jury, for every woman had been challenged — if it could convict of murder this unfortunate young wife and mother who had been the victim of a brain storm? The jurors thrilled with emotion. Closing their ears to the evidence, they pronounced the murderess "not guilty," and the crowded courtroom rocked with masculine applause.

THE next day a lawyer of my acquaintance demanded of me, "What man is safe in this city? Any woman who claims to have a brain storm may shoot him and be held guiltless." But I answered, "Don't put that question to me. Put it to the men on the jury, and to the lawyers who challenged all the women."

Even the unlovely figure of the bootlegger may, through his lawyer's eloquence, be fitted with a martyr's aureole. In a Pennsylvania court, not many months ago, a notorious bootlegger was up for trial. It was Easter week, and the bootlegger's attorney, trusting to the feelings awakened by the sacred season, compared the sufferings of his client under the persecutions of the Government to the sufferings of Christ on His way to Calvary. Tears suffused the eyes of the twelve men in the jury box. Their hearts melted within them, and with one voice they bade the prisoner depart in peace.

ON THE day that my jury in the criminal court was formally discharged I asked for an interview with the judge. I told him I had never been in a courtroom before, and that naturally the conclusions I had come to could have no value except in so far as they were the result of applied common sense, and therefore I should like to ask if in his opinion they were the outgrowth of common sense or of mere ignorance. The judge was kind enough to express a willingness to listen, and I said my brief experience as a juror had convinced me that six changes in the jury system were necessary if the public was to continue to respect the verdicts that came from the jury room.

First, every intelligent citizen should be subject to jury duty. If, for any good reason a citizen should be unable to answer a summons for a given time, he should be requested to specify at what time he could respond and his name should be put upon a list of jurors available for that date.

Second, the age limit should be raised if the mixed juries demanded by equal suffrage are to continue. Young men and young women of twenty-one have not the experience of life required to solve the social problems brought before the criminal court, or to face the testimony, which is often revolting. Moreover,

young people from twenty-one to twenty-five are still in the mating age and more concerned with each other than with legal intricacies. At their time of life flirting is natural, excusable and perhaps, in the scheme of things, necessary, but its place is not in the courtroom.

THIRD, lawyers should be required to adhere to the evidence and irrelevant sentimentality should be checked by the court.

Fourth, lawyers should not be permitted to sneer at the police force or belittle the characters of the officers who appear as witnesses. It is doubtless true that the police in most of our cities are helpless pawns of political bosses, but while this system of police control is allowed to exist, to attack individual officers in the courtroom is merely to prejudice the jury, encourage criminals in their contempt of law and impair such morale as may yet linger in the force.

Fifth, the jury dormitory should be abolished and twelve separate cubicles provided for a jury detained over night. The dormitory belongs to the age of King Alfred, who is held responsible for the jury system, and modern hygiene frowns at the confinement in one room of twelve men who may be of any race, color, or previous condition of servitude, and some of whom may be sources of physical or moral contagion.

Sixth, some method should be devised of ascertaining the mental and moral qualifications of jurors before submitting to them problems demanding clear thinking and right feeling.

The judge approved all my conclusions. He had long been of the opinion, he said, that intelligent jurors were more necessary than soldiers for the preservation of the State and that the jury service should be raised to the patriotic plane now reserved for military service. As to checking the emotional and irrelevant outpourings of the attorneys or preventing the slurs on the police force, he regretted that no one court can correct established abuses. Many judges acting concurrently in many courtrooms will be required to put an end to the encroachments by attorneys on judicial authority and to improve the present methods of selecting jurors. He agreed that the jury dormitory is an anachronism and believed that the necessity of providing for women jurors would soon make it obsolete; and he added that he had found the mutual absorption of the flappers and their admirers very trying.

PERHAPS the only way to reform the jury is to abolish it and turn its functions over to a bench of judges. I should not venture upon such a radical suggestion had I not heard a professor from the Harvard Law School tell an audience in my own city that he believed the jury system outworn, and that justice would be surer and swifter from a bench of judges.

Criminals are supposed always to prefer the sentimentalism of the jury to the logic of the judges, but a veteran of many crimes and many trials who was once asked which, in the light of his varied experience, he would prefer, replied, "That depends. If I am innocent, give me the judges. If I am guilty, give me the jury."

Inside Pools, Bobtails and Jiggles

By a New York Stock Exchange Broker

A veteran of Wall Street explains the mysteries of market "manipulation," and shows the legitimate function of pool operations

When stocks are going up, any wise citizen will tell you that pools are behind the rise. There is likely to be a touch of wistful envy in his voice, as much as to say, "I wish I were in on one of them." And when stocks go down, the same market expert will assure you that the pools are to blame; they have sold out, unloaded, perhaps collapsed; and something in his tone may hint that if justice prevailed in this world, some eminent Wall Street figures might be "sent up the river" for a stretch.

Since there are only two ways stocks can go — up and down — it is plain that if our wise citizen is correctly informed, pool operations just about account for all the baffling and exciting changes that are constantly taking place in the quotations of listed securities. The pool, in this view, is a kind of device for dangling bait before poor fish, or a trap for inveigling hapless lambs, that the wolves of Wall Street may be gorged and glutted. The world likes its villains black, its plots deep and its pictures gaudy; but the truth about stock market pools, examined in the prosaic light of facts, proves to be much less romantic than this popular idea.

There is, however, some justification to be found for this popular view, when we remember certain events of a not-so-distant past. As human affairs go, the New York Stock Exchange is not a very ancient institution. The extraordinary nexus of rules and regulations now embodied in its constitution, astutely and painstakingly devised for the ethical guidance of its members and the protection of the investing public, is a growth that has fed upon experience. Time was, admittedly, when things were done on and through the Exchange which could not be done today.

The common instinct for analogies has found expression in comparing the Jim Fiskes, Jay Goulds and Daniel Drews of an earlier epoch with the James Brothers and Captain Kidd. Their purposes and operations were frankly and lustily predatory. A later generation of market manipulators carried on in an equally high-handed manner and with an

equally cavalier contempt for public opinion. The operations of John W. "Bet-a-million" Gates and his crowd were characterized by about as much reticence as surrounds the love affairs of motion picture stars, while Thomas W. Lawson displayed the shy and shrinking qualities of a heavyweight champion. Thus a conception of stock market operations was implanted in the public mind which still crops out from time to time — especially when prices are going down. The incautious speculator who has, perhaps in disregard of plain warnings, gone in too deep and got caught, is apt to think that things are still done in the manner described by Lawson of Boston when he said, "We dazzle something before their eye, and cut the buttons off their coats."

But in fact the old-time manipulator and the old-time manipulation are not to be found in the stock market today. In recent years there have been, and there are today, big operators and market leaders whose course powerfully influences the trend of prices; but it is significant that during the recent tremendous market crash, the names of Durant, Cutten and the Fishers were hardly mentioned, and no one even thought of blaming Jesse Livermore. If there was any deliberate powerful bear raid on the list, the many people who would give a great deal to find out why what happened did happen, singularly failed to detect the fact.

No, the day is long past when a Daniel Drew could boast, "'Up,' says Dan'l, and stocks go up; 'Down,' says Dan'l, and stocks go down; 'Wiggle-waggle,' says Dan'l, and they bob both ways!" With the inexorableness of Sherlock Holmes drawing his net about a malefactor, the rules and regulations of the New York Stock Exchange have cut off one means after another by which the financial buccaneer could use its facilities for the shearing of lambs. Today the Stock Exchange is simply and exactly what its name implies — a market-place where those modern instruments of ownership and credit, namely stocks and bonds, can be bought and sold under safeguards which insure the genuineness of each transaction and the literal fulfillment of every obligation.

Yet, says the wise citizen, pools still operate in the Street. They certainly do. The market is honeycombed with them. What will surprise the uninitiated is that the majority of these pools are very prosaic matter-of-fact affairs, quite humdrum in their operations and lacking all the glamour of dark conspiracy or secret intrigue. It will be news to the average citizen that the by-laws of many corporations provide for what amounts to pool operations, and that in certain contingencies the Listing Committee of the New York Stock Exchange requires assurances that a market will be provided, as a condition of admitting a stock to the list. The fact is that the great majority of pools are formed not to run stocks up or to depress them, but to stabilize them. They are props to the market, equilibrating forces. Indeed, since we are examining facts, it must be confessed that many, perhaps the majority of pools, lose money — and their members take the losses very

cheerfully, having anticipated just that result.

It is obvious in the light of these statements that there are pools and pools. It is, as men familiar with stock market practice know, a word with no one invariable meaning. There are inside pools and outside pools, necessary and unnecessary ones, justifiable and unjustifiable pools, open pools and blind pools, bull pools and bear pools, "bobtail" pools and "jiggles." There are pools that are reprehensible and even criminal — but they are never nowadays managed by a member of the New York Stock Exchange, nor will members serve them or execute their orders if they know, or beyond the point where they detect, that there is anything fraudulent or unethical about them. It is true that the worst luck a man can have is to be inveigled into a pool the real inwardness of which he does not know. But I repeat that the great majority of pools today are wholly legitimate and ethical features of stock market operations.

A POOL — to attempt a definition confined to essentials and applicable to all varieties — is a group of men voluntarily associating and pledging a portion of their resources to carry on, for their common benefit, certain operations in the buying and selling of stocks. The speculative pool is, generally, one whose operations are intended to put the stock up, whereupon the pool purposes to profit by selling its holdings. A speculative bear pool — not a very frequent phenomenon — is one whose operations are intended to reap a profit by selling short and depressing quotations on the stock in question. But the most common variety of pool is neither bull nor bear, is not speculative at all, but is purely and purposely a stabilizing factor.

CONSIDER what happens when a new stock is admitted to trading on the New York Stock Exchange. So many thousands or even millions of new shares are added to the many millions in which a great part of the country's liquid capital is already invested. Who is to purchase this new issue? Except in rare instances, few prudent investors will touch these stocks until they become seasoned by time. So the issue will be absorbed chiefly, in the first instance, by speculative buyers. These have no desire nor intention of holding the stock. They are looking for a quick turn. On a few points' rise they will sell. But as soon as any great number of them sell, the stock will head downward. Then more of the speculative buyers, concluding that they made a bad bet, will sell; and presently bear operators, sensing an opportunity, will start selling short. Unless support comes from some source, that stock is headed for a severe drop. Meanwhile its inherent value may be steadily increasing; but it will be three months, six months or a year before cautious investors will come to consider it a buy.

What are the sponsors of the stock to do? They have assumed a degree of responsibility to the investing public by offering the stock. Their prestige is involved. Moreover, they are looking far ahead to a time when demonstrated earning power and increasing equities will justify a high

price level for the issue. Obviously the thing to do — and very likely they did it simultaneously with the listing of the security — is to form a pool in support of the stock, to keep it from sinking unjustifiably low under speculative offerings, and equally to restrain any sudden unjustified rise under the impetus of rumors or the operations of an outside pool.

Such is the origin and such the character of most pools; such are the considerations which in some instances lead to by-law provisions for their establishment. The necessity for such a pool appears even more clearly if we consider the situation when the shares of a company long privately owned are first offered to the public. The case of the Eastman Kodak Company offers an excellent illustration. So long as it was owned solely by the Eastman family there was no need for a market. But in pursuance of his extraordinary philanthropies George Eastman vested the ownership of large blocks of stock in various institutions and funds. In order that any of these might be able to realize upon any part of its holdings in case of necessity, it was imperative to establish a market for the shares, so that it would be known at any time what investors and speculators would be willing to pay for them. Therefore a pool was formed purely for the purpose of making a market and stabilizing quotations.

Sometimes it is a trading account rather than a pool which performs this stabilizing function — the difference being merely that a trading account is set up by a very close group of insiders, or even by an individual. I recall how one stock (which the house I am associated with brought out) fell sharply in price while listed on the Curb. When the time came to transfer it to the Big Board, the original owners of the company were induced to open a trading account to prevent a repetition of the Curb experience. Yet it was not long before this trading account was being used not to prevent a decline, but to halt a runaway bull market in those shares! In another instance, the original owner and heaviest shareholder in a corporation which we had sponsored would not agree to the use of his trading account on the bear side, with the result that the stock was boomed by outsiders to levels far above its worth — and subsequently, of course, suffered a severe and precipitous decline. There were probably speculators who lost money in that decline and who said angry and indignant things about a pool, when in fact it was the lack of pool operations which made the unjustifiable prices possible and left the way open to catastrophe.

A situation which obviously calls for pool operations occurs when a stock is split up. The same is true when the number of shares of a corporation is increased, or when a block of treasury stock is offered to the public. It is in such cases that the authorities of the Stock Exchange desire assurance of reasonable support for the issue. Then there are the many companies which pay their dividends wholly or partly in common stock. Many recipients of these stock dividends prefer to cash in, so

that following each dividend date there are likely to be heavy offerings of such stocks; obviously some kind of pool or trading account support is called for.

I HAVE said that many pools lose money and expect to lose. This does not mean that they are organized as philanthropies. On the contrary, the members of such pools are looking to an ultimate larger profit on their holdings of the same stocks outside the pools. Suppose a group of associates control 500,000 shares of a certain stock. It is to their interest to protect the standing of that stock on the ticker and the board. So they form a pool of, say, 50,000 shares; by buying and selling up to that amount, or any part of it that may be necessary, they can, except in very unusual circumstances, prevent any severe decline or unwarranted rise. On such pool operations they are likely to take a loss; but if their stock has merit, their stabilizing work will bear fruit in the ultimately higher value of their total holdings. Not infrequently, however, a pool of this sort will show a profit. In a severely falling market they may have to load up with their stock at low prices. If and when the market turns, they will presently unload at appreciably higher levels. Such instances merely illustrate the proverb — "To him that hath shall be given."

Pools for the deliberate purpose of profit may be organized by insiders, that is to say, the executives and directors of the company, its bankers and others having special knowledge of its prospects; or by outsiders, market operators who have no intimate knowledge of the corporation's affairs, but who judge from the available data that the stock is due for a rise — or in the case of a bear pool, for a decline. Such outside groups are sometimes called "bob-tail" pools. The profits are certainly very enviable in some instances. Consider what happened early in 1929 in the case of a stock which we will call "A. B. C. Radio." The shares had recently been split up. Interests familiar with the history of the old shares determined to capitalize the popularity of the issue by astute trading in the new. They began by accumulating several hundred thousand shares of stock at a fair average price. The effect of so much stock being taken out of the market was of course a rapid advance when competitive public buying started. Then the pool, whose holdings must have averaged around 86 or 87 in price, was formally organized. Friends and associates of the prime movers were invited to participate and a syndicate agreement was drawn, limiting the account, it is said, to approximately 500,000 shares, and the duration of the pool to six months. The objective set was $100 a share for the new stock.

AT THIS time public enthusiasm for speculation had reached unprecedented heights. The general market had acquired irresistible momentum. So the moment the existence of a pool in "A. B. C. Radio" new shares was bruited about, the speculative public, with whom the old stock had been a favorite, started an orgy of buying. In a week's time the stock had reached its objective of 100 and the pool's work was presumably done. One Monday morning, how-

ever, the stock opened up several points, and quickly advanced several more points. The pool organizers who had planned to be out of the stock after it reached 100 and stayed there awhile, and had therefore continued selling the stock short above 100 so as to be in a position to protect it when it should break, presently found themselves heavily short of stock at prices well above 100. These happenings were the froth of the speculative wave, representing the mad buying of a public whose imagination was inflamed by the spectacle of advancing prices above the $100 level; and if the pool had not been in existence to offer stock on scale up, "A. B. C. Radio" would have gone very much higher than the 120 or so which it did reach.

As it was, two things happened. Completely to the surprise of the pool managers, their operations were completed in about three weeks instead of six months. And they not only profited during the course of putting the stock to the level originally set, but they were forced into a profit on their operations on the short side of the market because, of course, when the "soda water" rise occasioned by last minute public participation subsided, there was no one to buy the stock except the pool brokers, and they covered their short commitments at leisure, probably at an average price under 90. Altogether this pool made profits, it is said, of over six million dollars.

But my reason for recounting this story is to illustrate the fact that pools can reap profits only by following the market trend. Never, or practically never, can they dictate that trend. When there is no runaway market, no frenzy of public speculation, the managers of a pool or trading account can often, before the opening gong sounds, fix a price at which they wish their stock to close that afternoon, and govern operations so adroitly that it will in fact close at the predetermined figure or not more than an eighth or a quarter point off. That is a mere matter of routine. Orders may be placed in advance to buy or sell so many shares at each eighth, quarter, half or full point rise or drop; or stock may be sold or bought in such quantities and at such points as the fluctuations during the day may make necessary. It works, as I said, if there is no speculative frenzy in the air. But when the public takes the bit in its teeth, it is absolutely impossible for pools to control the stock market. Let me illustrate by another example, the pool in what we will call "X. Y. Z. Motors."

The "X. Y. Z. Motors Company" had been close to death in 1920 and 1921. In the next few years it had muddled along trying to regain its position in the industry, but year after year drastic write-offs and adjustments were necessary to put its financial house in order. In the first six months of the 1924–1929 bull market, this stock was a laggard, though previous to 1920 it had been one of the most popular of issues. Those in control of the company's affairs, its directors and largest stockholders, knew that sound conditions had been restored and that the company was on the way to better times. But they also sensed the definite connection between the

credit and prosperity of the company, even between the public attitude toward its product, and the selling price of its securities. No amount of advertising of "X. Y. Z." cars would restore the former public goodwill nor recapture the company's former standing in the industry if the public appraisal of the stock indicated disbelief in the permanency of the improvement which had taken place. Pool operations were therefore determined on purely and solely to complete the rehabilitation of "X. Y. Z." in public confidence.

THE pool was formed in January, 1925, to run for six months, with powers to buy, sell and generally trade in not more than 250,000 shares of the company's stock, the main idea being to see to it that the stock participated in every upward movement of the market as a whole. It was hoped that the pool could buy stock when no one else was buying it and sell when no one else was selling it, pay expenses, and perhaps make some money incidentally. From the start things went splendidly. There was an immediate rise of more than ten points from the low 60's to above 75 in early February. In the mid-winter recession, it sold down around 66 again; it fluctuated within a narrow range, but the important thing was that it followed closely the general movements of the market. The pool, by what is known as an automatic scale order operation, was attaining its object. The market took all the stock offered on the way up, and on the way down the pool was able to buy back, thus breaking the fall. The market in "X. Y. Z." was, in short, stabilized, so that the stock responded to every bullish influence in the general market, and did not react disproportionately when the market turned soft.

After five months of such oscillation the stock got above 80 in June and became very popular with the general public. The pool managers, who had carried over 150,000 shares through the spring months, decided that the usual falling off in automobile business after June would find reflection in softer prices for motor stocks; they therefore kept working out of "X. Y. Z." as the price approached 80. It was the general opinion among the pool members that 80 would be a splendid price for the stock. As the end of June approached, bringing the automatic dissolution of the pool, all remaining stock had to be sold or distributed to pool members, and it was decided to take the former alternative. On the day of expiration, the stock sold around 85. The pool was out; but now let us look at some of the curious results.

FROM the formation of the pool until its expiration, "X. Y. Z." had advanced 20 points. Here, if ever, must have been a successful pool operation! — and it was successful in the sense that its object had been attained; the stock had become "regular"; shrewd traders now bought it on reactions and sold it on rallies. Yet the wealthy men who constituted the pool received as profit exactly one point on the entire 250,000 shares for which they had committed themselves. Commissions, taxes, trading losses taken in buying stock at advancing prices

to insure its participation in every rally and in selling when it had to be sold to keep within the limits of the pool — such things had piled up such an aggregate of expenses that the total profits after six months of operation of this successful pool were exactly $250,000.

But the aftermath had elements of irony. The work done by the pool in what proved to be the early days of a long bull market, in restoring the good name of "X. Y. Z." motors, was so effective that for the next three years no pool was ever necessary in that stock; and after it had been split up, the new shares advanced — aided, of course, by continued improvement in the business — until they sold at a price equivalent to 400 for the old shares. The pool, taking a profit of $1.00 a share, had sold out at the very threshold of one of the most dramatic advances in the history of the stock market. That hardly lends color to the sometimes popular picture of pools as conscienceless schemers cynically shearing the innocent public lambs!

The great bull market reached its incredible climax in the period from July, 1928 to September, 1929. As the lamentable events of the ensuing two months finally compelled the most reluctant speculators to recognize, that abnormal market was due to exceptional conditions, and chiefly to an extraordinary psychological phenomenon. The public became possessed by a wave of optimism which ignored all inconvenient facts and swept aside all warnings. Business was showing a mild but continuous recession; but public psychology forced the market to go against the trend of business, and made the analyses and admonitions of such men as Colonel Ayres and Roger Babson appear foolish. But the market can never continue indefinitely to go counter to the business trend. This, and not supposedly Machiavellian pool operations, accounts for the recent panic. Pools may contribute to a rising market, yes; but even pools cannot long operate successfully against the business trend. Much weightier factors than pool operations in the late lamented bull market were the many mergers and the heavy investment trust buying which characterized the period from July, 1928 to July, 1929. After the latter month the better managed investment trusts greatly curtailed their purchases and probably did some selling. This was a much more potent precipitant of the crash — which once started, fed upon panic beyond the utmost expectation even of the most convinced bears — than all the pool operations that may have been going on during the autumn months.

As an illustration of what may happen precisely because of a lack of sound pool operations, take the markets of December 12 and 13, 1929. On the first of these days a wave of selling came into the Street, doubtless largely the work of operators trading for a quick turn, and stocks went tumbling down. Promptly at the opening the next morning there was a rush of buying, and quotations shot up. Before the morning was over the market reversed itself — obviously at the whim of the quick turn artists — and all down the list stocks collapsed like houses

of cards. These irrational and irresponsible gyrations clearly indicated the lack of responsible pools, which, if present, would have put the brakes on the decline by offering buying support, while slowing down the advance by means of selling operations. By the same token, it is obvious that when the market performs in such a deplorable way, there are "jiggles" at work — a "jiggle" being, in Wall Street parlance, a kind of informal outside pool organized for precisely such irresponsible operations over a short period, a week or ten days.

UNQUESTIONABLY reprehensible and indefensible tactics are often used by these "jiggles." Thus in the third week of December, bear operators forced a break in the price of Montgomery Ward common stock by circulating a rumor that dividends on that stock would be temporarily suspended. Some of the bear crowd, I believe, went to the length of calling up people interested in that stock, and openly boasting that they were about to force it down. Yet the rumor was, as George B. Everitt, president of Montgomery Ward and Company, said, "maliciously false, evidently disseminated by unscrupulous speculators." Such things as these bring the whole legitimate and indispensable business of stock trading into disrepute; but since anyone can trade and anyone can circulate rumors, such tactics are largely beyond the disciplinary reach of the Stock Exchange. The bright spot in the situation, however, is the fact that the authorities of that organization are constantly finding ways to compel a stricter observance of ethical principles even if members desire to act otherwise — which the vast majority of them do not.

In the second paragraph of Article I of the Constitution of the New York Stock Exchange, one of its objects is stated to be: "To maintain high standards of commercial honor and integrity among its members; and to promote and inculcate just and equitable principles of trade and business." In recent years this Constitution has been fortified by many amendments which put in the hands of its Governing Committee, or the other committees acting for the Governors, drastic and absolute powers of discipline, including fines, suspension and expulsion. Today the Governing Committee can break any corner; for under Section 7 of Article III of the Constitution, whenever in its opinion a corner has been created in a security listed on the Exchange, it can postpone the time for delivery on Exchange contracts therein, can examine all the circumstances, and fix not only a delivery date but a fair settlement price.

ANOTHER specific abuse of older days was the "wash sale," which was the buying and selling of equal amounts of the same security by the same person or interest, to create the impression of a market when there was none, or of a price trend other than that determined by *bona fide* trading in the stock in question. Such "wash sales" are now a statutory offense, and are also strictly under the ban of the Exchange rules.

Moreover, it is due in justice to say that, if the observations of one intimately concerned with stock market operations for many years are of any value, there is not in the world a

body of men of higher character, or more consciously dedicated to a high ethical standard in their daily affairs, than the membership of the New York Stock Exchange. It affords no pleasure to these men to witness the losses which their clients sustain in such a panic as we went through last fall, and moreover they cannot profit a penny by such disasters. The genesis of the panic of 1929 lay not in any Wall Street diablerie, but in an excess of that very quality which underlies America's prosperity and business achievements — the quality of constructive optimism.

Men like Durant, Raskob and the Fishers are men whose ways of looking at things were fixed by years of actual constructive achievement in the industrial field. When they retired from active industrial life with time and money to devote to investment, they took with them the same driving impulse toward constructive activity which they had manifested as executives. They backed companies in which they believed, not as stock market balloons but as money-makers by virtue of sound organization, able management and products for which there was an expanding market. On the whole such operations have been beneficial. No one foresaw the extent to which the public would eventually rush into the market, how irresistibly they would bid up prices, how blind they would be to changing conditions and warnings, or into what a panic they would eventually fall. It was all utterly new and unprecedented, and it is certainly to be hoped that the lessons learned in those feverish days of October and November will be taken to heart. But assuredly it was not the dark machinations and intrigues of wicked pools that were to blame. Rather, as I have tried to show, it was the comparative absence of that stabilizing effect which the vast majority of pools have as their useful, legitimate and sole object.

How Misery Breeds Crime

By Joseph Jastrow

A famous psychologist indicts with scientific evidence the inequalities of economic circumstance that lead to lawlessness

The average citizen isn't strongly interested in crime, but in resisting the inroads of crime. When he buys life insurance, he isn't insuring his life, but only protecting after his death the interests of those dear to him. His real life insurance proceeds by way of proper care of his health, by safeguarding his mental powers, by carrying on happily and wisely, by right living generally. The same is true of the social health of his community; the more right living there is in it, the greater the insurance against crime. That is where the practical problem begins, but not where it ends.

Crime is an abstraction, but a useful term for discussion. The only reality is criminal behavior, which in turn is the behavior of persons; they form the problem. And as their behavior is an expression of their mental make-up acting under the conditions of their social setting, psychology enters on the ground floor. Native disposition counts and counts heavily. But above all, crime is a matter of circumstance, of the conditions surrounding human behavior; in that tangled mass of influences, one factor stands out in glaring proportions — *just plain misery.*

With all allowance for criminals in the making by reason of native disposition, the great majority of criminals are made so by the stress of the conditions of their lives. *The largest source of crime is misery.* The relief of misery would be the safest crime insurance that any society could invest in. That offers a text for every practical measure to reduce crime.

This thesis needs broadcasting from many stations — from that of the social agencies in the first link-up. People can not be expected to behave like human beings unless they live like human beings. Standards of living are both the expressions and the conditions of human behavior. Until the cry of distress of physical condition is met, no other voice can secure a hearing. Psychology and sociology can only redirect, they can not much alter the needs of humanity; where the tyranny of economic stress rules, the finer qualities of the human en-

dowment are sacrificed. The slum and the gutter become the haunts of crime.

As economic gospel all this has been preached again and again; and still there is slight indication of a successful warfare against crime, nothing comparable to many a hygienic and medical campaign against the ravages of disease. Prevention is more economical than cure, and in no direction more so than in the treatment of crime. To make people happy and adjusted, goes far to ensure their orderly behavior. Crime is but one and a limited expression of maladjustment; another of like origin is neurosis. Neuroses and crimes overlap in their treatment as in their sources; the relief of misery is a common factor of redemption; the minimum essential is a decent and secure physical living. Compared to that, all other considerations are secondary.

THE problem of crime, as the psychologist sees it, belongs to the direction of human urges. Every one is subject to unruly urges. These must be properly socialized; if they are not, one expression of the failure may take the form of crime. Criminal behavior does not stand apart by decree of nature; its segregation is a social convention. Behavior classed as criminal, like the rest of behavior, derives from human assets and liabilities.

In following the psychology of the urges to their source, the patterns of child-behavior are instructive. The age of innocence in one aspect is the age of criminality in another. The psychologist is not brutal but clear-sighted in recognizing in the unrestrained urges of childhood clues to the sources of so-called criminal behavior, as similarly he recognizes in other distinctive expressions of child nature the initial counterparts of what may become neurotic behavior. Nor is this a modernistic version of original sin; it is an emphasis upon the transformation and redirection of urges, of which growing up consists. Through living out his nature at each stage, the human individual is growing into the life mature. The child's urges, the instinctive sources of his impulsive and emotional reactions, are strong; he acts intensively and not very responsibly on the all-or-none pattern, and slowly learns to grade strivings and satisfactions to a perspective of values. Childhood is a period of riotous emotion no less than it is a period of nervous unrest, and presumably by virtue of a related neural basis. The taming of the shrew in every child, no less than the taming of the tyrant and the bully and the egotist, is all part of the training in social fitness. Failing to achieve this transformation, the child may be headed for the maladjustment that is neurotic or the maladjustment that is open to the temptation of crime.

THE principle of imperfect maturing has received the name of infantilism; juvenilism would be more accurate. Many types of misbehavior, whether folly or delinquency, find their interpretation here. The low mentality and defective emotionality of a section of the criminal classes indicate in a measure juvenile persistences or arrests. All of us

when not at our best, when fatigued, harassed, distressed, may recede to lower levels of behavior; we are then less controlled, less mature. Some are so disposed that under stress they will go under; they may fall or fail along the road of neurosis, or along the path of crime. The principle of regression may apply to the stages of civilization; for civilization expresses a parallel and progressive reshaping of our original nature. Under stress we revert to savagery, and lose anything from our manners, our refined social considerations and ideals, to our rudimentary humanity. When the ape and the tiger die, some element of the brute remains. It is not the Russian alone who beneath his veneer shows the Tartar, but any cosmopolitan under stress may expose the surviving caveman. Inject the behavior of cruder times into a modern setting, and much of it would be criminal in pattern, some of it psychopathic. Imperfect socialization, imperfect maturing, presents a composite menace to social security, endangers normal behavior.

THIS principle remains suggestive even when its application is uncertain. It places the emphasis upon the side of heredity, the source of original tendencies and of individual differences; upon the internal struggle for dominance over powerful unruly urges. We are not hastily concluding that here lies the chief factor in the large volume of crime with which our type of society has to deal; that appraisal comes later. Disposition is important but by no means the whole story. Crime and circumstance are as closely related as crime and disposition. The environment is as real as it is powerful; behavior does not occur in a vacuum. Crime results from conflict, and this operates typically as a cross-fire of stresses from within and restraints from without. Criminals are made, however much some dispositions incline to the making. Maladjustment implies a two-term relation — a disparity between the adjusting endowment and the conditions to be met. Crimes and neuroses may have a common origin in conflict; the conflict may be largely internal warfare; but it always has a setting which makes an enemy of a hostile environment.

THE evidence of this relation is definite. Dr. William Healy, for many years director of the Judge Baker Foundation in Boston, has shown in thousands of juvenile cases of delinquency the close connection of crime with unfavorable home conditions. His clinical studies of juvenile offenders portray the rôle of mental conflicts in misconduct. The attempt to deal with them by ordinary administrative methods is a superficial policy; the exploration of conduct-producing forces is more difficult but essential. The difficulties begin not in crime but in uncontrolled tendencies: wilfulness, destructiveness, obstinacy, violent temper, malice, defiance, resentment, cruelty, social indifference or withdrawal, surliness, pleasure in another's pain, sexuality, craving for excitement, and a welter of badly organized trends; they may appear as chronic rebellion, truancy, vagrancy, stealing, lying, sex offenses, assault, disorderly conduct generally. Faults of social attitude become mild or

severe delinquency. There are submerged dynamic, at times volcanic, conflicts, often family hatreds and misunderstandings, formidable urges seeking unwholesome outlets, that excite and invite the unrest that upon provocation breaks forth as crime. There is a peculiarly close relation between sexual craving and stealing; in marked cases the unrest is sexual, the episode criminal, a substitute outlet of a perturbing conflict. No treatment of the offense removes the impulses leading to it. The administrative and clinical views are distinct. Their fusion in an enlightened practice constitutes the problem. Understanding must precede treatment.

SUCH is the clinical approach to the nature of crime. Crime is a deviating type of behavior; so is a neurosis. Both interfere, though differently, with normal adjustment; the same insight illuminates both. A different grouping of these juvenile tendencies to misbehavior or maladjustment may incline not to the crime pattern of behavior but to the neurotic one — one of many, for they are endlessly variable. Just why and when and how the issue takes the one form or the other, and far more commonly neither, is an intricate problem of our troubled day. The salvation of humanity seems to lie in the promise of psychology. It may be a forlorn hope; it suggests a formidable responsibility.

The prevalence of conflict situations vastly exceeds that of crime. Make a clinic of a community, and the records of its psycho-neuroses would cover volumes where that of its crime would cover pages. Both depend upon predispositions. Neither mental conflicts nor unruly urges, by decree of heredity, terminate in crime or in neurosis; they dispose but they do not determine. Crime must be considered not alone in its motivation as behavior, but in its setting as temptation. There appears the complement of circumstance and its dominance in the social perspective.

THE clinical diagnosis requires correction by the social survey. When the psychopathic criterion is rigidly applied, not more than seven per cent of youthful delinquents, as Dr. Healy examines them, are such by definite issue of abnormal deviation; the same applies to the hardened offenders serving sentence in penitentiaries. If the term is used leniently, a survey may report half the prison population as abnormal in some respect; a conclusion that is likewise significant. Yet in the population at large so very many, no less handicapped, remain free from crime. The dispositional side is important; yet circumstance dominates in crime as a mass production.

The psychologist's task includes the illumination of the play of condition upon human behavior. Under stress and strain, of whatever origin or nature, the human resources that make for better living decline. As the primary struggle among the primitive urges is faced and met from childhood on, the personality gradually builds up its defenses; social approval comes to the individual's aid; the molding forces of the environment take him in hand. The child is typically strong in

impulse and weak in resistance; so is the neurotic; so are those peculiarly open to the temptation to crime. The behavior-producing impulses, reënforced by expanding urges, become organized as needs and demand satisfaction. Failing in legitimate outlets, undesirable ones are resorted to. The situation that is not rightly met is wrongly solved. An escape or flight or a lapse into neurosis, despite the differences in the composition of ways and means, finds some parallel in mechanisms and motives with the resort to crime. In neither case are the motivations all above board and deliberate; they play subtly and below the surface of reflection. Young offenders often confess that they don't know why they succumbed. They may be neurotically overcome by the shock of the first arrest. Circumstances play the deciding rôle because the balance of impulse and resistance is uncertain. Hence the eternal wisdom of the prayer, to be read as a precept: "Lead us not into temptation;" for in that freedom lies the common deliverance from evil.

A CLOSER analysis enlightens the issue. By virtue of original endowment we differ in our amenability to the normalizing, socializing, humanizing of our common urges. Speaking crudely, there are those with moderately strong (or moderately weak) urges in this direction or that, combined with adequate powers of resistance to keep them in check; and at the opposite pole those with either unusually strong urges or unusually weak resistance, or both. Yet the great masses fall in the grades between; and the issue lies in the building up of adequate defenses, whatever the strength of urges. Circumstances, including predominantly the educative forces of the environment — school, home, associates — hold the balance of power. Dispositions and defenses well enough organized to resist ordinary temptations, yield to extraordinary ones. Conditions of stress and strain weaken moral defenses, as similarly they weaken resistance to disease. Misery is the great weakener of defenses; temptation the strengthener of the urges. The psychological lesson is clear in both cases.

CRIME follows the line of least resistance as well as that of the greatest attraction. The statistical aspect takes precedence; it projects the issue in the stern realism of the social dimensions. Theft leads by far in the procession of crime. The crude statistical return means not that the tendency to acquire is the strongest of human passions and most needs suppression, but only that in our economic age, this is the readiest temptation. The love of money is not the root of all evil; rather is it the economic power of money that makes the absence of it so comprehensive a source of misery. It is increasingly difficult to be poor but honest, though ease and means do not secure immunity from dishonesty; and the standards of honesty are as elusive as they are versatile. In proportion as human satisfactions are honestly available, will they be honestly sought.

There is another dominance in crime, whose very obviousness has obscured its significance — the dominance of the male in criminal records,

a composite issue of biologic and economic rôles. The eternal masculine is venturer as well as fighter and pursuer, and the crime patterns engage these traits. In terms of another rubric of crime, we reinstate the place of Eve beside Adam. The dominant rôle of the female offender is in the exploitation of sex. The wise direction of the sex urge remains a complex social problem, and its economic aspect looms large on the modern horizon. Sex maladjustment is as prominent in neurosis and more so, than in crime. Relieve sex misery, increase sex happiness, and the prisons as well as the asylum population will decrease.

ALONG with theft and sex in the statistical picture stands the conflict of personal as well as economic interests. So long as existence is a struggle and the spoils are to the aggressive, the complexities of human behavior will be reflected in court records, whether criminal or civil, of domestic relations or juvenile delinquency. Assault is but a cruder expression, and technically the criminal one, of the varieties of conflict situations inviting to crime. Maladjustment, misery and crime are of a nature all compact; social conflict supplies the arena of their expression.

Any discussion of crime in the mass would be defective if it failed to consider the masses of men who barely elude the criminal fate. Even as our records go, we are limited to criminals caught; those who escape, escape enumeration likewise. Criminals in intent, citizens at large operating just within the law, those guilty of shady transactions, if assembled, might well outnumber the criminal population. In any moral survey their contributions to the deficits of civilization would be momentous. The psychologist must include in his survey not only the accidentally criminal but the accidentally non-criminal. Circumstance dominates in either case.

A RECOGNITION of psychological origins in no way minimizes the necessity of social security; yet administrative practice, to be effective, must be based on psychological understanding. Notably, if prevention is to be given its proper place in the social programme, must the clue of psychology be followed along its many trails. The disposing factors of personality suggest one technique of approach: the weight of circumstance, so often deciding the issue, proposes another. Together they provide the proper policy of society's insurance against crime; their converging attack should be directed toward the relief of misery, of that misery of stress that degrades human living and begets the psychological misery that devitalizes effort and induces despair.

With a completer acceptance of the problem of crime as the direction of human urges, the social provisions would concentrate upon the forces of prevention and early treatment; upon the training in emotional stability and the relief of distressing circumstance. They would consider the youthful offender in a clinical attitude, relating the crime to its psychological status rather than to the degree of social damage involved. Prison treatment would emphasize the reformatory which means re-

habilitating measures so largely that the punitive factor would recede to its minimal proportion; for no civilized society can carry out the punitive policy consistently or adequately. The recent repeated desperate outbreaks within prison walls have brought into front-page relief the continuance of the hostile attitude that brought the professional criminal within the walls. Whatever else this menace implies, it suggests the inadequacy of our penal administration. To bring the machinery of administration into line with this transformed view of crime in the modern world — for each civilization makes its own sins and crimes as well as its virtues and standards of living — is a momentous matter for expert consideration. If accomplished, another generation may accept as commonplace what at present seems an intrusion of the psychologist in the adjustment of human relations.

But it is precisely the practical temper of the psychologist that prevents him from going astray in the intricacies of a problem that must consider equally human urges and human circumstance. He would fail in his responsibilities if he left uncertain the emphasis of his conclusions. The wise direction of human urges will go on according to our enlightenment; for education has no other meaning. It is a slow process at best and must in each instance be adjusted to the fallible material at hand. But the fairer distribution of the favorable circumstances under which human beings find the satisfaction of their minimum needs, is the clear social goal. Misery remains the chief provoker of crime. The resistances and defenses of human nature can not be expected to perform miracles. Human beings are entitled to a fair chance. Economic conditions determine what that chance is. The organization of society presents such strong and various temptations to crime as the easiest way, that the need of relief in that quarter is the most obvious. Crime insurance requires that education do its part to make the crime risks more insurable; but the conditions of living come first. Neither the strong arm of the law nor the stronger measures of education can do their work without the complete coöperation of the relief of economic distress. A community relieved of misery so far as human measures can do so, will have a low crime rate.

Again the two issues converge. There is a definite limit to the stress that nervous systems can endure and remain stable. Present day life for millions approaches the danger line of stress. The increase in psychoneurotic disorders is one of the outstanding signs of the times, with the number of beds in hospitals occupied by mental cases equal to that of all other disorders combined; and in that toll there is no reckoning of the larger army of the neurotically disqualified who yet carry on somehow in the world of normal people. That same order of stress differently composed, differently operating, plays its part in the criminal records. Misery makes for instability; and instability for crime. The relief of misery remains the preamble in the platform of crime prevention.

Back to Bonds

By Paul Willard Garrett

New Trends and Old Laws in the Investment Market

Somewhat less than a year ago thirty young men from Wall Street met one evening in an exclusive New York club for dinner. They were gentlemen of responsibility. Several were heads of statistical departments, employed by financial houses to tell investors, unfamiliar with figures and balance sheets, where the best buys lay. They had all felt the flush of a first fortune easily won. With success had come confidence. They were meeting to exchange views on stocks.

Now the Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover bull market at that time had already run seven years. We were in a new era. We had definitely abandoned some old-fashioned ideas on securities. Bonds particularly had been discarded as a popular vehicle for investment. And in keeping with this newer philosophy several of the wealthy young men from Wall Street boasted that evening to their comrades that they had never owned a bond. Nobody was surprised. The others did not own bonds either. Their whole programme of investment — as seemingly was everybody's — was motivated by "acquisitive" rather than "preservative" instincts.

Up to the September-October-November, 1929, episode relatively few Americans knew from intimate experience that sometimes it is more difficult to preserve than to acquire wealth. The advantages of stocks over bonds everybody knew. Exploits in the securities markets had not yet taught the great army of new-born investors any advantages of bonds over stocks.

The present generation had never been through a bear market. It knew only that stocks rose as the country grew. Bonds never rose. What was there in history between 1921 and 1929 to teach people the simple economics of a bond investment?

When the time came it took no textbook to impress on the country some elemental distinctions. The very stocks that had built up fat profits finally took them away. When the high stock structure tumbled, bonds held firm. Many a rich young man in Wall Street then wished in vain that he had shifted a portion of his funds earlier in the year from stocks to bonds.

Now the truth of the matter is that the 1928–1929 decline in bond

prices that prejudiced so many against these securities was not perhaps so distressing a signal against bonds as against stocks. In years to come, who knows but that we may look back on the eighteen-months' decline, from April, 1928 to October, 1929, as an interruption to a major forward movement, that previously was under way, rather than a reversal in trend?

ALMOST invariably a major bear market in stocks is preceded by several months of definitely declining bond prices. Even when the underlying trend in bonds is upward, experience over the last quarter of a century shows that bonds will sense an approaching stock collapse and decline until the adjustment has been completed. The dip in bonds usually precedes the downturn in stocks by eight to seventeen months.

The stock beginnings of the rich man's panic of 1903 were not visible until February of that year — but the turn downward in bond prices had come eight months earlier, in May, 1902.

Stocks did not start the decline that eventually led to the great autumn panic until January, 1907 — but bonds in anticipation of what was to come had started down sixteen months before that, in September, 1905.

Bonds and stocks started down simultaneously in the bear market of 1916–1917, which was induced by our entrance into the war. That was not a typical market cycle.

Stocks headed downward in November, 1919, at the time of the great post-war deflation market — but bonds had turned downward eleven months earlier, in January, 1919.

The recent bear market was no exception to this simple rule. Stocks after setting a record peak for all time early in the month began to move lower in September, 1929 — but bonds had started down seventeen months earlier, in April, 1928.

ONCE bottom has been reached by stocks in a major bear movement bonds usually begin their recovery immediately. Stocks touched bottom on November 9, 1903, in the rich man's panic of that year. The recovery in bonds started within a month. Stocks hit their lowest levels on November 15, 1907, in the panic of that period. Bonds reversed their trend within a month.

Following December 19, 1917, when the stock bottom was reached in the 1916–1917 war decline, bonds did not rally for ten months — but here again our entrance into the hostilities destroyed the normal sequence.

Stocks touched bottom on December 21, 1920, in the post-war deflation market. Recovery in bonds at that time started four months earlier, in August.

November 13, 1929, was bottom for the collapsed Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover bull market in stocks. Recovery in bonds started immediately. October, indeed, a month before the stock bottom was reached, brought the first signs of a reversal from falling to rising bond prices.

What this all shows is that the shadow of an approaching major bear market in stocks is cast almost invariably months in advance by a dip in bond prices. Why that is we

know from our 1928–1929 observations. The last stages of a bull market just previous to the collapse bring speculative excesses. Stocks seem destined to rise indefinitely. The lure of quick profits becomes irresistible. People sell bonds to buy stocks. They buy stocks on borrowed funds. Finally a credit stress is created. Tightening money rates depresses bond values. Banks to carry an increased loan burden liquidate their bond holdings.

BUT — and here comes the point to remember — an approaching major bear stock market interrupts without reversing the underlying cyclical bond movement. Once the obstacle of a stock adjustment is removed, the pressure on bonds lifts immediately. If the previous trend in bonds had been upward the rise is then usually resumed.

What was the underlying trend in American bond prices previous to April, 1928? What were the forces perpetuating it? Do they still exist? These questions we must answer if we would predict the movement in bonds prices from this point on.

But going even further back let us inquire first into the broad movements since 1900. What general direction have bonds taken in the last thirty years? Through what cycles have they passed? Why?

Three primal influences constantly are at work for higher or lower bond prices. (1) Bonds move inversely with commodity prices; (2) they move inversely with money rates, and (3) the demand for them varies with changes in the public's psychological attitude toward bonds.

The reasons are easy to see. Rising commodity prices make goods cost more. Dollars lose in purchasing power. A dollar will buy fewer groceries. Consequently a bond interest coupon, which is a call on dollars, is worth less. Conversely a falling price level makes dollars relatively more valuable. Bond coupons will buy more. That sends bond prices up.

Bond yields move sympathetically with money rates, or, putting it the other way around, bond prices move inversely with interest rates. Indeed the purchase of a bond is nothing more than the making of a loan. Lenders seeking attractive rates offered in the money market watch bond yields just as they watch time rates.

EVEN psychology counts. Up to early 1928 American investors had always paid more dearly for bonds than stocks. Bond yields up to then had ruled persistently under stock yields. This time-honored regard for gilt-edged investments was lost as the stock craze gathered momentum. During most of 1928 and the first nine months of 1929 stocks sold at levels yielding less than bonds. The disparity widened as the bull market progressed. By September, 1929, Americans were buying common stocks on a 2.88 per cent yield basis whereas quality bonds were available to yield 4.76 per cent. The discrepancy was corrected almost over night when the psychology changed.

Let us have a look at the broad major swings in bond prices since 1900. Ignoring the minor swings we find before us a simple graph to visualize. The chart shows a major decline in bond prices running from 1902 to 1920. Since 1920 the trend

has been upward. Even during the first six years of the recent great bull market the trend in bonds was persistently upward. The 1928–1929 bond decline on the chart gives the appearance of a minor setback rather than a reversal of the previous major upward movement.

But with all the net gains of the last nine years since 1920, bonds have nowhere nearly recovered the ground lost in the years from 1902 to 1920. Bonds in 1902 were commanding an average price as high as 106.1. They have never since been so high. The long decline by 1920 had carried the price down to 78.2. There was a loss from the extreme 1902 high to the extreme 1920 low of 27.9 points — 26 per cent. Not all of this sweeping loss has been recaptured since 1920.

These same bonds now sell at a price averaging 96.3. That is to say, 18.1 points of the 27.9 lost between 1902 and 1920 have been recovered. But bonds must rise still another 9.8 points on the average to put them back to the 1902 level. Indeed bonds did not for long remain so cheap as now in the entire decade that followed.

The same story is told in yields. With falling bond prices the indicated yield to investors rose from an extreme 1902 low of 4.01 per cent to an extreme 1920 high of 6.11 per cent. Rising bond prices since 1920 have reduced the yield but gilt-edged descriptions still return an average of 4.65 per cent.

Now let us apply the simple rules set forth above that govern bond movements. Rising commodity prices and irregularly rising interest rates for two decades previous to 1920 were two powerful — indeed were two irresistible — pressures making for falling bond prices.

With the spectacular heights to which commodity prices rose by 1920, when the post-war inflationary bubble burst, everybody is familiar. But even during the period from 1896 to 1913 a strong upward trend in prices carried the general index forward 2.3 per cent each year. It was a development that underlay all other economic changes.

Interest rates were simultaneously moving from a low to a high level. Sixty- to ninety-day time funds swung from an extreme 1894 low of 1.75 per cent to an extreme 1920 high of 8.72 per cent.

But since 1920 falling commodity prices and falling interest rates — at first rapidly and then gently — have been making for higher bond prices. The decline in interest rates for a time was checked by the speculative orgy in stocks, but the immediate precipitate drop in money rates after the market's adjustment suggests the existence of a credit condition fundamentally easy.

Will these influences making for rising bond prices perpetuate themselves?

Nobody can say whether commodity prices will continue the downward movement that began in 1920, but the signs point more emphatically to falling than to rising prices. For nearly a quarter of a century up to the inflationary post-war era, commodity prices pushed steadily forward, but at no time since 1920 has this strong upward pressure been resumed. Indeed, for five years

gently falling commodity prices have suggested the possibility of a reversal in the pre-war trend.

Enormously expanded industrial productive capacity, a relative shrinkage in world gold stocks, and a gradual breaking down of international barriers, are developments suggesting that more goods may be offered for a given unit of gold in the future than in the past. With the arguments for a falling price level more convincing than those for a rising level, the trend in commodities very conceivably may from now on bolster rather than depress bond values.

With a relinquishment in the stock market's demands, and a Federal Reserve policy openly designed to ease credit, the implication is for declining or at least stabilized rather than stiffening rates for money. That, too, should make for better bond values.

It needs no resort to statistics to show that psychology in the market is shifting already from stocks to bonds — but statistics there are for him who loves figures.

Steadily for three years stocks up to the end of 1929 had become a more popular and bonds a less popular vehicle for public financing. In 1927 our stock flotations were only $1,775,224,000 as against $8,490,880,000 in bonds. By 1929 the volume of new stock issues had mounted to $4,523,107,000, whereas new bond flotations simultaneously had shrunk to $4,879,953,000.

THIS reduction in the supply of new bonds for public consumption — not to mention the gradual retirement of Liberties — has created a highly favorable position for the market in bonds. With any substantial return of these descriptions to public favor it will take no very great demand to absorb the floating supply.

The new year already is giving evidence that investors are going back to bonds and that in their financing programmes American corporations will recognize this change in attitude. New capital issues for 1930 so far have been mostly bonds in contrast to the lists of a year ago.

The Tide of the Times

By Kenneth Wilcox Payne

Both as individuals and in organized society, we humans are notoriously prone to waste our energies treating symptoms and palliating consequences. Rarely do we have the wisdom to face and eradicate the underlying causes of our troubles.

Having established in principle that war is a crime of which we will no longer be guilty, we promptly settle down to complicated negotiations over the naval equipment with which we will permit each other to wage war. The effort has its eminently practical advantages, but will be futile in the long run unless paralleled by further progress toward the perfection of machinery to wipe out the causes of war. This means, among other things, American adherence to the World Court, and the strengthening of the League of Nations by American coöperation.

As in foreign affairs, so in the case of our domestic crime problem, we are dealing "practically" with symptoms and blandly ignoring fundamental causes. The Wickersham Commission brings in its preliminary report on Prohibition enforcement, and acrimonious debate at once arises over the best technique of dealing with law breakers. We ignore the question of what makes them law breakers.

Obviously, in the case of the Volstead Act, this is the disregard by millions, including countless prominent citizens, of the purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment. If the Dry forces in Congress, boastful of their sweeping majority, have not the courage to penalize drastically the purchase or consumption of liquor, they have not the courage of their convictions.

Perhaps the shooting of rum runners is ridding the community of many undesirable citizens as well as of a few innocent by-standers. But unless the consumers of liquor can be subject to prosecution in wholesale lots and thus be deterred by fear from making bootlegging profitable, new rum runners will spring up to replace the slain, and the noble experiment will go careening on its costly way, accomplishing a little but proving nothing.

The Real Prohibition Issue

The thesis which the Administration is at present attempting to prove, once for all, is that Prohibition can be made the observed law of the land. Since ardent pleas, repeated daily for ten years from pulpit, press and platform, have been unavailing to make observance voluntary, what plan is left for the Prohibitionist but the effort to compel observance by making not only the purchase of liquor but the act of drinking itself subject to severe punishment?

Probably it would save money in the end if a huge Prohibition police force, lavishly financed and placed, say, under the dictatorial control of Bishop Cannon, were turned loose in the land to concentrate upon the conviction of consumers. Whether this attempt to get down to the fundamentals of the Prohi-

bition mess be called a counsel of desperation or of common sense, it is certain that an uncompromising venture upon it now would bring to a head an issue that is otherwise going to drag itself out with increasing scandals, dissension and violence for years to come.

The ultimate discovery, no matter how or when arrived at, is likely to be a bit of wisdom not unknown of old: that temperance is the more desirable aim, and that temperance in temperance legislation may be more effectual than absolute Prohibition.

Misery and Crime

In our larger crime problem, of which Prohibition is only one controversial item, the social failure to face fundamental causes is traditional. Professor Joseph Jastrow's illuminating article published elsewhere in this issue establishes strongly on psychological grounds the relationship between economic misery and crime. Until we can discover ways to further minimize misery, to achieve a more equitable distribution of wealth, the criminal class will be sure of steady replacements from the slums.

To perceive and ponder this fact — to say that society should make it pay men better to go straight than crooked — is not to suggest that the professional criminal deserves sympathy or coddling. Our prisons are full of recidivists (39 per cent of all admissions in New York State in 1928) and recent studies indicate that there is little hope of reforming them. It were wiser by all means to shut the hardened criminal up and keep him shut up. We turn too many loose as it is, to repeat their offenses. But don't let us forget the social conditions under which these men became hopelessly warped. In many cases they are from childhood the products of economic misery; and one of the by-products of the great effort of our time — the diffusion of prosperity — will be a decrease in the social output of their kind.

If it is Utopian thus to speculate on some of the blessings of prosperity, then the President of the United States and the spokesmen for its business interests are hopelessly Utopian. The assurance of prosperity to American homes was Candidate Hoover's chief argument for his election. The existence of prosperity in America has been the boast of the business world for years. Either the practical engineering mind and the hard head of the business man are subject to grandiose delusions, or else a widely diffused prosperity is a practical possibility.

Whether or not we have actually enjoyed it as yet is less clear. To testify typically that we have, let us call up as witness a well-known publicist whose recent ecstatic article, widely quoted in the newspapers, represents a whole school of current pronouncements on the subject.

Intoxicating Language

"Let us consider," suggests this authority, "the state of a nation which, in a decade, has come into a glory transcending that which any prophet has foretold. . . . It is a glory of the many, and not of the few, and it principally concerns those who were once known as the common people. . . . The glory is somewhat as of conquest, but of a new kind of conquest. . . . The foe has been the world's oldest and best established institution — poverty."

As a result of this conquest of poverty our witness declares that "the cringing poor have vanished"; and of America's unprecedented riches he remarks: "These riches belong both to the few and to the many. They have seeped through the people until today poverty is almost a voluntary condition. The amount of involuntary poverty is not yet wholly negligible, but it is now an exceptional and purely individual predicament."

All this is said in praise of the Eighteenth Amendment, to the beneficence of

which our idyllic situation is attributed. There ought to be a Twentieth Amendment prohibiting the use of intoxicating language and covering such glamorous generalities as these, which, like liquor, delude the partaker with a false sense of well-being, as insidious psychologically as hard drink is physically.

Our Spotty Prosperity

THE fact is, of course, that we have had prosperity conspicuous but spottily distributed.

Where there are some three million unemployed, poverty is not a "voluntary condition." If six million farmers are people, there certainly remain some common people who have not yet been touched by the hand of Midas and elevated into the preferred class. This winter's reports of the charitable societies lead one to doubt that the poor — whether cringing or not — "have vanished." Involuntary poverty in this country is not "exceptional" unless to be an unskilled laborer is to be in "a purely individual predicament" and unless, furthermore, the unskilled laborer's average income of $1,032 a year is something better than poverty.

One may question also whether "riches have seeped through the people" to any vastly gratifying extent, when the average industrial worker receives $1,500 a year (one-fourth less than the Department of Labor's "budget of health and decency") or when the white collar class as a whole averages around $2,000 a year.

One may suggest further that prosperity is not prosperity if it is temporary. We have yet to know to what extent the past seven years of good times may have been only another magnificent boom. We have yet to know what will happen when approximately six billion dollars of installment paper now outstanding (largely representing luxuries which were purchased by going into debt) is confronted with a period of business depression and wider unemployment.

This is not pessimism. The crape-hanger, especially at such a critical stage as that through which we are now passing, ought to be hung in his own crape. But likewise the distiller of intoxicating verbiage, who mocks us with deceptively ecstatic pictures of universal prosperity, deserves the pillory. The best thing that can be said for American prosperity today — and it is a sufficiently splendid and encouraging statement — is that it has revealed the possibilities of prosperity.

In the years ahead it will be the task of American business leadership to convert these possibilities into fact. It will prove no easy task, and can not be accomplished in blind, haphazard fashion. Spokesmen for big business have seen the vision of elevating the purchasing power of the masses — but only an industrial generalship sincerely inspired by the vision can hope to make progress toward it.

The New Industrial Vision

ONE of the most readable current exponents of this so-called vision of "enlightened selfishness" is Charles W. Wood, whose new book, *The Passing of Normalcy*, is both an absorbing survey of the social revolution brought about by Science, the Machine and Big Business, and a fervent plea to business men to realize the responsibilities for service to humanity now resting upon them.

And this spirit of service business can not carelessly or cynically dismiss; for today business is at the wheel of civilization. The school, the church, the press, even government itself, have been relegated to the rôle of back-seat drivers, where they often seem annoyingly ignorant of the mechanism, and blind to the road ahead. Unless an enlightened business can work with government in the common task of assuring widespread prosperity, government is likely to work at cross purposes with business, thus putting the brakes on our progress along a

road which we have travelled too far to retrace without disaster.

The Chance of Big Business

WE HAVE seen the possibilities of prosperity, we have celebrated the new economics of mass production, low prices, high wages, mergers for efficiency, coöperation and coördination all along the line in the task of satisfying human wants or creating new wants. Business, having drawn to itself the most aggressive brains of the nation, having become by all odds the most powerful force within our borders, can not lightly ignore the tremendous duties — not alone to itself but to mankind — thus devolving upon it.

The moment is ripe. Radical political programmes for industrial revolution in behalf of the working class are in almost complete eclipse. If business leadership can measure up to its present opportunity, it may yet bring about the reign of wide prosperity which countless political schemes have envisioned but never practically approached.

In international affairs also business has an increasingly important rôle to play. Finding its greatest profits not in the exploitation of foreign peoples, but in the intricate interlockings of peaceful commerce and in the elevation of the purchasing power of all lands, it becomes the best ally of political peace agencies.

The progress of the latter, and particularly the popularization of the League of Nations, has been the outstanding feature of international affairs, as 1930 gets into stride. Since the odd period when American officials scarcely dared mention the League except with bated breath (and when, driven to communicate with it, they did so surreptitiously through the Dutch government) American opinion has now travelled so far as to recognize cordially that the League's accomplishments in its first decade have been great, and to hail enthusiastically the League's most ardent sponsor, General Smuts.

The animus of 1920 has passed from the public mind, and is replaced at worst by apathy, or at best by growing interest. When Newton D. Baker broadcast his hope that America would yet be a member of the League, we heard no report of millions of radio sets exploding in 100 per cent American homes under the strain of amplifying so appalling a message.

The Drift Toward the League

ONE can not read Conwell-Evans's new book, *The League Council in Action*, or the recent collection (by the Oxford University Press) of General Smuts's speeches on world peace, without realizing that the League is a going concern with a great record and with a tremendous destiny ahead of it. Widely published literature and comment now envisage American coöperation with the League as ultimately inevitable.

Indeed, those Senators who ten years ago threw the country into hysterical dread of the League of Nations are now seen to have promoted unwittingly the very thing they feared most — American collaboration in a world organization to preserve peace. For the Kellogg Pacts are the direct outcome of the situation they created. The League of Nations this year is planning to bring the Covenant into line with the more drastic ban on war enunciated in the Kellogg Pacts, and it is becoming increasingly evident that the latter can not be surely operative until we join the World Court and coöperate effectively in the going agency for constant conference which the League provides.

A Morning in Spring: Quay Malaquais

By Frances Gaither

It was spring again. The flower beds in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg painted the old patterns in a new brilliance. Along the quays the second-hand stalls were wrapped in a sudden shade, as though over-night the trees had leafed out. The hour was early for trade. The curio dealers set out tarnished weapons and dim coins along the stone parapet. The sellers of cast-off books and prints stood before the deep boxes which held their wares and, stooping under the propped-up lids, plied their dust-cloths.

Everybody was busy at housekeeping; everybody, that is, except Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie, though the good God knew their box needed cleaning if any did. The pair, as always, seemed alien and remote in the midst of their fellows. They replied not at all or as briefly as possible to the brisk sallies of Mère Larroquet at the adjoining stall. Mère Larroquet, brave in black silk with trimmings of purple brocade and macramé lace, shrugged her shoulders and fell to singing a Provençal love song as she dusted her pewter salt-cellar.

A gentleman in a neatly buttoned coat came strolling under the trees: Monsieur Deux Sous they had nicknamed him along the quays, a true *bouquineur*, a "browser among second-hand books" — as the dictionaries translate that untranslatable word describing the special devotee of the Paris quays, always wandering, always fingering, rarely buying. . .

As Monsieur Deux Sous passed Mère Larroquet's stall, she set her salt-cellar down among her books and he paused to take it in his hand. It was her one curio, acquired like her brave silk dress at an auction that had marked the passing of a countess. She interrupted her song to coax a verdict from the *bouquineur*.

"A real treasure, Monsieur, is it not so?"

"Louis Fifteenth, Madame," he graciously pronounced as he set the salt-cellar down and passed on.

He stopped as usual at the stall of Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie, but they did not give him good morning or offer to serve him. Madame Julie through half closed lids watched him rummage through their tumbled books and prints as if

it were no concern of hers whether he found what he was looking for or not. And when he had unearthed a book — a red one, full levant, in rather surprisingly good condition — he had to rouse Monsieur Georges with a touch on the arm to get him to make room beside the parapet.

If Monsieur Deux Sous felt any resentment at their indifference, he showed none. He was as used to Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie as to a pair of worn old shoes. True, he knew no more about them than their neighbors did, which was precisely nothing at all; but the peculiarities of the two *marchands* were of no slightest consequence to Monsieur Deux Sous. Cheerfully he established himself, propping the elbow which sustained his gentlemanly cane close beside Monsieur Georges's arm in its sleeve with the bursting seam. And, opening the red book midway, there in the pleasant shade, the *bouquineur* began to read.

Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie the pair were always called, Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie *tout simplement* — as if they had no other name or, in drifting here to the quay, had lost it, perhaps, as some old book its cover. The ancient who kept the stall on their left had been a plasterer before a bus in the Rue Bonaparte had struck him and he had been flung like any other worn and broken thing upon the quay. And Mère Larroquet on their right had been *paysanne* in the Midi; would be still, of course, if she had not lost her three sons in the war. Such things one freely confides. But Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie had never told a soul hereabout from what world they had come. None of their neighbors knew even in what tongue they would have spoken if they had not so guardedly, to each other as well as to everyone else, used only French.

Mère Larroquet's housekeeping brought to light a half-used writing-pad, once hopefully priced seventy-five centimes, later sixty, and at last with no better luck, fifty.

"*Tiens*," she murmured in sudden inspiration and bustled across to Madame Julie on her stool.

If it were true, as the quay had lately suspected, that Madame Julie was become too poor to go on buying those sheets she had used to fill with her secretive writing, then she should have been grateful to Mère Larroquet. She might even, one would think, have warmed to some show of confidence when Mère Larroquet hinted:

"You are more fortunate than I, Madame — I, who have lost three sons and have now no longer anyone expecting letters from me."

Madame Julie, however, said a single "*Merci, Madame*," and nothing further as she put out her hand for the pad.

Mère Larroquet, undamped, lingered sociably, looking under the leafy branches toward a café opposite where a girl in a red hat sat crumbling rolls and sipping chocolate.

"Always she waits," gossiped Mère Larroquet, "as she waits, too, for her wedding perhaps — ah, there he comes, the young lover!"

Mère Larroquet sighed with relish and drew the back of her hand across her hearty black mustache, but Madame Julie did not lift her head

from the tree-trunk or turn about on her stool. She merely shrugged as one who should say: lovers' meetings in Paris streets — what is there new in that? It was as if nothing could make her bestir herself.

All the same, Mère Larroquet's back was hardly turned when Madame Julie got out a fountain pen and began greedily to write upon the pad. Seeing which, her neighbors looked at each other. The small familiar riddle teased them as it always had. Meanwhile the mysterious pen sped on — writing in English, as Mère Larroquet had always suspected but would have given her pewter salt-cellar to prove:

It is spring again. The gardens have begun to glow; and the trees, these Paris trees which are somehow so much lovelier than any other trees in the world, are in full leaf. Oh, I can hear your protest. You are wondering if I have forgotten what Alabama looks like in dogwood time. Indeed I haven't, Fan. I can shut my eyes this minute and see the blossoms lying like a light fall of snow on every wood our train ran through that morning fifteen years ago when I set out with George to seek his fortune. . . .

It was very quiet on the quay. Now and then a bus rumbled across one of the bridges and swung upon the embankment with screaming brakes. But between times there were only little sounds: as when a breeze ruffled the leaves overhead, or Monsieur Deux Sous on the turn of a page let the ferrule of his cane clink against the wall, or Madame Julie's pen squeaked as it greedily nibbled at the white paper. To the other small familiar sounds was presently added that of Mère Larroquet's morning accounting *à haute voix*. She was by way of being banker to this particular quay; and when, upon her high stool close beside her stall, she did her sums aloud, those who were near enough and sufficiently interested could tell the exact status of each account. Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie owed more than anybody else: thirty-seven francs and fifty centimes it was now. While Mère Larroquet was adding it up, Monsieur Georges stirred and coughed and rapped out his empty pipe upon the parapet as though the size of the debt bothered him. But Madame Julie smiled undisturbed at her delightful writing.

The two lovers — or *les deux jeunes gens* as more discreetly they were called along the quays out of respect to their supposed abnegation — crossed over from the café and came slowly along the shady walk, stopping frequently to dabble among the books and whisper together. The girl now and then picked up some ragged volume and affected to show it to the boy — a silly ruse, for nobody could suppose those two came to *bouquiner*. As well imagine the birds, making love in the saints' beards of Notre Dame, were saying their prayers! They were happy about something this morning, *les deux jeunes gens* — money from home no doubt. The boy, so shabby all winter, had on a fine new necktie and carried a parcel, not bought on the quays but in a real shop, wrapped in clean paper and tied properly with cord: a great bundle of artist's gear, rolled canvas and brushes bunched like faggots.

"Madame — if you please — Madame — I'm afraid I don't know your name."

"*On m'appelle Madame Julie.*"

Madame Julie hid her letter in her frowzy old wallet and frowned forbiddingly at the girl.

"Do you understand English, Madame Julie?"

"Only French, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, dear. You'd better tell her yourself, Sep."

And then it was the boy who was talking.

"You see, Madame Julie, I am an artist."

"An artist, Monsieur! *Tiens.*"

"I have an idea for a picture."

Absurdly he went into details: the spire of Sainte Chappelle and the towers of Notre Dame gray against a morning sky; nearer, this old quay with its dingy stalls of cast-off books in the shade of young leaves — just the way we see them now, he urged — the under sides quivering with reflected lights from the Seine.

"*Tiens,*" muttered Madame Julie drily, "an idea unique."

THE whole quay saw she was laughing at them. But *les deux jeunes gens* didn't seem to suspect. They were young, in love with each other and with that *belle idée.* But what were they to Madame Julie, those young people with their sudden riches from America!

"As it happens I have money, Madame Julie — I can pay — "

The quays belong to everybody, Madame Julie interrupted — *à tout le monde.* If this youth chose to set up a studio in the open — *un atelier en pleine air* — it was nobody's affair but his own. Madame Julie dismissed the subject by a lift of her shoulders.

"But you see, Madame Julie," the girl insisted, "it's just here he wants to paint it, right here on your part of the pavement — in your little shop one might say — with this tree in the foreground and you on your stool and your husband — "

AH. IT was Madame Julie and Monsieur Georges themselves he wished to paint — two wretched vendors of the quay with the leaves of another spring unfolding fresh and green above them, the woman drugged with the elixir of her secret scribbling or else dozing on her stool while dirt gathered on the dog-eared books, the man staring down at God knows what images of oblivion in the river below his feet.

"There must be something you could use money for," wheedled the girl prettily.

Monsieur Georges turned about and again tapped out his pipe on the parapet, but if it was intended for a signal, Madame Julie disregarded it.

"No!" cried Madame Julie, harshly.

Mère Larroquet's account book fell to the pavement with a thwack. Monsieur Georges restored it to her still open at the page of his and Madame Julie's prodigious borrowings.

The red hat went bobbing off in the dappled shade like a fisherman's cork floating down the Seine. For a breath it looked as if Monsieur Georges had some idea of following after to recall it. But then, meeting Madame Julie's eyes fixed fiercely upon him, he turned in the contrary direction and walked off shaking himself like a man who has tumbled half awake from his bed. Poor Mon-

sieur Georges! None of his neighbors knew where he was going or what he meant to do. All they knew was that he would come back to lean his ragged elbows on the parapet — he always did.

IN FACT, in all the years that the quay had known the couple, they had never failed to be on hand one single day when the weather permitted of opening the stalls. Yet Madame Julie's pen was now writing:

The last weeks of winter we basked in the sun at Antibes. A gay season with rather more interesting people than usual about and for George — as usual! — a profitable time as well. But you may be sure we took care to get back to Paris for spring leaves and spring salons. Too bad we should again have missed friends of yours here. Your letter telling us of their plan to visit Paris trailed us an unconscionable time before it overtook us at last too late for me even to send a telegram of regrets to their boat. And if they did ask our whereabouts at the American Express or at any of the dealers' here, as you suggested they might think of doing, I am afraid they learned nothing: instructions about our address being given to all and sundry have had to be very strict — otherwise we'd simply be besieged. When a man gets to be as well-known as George, he is so set upon — you've no idea. Only this morning there was an importunate youngster wanting to do his portrait and dear old George, who never could say no, was actually on the point of giving in. I caught his eye in the nick of time. . . .

You wonder, you say, if I realize how lucky we are. Indeed I do, Fan. When I think how confidently we launched our argosy that long ago spring of 1914, sailing straight into the teeth of the storm! It seems almost a miracle we should have weathered it when there were so many who didn't — poor Aristide Lajean, who drove out of Paris in a taxicab to the Marne to lose his gifted right hand; and all those who, before it was over, gave their lives. Many who were alive when the war ended and seemed whole, aren't really, Fan. Though they have their hands, their hearts are broken. Oh, I don't need any reminding to make me marvel that George has succeeded in spite of arriving in Paris the very year the war began; in spite of being the first American to enlist in the Foreign Legion; in spite of being seven times wounded and twice missing; in spite of that time after the war, almost worse than the war itself, what with illness for both of us and nobody in Paris with a crumb of money or interest to spare for what George was trying to do; in spite of — well, everything!

Madame Julie at last folded up the sheets she had written, borrowed a franc from Mère Larroquet, and crossed the street to the tobacconist's. She came out a moment after, pasting a stamp on a letter, which she then posted in the box outside. That was how the quay knew it really was a letter. True, they always had known; yet they all watched the mailing of the letter with absorbed attention. Even Mère Larroquet waited till it had slipped into the slot before she opened her account book and added Madame Julie's latest borrowing to her stupendous debt.

THE morning of Monsieur Georges's return to the quay was like any other morning. To be sure, the leaves overhead were grown; the shade on the pavement was a little deeper; the pall of dust on the neglected stall of Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie, somewhat thicker; and Monsieur Deux Sous, some pages further along in his reading. Yet nothing seemed changed. Madame Julie dozed against her tree; Mère Larroquet on her high stool close beside her stall added aloud the accounts of the quay; at the café opposite *les deux jeunes gens* held each other's hands while their coffee cooled.

But Monsieur Georges was changed. The minute he came in sight far down the quay they all noticed it. His step had a vigor entirely new, and — was it the effect of the unreal green light? — but, no, he really had been trimming his beard. That surely was without precedent. And — a new tie?

"*Qu'est-ce que tu as?*" demanded Madame Julie as soon as he stopped beside her.

His reply was so guarded that not even Mère Larroquet could hear it, but they all saw Madame Julie's hands rush out of her shawl and twist around Monsieur Georges's arm as though, whatever it was he intended next, she would have restrained him. But he shook her hold off and, crossing the pavement laid on the parapet the parcel he carried. Then he turned to their stall, took up a handful of books from the top of the litter, and, with a rag dug up from an odd corner, began to rub at them briskly.

Il fait le ménage, Monsieur Georges fait le ménage! Monsieur Georges was cleaning house! The quay in all these years had never seen him do the like before. All his neighbors smiled. Monsieur Deux Sous alone disapproved the unwonted bustle. He flung his book on the stall and walked off. Monsieur Georges, oblivious to any reproach in the gesture, caught at the discarded volume as though he saw it for the first time and marked the Rabelais up to twelve francs.

The stall in order, Monsieur Georges purposefully took up his parcel from the parapet and removed the crumpled newspaper wrappings. It was a picture, a little painting in a frame. It was unsoiled, without blemish or any discoverable mark which could justify its presence on a second-hand stall. Monsieur Georges set it down, nevertheless, in the midst of his newly regimented waifs and strays and with a flourish pushed into its gilded frame a fresh slip of paper lettered in fine Gothic characters: "*A Morning in Spring: Quay Malaquais*, forty francs."

The painting in the bright untarnished frame looked equivocal on a second-hand stall. A shiver of apprehension ran down the quay. The approval which Monsieur Georges's altered appearance and brisk behavior had warmed to life was chilled and confounded. Mère Larroquet, being nearest, put a tactful question.

Monsieur Georges was obviously embarrassed. He flicked imaginary dust with his cloth. And he who was always so taciturn became loquacious. The artist? Oh, a friend of his. Yes, the painting was unsigned. Perhaps he felt humiliated, the friend of Monsieur Georges, that his picture — *cette belle peinture* — must be sold on the quay like junk. But he was in straits — like all artists now and then. *Comme touts les artists de temps en temps*, echoed Mère Larroquet mechanically, appraising the words for what they were worth.

Monsieur Georges stroked his newly trimmed beard and smiled. Mère Larroquet had never seen him smile before. And she had never really noticed till now how brown his beard showed here on the quay where beards are mostly grizzled or white. For one fleeting instant he

looked to her like her youngest son, who, if he hadn't been killed in the war, would be forty-five this Spring.

The rest, seeing Mère Larroquet smiling and chatting so agreeably with Monsieur Georges, guessed the painting must have been honestly come by, after all, and gathered to have a look at it. Monsieur Deux Sous returning along the quay stopped, too, and they respectfully waited for his appraisal. The *bouquineur* never cheapened a verdict by giving it too quickly, but, when a fitting interval of silence had elapsed, he pronounced, like some distinguished critic at an exhibition: "An old theme in quite a new manner."

Mère Larroquet smoothed the torn lace on the dead countess' cuff and overflowed:

"We shall hear of the artist one day. He is in straits now, perhaps, but he has a future, that young man."

THE *bouquineur* merely smiled at her impertinence and continued his stroll, hands locked behind him, cane swinging like a pendulum at his heels. Monsieur Georges's other guests were going back to their several stalls when a small significant sound drew their eyes to Madame Julie on her stool. Her fountain pen was nibbling at the writing pad which Mère Larroquet had given her, and she was smiling as she wrote:

A certain critic of importance in these parts, standing before a picture of George's on exhibition in one of the spring salons gave his verdict to a crowd gathered about to hear it — he happens to be a man very chary of praise and that is why I am quoting him exactly: "*Un vieux sujet dans une manière forte nouvelle.*" Nobody would have dreamed of adding anything to *that* but Madame Larroquet, fearfully overdressed in black silk and purple brocade and macramé lace — when the French have bad taste, my dear, it is terrible, let no one persuade you otherwise. Madame Larroquet, though she owns a bank in Paris and a château in Provence, knows as little about art as she does about dress and, never having heard of George, was quite unabashed by her ignorance. She elbowed right up beside the distinguished critic — she has by the way a militant black mustache — and trumpeted to the gallery at large: "We shall hear of that young artist one day. He has a future, that young man — *ce jeune gens-là!*". . . I wish you could have seen the expression on George's face. He wears a Van Dyke these days and, while he isn't the least bit gray, he does look every day of a distinguished forty-five.

"WHY, Sep, how queer! *A Morning in Spring*: *Quay Malaquais*. I knew she didn't mean it the other day when she said your idea was unique! But isn't it lovely? And only forty francs. Do you suppose they don't know the value of it?"

"Hello! The thing has no signature. That's funny."

Les deux jeunes gens, strolling along the quay, stopped before the painting in the gilt frame a-tilt on the old book stall provocative as a tinsel crown on a tipsy beggar.

"Pardon, Monsieur," the boy went up to Monsieur Georges leaning at the parapet. "I'd like to know something about this picture, if you don't mind; where you got it, you know, and who painted it — "

If Monsieur Georges intended to answer he had no chance. Madame Julie stepped between and interrupted:

"The artist is unknown, Monsieur."

Unknown. But Monsieur Georges had said a friend. Mère Larroquet

sped a darkling glance across her stall. And suspicion blew along the quay like the breath of some malodorous barge going past on the river. The boy seemed entirely unaware. After some whispering apart with the girl, he announced that he would take the picture as priced.

Dubious glances from every stall followed *les deux jeunes gens* when they went by with their purchase cloaked in its soiled newspapers. Mère Larroquet in her turn accepted the four ten-franc notes from Monsieur Georges's feverish fingers. She recalled, as he did not seem to, his poor artist friend for whose benefit statedly the painting had been offered for sale. But she wrote *payé*, as she had to do of course, across the page of Monsieur Georges's and Madame Julie's borrowings and made the proper change out of the wallet at her belt.

AT SOMETHING past eleven a passing *bouquineur* fingered the twelve lithographed scenes from the life of St. Ursula, which Monsieur Georges's industry had displayed near the front of the stall. The *bouquineur* admitted that the naïveté of the scenes delighted him, but he felt that the price — a franc for each — was excessive. He considered, or affected to consider, that the value of the whole series was impaired by a single scar upon that one which showed St. Ursula and her sweet-faced company taking ship from a flower-starred shore. None of the concessions which Monsieur Georges eagerly proposed to atone for this defilement seemed to the *bouquineur* sufficient, and he went away at last without buying.

A little after noon, a taxi tore across the bridge and with a scream of its brakes stopped within an arm's length of Madame Julie's stool. A shiver woke the drowsing quay. Mère Larroquet clutched closer her wallet containing the four notes for which, the good God knew, she had not pressed payment.

"THAT evil painting," she muttered in gloomy foreboding which seemed to materialize in the person of a lean French gentleman of obvious authority who stepped out of the taxi accompanied by *les deux jeunes gens*. The boy pointed to Madame Julie and Monsieur Georges and said:

"There are the people who sold it to us."

And the authoritative gentleman promptly demanded of the pair where the picture had come from.

Madame Julie waved a negligent hand to the tattered company left on her stall and said:

"We do not know where anything comes from. We buy and we sell. *Voilà tout.*"

"But to sell for forty francs a painting which might be worth thousands —"

Monsieur Georges started, but Madame Julie continued to do the talking for both. A thing is worth what one can get for it, she pointed out, no more, no less. She pinched her shawl tighter about her shoulders.

"Perhaps it would surprise you, Madame Julie, to know that the police records of Paris have for years contained a note regarding the suspicious circumstance of two Americans masquerading as old-book

sellers on the quay — " Here a cry broke from Madame Julie, and her inquisitor amended — "pretending at least to understand no English."

Monsieur Georges faced about, the very picture of guilt, both elbows digging at the parapet. Madame Julie crept over to his side, eyes downcast, hands cradled in the corner of her shawl. From both directions gathered the folk of the quay, surely not wishing to see misfortune befall the neighbors of so many years, but not wishing to miss anything either.

JUST then a scream of rage and indignation rose upon the quay. Monsieur Deux Sous sauntering past had discovered the altered price on the fly-leaf of the red Rabelais. He was dancing and waving his cane at Monsieur Georges and Madame Julie at bay against the parapet.

"*Misérables!*" Monsieur Deux Sous screamed. "*Cochons!*"

The stranger took the two *marchands* each by an arm and drew them toward the waiting taxi. Not a soul on the quay seemed able to decide whether to say goodbye to the neighbors of years or to let their passing go unnoticed. Mère Larroquet indeterminately turned her salt-cellar 'round and 'round in her fingers and did not look up as the two went by in custody: Monsieur Georges wiping the tears from his beard with his torn coat sleeve, Madame Julie stumbling so that she must have fallen if she had not been supported.

"Thieves!" neighed Monsieur Deux Sous hard upon their heels.

"Monsieur," Monsieur Georges diffidently besought his captor, "Monsieur — you spoke just now of thousands — are you by any chance a judge of the value of paintings?"

For answer the stranger drew out his card-case.

"*Coquins!*" screeched Monsieur Deux Sous. "They ought to be hanged. They ought to be guillotined."

THE stranger, perhaps with intent to quiet the clamor, proffered Monsieur Deux Sous a card first. The effect was instant and profound. It was as if the name which met the *bouquineur's* eyes had been that of God the Father. And so attuned was every soul hereabout to the lightest opinion of Monsieur Deux Sous that a hush of reverence enfolded the quay.

The duplicate card given into Monsieur Georges's hand was equally potent. Reading it, the poor *marchand* went red, went white, stammered and choked.

"Your appraisal, Monsieur," he begged, "your appraisal of the *Morning in Spring!*"

"I find it," spoke the man who was, in this capital city of the world of art, at once dealer, critic, arbiter of reputations, maker of destinies, "an old theme handled in a manner entirely new and original. Its material value I should prefer to discuss with the artist."

"I am the artist," said Monsieur Georges.

"Oh, Monsieur," gasped Madame Julie, "how he will paint after this!"

They both spoke in English — whether because they shrank even now from the curiosity of their neighbors of the quay or merely because in this hour they found it natural to re-

vert to the language of youth and hope. Anyway, only the man to whom they spoke understood — and their two young countrymen of course.

Even Monsieur Deux Sous didn't understand a word. But he saw the great man's hand rush out to grasp that of Monsieur Georges, saw, moreover, with what respect the august personage and *les deux jeunes gens* handed Madame Julie and Monsieur Georges into the taxi before they got in themselves. And that was enough for Monsieur Deux Sous. He turned to the stall where had stood, when last he passed that way, the little painting which he himself had been the first to esteem, clapped down two five franc notes and two coins upon the scarred St. Ursula, tucked the red Rabelais under his arm, and walked on smartly swinging his cane. Whereupon Mère Larroquet, as one who has asked and received a sign from heaven, dropped the salt-cellar she had been fingering, clambered down from her high stool, and ran to the curb crying heartily after her neighbors: "*Au'voir, M'sieur et 'dame!*" And down the quay as the taxi rolled past, stall after stall took up the echo: "*Au 'voir, M'sieur et 'dame!*"

Genteel Stooping and Bending

By T. Swann Harding

Not long ago the American press featured a communication from Viscount Aguilar, private physician of the King of Spain, which expatiated upon the singular irregularity of His Majesty's physical and nutritive habits, and remarked particularly the paucity of physical exercise in which he indulged. The implication was that he enjoyed excellent health largely because he persistently violated most rules of hygiene. As His Majesty happens to share my chronological age these remarks arrested me. Indeed that is almost the only thing we have in common, the quality of being forty years old. (Of course, since the King of Spain is reliably reported to be forty-three, and my mother assures me by wire that I am only thirty-nine, there is something wrong here. Never having been good at arithmetic I shall not attempt to discover what; but I trust that I convey an idea of what the comparison would be like, if it held, which it doesn't.)

Even our marked tendency to inverse pulchritude is, in each case, a thing of peculiar and unique character, arrived at by an entirely different complex of mistakes in the assembling of our features. Yet I feel moved to aver that a little stooping and bending, such as one performs in attending the wants of a not particularly new or efficient furnace, or in raking leaves and carrying them somewhere in a basket (to deposit them that they may soon blow all over the place again) — a little stooping and bending would be a great help even to King Alfonso. Here the King's subjects are decidedly better off than he, especially when they approach His Majesty's person. Yes, I feel I must rudely insist, a little stooping and bending would not go amiss.

Nothing violent, please understand me; nothing to cause undue perspiration or cardiac intensity, or respiratory disturbance or gastric distress — but only a little quiet and easeful stooping and bending and such other genteel motions of the organism as are calculated to mobilize every muscle therein and leave none unelongated or unstressed. For, again appealing to the press, I find in an issue printed as late as October, 1928, that a gentleman of sixty-one was discovered in his Washington, D. C., apartment, the radio merrily erupting setting-up exercises, the dumb-bells gripped in his cold hands — stone dead. His death was assigned to "exertion due to exercise." He had quite obviously shared the very common American delusion that

exercise, to be at all beneficial (and I shall argue about even that advantage somewhat later), must be a thing of great violence, a veritable muscular convulsion calculated to impress upon the mind of its victim that exercise has been taken.

THAT I may at once ground this casual statement in well authenticated scientific fact, I shall stop here to quote copiously from the famous *Bulletin 23* of the Carnegie Foundation, on "American College Athletics," which expounds the word as follows:

> In the first place, the notion appears to be very widespread that exercise in general and athletics in particular constitute a sort of panacea for all forms of ill health from flat foot to melancholia. As a matter of fact, athletics should be regarded as somewhat in the nature of a powerful medicament to be prescribed for one individual in one strength, and for another individual in another strength, and for a third individual to be absolutely proscribed. Neither facilities nor incentives for participation in active sports are provided for a large group of students, high school and college, who are physically fit but who do not possess distinguishing qualities or abilities that might make them serious competitors for places on intercollegiate teams. Secondly, there exist serious deficiencies in the relations of the medical profession to college athletics. All athletic aspirants are not subjected to adequate physical examinations to determine their physical fitness for participation in athletics in general and for any one sport in particular. Moreover, there is a lack of adequate medical care and supervision of athletic participants while engaged actively in training or in competition. . . . Thirdly, it cannot be too often repeated that certain unhygienic practices that are common athletic practices would not be tolerated elsewhere. For example, very often the same athletic clothing is worn without washing throughout a four-year period of track competition. It would be difficult to discover a more virulent example of the working of superstition in modern life. The use of the common drinking-cup, water bottle, and sponge in other aspects of daily life than those pertaining to college athletics is now prohibited by law in most States of the Union. General uncleanliness of athletic clothing, locker rooms, and wrestling mats gives rise to such diseases of filth as ringworm and impetigo. Finally, in high schools schedules of track and field meetings, swimming meets and basketball games are commonly excessive. In both high schools and private schools athletes are permitted to compete in an excessive number of track and swimming events in the same meet and such participation is often urged upon them.

I SHOULD like modestly to applaud Dean F. Smiley, M.D., Medical Adviser of Cornell, for these words, but at the same time to differ from his implication that physicians can always advise well about physical exercise. On the contrary, and I am really writing with what I might call the collaboration of a Swedish medical masseur and expert in gymnastics whose training required four years of university work, I doubt very much that one per cent of our physicians are really well informed on the subject of physio-therapy. They repeatedly fail to sense the scientific value of massage and corrective exercise in cases of circulatory disturbance or even of such serious things as paralysis, and they are apt to share the common American delusion that the acrobatics of the calisthenic cult before their open windows in the morning fifteen minutes, constitute something both scientific and beneficial.

Georges Clemenceau, the voluble press also informs me, was perfectly confident that medical doctors were less valuable to him than they thought. He was one of them, and he should have known. But in his last

illness he appeared to persist in calling upon an unscientific cultist who instructed him in exercise which he insisted upon taking even after the man had been barred from the house, and thus managed visibly to shorten his span of life in the days of his final illness. Exercise is a medicament. The very use of dumb-bells implies at once that the exercise is therapeutic or corrective. The nature and extent of exercise must be individually prescribed, and any other method of utilization is ridiculous.

THIS Carnegie *Bulletin 23*, evidently destined to be very famous, is largely devoted to the exposition of a fact long ago expressed by a Chinese student in somewhat these words: "An American university is an institution of physical training where certain intellectual discipline is especially provided for feeble-bodied students." This opens the spacious subject of the historical relationship between gymnastics and mental culture, a subject with which I must deal most briefly. The gymnasium of the ancient Greeks was originally a school where competitors in the public games received their instruction, and was so named from the happy circumstance that said competitors exercised in the nude. Ultimately, however, the institution became connected with medicine on the one hand and with mental education on the other, and provision was made in the gymnasiums for complete mental, moral, and physical training. Philosophers came to talk or to lecture in the gymnasiums, and they became places of general resort for intellectual pursuits as well as for physical exercise. Thus Plato gives much attention to what we call gymnastics when he discusses education, and points out that the Sophist, Prodicus, first found such exercises beneficial to his own weak health, and formulated a method upon which Hippocrates and Galen made improvements.

This, like so much other human knowledge, was forgotten and neglected, and Rousseau, in his turn, called attention to the importance of physical training as an adjunct to sound education. F. L. Jahn and his followers succeeded in establishing in Germany the *Turnplätze*, or gymnastic schools, and the educational reformers Pestalozzi and Froebel both emphasized the need for systematic physical training in any complete scheme of education. Outside Germany and Sweden, however, and especially in America, gymnasiums and gymnastics have not been contaminated with intellectual accretions; and physical exercises, with or without appliances, have become the conventional therapeutic indoor sport.

THE dumb-bell, probably so-called from the head of its inventor, was in use in England in the time of Elizabeth, and the exercises which can be performed with it are really astounding. Before the end of the Nineteenth Century the medical profession became thoroughly convinced of the therapeutic (or suggestive?) value of physical exercises; and, if carefully prescribed and arranged upon scientific principles based on exact anatomical and physiological knowledge, they can indeed be beneficial. But as indiscriminately broadcast by radio to

any and all who wish to indulge in muscular contortions as vigorously as they possibly can, exercises are worse than useless; they are dangerous. I say this advisedly, because masseurs have told me they were compelled to deprive their patients of books containing diagrams and explanations of exercises too strenuous for the individual in question, simply because every American considered it not only his right, but his duty, to perform the hardest exercise in the book as often as he possibly could, and greatly to the detriment of the carefully thought-out régime his masseur had prescribed.

I CAN still picture in my mind's eye an elongated and extremely attenuated gentleman of neurasthenic diathesis who, animated by the faith which passeth understanding, was seduced by the big muscle boys into the belief that "wholesome" exercise would gratuitously proffer him a physique. His room was adorned on all sides with pictures of complacent looking morons displaying enormous biceps and arrayed in self-satisfied smiles, and hardly anything else. I accused him of burning candles before them at times, but this he breathlessly denied as he sought to contract his six feet three sufficiently to do some labored floor-reclining stunt in a hall bedroom. (As a matter of fact he was biting a hole in the carpet as he answered me. He was compelled later to omit this exercise as he had the carpet all bitten to pieces. Besides, his instructor by correspondence supplied him with a leather mouth gadget which he was to masticate faithfully and thus render his lower jaw prognathic.)

He discovered after infinite pains and agonizing exertion that the exercises did not fabricate a physique. Neither did the exercises banish neurasthenia, and his expenditure in various exercising appliances alone almost bankrupted him. Meantime I, who have sedulously avoided all sorts of physical stress, except my homœopathic stooping and bending, am assured by my masseur that I have a really remarkable physique. (My autographed photograph and endorsement are for sale at the current rates.) And a globe-trotting friend assures me that the male South Sea Islanders who, he declares, do nothing more strenuous than suggest tasks for their wives to perform, and climb an occasional tree (for reasons that may easily be surmised) have astonishing musculatures.

A REALLY trained scientific masseur was recently requested to take charge of the gymnasium in a fashionable modern apartment house in Washington, D. C. When he went to look the place over he was both amazed and astounded to find sufficient expensive apparatus to equip a physiotherapeutic institute for the treatment of all sorts of diseases; and yet, presumably, this gymnasium was for simple exercises on the part of normal, healthy individuals who require practically no equipment whatever. This led him to visit schools in the same city where he found children vigorously and jerkily making physiologically absurd thrusts and punches at the behest of an instructor who seemed to know no more than they did, but who admonished them to go at it with vim and snap.

In similar manner I myself observed several hundred people on the beach at Atlantic City in the summer of 1929, going through the most astonishing antics in imitation of a robust individual who was lifted up before them (as the serpent before Israel) in a high place, and who told them by all means to perspire vigorously and to "put a lot of snap into it." And any morning at all the city stroller, who is not too modest, may observe enthusiasts of both sexes, scantily clad, making obeisance in most extraordinarily fatiguing ways to a curious box from which noise exudes. Yet this exercise is usually performed in a way that can have no beneficial effect; it is not especially suited to the individual, and it is almost always entirely too vigorous.

Our athletic cult fails to distinguish between corrective or medical and normal or pedagogic exercises. It fails to distinguish between the mild muscular mobilization a chronically sedentary individual requires and the rigorous training needed to make a person a sport specialist. It tends to hold up to admiration the expert swimmer, golfer, shot putter or what not, or the man who has developed to enormous hypertrophy muscles which he does not need and which, in this state, simply throw more work upon his heart, lungs, and digestive tract than they would normally have to do. In America it is rare anyway for a person to exercise merely for physical well being; it is much more common for him to seek to excel at something which involves an ill-balanced training that is ultimately most deleterious.

Since it takes three or four years' intensive training to give an expert the scientific background in physiology, anatomy, and physio-therapy to advise exercise wisely for the individual, it is quite apparent that few medical doctors now in practice can safely do this. Writing on health supervision of industrial executives, a physician said not long ago: "This exercise (gymnastics), followed by a hot and a cold shower, strengthens their resistance during the winter and helps to relieve the fatigue accumulated during the day!" This is a very broad statement and would be only partially true if the exercises were most carefully prescribed individually by a man with medical training who specialized in this work, as does the individual I mentioned earlier herein, who has advised me while preparing this article.

Few people are 100 per cent healthy and can afford to risk indiscriminate exercise. There is where the medical doctor can be of great service and, as Dr. Smiley suggests, he should decide whether or not an individual is physically fit to undertake a specific type of exercise. Since I began with the King of Spain it seems appropriate to observe that Dr. Oller, director of the Institute of Physical Education of Madrid and just appointed president of the regional football federation in the central provinces of Spain, has expressed his intention of having careful physical examinations made of all men who play football. He believes that many acquire serious diseases and die because of this sport, and he intends himself to decide whether players are medically fit for it. It appears that the game is excessively popular in Spain

where people believe, as they do here, that its most serious aspect is risk of injury. Not so at all, says Oller. The chief sources of danger lie in the heart and lungs. Many football players have died from tuberculosis and players with latent lesions have had serious attacks after violent exercise. Dr. Oller recommends that a physical examination for a license to play be made twice a season, that these examinations be carefully made, and that beginners especially have them before submitting themselves to absurd and forceful training.

In Berlin (and of course in Sweden) this same attitude is taken toward exercise. Dr. Oller himself is obviously Swedish. In 1928 a book on the therapeutic and medical aspects of exercise appeared in Berlin, in which it was remarked that no doctor is fitted to treat sportsmen unless he thoroughly understands the sports concerned. The book was a symposium by various doctors, and Professor Bier went so far as to hold that every doctor who advises therapeutic exercises must himself have exercised and must understand the subject thoroughly. Physicians were advised to follow an elaborate form in the examination of candidates for school sports; and football, boxing, wrestling, swimming, rowing, skating, ski-ing, cycling, and flying were each considered in detail.

M. Boigey (*Bull. de l'Acad. Med.*, Paris, Feb. 21, 1928) gave the reason for this when, writing on exercise and health, he observed how very bad the haphazard prescription of therapeutic exercises can really be; yet our average physician is inclined to say we need more exercise without becoming at all specific. Three cases cited by Boigey deserve brief description. The first was a man of fifty-seven, plethoric and suffering from high blood pressure, who was regularly performing a series of movements while lying down; he died suddenly while thus indulging himself, and cyanosis, congestion of the blood vessels at the base of the brain, and hemorrhage of the left third ventricle disclosed the cause. The second was a slender and apparently healthy man of forty-nine who had, however, what is correctly entitled "compensated syphilitic aortic insufficiency." He had been advised by a doctor to run a hundred meters each morning and he did so, until one day he felt suddenly suffocated and died soon after reaching home.

Finally, Boigey tells about a plethoric and hypertonic gentleman of fifty-nine who was advised by a doctor to change his cold morning bath for a tepid one. He did this for a while but was finally overcome by the blandishments of some health faddist and changed back to his icy morning plunge, whereupon he had a stroke; because vascular constriction takes place when we enter a cold bath, this causes momentary hypertension at the time of immersion and is bad medicine for older people. Boigey continues that the kind and amount of exercise must be carefully regulated for each individual, and adds that the aged, the sedentary, the hypertonic and the plethoric should be very careful indeed about taking exercise; what they do take must be not too vigorous, and the head should always be held upright

— as it can be, of course, in my genteel stooping and bending.

However, something should be said about the health value of exercise. In answer to a physician's query on this subject *The Journal of the American Medical Association* once declared that there is no evidence that physical education affects longevity one way or the other. Pearl and others have pretty definitely shown that the only way to live long is to pick long-lived parents. Female longevity is quite consistently greater than that of the male, yet the female quite as consistently exercises less; of course, a sex variable enters here and even the metabolism of the two animals is different. There is little or no exact scientific information about the effect of exercise on general health, although properly prescribed corrective exercises for the feet, the posture, weak muscles, or constipation are very beneficial.

THE opinion that exercise of any sort is beneficial is based upon the fact that we feel better after exercising. That this may be true even when the exercises are shockingly unscientific is quite suggestive. At any rate this evidence is not scientific, and even the apparent increase in the white blood cell count due to exercise may be mere evidence of some sort of internal redistribution. "By analogy, by all the related facts of growth and development, it may be argued that exercise has hygienic possibilities. Adequate proofs that it has are not available at present." Here my masseur has, I find, disagreed so violently that I was compelled to hold a cake of ice to his head and pour barley water over him. His theory is that the American doctors are misinformed, but the only evidence he cites is in Swedish, and I never have been able to read the language fluently on rainy Sundays in January.

PERHAPS I'd better turn to perspiration, as a "good sweat" is part of the American daily dozen cult — a daily dozen, oddly enough, sent over the air by a Life Extension Institute, and yet scientifically calculated to do more harm than good to its devotees, simply because they exercise without exact information about their physical qualifications for the stunt in question. About 1926 one of the more austere journals read by biochemists — I may as well confess, it was *The Journal of Biological Chemistry* — contained an interesting article about a boy who was born without sweat glands. H. B. Richardson studied him and reported that, of course, he could not sweat. Unfortunately, he enjoyed excellent health by the simple expedient of wetting his shirt in the summer time.

This led *The Medical Journal and Record* of New York (it was August 4, 1926) to observe editorially that the sweat glands have little eliminative utility or function and that they are not essential organs of secretion. This leads directly to the idea that exercising till you sweat is both silly and non-essential. It leads to the further observation that our human musculature is vastly bigger than we now need and that it is also ridiculous to develop unnecessarily a group of superfluous muscles, by overeating or by overexercise, merely to exercise more in order to eat more

and keep them better in shape. In short, "it is highly questionable whether for health we need to exercise more than we are naturally inclined any more than we need to work our sweat glands systematically." While this would lead me to a still lower level of exercise than at present, especially in summer when my stooping and bending become less compulsory, I utter a feeble cheer and hammer the keys slightly less exhaustively.

THIS brings me to fatigue, and I can say no more than Mosso has already said most effectively in a remarkable little book. You can fatigue any muscle, by prolonged exertion thereof, but you can render it again contractile by washing it, through its artery, with a 0.7 per cent salt solution. You can not use pure water because that is rank poison to muscles, and (avaunt Prohibitionists!) would make them swell up — in short, it is toxic. Strenuous work done by a muscle which is already fatigued harms it more than a much heavier task performed under normal conditions. If the muscle is in your arm, and your arm is still attached to your body, massage or certain carefully defined types of exercise will rest it, too.

Sensitiveness may be fatigued, for sensations fatigue us, also, and it then requires greater stimulus to produce a reaction than before. Nerves, alas, fatigue before muscles. Thinking definitely drives the blood toward the brain, and respiration is modified during attention. The heart beat differs in intensely excitable persons, and if exaltation reaches a certain point of intensity they may pass into comas. The fatigued brain can not be attentive and too violent physical exercise (and most daily dozens are far too violent) renders people too tired for mental work. Thus it is that Alpine ascents often result tragically merely because physical fatigue has so far dulled the senses that the mind can not make sound judgments of distance.

WE TAKE about 134/1000 of a second to respond with the hand to a touch on the foot, but fatigue will almost double this time, and distraction caused by the playing of a discordant hand-organ can increase it 50 per cent! Stimulants, like coffee, decrease this reaction time which, Gaule declared, differed among nationalities — the Germans bumping clumsily into each other on the streets in a way Italians never did. There is no definite boundary between physical and psychological processes and the effects of study, like those of love, stimulate the circulation, increase perspiration, cause high blood pressure, lowering then rising temperature, palpitation of the heart, vertigo, rapid pulse, difficult respiration, digestive disturbances and, finally, actual muscular fatigue.

Plato tells us that Empedocles "attended the dissection of one who died of love and that his heart was combust, his liver smoky, his lungs dried up, in so much that he verily believed his soul was either sodden or roasted through the vehemency of love's fire." It can, apparently, get very acute indeed. Once fatigued mentally, however, whether by love or more legitimate pursuits, a change of occupation or a few calisthenics will not rest us unless the fatigue is

confined to a small brain area. Nervous and psychic energy are the only types we have and they can be restored only by complete immobilization and dispersal of thought. Laboratory tests have shown that a professor is far less able to perform muscular work after he has prepared or delivered a trying lecture than before, and it would be very ill-advised for him to rush out and exercise to "restore" his energy. Intellectual fatigue brings physical fatigue, lost muscle tone and faulty circulation in train. Then violent exercise must be avoided, and to stand mentally tired children up in school and put them through some "snappy" calisthenics to "rest" their minds is scientifically the height of absurdity. Our high pressure education of today is already reflected in decreased vitality and increased pathological manifestations on the part of the children, and they should not be further tried by ill-advised physical "instruction."

COMING back now to King Alfonso and to me — plain sedentary individuals need a modicum of physical mobilization to keep them in moderately decent trim. The King is, I believe, (our acquaintance is somewhat distant, of course,) rather more active than I am. He seems to bustle about and do a great many things my congenital lassitude forbids me. To be more specific, since I definitely represent the office-chair inhabiting animal, I suppose I should lay down exactly the régime of exercise needed. I can not, because it is an individual matter. My mild bending and stooping; some head turning, bowing, and rolling; a series of exaggerated but genteel leg stretches, and a certain specified manner of climbing a few flights of stairs daily, do me very well. The whole business occupies less than fifteen minutes; it does not fatigue; it will not cause a drop of perspiration even in summer, and it is designed scientifically to mobilize certain groups of muscles in certain definite ways suited to my individual needs. I can only say — go you and do likewise, if you are fortunate enough to find a really scientifically trained expert in gymnastics and massage.

AT THIS point one of my best and truly valued friends, the most distinguished medical specialist in the country, perhaps, in his chosen line, read what has been written and wrote —

> I haven't much faith in the average doctor's ability to tell people what they should do and what they shouldn't. Remember that Sir James Mackenzie used to foam at the mouth when anyone tried to advise a patient on the basis of what was heard in his heart or recorded on the electrocardiograph. He always asked, "What can you do, with comfort?" And after the patient replied he would say, "All right, go do it."

I nevertheless feel that medical men who have specifically specialized in this field could scientifically advise their patients about exercise, and to them alone I refer. I note, among other instances, that Austria has within the past year introduced a most rigid medical examination for athletes and it is curious that many "professionals" have deliberately eluded the examination for fear they could not pass it. Thus I shall be content to stoop and bend in a very careful manner and to take expert advice about exercise when I am so fortunate as to find it.

Whether Pigs Have Wings

By Gerald Chittenden

Is conversation a lost art in America?

Our toys tell the ultimate truth about us. A nation's government is either an accident or a disaster; the taboos of its religion designate a more or less successful compromise with life as it is and with traditions as they once were; its education is either utilitarian, futilitarian, or mildly insane. In toys only is there release for those repressed desires by which folk really live. Therefore, the soul of the American nation should be examined as it is revealed in the advertising pages of the best and the worst magazines.

There we find a glut of furnishings for the adult's nursery. Things that move and things that make a noise are naturally predominant. Pressing them close come things that will make us beautiful, paralleled by things that will make us seem other than we are; imperial bathrooms that foreshadow a Roman wish to make washing a public ceremony instead of a private pleasure; filing cases you can climb about on during dull hours in the office, and an absolutely infinite number of gadgets for opening cans, macerating calories, and squeezing vitamines. Some day, it may be, a savant as yet unborn will be awarded a hood and an assortment of alphabets for a treatise on *The Ethnological and Philosophical Significance of Low Sales Resistance.*

I wonder if one sort of an advertisement will attract his distinguished attention as it should? The waiter-astonishing courses in French, for example — hypodermic, instantaneous, and effective without surgical shock — suggest the existence of values not altogether materialistic. So also do the one-volume compendiums of vital information, now at last flowering in an only moderately lengthy tome with the modest title, *A History of the World's Knowledge.* So, and with especial significance, do the courses in conversation. Their ballyhoo appears in magazines of all grades; there must be literally millions of simple souls in this country who are sitting up o' nights assiduously and charmingly discoursing with imaginary, astonished, and admiring hosts and guests.

Charmingly — that is the point. For, underneath all our hurry and materialistic effort, underneath our efficiency, our mass production, our hard-baked — or hard-boiled — surface, lurks this quaint, funny, and pathetic wish to be charming. Harsh

critics, the big, bad boys of current literature, boasting of some loud and terrifying quality which it pleases them to call adult-mindedness, thumb their noses at this common desire and call us infantile. They are quite correct, of course; we are infantile, but there is no obvious reason why we should be ashamed of it. The infant is healthy, enjoys life, and sometimes makes other people enjoy it — a habit which may be idiotic but is hardly criminal. The leading characteristic of the so-called adult mind seems to be a desire to be as disagreeable as possible to as many people as may be, and to proclaim that nothing which men have desired was ever worth the getting. No doubt they are the people and wisdom will die with them, but for the rest of us there can be no sting in such a death. Certainly conversation with them is impossible; they are too sure they are right. Let us be infantile if we must, then, and charming if we can.

WE RECOGNIZE that conversation is the vehicle of charm, and yet we never trust ourselves to talk. Observe, for example, how we entertain foreign visitors. We try to show them all our toys at once. To be sure, we ask the most intelligent people we know to meet them, but, having done so, we give nobody a chance to perform. We serve dinner so late that it must be gobbled under the pressure of a later engagement, and then jump into something and go somewhere to see a play for which we arrive too late, or some people in whom we are not interested. We drive them rapidly over excellent roads, crowd them into an elevator and shoot them to the top of our tallest building, or cram them into a railway car and propel them under a river; we never leave them alone for a moment, and never really talk to them at all, although we are pleased to death if they will talk to us — from a platform. In short, we run the poor devils ragged with our ferocious hospitality, all because of our wish to give them a good time. It is no wonder that they, almost unanimously, gasp out from the gangplank of the departing steamer, "Delightful people, the Americans; but they don't know how to talk."

WHETHER we do or not, we seem to be unwilling to entrust a single evening to our conversational powers alone; we depend on our toys. This state of mind, like almost everything else, indicates the existence of an inferiority complex. We think we can not talk because we have been told so, frequently and more or less politely.

I wonder if we have any idea of what conversation really is? Nothing dispels the fog of unreasonable awe like a definition. Conversation, then, is a very different matter from controversy, and can never exist in its attractive form when opinions strongly held are strongly supported. In fact, all controversial matter should be rigidly excluded. The word itself means a turning of things over and about to see what they look like, and has no kinship whatever with the high words that arise between two little girls who both want to use the doll carriage at the same moment. Obviously, the ability to listen is essential. It is a rare talent in this country, perhaps because our capacity for it, never large, has been im-

paired by phonographs, radios, after-dinner speakers, and other inventions which we are not allowed to interrupt, so that, corked and wired, we explode in the face of anyone equipped with ears as well as a tongue. Dr. Johnson, adept in the mystery, rarely interrupted, although he did roll about and mutter and blow like a grampus. His remarks, as Boswell records them, seem to have been for the most part pungent and brief. Perhaps in that brevity, as well as in the high muzzle velocity of his salvos, lies the secret of his position in Eighteenth Century London, a phenomenon difficult to explain by any other theory. His hatred of sham, also, and his power of stripping it naked and sending it shivering away, contributed in no small degree to his conversational skill.

For sham of any sort makes conversation impossible. The man who must be always funny, or always serious, or always literary, musical, artistic, politically-minded, kind-hearted, caustic, or indeed always anything, had better go outside and gnash his teeth with the other hypocrites. We are none of us always anything, and, when the stage is set for what a friend of mine calls a Colonial Evening, with tobacco, a fire, and other necessities for the delectation of a company determined never to go to bed again, we can not even pretend to the ghastly virtue of consistency. To the devil with it, gentlemen; let us explore, and forget our souls, our consciences, and our sacred digestions. In such company, talk ranges free, becomes accidental and surprising; wit — and there is always wit — ripples and sparkles like sun and wind on blue water, conscious of the depths without ever plumbing them. They are Rabelaisian evenings — and where can you find such in the United States?

Well, in a rather surprising number of places when you come down to it, though never among groups of the adult-minded, who meet for no other purpose than to scratch each other's backs. Such groups make a business of conversation and not an art of it; they work too hard and too self-consciously, and are inordinately proud of their product. An art is always the æsthetic use of a science; the art of talk is the æsthetic use of the science of living. As in other arts, the fundamental science must be learned first.

We are, it seems to me, engaged in developing a brand new science of living in this country. It is so radically different from and opposed to the philosophy of our fathers and of Europeans today that the exponents of the old refuse to admit the validity or see the beauty of the new. Our new economic theory, for example — the theory that high wages make good markets — is revolutionary. It may or may not be sound, but the experiment is worth making, and, if successful in a long run, will inevitably furnish a brand new foundation for life. I am aware that the statement is ammunition to those who claim that American life is merely sordid and materialistic — an easy accusation, before which we are far too humble. Every civilization is to a large extent materialistic at bottom. Certainly, the *ancien régime* in France and elsewhere owes its charm to the leisure of a few, and

leisure is a result of material welfare. The conversation of France is still predicated on the aristocratic tradition. The present régime in Russia is avowedly materialistic; only the Russians can possibly know if there is good talk there. Even in the Italian renaissance, culture became possible only after wealth had accumulated. Indeed, to say that our civilization lacks soul is too easy; I do not know what it means. "Nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul."

JUST at present, to be sure, we are breathless from our effort, and considerably puzzled about its outcome. We have not wind enough to talk, and our toys are new. At the moment, the foreign school of conversation is probably better than our own; it would be nevertheless fatal for us to imitate it. In this country, this imported article is a sort of sham, a hothouse exotic. It expresses nothing which has developed in or from our own life. Conversation, if it be anything real, is the overflow of experience; there must be a head of water behind the dam.

The experience of most Americans is of necessity somewhat narrowly specialized. Furthermore, we have an ingrained belief that the cobbler should stick to his last until he becomes notorious or famous, after which, he may amuse himself with other trades; having made motors for half a lifetime, he may at long last talk authoritatively about morals. Here also we grope, or perhaps toddle, toward the right idea. Culture implies a comprehensive knowledge of something — anything — as well as versatility and ease. There are enough general topics in all conscience to fill an infinity of evenings, and in regard to them our specialties and our experience of life furnish a mine from which we can stamp out comment, rather than merely provide a hole into which we must needs more and more deeply burrow. An expert is not open to challenge by a layman in his own field; he is decidedly open to challenge when he generalizes from his specialty. From such challenge and counter challenge rises true conversation. Let us define it, then, as talk dealing with matters about which we are not and probably never can be fully informed, with speculative conclusions and not with the bare skeleton of facts on which our speculations must be based. Short of that, we do not converse; we listen to lectures.

SYMPTOMATICALLY, there is too much lecturing in our schools and colleges. The docile taking of notes is still the curse of education, although it tends to vanish in these days. We used to regard education as a process of filling certain undergraduate bottles and corking them with a degree, so that, after the seal was affixed, little could get out and nothing whatever could get in. We are reforming that indifferently, for the contemporary undergraduate cultivates the mood of challenge, and is more and more inclined to insist that his brain is a tool and not a container. It is his influence that is blowing the cobwebs out of the academic mind; as a result of his point of view, we shall presently have much more wondering what it is all about — and that is the mood of conversation.

So perhaps there is hope for us after all. Certainly, there is widespread doubt of and dissatisfaction with our civilization, as well as an adumbration of the difference between leisure and idleness. Idleness must come first; it can not exist in a pioneer community. As the possibility of material expansion and physical enterprise begins to diminish, the spirit of adventure begins to turn inward. Lacking blank spaces on the map, we discover them in our own minds, and, with a wholly natural abhorrence of a vacuum, seek to explore and settle them. Thus the courses in conversation and the handy compendiums of universal knowledge, absurd though they be, yet indicate a desire for speculation and for the digested experience which is the basis of speculation. We may hope, in the face of our critics, that our civilization will flower in the arts, including the art of conversation. Civilizations have always done so.

Dark Sky

By Hortense Flexner

This hurrying cloud wrenched out of chaos' side,
Moves with too large a step across our low,
Tight-fitting sky — the pattern is too wide
For men who live beneath a roof to know.
Never for us this threat! It has escaped
From some vast mold of wrath, some world still new,
Where evil has been born and torment shaped,
In gardens chaste, still wet with fiery dew.
We clutch at hats and bend against a wind,
That shall pass by and break no tree, no vine.
Earth is too old, our sin is too long sinned
To spread the sky with terror for a sign.
We shall not see, through darkness racked and seared
The angry hand of God tear at his beard.

Manning—Cathedral Builder

By Arthur Styron

L'archéologie et l'architecture nous ont révélé l'organisme, le corps des cathédrales; qui nous en dira l'âme?

Like a symbol of heavenly impulse, the Cathedral lifts its bold vertical lines against the wintry sky. One is conscious of something just in proportion, strong in building, noble in harmony. A new snow has fallen, obliterating the signs of building operations and softening the rugged unfinished lines, thus giving a sense of perfection to the magnificent fragment. Even in its incompleteness, the great church is majestic, holding the promise of the glory it is to be.

Two great unfinished towers are raised in the air like supplicating hands, graciously concealing their imperfect adornment beneath pure white gloves. From within the dim recesses of the church, boys' voices can be heard singing *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.*

The old chant echoes familiarly, Glory to God: unity among men! Surely that is the meaning, too, of this majestic edifice.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine is not like the cathedrals of Italy, with their glowing mosaics and rich frescoes, nor like those of Spain, with their vast gilded retablos and brilliant paintings; but in this noble structure crowning Morningside Heights in New York there are a temperate richness of detail and a straightforward simplicity of the whole that require no aid of color. The columns and boldly rising walls give the impression of continuity which the imagination can prolong into infinity — and that is God! Each part unites to support another without losing its individuality, all with a gentle drawing power to a focal point — the altar. Everywhere is perfect oneness and beauty. An unmistakable idea pervades: unity. The structure proclaims to the world what perseverance and unity will accomplish.

A nation writes its history in buildings, and our commercial architecture expresses powerfully a new age in industry and trade. But in the utilitarian purpose of even the most significant skyscrapers there is lacking the inspiration that goes into the construction of a great cathedral. Beautiful and impressive though they be, our far-famed towers of commerce remain only striking monuments to materialism, whereas the

Cathedral of St. John takes root naturally in the ages, and expresses the aspirations of men as validly today as when Amiens was built. Artistically, it is an expression of man's attempt to correct chaos by the representation of something universal and eternal; spiritually, it is a symbol of his struggle to find a foothold in existence.

At the beginning, critics called the project grandiose and impractical. Old World cathedrals, they pointed out, were essentially the product of the times and social conditions that gave them birth: times of popular enthusiasm in architecture in which religion was the inspiring influence. Then the cathedral was a civic as well as a religious institution. While men differed then as now in ideas, they did not organize their differences; the community could express itself corporately through the Church, a divinely organized and constituted unity, under the leadership of the bishops. But in the present day, when differences of opinion within the Church are organized as distinct units, there is no longer a community in the catholic sense, and no leader in the person of a bishop powerful enough to qualify as a cathedral builder. Therefore, for one of the many units of the Church to build a vast cathedral would be an impossibility — an anachronism.

The very bigness of the idea, however, giving men the feeling of something greater than themselves, and of a power transcending their own, strongly appealed to popular imagination. The huge edifice was to be a tenth of a mile in length; it would soar to a height of four hundred and sixty feet, the longest and highest (exterior) cathedral in the world. It would be fourth to the greatest in area (St. Peter's, Seville, Cordova). Bishop Potter, in setting forth his and the founders' reasons for planning a cathedral on such a vast scale, had — unconsciously, perhaps — used almost the very words of a celebrated canon of Seville Cathedral (who spoke of future generations thinking them madmen for attempting that structure) when he said: "The magnitude of this plan makes it impossible that the timid souls of this generation can reduce the design to something that future generations would hold inadequate and unworthy."

But great cathedrals are not raised by the imagination or minds of men, or by the efforts of skilled artisans alone. The hearts of men must be stirred. There must be behind the project a popular movement comparable to the communal efforts of the Middle Ages when the labor, sacrifices and devotion of poor and rich alike were represented. Of the building of a French cathedral in the Middle Ages it is recorded that "masons came flocking in all directions, offering their services for nothing, save board; men, women and children worked night and day to perfect the great work. Nobles gave their treasures. . . ." In the English cathedrals, windows were given by the stoneworkers, the tanners, the shoemakers, the furriers and drapers, the butchers, the carpenters and coopers. There were peasants who gave of the work of their strong arms, who pulled the carts and carried stone for others to set cunningly

in place. The burgess gave his silver and the baron his land. The artisan gave the skilled craft of his hand, and the artist his masterpiece.

It was in sensing the necessity for such a communal movement, and giving it voice and direction, that Bishop William T. Manning was able to take his place among the great cathedral builders of the world.

He had thought, written and said much about visible Christian unity. It was a matter of vital interest to the world; it lay back of and held the key to all other problems, national, and international, social, political and economic. In all schemes for unity, conferences naturally play an important part, for how can men understand their differences unless they meet together and discuss them? In the very effort to understand there is a creative plus: the sum of minds, even though in conflict.

But the matter of unity goes deeper than this. Religious formalism is a rock both of safety and of danger. If it is admitted that unity can be effected upon an intellectual basis, it must also be admitted that it has a right to fall apart on the same basis; so that real unity is more than an ecclesiastical problem. Of greater value than meeting together to discuss differences, is meeting to *feel* together. Ultimately the only true basis of unity is Living the Life.

The truth is that while recognizing the ugly fact of disunity in the Church today, people are a little tired of it. It is something that ought not to be. Surely the greatest thrill of possession is communal! Americans do not let their political differences affect their patriotism. Now the first thing that strikes one about the Old World cathedrals is that they are democratic and free. In their vastness and impersonality anyone can feel at home. Strangers do not consider themselves trespassers there, as they sometimes do in parish churches. How many of the hundreds of thousands of Americans annually travelling abroad have been hindered from enjoying the glories of the French cathedrals because those edifices are Roman Catholic? Or of the English cathedrals because they are Anglican? How generously Americans, without regard to race or creed, responded recently to the appeal to restore the glories of Rheims, shattered in the war! Logically enough, then, men who believe in unity will believe also in cathedrals as a place where they can meet and feel together. For that *is* unity.

Even if ecclesiastical unity does not exist, however, men can raise a symbol to it as an ideal. The lives of men of the present are not less exalted than those of the past. Underneath the obvious materialism of a highly industrialized age there is to be found a vigorous spirit, as well as an extraordinary enthusiasm for great causes and a democratic reaching after unity.

These were the motives with which Bishop Manning approached the difficult task of completing the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. By his wise administration and his keen sense of justice he had already endeared himself to the great majority of his clergy and flock. And he enjoyed the confidence of the com-

munity as a whole. While not advocating Socialistic standardization of or Puritanical interference with social behavior, he had always taken a bold stand for the sacredness of the home against promiscuous divorce, for economic justice which he called practical Christianity, and for the revival of patriotism in the sphere of civic responsibility.

In his personal relationships he is definite and direct, but always sympathetic. There is nothing of good-natured heartiness or back-slapping geniality about him. He is kindly and courteous, and surprisingly ascetic for a man so delicately attuned and responsive to the reality of the world about him. His asceticism is intellectual rather than of the cloister, perhaps; but nevertheless one instinctively feels that he is a man who serves principles before personalities. Yet so keen are his wit and understanding of character that he is able to make men conscious of what they feel and to send them out to do better things than they ever meant to do, thus utilizing experience in all its richness that otherwise might have been lost through lack of understanding.

Such was the man who was consecrated Bishop of New York in 1921. Almost fifty years had then elapsed since Bishop Potter had obtained the charter for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and about thirty years since building operations had begun. In this time the crypt, the choir, the seven chapels of tongues, the crossing, the foundation of the nave, and certain auxiliary buildings had been built, representing an expenditure of about six million dollars, or about one-quarter of the total work.

Bishop Manning chose Sunday night, January 18, 1925, as the time for launching the great popular movement, representing all classes of people, to raise funds for the completion of the Cathedral. The success of that meeting is a matter of record. More than fifteen thousand people, a representative cross-section of the life of the metropolis, including men and women from almost every business, trade and profession, of diversified economic status, of many different beliefs, and of varied races, were present, and five thousand more were unable to gain admittance. The audience, which was itself an embodiment of faith in the project as a symbol of spiritual belief and civic beauty for all New York, was carried off its feet by waves of enthusiasm and civic pride. It applauded and cheered Bishop Manning with bursts of enthusiasm that shook old Madison Square Garden to its rafters.

Under the inspiration of this movement and supported by many groups of citizens, building operations, representing fully half of the total work, are well under way. Nearly twelve million dollars have been raised, largely by the solicitation of the Bishop himself. There is every reason to believe that a part, if not all, of the remaining work — the great central tower to replace the present dome over the crossing, the south tower, the chapter house, and the reconstruction of the choir and sanctuary to harmonize with the present design — will be accomplished during his episcopacy.

However, building operations have

gone forward all too rapidly to the minds of a few, who point to the Old World cathedrals that were centuries in the building. It must be remembered, however, that delay in those cases was more often a matter of lack of funds; but even at that, many of the most conspicuous were completed in less time than St. John's will be, notably St. Paul's, London, in thirty-five years; Chartres in sixty-six years; Rheims in fifty years; and Amiens in sixty-eight years.

A CATHEDRAL is not simply an arrangement of columns, vaults, walls and windows. For its building all forms of art — painting, sculpture, mosaic, inlay, work in iron, bronze, lead and other metals, gold, silver, and precious stones — are pressed into service. Consequently any cathedral is, as St. John's will be, actually in the building throughout the centuries — appropriately, since it represents the convictions and aspirations of generations. As a fabric, however, it is largely an intellectual expression; and the most beautiful of the cathedrals are those that were constructed within a century in accordance with the original plans, and therefore stand as more perfect architectural units.

Then, too, the financial resources for building a modern cathedral are different from those which supplied the means for building many of the Old World cathedrals. Westminster Abbey was built almost entirely from revenues of the kings from Henry III to Henry VII. St. Paul's was built from gifts of penitents who performed their penances in money. Pope Honorius prescribed collections in all Christendom for the building of Rheims Cathedral. Malines (St. Rombold) was built with money paid by pilgrims who flocked thither in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries to obtain indulgences issued by Nicholas V. The *Tours de Beurre* of Rouen and Bourges were erected by money paid for indulgences to eat butter in Lent.

Today, reliance is placed upon voluntary contributions from those who have caught the civic and patriotic as well as the religious inspiration of what is to be America's greatest cathedral. In line with this spirit, gifts to St. John the Divine have ranged from hundreds of thousands of dollars to a few pennies. One family gave the completed baptistry; children built one of the great arches of the nave with their pennies. Kings and rulers have sent their gifts of gold and embroidery; workmen have given of their day's hire. The entire pavement of the nave is being built by funds given by pilgrims to the Cathedral — evidence, surely, of the widespread interest in the great structure.

THE logical and convincing answer to all the criticisms that have been made of the undertaking is the glorious and imposing French Gothic structure that is now rising, stone upon stone, on Morningside Heights. To those who always believed in the success of the project it is a vindication of faith. To those who doubted, it is a reproach. To those who scoffed, it is a rebuke. It is an answer written in nobler and more abiding material than words: it is written in massive pier and ponderous arch, in sculptured marble

and carved oak, in stained glass and inlaid mosaic, in embroidered fabric and woven tapestry in order that future generations may learn that men of our day aspired to enshrine in solemn beauty the spiritual mysteries by which they felt themselves surrounded, and that civic pride and faith in the community were still alive.

ALTHOUGH Bishop Manning will go down in history as one of the great cathedral builders, there is little doubt that this is the last thing he would have chosen to be. He would have preferred the quietest of administrations, devoting himself to the direction of his clergy and the spiritual growth of his diocese, for he constantly stresses the chief need of the Church not as the raising of money and the perfecting of organization, but the revival and renewal of faith which alone can save men from self-complacency and egoism and imbue them with a spirit of humility and a sense of spiritual need. But his love for the things for which a great cathedral stands furnished him with the attributes of a cathedral builder; circumstances forced him into that rôle. The Cathedral of St. John was not his undertaking but was inaugurated by those who went before him. The burden has been a heavy one; he has done everything in his power to carry it along with the other work and demands of his great diocese.

One great reward, though, has been the Bishop's: the quickening effect of the Cathedral building upon the progress of his diocese. Not only has this building not interfered with or drawn off from the funds needed for other work, but during the period gifts for diocesan and general work have been larger than they ever were before. It is as if the raising of the Cathedral had deepened the springs of faith, aroused new interest, and stimulated the spirit of giving. The spiritual life and growth of a church can not be tabulated in figures or exhibited in reports, but it is significant that with the rising of the Cathedral the building of new churches and missions and the raising of endowments have grown in the diocese.

MEANTIME, Bishop Manning is building for the ages on Morningside Heights, and will go on with the task. Not only is the Cathedral an honor to New York and the country; it is one of the world's greatest monuments. It is not only an edifice in stone; it is a splendor and a hope, before which all stand lost in wonder, love and praise. The mind bows to the magnificence of its fabric; the spirit is humbled by its symbolism. This is Truth — the sum of human aspirations — and only in such truth is real unity to be found. It is praise such as only art can express, a passionate declaration to God, a summoning of all peoples — the real meaning of a great Cathedral. *Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax. . . .*

War in the Film World

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

The farce of Europe's campaign against American movies summarized by a noted foreign correspondent

What, after all, is an import permit? Exactly what is meant by the privilege it grants — in the economists' phrase, the Right of Importation? Judging others by our own definitions, we Americans have fondly believed it was something that foreign governments gave — in return for payment of tariff duties — to our exporters whereby their goods, thus legitimately across the frontier, were free to be sold.

That, indeed, used to be so. But Europe has now another theory: the Right of Importation is simply the right to bring your wares over an imaginary line. Then you must buy wares manufactured there — similar wares, even if inferior — before your own may be offered for sale.

This "contingent, or quota, system" is being used as the favorite, though double-edged, weapon by powerful European forces at war with the American moving-picture industry.

The aggressors' motive is quite human. As in a score of other industries, foreign manufacturers want to enlarge their American activities, so there exists no European film-maker who does not dream of making pictures that will succeed in opulent America. Too frequently unable to realize these visions by other means, such dreamers have resorted, through their governments, to the contingent systems: in those countries, exhibition of American pictures is hampered unless their producers buy native pictures for showings in the United States. Details of the system differ in different lands; in intent, it is uniform: it amounts to asking the Americans to subsidize the foreign, and competitive, industries.

Starting in France while the Versailles Treaty's ink was wet, the war's first campaign endured a full decade. Between 1914 and 1918, that country had lost world film-leadership. The manager of the most powerful among Parisian morning newspapers decreed reconquest. He organized the Cineromans Company, built fresh studios, rallied his fellow French producers. Production began; began also puissant propaganda for the spread abroad of Gallic culture — especially in well-paying America and of course through Gallic pictures.

Useless. People — French people,

for that matter, as well as American — preferred the United States' product. There was never a thought of the downright barring of American films. French cinema-goers demanded them for their quality of production, and even quantitatively national producers were unable to meet picture-demands.

THE question was how to invade the United States. Our producers, having dividends to pay, wanted successes whencesoever acquired: for home release, they bought every Gallic film that they thought might earn its way. Unfortunately, in nine cases out of ten, they thought wrong; the burnt children avoided stoves. At last:

"Why," asked the French, "don't you buy more?"

"Why," the Americans countered, "don't you run your own theatres and supply your own films to them, in our country, the way we do in yours?"

To that, silence. As to something else, however, clamor. After a war council, the French producers proposed to the Americans that the latter, as a return for the privilege of offering their wares in France, commit themselves to buying annually a fixed number of French films, at a fixed sum, for the American market.

Fantastic! Incredible! Those Americans gasped: "You can't be serious."

They were, though — those French producers — and politically influential. On February 18, 1928, Edouard Herriot, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, created and legalized by fiat the Cinema Control Commission to which the Government surrendered all regulation of the industry. Of the Commission's thirty-two members, one-half represented the governmental departments, the other half the various branches of the business — in other words, the National Motion Picture Syndicate. This body possessed autocratic censorship, and it was empowered virtually to "compel foreign producers to buy French films if they wished to release their films in France."

IT SET to work immediately. Whereas the previous import duties remained intact, it ruled that, for permission to exhibit every four films they imported, the Americans must buy one French film and exhibit it at home.

France had won. Before too late, might she be shown how Pyrrhic was her victory?

Former Postmaster-General Will H. Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, went to Paris. Lengthy negotiations were laboriously pursued. Mr. Hays offered no protest against France's high tariff on our films; he merely argued the unfairness and poor policy of that after-tax. The French shrugged. Still, the most they would offer was a postponement.

Nevertheless, this involved temporary concessions. A seven-to-one quota replaced the four-to-one. American producers might release their films to France by (a) buying French films with their licenses included, (b) buying the licenses alone, (c) producing French films through French subsidiaries. Furthermore, the Commission abandoned its right

to revoke licenses after issue and provided that, without buying any French films, "each distributor of foreign films shall receive licenses to distribute them, up to sixty per cent of their last year's releases."

Hoping to constrain the Americans to produce in France, the French Motion Picture Syndicate then recommended to the Commission that, after two years, a two-to-one quota be established.

"In that case," declared Mr. Hays, "our organization simply cannot afford to do any more business with you."

"Nonsense!" the Gauls replied. "Even under our heaviest restrictions, you've been supplying our country with nearly two-thirds of its picture-theatres' needs."

"At a loss," said Mr. Hays.

And, toward the end of last March, the Americans — save for the completion of pending contracts — shut down all their business in France.

NOTHING more was necessary. The French industries' inability to meet the national film demand was notorious. No European industry could meet it. Besides, didn't the people prefer American films, despite the mass of printed propaganda that told them they didn't? A howl of dismay was lifted by the owners of every cinema-theatre from the Channel to the Mediterranean, the Rhine to Biscay Bay. It was taken up by all the cinema-goers within those limits. It deafened — it frightened — the French producers. They did hold out until September; but in September they capitulated.

An accord was effected between Harold L. Smith, the Hays organization delegate, and Charles Delac, representing the French Motion Picture Syndicate. Five days later, this accord was unanimously adopted by the French Government's Cinema Control Commission. As regards foreign films, "silent, sound and talking," it provides for the continuation of the *status quo* until October 1, 1930 and proceeds:

> During this period — which now appears sufficient, but will be prolonged for another period of one year, if an agreement is not reached — the contracting parties will draw up in the most friendly spirit, and the Cinema Control Commission will recommend to its Government, a Regulation (for the treatment of foreign films in France) based on *a method of protection different from that at present in force.*

CONSIDER the United Kingdom. If an American company wants to market its own films, it must buy and market a percentage of British films that mounts steadily to twenty per cent in 1936 and endures until September 30, 1938. A similar provision compels the British exhibitor to show a heavy percentage of British pictures regardless of his public's preferences. The American producer has had to purchase, the British exhibitor has had to show, miles of British film that even English cinema-goers didn't want to see — and "quota film-makers" can demand entirely artificial prices.

What has happened? First, poor British pictures. Second, and by consequence, impoverished British picture corporations.

For a time, money was plenty, because hope ran high. Mushroom concerns sprang up like the growths from those dragons' teeth sown by the Prince of Thessaly — but like

them, they perished. On November 1 last, *The Daily Film Renter*, a leading English trade-paper, recorded the sessions of the boards of directors of three British companies, held the day before, with the terse comment:

"And not a dividend was declared at one of them."

Nobody attempts to float a moving-picture company in England today. Some of the quota-inspired corporations completely disappeared within a year of their formation.

Cross the North Sea: today the contingent system's war against American films is heaviest in Germany, and there it promises to remain heaviest for many a day to come. The contingent system at present enforced from Berlin is the most vicious ever known. Although likely to kill themselves in the effort, the German producers — now despairing of triumph in the Western market — appear determined to drive the American film from the Reich.

Germany imposed *Kontingents* in 1920. In 1925, it adopted a one-to-one basis without limit to the number of foreign films shown thereon. In 1929, a limit was fixed: 210 *per annum*. And that's all!

Even more frankly than in most European countries, the German control is maintained on behalf of a few favored national producers with strong political or financial backing. The result we shall presently see.

Take "UFA" (*Universum Film Aktiengesellschaft*), capitalized at 45,000,000 gold marks and operating from Berlin. Dr. Hugenberg, the leader of the Nationalist Party and proprietor of a formidable group of newspapers and magazines, directs its destinies and is one of its pair of chief stockholders. The other is nothing less than the Deutsche Bank. How much the Herr Doctor has sunk in this enterprise nobody may surmise, but the bank's losses to date are estimated at something over $5,000,000. "UFA" is part fabricator, part darling and part victim of the German quota system.

About the only other player of this triple rôle is "Emelka" (*Meunchener Lichtspiel Kunst A. G.*), with a modest capital of 5,000,000 gold marks. First it was an expression of Bavaria's perpetual competition in everything with Prussia; it was the champion of Catholic South Germany. Small success. Then political opponents of Hugenberg financed it — because they *were* his opponents — but something close to failure followed. Next rumor hinted of British interests' invasion — after this, of American. Announcement is now made that the Government itself has purchased control through the Commerz und Privat Bank.

So also with the lesser German companies. Doing everything it can to destroy the American film interests in its country, the national industry grievously wounds itself. Limited competition has resulted in a decrease of German films, numerically and artistically. The German people prefer the American pictures. But the German producers, acting through their Government, have by no means learned their lesson: they have expressed a heated resentment against the French truce; they have, on their own part, refused all peace proposals; they are planning still more drastic *Kontingent* regulations.

And elsewhere? Czechoslovakia has a quota plan under consideration. Chaotic Austria allows twenty foreign permits for each native production; there is no fixed price for them — they are marketed in the Viennese coffee-houses, and recent quotations rose as high as $350 per license. Enough? Let Hungary's experience conclude this part of the story.

THE Hungarian Government did start in by taxing foreign films — of course, after they had first paid an import duty — by the metre. All revenues thus acquired were to be poured into a national "Film Fund" that was hopefully destined to subsidize a national cinema industry, to serve which all the Hungarian stars and directors then in Hollywood would be straightway summoned home. When, after a year's trial, the fund's prospects seemed slim and those of the industry proved quite unobservable, a new decree replaced the old.

This was promulgated in July, 1929, and still holds. The import duty — need one say it? — abides, and, whereas the direct tax has been removed, it is ordained that, rather as in neighboring Austria, foreign-film release licenses may be obtained solely in return for domestic manufacture: a score of the permits to each production. Well, Hungary's market demands six hundred "features" a year. When the decree was issued there were only a trio of native productions, justifying but sixty foreign-film licenses. If, then —

But perhaps the political-economists of Budapest have no faith in mathematics!

Italy does, indeed, present something of an exception to the general condition; Mussolini is friendly to the American screen, but this is not to say that the film-regulations of all his subordinates are easily borne by foreign companies. As long ago as 1927, Italy decreed that, from each October to the July following, each "first-run" theatre in the land should devote at least ten per cent of its time to the showing of domestic productions. The "Ente" — the National Organization for Motion Pictures — was created by official order and authorized to regulate Italian film production and distribution in general: its power is declining. Nevertheless, the "Luce" (*L'Unione Cinematografica Educativa*), the Government's institute of film propaganda, not only controls the national production and enforced distribution of short subjects and news reels, but has the monopoly of national news-recording for export.

WHAT is the American Government doing about this? In July, 1928, the League of Nations convened its Second International Conference for the Abolition of Import and Export Prohibitions and Restrictions. Thereat, Hugh R. Wilson, delegate of the Washington Government, stated America's official view of contingent measures in general and of these measures as applied to films.

He fully conceded any country's right to censor such imported films as it considered subversive to morals or public order; but on the economic side of the matter the American thesis was that contingent regulations constituted restrictions to im-

portation, in violation of the agreement which the Conference was about to adopt. He raised, indeed, an interesting question in international law closely touching the business of every exporter in the United States:

> What does importation mean? It doesn't mean merely the passing of the frontier. . . . It doesn't mean that we Americans are free to ship wheat and cotton, but still may be prevented from distributing them by so-called internal regulations. . . .
>
> I can not conceive that any body of men who have the welfare of commerce at heart, and who have given such labor as you, my colleagues, have given to this Agreement, are willing to see it vitiated by a legalistic interpretation which makes it worth less than the paper it is written on. If it should ever be decided that our Agreement has to do with the mere crossing of frontiers for articles of trade, but leaves nations free to prevent the disposal of those articles when within their frontiers — what, I ask you, will be left of this Agreement?

Something uncommonly like that has, however, happened. The solemn convention against import restrictions was adopted, but, among the nations whose representatives voted for it, not one that had been a disciple of the film-contingent principle has since abjured its film-contingents.

Washington went one step farther: it was a step taken in vain. On March 30, 1929, our State Department sent a note of protest to all the European governments maintaining, or contemplating, measures in restriction of American films — other than those measures falling under customs' duties and legitimate censorship requirements. If there has been a satisfactory reply made, it has escaped my notice.

There, for the present, the matter rests, as far as our Government is concerned. Moreover, the French have seen a light, and Italy is unlikely to take any fresh measures. It may be added that Spain has been quieted, and that in northernmost Europe conditions are endurable, while the British quota is destined to strangle itself before it quite kills imports. But throughout the rest of the continent the resolve survives to hang American films, whether or not the noose encircles the hangman's neck also.

To be sure, one new factor, which puzzles all practitioners and prophets, has entered the problem: the "sound" or "talkie" picture. Of its future who can yet judge? The pessimists averred that England would not want to listen to Americanese; yet the slangy *Broadway Melody* ran for nine weeks at a London house seating 3,500 people.

Nevertheless, people whose speech is other than ours will not forever submit to English dialogue. France and Germany are preparing to profit accordingly. But can they? The whole thing is complicated by a series of patent-suits, the Germans — it is true, with indifferent results abroad, but with almost complete triumph in the Reich — pursuing the Americans, injunction-armed; while the first "talkie" from France proved a poor affair, and the Continental producers lack the capital to meet the demand. Hollywood longs for an invention whereby two sets of languages can be applied to one film. Perhaps, after all, Europe will have to return to our silent drama!

The Meteor

By Karl W. Detzer

Ben Sladek never forgot the little events of the day he found his meteor. He had quarreled with Josie that afternoon. It was in keeping with his perversity that he laid his good luck to the quarrel somehow. If he hadn't left his wife, talking, in the middle of the kitchen floor and started for the upland pasture, the stone might still lie buried in the ground.

As it was, he nearly overlooked it. He had paused aimlessly on the shoulder of the hill to gaze down at his unproductive acres. The earth was being made ready for potatoes in Napoleon Valley. Below, in the bottom land where coarse sand mixed with the darker soil, figures of men and women, children and horses moved industriously about oblong patches of field.

Ben reflected gloomily that his crop was not yet in; that his seed had spoiled of wet rot; that he had no money for new seed and no credit; that Josie was not so nimble as she used to be in planting, cultivating and digging. He could see the uneven tar paper roof of his own house from where he stood. Its tin smoke pipe was spitting a high column of thin purple vapor, token of wet poplar in the stove. Too bad he'd run out of hardwood; green poplar wasn't much of a heater.

He bent forward, supporting himself on ax and gun. He looked older than his forty-eight years. Under the thick beard on his cheeks and chin, the square-cornered bones of his face showed Slavic inheritance. Only his eyes were not a Slav's eyes. About their corners hung a resentful and impatient restraint that flashed occasionally into defiance. Of his whole body nothing except the eyes reminded one that his grandmother had been a Chippewa.

He had been born on these hills. That was before the Frenchies swarmed over from Canada. Napoleon Valley was Government reservation then, and only men like his father, with sturdy Bohemian thrift and the long patience of the pioneer, ventured to settle on such unkindly soil. Ben grew up hungry, craving a freedom which was properly his by right of warm red Chippewa blood.

The father's single-minded devotion to labor soured in this son; thrift that led always to poverty, labor undone by frost and floods and the heat of August, toil defeated by cut worms and rust and scale, by the gnawing teeth of jack rabbits, by hungry insects. Ben Sladek at twenty-one was a rich masterpiece of disillusionment.

When he married Josie Berthold,

daughter of the Napoleon Valley blacksmith, he cast off temporarily the languor that was pleasant to him, and rebuilt the old house. For a year he felt the disquieting stir of ambition. Then the children came — three girls, worse luck — and once more he took to the comfortable hills.

Of course Josie didn't understand. She would be happy, if only she didn't care what people said. Long ago Ben decided that what the neighbors thought made no difference. No difference at all. They could sweat and toil and refuse him credit and joke about him, about his house and his clothes and his shiftlessness. No difference.

It was only the women who thought it mattered, Josie and her daughters. Josie being French Canadian explained it. She used to like to go down into the valley and dance all night at wedding parties and boweries. Well, she could dance yet, if she wanted. If she'd just let him alone. He had better use for his time.

He still paid taxes on his father's original quarter section, with small money from butter fat and cabbage, with the receipts from potatoes, rescued heroically each fall between the first frost and the first hard freeze. He would keep this land, somehow. It offered him room to wander when the restless urge was on him, to climb aimlessly with ax and shot gun, to talk foolishly to himself, to watch the coming of spring in the fresh green tips of cedar and the tightly curled fronds of bracken, to fight contentedly and for no reason against the splendid obstacles of winter snow.

He shifted his weight on the gun and ax. A rabbit stirred in the underbrush. Ben dropped the ax, but the gun he kept instinctively. The rabbit scurried off. With mild pleasure he watched its white cottontail bounding among rotten stumps. It was a pretty little thing, now wasn't it?

Overhead a chipmunk rattled its contemptuous voice; a chipmunk's chatter always reminded Ben of Josie, for some reason. She talked like that, too much and never of the things he was thinking of himself. Today, for instance. How she had scolded. And all because he wasn't planting potatoes.

He stooped to pick up his ax. He had nearly dropped it on a stone, he noticed, a broad chunk of rock thick as his own chest. He prodded it with his foot, then picking up the ax, chopped away the trailers and young roots that bound the stone to the ground. He grunted, rolling it over. It was heavy, too heavy for its size.

"Ain't fit'n proper," he told himself, "ain't a regular stone."

He examined it carefully. Its rugged surface was pitted, as if it had passed through fire. Strange he never had noticed it before, right here on his own hill. He bent over and tried to lift it. He had to let it go, an inch above the earth. Three hundred pounds. A regular stone shouldn't weigh more than two hundred at that size. With the head of his ax, he tapped it gently.

A chip four inches long broke off. Underneath there was a glitter of silver. The afternoon light played with bright suggestiveness on the clean crystalline surface. Ben stared a long time. A pleasant and fantastic suspicion came into his mind.

"Looks like it," he said at length. "Sure looks like one. Near enough the one in the book to be twins."

He bent over once more, whistling gently, and, digging his fingers under the rough edge, tried again to lift it. Effort like this, without purpose or need, always was sweet to him. It was the other kind of labor he resented. He struggled stubbornly, bringing out of his meagre body an enormous reserve of strength.

THE great round boulder clung to the wet ground with a perversity that angered him. At length he dragged it free. He rolled it carefully over the shoulder of the hill and began to guide it toward his house. All the way down he tried to reconstruct the item he had read in the farm journal. Something about shooting stars and their immense value. A man out West had found one. It had sold for a great sum of money.

Night had fallen when he arrived at last at his kitchen door. Josie was tramping in from the barn, a lantern in one hand, a pail of warm milk in the other.

"Late for chores again," she complained in her racketty voice. "Always late again."

"Look what I found up the hills," Ben countered.

He waited uncertainly while his wife crossed the wet dooryard. She was a gaunt, stern figure. Labor and hardship had been unkind to her early beauty, and the light of the smoky lantern accented now the harsh angles of her elbows and shoulders and chin. Stiff black hair lay close to her head. At thirty-nine she accepted old age as a sharp, unchangeable fact.

"A stone," she muttered. She put down the lantern and straightened her steel rimmed glasses. "You carry that down from the hills? There is plenty stone in potato patch. Such a foolish man!"

Ben picked up the lantern. It was like Josie to call him foolish; this time she'd swallow her words. He searched for the scar his ax had made on the pitted surface and brushed it with the wet sleeve of his shirt.

"Never see a stone like this in nobody's potato patch," he said. "Look once, how it shines."

His wife examined the break casually, then pushed the glasses back on her nose. Interest stirred quickly when once aroused in her. Her black eyes contracted as they always did at the sight of money. She touched the muddy surface.

"Maybe silver?" she asked.

"More'n that," her husband answered.

"What you mean, Ben Sladek?"

HER sharp question brought the girls from the kitchen. They were out at once, ready to laugh or scold, whichever their father deserved. They were entirely familiar with his shortcomings.

Marie was eldest; seventeen, and already as gaunt as her mother. Alice — she pronounced it *Aleece* as her maternal grandmother told her to — had inherited the square bones of her father, but not his eyes. At fourteen she was as silent as he, forever melancholy. She had left school in third grade because she was slow. Cecilia was eleven, with a wild sort of beauty, high cheek bones, and dark eyes that were neither French-Canadian nor Slav. Ben got along

best with Cecilia. He couldn't tell Josie why. Josie didn't care for his Chippewa grandmother. She was too proud of being French.

"What is it, maybe?" she demanded again.

STILL he delayed. It never did to yield to Josie's impatience.

"It's been burnt all over," he explained at last, "went through fire. No bush fire, either. Bush fire wouldn't melt metal. It's been burnt deep. Blistered. Know what that means? It's a mete'r!"

"What's that, a mete'r?" Josie's shrill voice demanded.

"A shootin' star," Ben answered solemnly. "Like I read to you about in the farmer magazine book." He stopped. He could see Josie's face in the cloudy lantern light. Suspiciously he demanded: "Where's that farmer book at?"

Little Cecilia laughed quickly. Ben, understanding, arose indignantly from his knees. Josie frowned. Her face could become sullen without notice. The lantern cast her forehead into a mass of fine, discontented shadows.

"I burnt it today this morning," she answered. "It was in my way. Readin's always in the way. I've no place for readin'. And they was no kindlings split."

Ben scowled. Gloom heavy as the stone settled on him. He might have guessed it. Josie always burned his "readin's." He couldn't be certain now. Then:

"It's a mete'r, all right," he affirmed. "Too bad about the book. Can't remember just exactly what it *did* say. Only I think it was four dollars an ounce the man got for it off some school teacher. There's a heft of three hundred pounds here. How much is that, Marie?"

Marie was quick at figures. But this was too foolish. A stone worth four dollars an ounce? She giggled, and her father turned resentfully on her.

"Thousands," she guessed hurriedly. She touched the muddy rock with the toe of her worn shoe. "Ten thousand, maybe. Maybe more'n that."

"A lot more," Ben said. "I'll take it in the house. Get a plank off the barnyard gate, Josie, for to run it up the steps on. Ten thousand dollars? That ain't half. They's silver in that stone." He began to mumble to himself. "Silver and nackelited steel. Think that's what it's called. I'd know if I had the book."

It was easier to convince Josie when the stone was clean. That night, until the oil burned out of the kitchen lamp, Ben scrubbed mud and particles of dead leaves from the blistered surface.

"Them holes is where the sparks shot out," he explained. "They ketches fire. You've seen 'em rollin' acrost the sky, fire trailin' after 'em. It's the heat of the sun does it. They fly too close to the sun and ketch fire. Most of 'em burn right up. That's why there don't no more of them fall. Makes 'em expensive."

JOSIE'S small black eyes hardened as she listened. Ten thousand dollars! What couldn't she buy with ten thousand dollars? For the first time in years Ben had done something for his family; he had found a stone.

Next morning all of Napoleon Valley listened skeptically to the tale.

That evening by lantern light neighbors trudged in to look. With Ben giving mild supervision they poked at the metal fragment. It looked like silver, all right. As for this new-fangled stuff that he called nackelited steel—well, Ben Sladek always was a reader. They watched enviously while he wet his finger on his tongue and gently rubbed the surface.

"Worth a lot?" they asked.

BEN was slow in answering. It paid to keep these Frenchies waiting. Hadn't he often proved that with Josie?

"Worth a plenty," he said. "They's silver in it, *anybody* can see that. And nackelited steel comes expensive. If it just weighed three hundred pounds, it'd be worth somewheres around ten thousand. Weighs a lot more'n that, though. I don't hold much for figgers. Wouldn't sell it. Not for less'n a hundred thousand, I wouldn't."

Skepticism waned before Ben's matter of fact assurance. He gave no room for dissent. There lay the mete'r, its crystals sparkling in the lamp light, its pitted surface proving without doubt that it had passed too close to the sun. There sat Ben, secure and untroubled. Doubt expired in his presence. Silver and nackelited steel became plausible.

The neighbors returned to see the stone again next night. They were more respectful to Ben this time. He noticed it silently. What they thought made no difference. Still, it was pleasant. Even Josie seemed less sharp. Men lingered on the steps and talked of other things.

"Potatoes in?" one asked.

Ben shook his head. Absentmindedly he felt a loose board underfoot. Two of them. He'd have to fix these steps some time. Through the moonlight he observed his fallow acres.

"No," he replied, "no. Seed spoilt."

It was not complaint; merely a lack of interest in potatoes. He had managed to forget them until now. He pitied these farmers. All their lives they must labor as they always had labored, and in the end die poor, leaving a grim heritage of unequal and perpetual struggle. Ben was thankful for his mete'r.

"I got some seed left over," a neighbor offered. "Ain't goin' to use it, Ben. Come down tomorrow and I'll leave you have it."

Josie walked across fields for it next morning. She set the girls at work immediately, breaking the weedy patch. When the seed was in, Ben drove into Cedar Bridge, at the end of the logging railway, and sold a load of poplar butts to the pulp buyer. With the money he bought sugar and salt and flour.

ALREADY the story of his great stone had penetrated beyond the hills. Men were talking of it in the store. Ben detected envy when they mentioned it to him. The banker, Vic LaBadie, hailed him in the road.

"What about that ore?" he demanded.

Ben never had got on well with LaBadie. The banker was an outsider in the Valley. He had been born up Cheyboygan way and wore a white collar on week days. You couldn't trust a fellow like that very much. Ben drew into himself.

"I got it. It's a mete'r," he declared soberly.

"Sure it's silver?"

"Silver and nackelited steel."

"Tested it?"

"Tried vinegar on it. Didn't turn black. Proves it's not iron."

"You might bring a chip in." LaBadie insisted, "I'll send it down to the State College of Mines."

Ben refused. "I don't hold much with colleges," he insisted. "Maybe they'd keep it, then what'd I do? No, I'm sending it nowheres."

LaBadie returned to the bank.

"He's a funny fellow, that Sladek," he told his clerk. "Maybe he's found something there. Never can tell."

Ben went home thoughtfully. He noticed in the weeks following that young men from the hills came often to his tar paper house, the same young men who before had greeted him on the road with a disrespectful nod. His daughters sat with them on the bench under the maple tree — particularly Marie. And Marie was seventeen, he reflected; time for the young men to call around. He noticed too, that each night before departing they straggled sheepishly into the kitchen and looked at the mete'r. Ben had fashioned a rough setting for it, a box of pine boards, strongly built, which he stood in the middle of the room before the stove.

HE DID not roam so much that summer. Evenings, in the kitchen, he regarded his possession with speculative eyes. It seemed to him there was more peace in the house than formerly. Josie didn't talk so much.

It was early September when Marie entered one night, her sharp eyes unnaturally soft.

"I'm going to get married," she announced. Ben, who sat motionless beside his treasure, looked up inquiringly. Josie put down her needles.

"And who, maybe?" the mother demanded.

"Glory l'Ardie," Marie replied defensively. Then she added: "He's a nice boy!"

"Denny l'Ardie's boy," Josie explained. Ben nodded. He couldn't exactly remember which of the young men was Glory. But Marie said he was nice. She was the one to be satisfied. His thoughts returned to the chunk of ore.

"You're old enough," he said after a moment.

THE potato crop had been harvested, sacked and sodded down in the root cellar before the Saturday morning when Marie Sladek became Glory l'Ardie's wife. Ben was surprised that day when he saw which of the young men Glory was. It had not occurred to him that this might be one of the high-toned l'Ardies. They lived over in Cedar Township where folks said there was black dirt. This boy's father was building one of the new silos, Ben had heard. Well, Marie had a way of doing well for herself. He was surprised, though. In the old days, l'Ardies never ran much with Sladeks. Marie had the mete'r to thank.

Ben went to the wedding dance down in the settlement. The young men had built a bowery of cedar branches and Josie danced while Ben sat alone at the side. He noticed that the neighbors all spoke respectfully to him as they passed. A few even sat down beside him and gossiped. The braver ones asked:

"Sold the mete'r yet, Ben?"

He shook his head gravely.

"It ain't for sale."

That was a good year for potatoes, a two-thirds crop, and for three weeks the price went up to a dollar ten. Hands were short in the Sladek field with Marie gone. Ben labored uncomplainingly with the women, digging out the root cellar and loading the wagon. He sold a hundred bushels in Cedar Bridge and cashed the commission buyer's check at the bank within an hour. He had little faith in sums written on paper. Money — cash — that's what bought flour and salt and sugar.

He did not ask for credit any more. One day a merchant, offering to restore it to him, was astonished by Ben's refusal. He didn't need so much money any more, he said. His family was getting smaller. Alice would marry one of the Beringer boys when she turned sixteen, and only Cecilia, Ben's favorite, would remain on the farm. Even she, at thirteen, was admired.

THAT next winter, and the next, Ben, sitting aloofly by the stove, understood with a little pride that the boys who sidled into his kitchen came to see his mete'r as well as Cecilia. He did not tell Josie that. She had begun to scold him now and then for thinking higher of the stone than he did of his own family. Queer . . . he didn't mind her complaints any more.

When Cecilia married — she was fifteen and handsome in a sullen way — Ben bought a new suit. He wore a necktie to that wedding, and pulled his trousers down outside of his boots. He had a little money in his pockets that night, and with a part of it, very soon after, he sent to Chicago for a kitchen range with nickel-plated trimmings.

Fifteen years Josie had talked about a new stove. Ben was glad now to buy it. But she had got it soon enough. What time before had there been for a woman to cook, with potato bugs running over the plants like ants and the hills so dry you had to carry water in buckets? The Sladeks were through raising potatoes. First Glory l'Ardie, then young Beringer had needed more land; and Ben was willing to let out his farm on shares.

THEY were better farmers than Josie or Ben Sladek. Ben found satisfaction in watching them work. And they treated him civil enough; everyone did for that matter. Neighbors were wearing the path smooth up from the Valley to his door. They brought problems to him, the kind he could answer for other people and never for himself. He consulted his almanac and gave advice on the proper day for planting, or the phases of the moon most propitious for the sowing of seed. He was convincing in what he said. They asked him about investments in implements and whether the potato market would be steady that fall. Always, before they left, they begged permission to look once more at the mete'r.

Josie enjoyed their visits. It was nice to be respected. Of course, she grumbled about the mud they tracked in on the floor, but then, Josie must grumble about something. Ben didn't see the mud. But he tired finally of questions. So one

day he put a hinged lid on the box and a padlock on it, and dragged the stone behind the new stove.

He took to roaming again after that. With ax and gun he climbed aimlessly over the hills, warming his blood in the new spring. He was happy in a dim way; about his eyes there showed less resentment. He was through with potatoes. Weren't his sons-in-law providing, on shares, more ready cash than his pockets ever had held before?

Often he halted at the foot of the great old hemlock and sat down, eyeing the hole in the ground where he had found his mete'r. It was only a smooth hollow now, with grass and weeds crowding the gravel for foothold. Once, mistakenly, he had tried to bring Josie here. She complained of the climb on the last hill, talked again persistently of his selling the mete'r, even mentioned LaBadie, the banker, down at Cedar Bridge. Josie was getting proud, now that folks thought she might some day be rich.

BEN never brought her up the hill again. It was more pleasant to come alone, to talk foolishly to himself as he always had. Not that he blamed Josie. Most women wanted money, he supposed. He could buy a dozen farms with ten thousand dollars; have all the Frenchies in the Valley working for him. Josie would like that. Well, no difference. He'd given up, long since, trying to please a chattering French-Canadian woman.

He suspected that she talked to LaBadie frequently about selling the stone. Each time Ben strayed into Cedar Bridge, the banker sounded him out again. LaBadie was like all bankers, Ben reflected. He wouldn't believe Ben Sladek's mete'r was nackelited steel till someone down at the College of Mines proved it.

Ben had tried to make it plain to Josie. He never meant to sell the mete'r. He would rather have it right there in his kitchen to look at as often as he pleased, than put ten thousand dollars, or ten times that much, in Vic LaBadie's bank.

IT HAPPENED to be spring again the last time he told Josie that. Of course she tried to argue; in the middle of her words Ben remembered their quarrel the day he found his mete'r. He shuffled out before she was through talking. He was more resolute than usual. He had heard enough talk about his mete'r, and besides, he suspected Josie was getting ready to cry. Well, he couldn't help that.

He crossed the barnyard rapidly and let himself out through the new gate. Fifteen minutes he tramped upward. At the shoulder of the hill he turned from the path and sat down contentedly on a fallen hemlock. A thin April haze spread over the countryside. Below in the valley French-Canadian neighbors, his own sons-in-law among them, stirred industriously in their lifelong battle with the unyielding soil. Lighting his pipe, he observed their distant efforts.

"Good thing that stone didn't get too close the sun," he said aloud. "Might have burnt up complete."

Of course Josie didn't understand. No one would. It didn't matter.

Looking 1930 in the Face

By Lewis H. Haney
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An economist calls for fearless facing of present business facts, and sees hope of a new upward swing before the year is out

"The truth shall make ye free," said one of the world's great teachers. And another one has laid down the maxim, "Know thyself."

One of the greatest troubles affecting business in this country is the failure to observe the principles underlying these statements. To be specific, our booms are always carried to greater excess, and the ensuing depressions are made worse, because we will not or do not undertake to ascertain the truth about business. We do not frankly look into our own minds and see there the gambling spirit. We shut our eyes to the truth about business, and keep them closed the tighter in an effort to remain blind to our real motives.

There is only one way to prevent business recessions and depression, and that is to prevent excessive business expansions or booms. Certainly, pessimism is undesirable, but that is equally true of optimism. Neither optimism nor pessimism is consistent with a desire to know the truth. Thus, to issue "optimistic statements" when business expansions and bull markets in stocks are approaching the breaking point, is a social disservice and often works great harm. To issue true statements warning of the dangers of the situation is not pessimism. Such statements may be full of hope that by an appreciation of the true situation a sound condition may be restored.

Unfortunately, there appears to be a strong tendency among writers on business subjects to put out nothing but optimistic statements and to avoid all discussion that might be construed as pessimism. In so far as the banks are concerned — and they constitute a prolific source of material about business — this is easy to understand. Our great banks are practically all interested in securities, both as underwriters and investors. They are heavily concerned in maintaining a sound credit condition. They have the power themselves to exercise considerable influence upon security markets and upon credit. Thus they naturally

avoid drawing any but optimistic conclusions.

The situation in the press, too, is easily understood. Not only does the average newspaper seek to give the public what it wants, but it is necessarily influenced by the attitude of advertisers. And what department store owner, or automobile manufacturer, desires to have a newspaper in which he is advertising contain material that might be construed as unfavorable and encourage consumers to reduce purchases?

More difficult to understand is the fact that business "services" are also affected. One might think that they would take such pride in their records for accuracy in forecasting that they would seek nothing but the truth and the whole truth. But services must be sold, and they are mostly sold to stock market speculators. Unfortunately, such speculators are mostly interested on the bull side and tend to resent anything that is bearish in its implication. They will forgive mistakes on the bull side, but not on the bear side.

IN FACT, at the bottom of the situation here described, lies the desire of the average American to postpone trouble and to adopt a nice comfortable attitude for the present. This is the attitude of youth, and we are a youthful nation.

I have no quarrel with the desire to be cheerful. Worry is undoubtedly one of the most pernicious emotions and is to be continually fought. My quarrel is with *blind* optimism. I believe that a man can know the truth about business even when conditions are becoming dangerous and still be cheerful and hopeful. If he is deceived he will repent at leisure. Indeed, as already observed, a timely knowledge of danger is the only means of preventing the extreme depression and pessimism that sweeps over the country from time to time.

The foregoing is *apropos* of the present condition of business and the mass of "optimistic forecasts" which has been unloaded upon us at the beginning of 1930. (We may well remember at this time that few, if any, of the statements issued by banks and Government officials during the year 1927 admitted that any business recession was under way.) Let us see what the truth is about the business situation, and endeavor to appraise it without bias or color of optimism or pessimism.

IN THE first place, a real major recession in business is now under way. It began about the middle of 1929 and in the months of November and December was one of the sharpest on record. It was preceded by a peak in manufacturing activity and industrial production which has rarely been exceeded, and by credit strain as manifested in interest rates which was so great that parallels can be found only in such boom years as 1919.

It is true that at the beginning of 1930 we are "approaching normal," but it is also true that we are approaching it on the down grade and almost inevitably will fall considerably below normal. (This is just as true as it is that sooner or later business will again expand and again rise above normal.)

In the second place, it is not true that "fundamentals are sound." This has not been true for over a year.

Most observers have admitted at one time or another that the position of the average bank (not the Reserve Banks) presents some undesirable features. Most observers now admit that brokers' loans have been excessive and have indicated extraordinary inflation in the stock market. All admit that the crash in the stock market has been unparalleled in violence and is bound to have important injurious effects upon business.

But aside from these generally admitted conditions, whether they be "fundamental" or not, is it true that there has been no business inflation? Is it correct to say that there are no excessive inventories?

If we mean by inflation a condition in which commodity prices are rising, the first question may be answered in the affirmative. But how, then, do we explain the very high earnings of most industrial corporations during the first three-quarters of 1929? The answer seems to be that commodity prices have been very high in comparison with the cost of producing the average unit of output. Mass production and enormous investment in plant and equipment have enabled us to reduce costs of production. If commodity prices have not declined in proportion to costs, they have in a sense advanced; that is, they are relatively high in comparison with costs.

It is true that any inflation that may have existed in this sense differs from the kind of inflation that exists when merchants are piling up forward orders and speculating in commodities, accumulating great inventories. From excessive accumulation of mercantile inventories we have been spared. But that there is any significant advantage in the failure of commodity price indexes to advance is questionable.

In fact, such conditions as are found in copper and oil where prices have been maintained for months in spite of declining demand and over production, indicate that "stabilization" may be in itself a sort of price inflation.

As to inventories, the fact is that the stocks of manufactured goods in the hands of manufacturers are, according to our only available indexes, unusually large, and have recently shown a tendency to increase. Stocks of automobiles are still burdensome. Stocks of tires have been record-breaking. Stocks of zinc are near peak levels.

Then there is the matter of installment buying. The head of one of our great mail order houses has estimated that at least $9,000,000,000 worth of time payment merchandise was distributed in 1929, and he states that "with the growth in volume of goods produced in late years there has been a big accumulation of merchandise, partly bought outright and partly paid for on time." Our high pressure selling methods have in a sense shifted stocks of merchandise from the dealers' shelves to the consumers' homes.

And, finally, what about stocks of stocks? A corporation's securities are shares in the corporation's business. It may well be asked whether the heavy burden of securities now reflected in collateral bank loans does not represent a sort of accumulation

of stocks of commodities, or at least have somewhat the same effect.

As I see it, the great problem in the present recession arises out of mass production. We have been able to maintain our recent prosperity on the basis of an enormous volume of output with very narrow margins of profit per unit of goods produced. When the time came that the total output could no longer be disposed of at a profit and curtailment of production was required, we found ourselves in a difficult position. If our manufacturers reduce volume as prices decline, they thereby increase their unit costs of production. But already their margins of profit are narrow and readily disappear. It is no wonder that they tended to speed up production in order to reduce unit costs. Now that the limit has been reached temporarily, what are they to do?

It is little short of foolish to think that the present business recession is due to the crash in the stock market. This is plainly impossible, as the business recession began fully two months before the crash in the stock market came. The plain fact is that had it been possible for business to keep on expanding throughout 1929, we should probably still be at the peak of a bull market.

The foregoing statement of facts, showing frozen bank credit, overcapacity, over-production, accumulation of inventories, and a probable large decline in net earnings, also shows the danger of hiding our heads in the sands of bullish sentiment. It shows the danger of attempting to tinker with economic forces. The time to remedy the trouble was during the boom period of 1928 and 1929. It would have been feasible and desirable to take steps at that time to prevent the over-expansion of credit and the over-production of corporate securities. But was it wise in December, after the crisis and early in the inevitable recession, to attempt to deny the facts and to sweep back the downward flowing tide with the broom of optimism? Is it wise to try to maintain business "as usual" when business is unusually over extended?

For much of the current confusion of thought, the Government is responsible. In the first place, the Treasury Department, rightly or wrongly, was considered by Wall Street to be aiding and abetting the bull market. Under the present organization of our Reserve System, the Secretary of the Treasury has a great and sometimes unfortunate influence in banking policies.

In the second place, utterances from high government officials were almost uniformly optimistic during the period of greatest strain and danger, and to this day we are fed from Washington only soothing and optimistic material.

Then there is the expansion programme developed last December at Washington conferences. If it means anything, it means that various governmental units and private industries are going to maintain or increase their expenditures for plant and equipment. There seems to be no probability whatever that, as a matter of fact, there will be any sufficient increase in expenditures to prevent continued recession in business. But to the extent the thing is

attempted, it is likely to retard the process of saving which is required for readjustment, and even to maintain or increase production when over-production already exists.

My chief objection to the whole procedure, however, lies in the false optimism upon which it was ostensibly built. As announced to the public, at least, it was not built upon a true appraisal of the situation, but was attended by statements that conditions are sound, etc., etc. Will such a programme not defeat itself because of the lack of confidence in it that must result from this atmosphere of — shall we say deception?

In a negative way, too, the Government should bear some responsibility for the present orgy of "conservation," "stabilization," and ethical "codes." We find the newly created Farm Board undertaking to stabilize cotton and wheat prices at figures clearly above what would be established in a free market, and lending vast sums to the farmers for this purpose, while at the same time imploring them not to produce so much.

In short, there is altogether too much effort to prevent an inevitable recession by administering palliatives.

With attempts to show the true situation when panic fears are painting it worse than it is, we may well sympathize. Undoubtedly a certain amount of stabilization of business conditions can be effected by spreading out building programmes and the like. The efforts of President Hoover to study these conditions and adopt sound remedial policies are admirable. Let us not, however, deceive ourselves by supposing that hastily adopted measures, initiated at the height of boom excesses, can have great effectiveness.

It should be freely recognized that currently we are in the declining phase of a major business cycle which has done much to confirm the general theory of business cycles. A uniform basis of measuring the upward and downward swings in the recent business cycle, based on adjusted indexes of production and freight traffic, gives the following percentages of rise and fall above normal:

	Peak (Percentage above normal)	*Bottom* (Percentage below normal)
1919–21	+28	−33
1921–24	+22	−13
1924–27	+16	− 9
1927–30	+20	−(?)

What reason is there to suppose that the current recession will not go considerably lower as a percentage below normal than did the recession of 1927? Why should it not go at least as low as the recession of 1924? Already at the end of 1929 it has carried us approximately as far below normal as at the end of 1927.

I can not see that there is any prospect of a sustained upward movement in business activity during the next six months. There may well be a minor temporary recovery such as so often occurs during a major business recession, but the plain fact is that, judged both by logic and precedent, the recession has not gone far enough to establish a basis for a sustained recovery. The curtailment of production has not been sufficient to give rise to stimulating

shortages. Stocks of manufactured goods and raw materials have not been sufficiently reduced to relieve the pressure on commodity markets. The yields on many stocks are still abnormally low. Collateral loans by banks have not been liquidated. Finally, it would be unprecedented if a major recession in business were not to last longer and extend further below normal than has yet been the case. Business recessions usually last from a year to a year and a half, and this one began last June.

THE conditions preceding the peak of 1929 were considerably worse than those found in 1923. Bank credit was more strained and money rates a great deal higher. Indeed, the amount of rise in commercial paper rates during the expanding phase of the current cycle was greater than in any other recent cycle. Certainly, stock market excesses and the ensuing crash were much more violent. Even industrial production was greater, and the maladjustments in production found in the automobile, airplane, radio, and building material industries were much more notable.

Nor are the conditions that would encourage a rapid recovery as favorable as was the case in 1924. I think it can be demonstrated that curtailment of production and liquidation of inventories have not gone nearly so far as in 1924, and that, therefore, there is no early likelihood of such a demand for commodities based on shortages as developed at the bottom of 1924. The credit situation has not yet been stabilized. As this is being written, I read in the annual report of one of our great national banks the following statement: "Money is not plentiful or cheap for the slower and less liquid loans to customers. The demand is heavy and the supply is none too abundant. Even more restricted in relation to demand is the supply of funds available to foreign customers, including foreign banks. There has been no liquidation of bank credit against securities as compared with the situation before the break in the market." This statement is frankly taken out from the optimistic setting in which it is embedded, but it stands as the truth.

Neither the farm situation, with crops below average and farm prices in December less than one per cent above a year ago, nor export trade, with its declining trend and virtual absence of foreign loans, promises much aid to an early recovery.

AM I a pessimist because I see these facts? If those are optimists who did not foresee the stock market crash or the decline in business, then I would prefer to be a pessimist.

Those who do not want the truth to guide their actions will probably have ceased reading by this time. To those who remain, may I conclude by saying that all indications of which I am aware point to a termination of the current business recession before the end of the year, and a probable upward swing in business that may last as long as business men will keep in touch with realities and avoid over-production and over-expansion of credit.

The truth and only the truth can make us free from business cycles.

A Man with Two Countries

By Joseph Conrad Fehr

One of America's three million victims of dual nationality describes their anomalous plight

When I was a child of less than ten my family emigrated to this country. I have been a citizen of the United States ever since my majority, by virtue of my father's naturalization while I was still a minor. During the World War I enlisted for service and went to France with the American Expeditionary Forces. After the war I completed my university studies, became a lawyer, and during the last eight years I have been connected with various departments of the Federal Government in Washington. Yet last summer I was called upon by a Swiss representative in this country to pay a military tax to Switzerland, the country from which my whole family had emigrated, because I had not appeared in 1915, when I was twenty and eligible, to serve my allotted term in the Swiss Army.

I immediately notified the Department of State of this, and an official advised me to file with the Swiss Legation in Washington a formal renunciation of my Swiss citizenship, documentary evidence of my American citizenship, and a request to be relieved of the payment. He said that if this failed, the Department would make representations to the Swiss Government in my behalf. But he tempered the Department's generosity by saying that it could hold out no definite "assurance that its representations would result favorably." The reason he gave was that the United States had no naturalization treaty with Switzerland.

I began to look into the matter. All too soon it was borne upon me, amazingly but beyond a doubt, that I was a citizen of *two* countries. Strange as it may seem, I am only one of more than 100,000 former Swiss who possess this anomalous status and are enjoying the attentions of an official whom Switzerland has attached to her legation in Washington, specially commissioned to collect these military taxes.

There have been many such cases in the past in which countries other than Switzerland participated. When a naturalized American citizen of Greek birth was kidnapped in Morocco during the Roosevelt Administration, the Secretary of State, John Hay, demanded of Morocco "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

In this case it is interesting to note that Perdicaris was in a third country. If his naturalization in the United States did not result in his loss of Greek nationality, he might have had the protection in Morocco of both Greece and the United States. Had he been regarded as a Greek and become involved in trouble in Greece, the Government of the United States would not have been in a position from a legal standpoint to assist him.

EARLY in the World War, ex-President Roosevelt strongly protested against what he termed the delinquency of Secretary Bryan, who submitted to a French claim upon an American citizen who had been naturalized in 1908. This man was a member of the Bar, State and Federal, and had been a Township Commissioner in North Carolina; he had served in the Louisiana Militia and since his naturalization had never been out of the United States. Yet, despite these undeniable facts, when he desired to go to France on business, he was informed by the French Consul that "upon entering French soil he could be either impressed into the French service or punished for not having reported for military duty, and also punished for having served in the State Militia of Louisiana without permission from the French Government." When the matter came to the attention of the Department of State, Mr. Bryan upheld the statement of the French Consul and refused any assurance of protection. From a purely legal standpoint, however, Mr. Bryan was right.

Some years ago a native American citizen, whose father was born in Italy and became a naturalized American citizen, went with his mother to Italy. When he tried to return to this country, he was told that he would have to serve the required term in the Italian Army before he would be permitted to leave. On the advice of the United States Consul he performed the service, and at its conclusion was given an American passport and allowed to return here. Later some friends advised him that by his service in the Italian Army he had lost his American citizenship. Acting on their advice, he made application for its renewal and was rewarded very shortly by being arrested as an alien. It was only after considerable difficulty and humiliation that he finally succeeded in reëstablishing himself.

THERE have been instances in which were concerned young converts to the Mormon Church who had settled in Utah. After completing their naturalization as American citizens and returning to the respective lands of their nativity for the purpose of doing missionary work among their old friends and relatives, they were apprehended and forced to do military service once they came within the jurisdiction of the country of their former allegiance.

Again, a case heard before the late Judge Edwin B. Parker, Commissioner of the Tripartite Claims Commission between the United States and Austria and Hungary, was that of an individual born in the United States of Austrian parents. He claimed that he was taken back

to Austria while still a child, and that upon the outbreak of the World War he was subjected to suffering and privation through internment and then was impressed into the Austro-Hungarian Army.

The evidence clearly showed that he was subjected to preventive arrest in August, 1914, as a Russian propagandist, and later was confined in various camps for sixteen months. During the internment he was forced, apparently, to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Hungary, without, he insisted, any regard for his protestations of American citizenship. In 1915, and later, representatives of the United States Government in Austria endeavored unsuccessfully to secure his release. In July, 1915, he deserted from the Austrian Army and escaped into Russia, but before long he was apprehended by Russian military authorities and held as a prisoner of war until the outbreak of the Kerensky Revolution.

But against him, too, the Fates were obdurate. Deciding that it was not necessary to determine whether or not the claimant protested his American citizenship when compelled to take his oath of allegiance to Austria, and whether or not the oath was administered under duress, as claimed, the Commissioner upheld the oft-expressed attitude of the Department of State by ruling that the claimant was not entitled to any compensation, because, while possessing dual nationality, he voluntarily took the risk of living in Austrian territory.

The only attempt that has been made so far to clear up these difficulties has been through the making of naturalization treaties. Those we have entered into (with Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Germany, Great Britain and Hungary) provide that when a person becomes a citizen of the United States he thereby expatriates himself from the country of his birth and is released from all obligations to it. The treaties, contain reciprocal stipulations respecting the status of American citizens who can be naturalized in foreign countries. The United States is also a party to the Pan-American Convention of 1906, which undertook to fix the status of naturalized citizens who return to the country of their origin. It includes nearly all the countries of South America and Central America, but it is of little or no practical value.

This is all very well, but the difficulties that I would probably encounter on a visit to Switzerland still arise in thirteen civilized countries (France, Greece, Italy, Latvia, Netherlands, Poland, Persia, Rumania, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey and Yugoslavia) with which we have no naturalization treaties. Until something is done about it — and in one or two instances legislation or negotiations are under way — as many as three million fully naturalized American citizens technically owe allegiance to countries other than their own. And this figure is exclusive of the countless Americans of foreign-born parents who, although born in this country, are regarded by the country of their parents' origin as citizens or subjects of that country, whether or not their fathers have become naturalized.

It is evident from the bewildering rules of law respecting citizenship and nationality that, instead of coöperating with a view to solving this ever-recurring problem, the nations of the world have, as a matter of fact, been working at cross purposes. In the United States, for instance, the Constitution provides that all persons born in this country are citizens, excepting Indians and the children of the families of official representatives of foreign nations. By Act of Congress people residing in vast territories have been made citizens, and great numbers have been naturalized pursuant to naturalization laws. Thus, almost any man who lives in this country for five years can be naturalized, and his family with him.

Robert Lansing, when Secretary of State, said that the United States did not recognize dual allegiance on the part of persons who on becoming naturalized in the United States were obliged to renounce their allegiance to their country of origin. But our Government does recognize dual allegiance on the part of children of such persons. To reduce this situation to the absurd: A naturalized citizen cannot become President of the United States but his son, if born in this country, can. On that theory it would seem that the United States would deny the existence of dual allegiance in the case of a naturalized father, but admit it in the case of a son born in this country. And theoretically it might be possible that the son, even if he were President of the United States, might be called upon to serve in the army of another country. No matter how preposterous it seems, it is nevertheless true that President Hoover, whose ancestors came to this country from Switzerland generations ago, is himself, under the Swiss law, theoretically a Swiss national.

Let us see how other countries regard the law of nationality. Until 1915, when this law was revised, the English common law rule was that every person born anywhere within the dominions of the Crown was a subject of England, whether the parents of such person were settled or merely travelling through the country. The only exceptions to this rule were children of official representatives of foreign countries or children born to foreigners at a time when any part of the territories of England was under occupation by the enemy. Descent as a rule of nationality (the principle of *jus sanguinis*) appears never to have been given any consideration, but, later on, foreign born children of British subjects were declared to be natural born English subjects.

France subscribes to the principle that "every person born of a Frenchman, in France or abroad, is a Frenchman," and owes consequent allegiance to France. And Italy the same.

It is obvious that while these great nations continue to hold such views, confusion is bound to be the result.

In a situation like this, where a conflict of needs and desires among nations prevents them from agreeing upon a general procedure, it would seem that the League of Nations should be given a chance to straighten

things out. But, in the opinion of most writers and publicists in the field, this is not a matter which can be settled by international law, for it deals with individuals and international law deals only with nations. They say there is no generally accepted principle of the law of nations to which municipal laws must yield in the matter of expatriation, and imply that the existing chaos, in which every State insists upon having exclusive sovereignty and jurisdiction over the problem of citizenship and nationality, although its law is obviously inoperative over that of any other State, seems destined to continue.

IN DEALING with my case the State Department, which has often announced conflicting views with respect to this subject of expatriation, appears to have taken a sound view and to have recognized that a dual allegiance does exist. This is a departure from Secretary Lansing's position. Another form of the dual status results in the case, let us say, of a child born of an American father in England. He is an American under American law by virtue of relationship; he is a Britisher by virtue of place of birth, the fundamental principle underlying our own law.

A person born in the United States of Swiss parents is a Swiss citizen under Swiss law and an American under American law. The right of each country to treat him within its dominions as a national cannot be denied. But it would seem that the Department of State might have taken cognizance of the action of a Swiss representative in undertaking to carry on in the United States Governmental functions not sanctioned by international law. A nation has sovereign jurisdiction over people and property within its dominions. And it has a measure of personal jurisdiction over its nationals wherever they may be. But that control can only be consummated when the national comes back within the territorial jurisdiction of his country. There is no warrant in international law for the Swiss Government to administer Swiss tax laws in the United States. And it is not the function of Swiss diplomatic or consular officers to collect Swiss taxes under Swiss tax laws in the United States.

MEANWHILE, so embarrassing has this matter become that Congress, on May 28, 1928, passed a joint resolution, introduced by Representative Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania, requesting the President to negotiate with all nations not yet parties to naturalization treaties with us. Copies of this Kelly Resolution, as well as comment on it calculated to persuade the nations to consider such treaties, were sent out.

Now, although the response to this resolution from Italy, hitherto perhaps one of the most die-hard of those nations withholding the right of expatriation from its citizens, has been an announcement that henceforth her sons who are now citizens of other countries are free to visit her in time of peace with exemption from military service; although England, of whose embarrassing nationality laws I have spoken, has allowed her citizens this right of expatriation since 1870, and although the body of

international lawyers and thinking people have become convinced that it is an unsound policy to draw a line of distinction between native born and naturalized citizens, there yet remain many countries still to be persuaded that general agreement in the matter is for the good of all.

When the next international conference convenes at The Hague on March 13, under the auspices of the League of Nations, the first subject on the agenda will call for thorough discussion of this vexed subject of dual nationality, and several million Americans have reason devoutly to hope that a solution will be reached. Substantial remedial action should not, in fact, be difficult. Even if some nations, that might be called illiberal, would not participate in an international agreement, it would seem to be clear that a large number of nations would do so. In dealing with the situation of naturalized citizens the nations could bind themselves to recognize on the one hand the new nationality acquired by naturalization, and on the other hand the complete extinction of the nationality of origin. As regards persons born with a dual nationality, nations might pledge themselves to recognize an election made by a person having such a status, or made by his parents in his behalf.

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

MARCH, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 3

THE CHAIR OF ECONOMICS

Throughout a long hard winter I have been pursuing an explanation of the stock market's stomach ache of last fall and a prophecy for the future which might be trusted to stay put. It has been a difficult job, complicated by the fact that all the accustomed oracles are saying too much or too little to be intelligible to the innocent bystander. Moreover, my own private authorities are a little the worse for wear. Some lost their prestige, some lost their pants in the earthquake. My favorite financial adviser is walking to work and the investment wizard of the 7.51 morning train has prevailed upon his wife to take in washing. The man whom I trusted implicity to explain to me why stocks went up, has had nothing important to say since they went down. The one who knew all about stocks, dividends, anticipated earnings, earning ratios and investment trusts now resembles a man who inadvertently overlooked something.

But my long research was rewarded at last in a barber shop. The barber knew all about it. He should know, since he once shaved Roger Babson and gave a shampoo and massage to a near relative of Irving Fisher. He explained everything.

"The stocks go down, see, just like Mr. Babson says. He says they go down and they go down. He says it three years ago, right in this seat. So they go down. Smart feller. I listen to him, see, and don't buy no stocks, so didn't lose no money. Then there's my wife, too; she don't like stock market — not much. Also I got no money."

"How about the future, Tony?" I murmured through the soap. "What's going to happen now?"

"Not so good," said Tony, pinching my nose severely. "Mr. Fisher — he's a professor of prohibition at Yale, they say — Mr. Fisher don't like it. Three years from now there ain't going to be no money — not enough, anyway. He wrote a book about it; nice book, they say. No money — no barber shops, no bookshops. Bad business. Witch-hazel or lilac?"

I took witch-hazel and went forth to consult Professor Fisher, by way of his book, speeches, radio talks, lectures and the other by-products of a busy but comparatively inarticulate existence.

Professor Fisher has undoubtedly the right idea. If there is no money, nobody can spend it, which is going to be embarrassing if not a positive nuisance. He arrives at his conviction of an imminent money shortage by pointing out that a dozen fresh eggs — fresh from China — cost fifty-five cents in this year of grace, whereas in the Middle Ages they cost a nickel or its mediæval equivalent. Nothing could be clearer. And undoubtedly something should be done about it.

The Professor's own suggestions are a little too complicated for a family journal. Strangely enough, they have nothing to do with eggs but are along the lines of an adjustable five-dollar gold piece, which is apparently what is meant by an elastic currency. I studied the Professor's theories thoroughly and followed him carefully to the bitter end, where I discovered that he and Einstein are the same person but under different management. Also I traded all my five-dollar gold pieces for Treasury notes and felt considerably easier.

I am disposed, however, to dispute the Professor's concern and also most of his remedies. If there is to be a shortage of money, the thing to do is to make more money, using some material or commodity of which the supply always exceeds the demand. My own suggestion is string beans. This nation has not yet come within shouting distance of its potential production of string beans, nor has science or experience yet devised any useful disposition of them which would interfere with their value as currency. Incidentally, a string bean basis for cash and credit might also solve the farm problem and restore the faith, hope and charity of the average suburbanite beyond his wildest dreams.

I note in my primer on economics that material for money should be "durable, flexible, homogeneous, divisible, recognizable and not liable to rust." String beans are durable, as any housewife knows who has tried to serve them for breakfast. They are flexible, especially when a little past their prime. They are entirely homogeneous, any bean tasting like any other bean and any part of a bean like another. They are quite divisible and horribly recognizable. They are, admittedly, a little liable to rust, but you can spray for that.

I shall present my theory in the chair of economics at the barber shop and see what Tony thinks of it. Possibly I may try tipping him with beans, as a sort of laboratory test. If it works, I'll go after Professor Fisher. If he is not too busy proving the shortage of liquor under prohibition to discuss the shortage of money in 1932, I'll choke him with string beans. Then the rest of us may be able to attend to business.

ETHER'S LAST WORD

Once upon a time mankind thought rather well of the music of the spheres and presumably sometimes heard it. But the mood of cosmic contemplation which invites a sidereal symphony has largely vanished in the presence of a piece of period furniture, which may be tuned to the infinite but speaks with a most finite voice. Lifted at last by our scientific shoestraps to the realm of radio melodies, we find them a fathom or so short of the anticipations of poets, prophets and seers, who expected much of the invisible ether if it should ever speak its mind.

It is become our custom, indeed, to wait on it daily, in a sort of national ritual by radio, a people united at last in prayerful evening communion with Amos 'n Andy, chief comic strip of the air, doing our devotions at a shrine of toothpaste as diligently as our forefathers once celebrated family worship. Or else we wander the world around on the wings of ether to hear yet another voice or orchestra invite us to "Tiptoe Through the Turnips With Me."

All through this year of grace the ethereal welkin has rung to this redolent

refrain. The earnest communicant sits down to his electronic incantations to invoke the spirits of space and borrow the magic carpet. A forty-piece orchestra comes to his call and plays "Tiptoe Through the Turnips." He turns the dials, more by restless habit than in honest expectation, and a male quartet sings "Tiptoe Through the Turnips." He goes elsewhere and hears "Tiptoe Through the Turnips" from a string trio sponsored by the Better Bedspring Hour. The Soprano Sisters sing it at him; a xylophone thumper thumps it; somebody whistles it and somebody yodels it.

He stays up beyond bedtime to reach California, searching the noisy night for the utmost boundary of bedlam. He gets Miami and Montreal, Chicago and Kansas City; he gets all the amateurs and a cold in the head. At last at three o'clock in the morning a ghostly whisper assures him that he has crossed the wide continent and will be entertained by Eddie's orchestra. And the orchestra plays "Tiptoe Through the Turnips."

To crown and confirm our studies in the scope of this ubiquitous melody, we need only refer to the international broadcasts contrived by a benevolent corporation for the celebration of Christmas. With incredible pains and ingenuity the sullen Atlantic was spanned and every bogy of static and interference put to silence. Europe waited breathlessly for the greeting of a cousinly continent; half the world stood by to hear it. And what was its chief import, its *pièce de resistance*, its triumphant top note? Why, "Tiptoe Through the Turnips," of course.

So this is what is become of the golden silence which presumably reigned through space when the world began. It is sunk without trace in a whirl of programmes and a welter of advertising. But there remain brief pauses, not for station announcements but for weightier matters, which sometimes relieve the pressure on the seaboard ether and recall the cosmic calm of eternity.

Some several times through the winter the speaker has gone suddenly silent, checked in its warblings and garblings by S.O.S. at sea. Adenoidal tenors have been checked as though they had just swallowed the soap; impassioned orchestras have been frozen in their tracks; lecturers have left a sentence unfinished and died on the air as if of heart failure. And sudden silence has swept the ether clean of its troubles, leaving it breathless with an ominous hush.

Here, to our thinking, is radio's most dramatic achievement — to be silent awhile save for the bickering of static and the hum of the hungry tubes. The imagination that is not calloused all over with the custom of noise, leaps out on the silent night to wonder and be afraid. We spin the dials up and down the storm-racked coast and hear nothing. All the silly chatter is mute, all the quarreling wave-lengths are at peace, all space is a watchful ear, waiting for word from the sea. Somewhere a brave ship battles with disaster and calls for help, and radio forgets its foolishness and stands by.

This is the Government's doing, for which the Government may be forgiven much. Observing how splendid is this magnificent silence one may well wonder why it is not contrived more widely and often, and in other directions. What would a grateful nation give, for instance, for a signal which would impose instantaneous silence on Senators Borah and Brookhart or on all the confusion of Congressional committees and commissions? Who will invent an S.O.S. which gets right of way over the wailing of the Wets and the diatribes of the Drys? Or who will say the word which will silence all squabbling and much speaking, so that nothing but what is important shall have an audience?

For somehow we have done a curious thing in contriving a score of miracles by which to talk across the chasms of space. When all the machinery is fearfully and wonderfully made and in full working

order, there is still nothing to say. It is as though a man should dig a garden all over and find he has no seed, or should start to shave with a gold-plated razor and discover he has no whiskers. And with every new miracle of communication, the gulf grows wider between what is said and the marvel and magic of saying it.

Lately, for example, the electrical wizards topped off a busy season by inaugurating telephone conversations between a ship at sea and an airplane in mid-air above New York City. It was, we believe, an extraordinarily difficult thing to do. To accomplish it you must first get a ship, with at least one passenger in it who wants to talk to an airplane pilot. Then you must keep an airplane continuously on duty until the passenger thinks of something to say. Then the mechanical difficulties begin.

The passenger lifts the receiver in his stateroom. "Please connect me with an airplane above New York City."

"What number, please?" comes the sugared reply.

"I don't know the number. It's an airplane flying above New York City. It hasn't got a number."

"Sorry, but you will have to call information. One moment, please, and I'll connect you."

"Wait a minute, operator. I don't want information. I want an airplane flying above New York City."

"Sorry, but you have the wrong department. We don't supply airplanes for flying over New York City. Suppose you look in your classified directory under A for airplanes. Or perhaps P for planes. Or you could call a taxi."

"No, operator, you don't get me. There's an airplane flying above New York City —"

"One moment, please. If you have any complaint to make of interference with service I'll connect you with our traffic department. Or you may make a written complaint to our central office, specifying the time, date and type of airplane causing the disturbance."

"Listen, operator. I want to put in a call for an airplane which is flying over New York City. There's a friend of mine in it who is waiting to hear from me. And it's important; he's paying a dollar a minute to stay up there."

"What's your friend's address?"

"He's got no address. He's up in an airplane — an airplane."

"Did you say airplane?"

"Yes, I said airplane. Airplane."

"Will you kindly spell it."

"A-I-R-P-L-A-N-E — airplane. A for anything, I for instance, R for roodles, P for peanuts, L for crying out loud, A for all that, N for nothing and E for everything. Airplane."

"Oh, airplane. Why didn't you say so? Which airplane do you want?"

"There's only one airplane with telephone connections. That's the one I want."

"Well, what's the airplane's number?"

At this point the passenger jumps overboard and the experiment is continued by the captain.

The procedure is briefly this. The captain speaks into an ordinary telephone receiver, where a sensitive diaphragm is vibrated back and forth by the modulations of his voice, which are slightly reminiscent of the onions he had for dinner but nobody seems to care. The vibrations go wriggling along the telephone wire to the ship's wireless set, where they are fed into the radio by a licensed operator named Jimmie. Inside the radio they come momentarily to rest on the hot filament of a vacuum tube and immediately leap off into space. They are, in fact, broadcast to all points of the compass. Some of them go to Newport, some of them go to Hog Island, Philadelphia, some of them go to the moon. Some of them waste a lot of time and trouble by going out to sea to a point north by sou'souwest, or — as Joan Lowell would say — hard a-lee, port by

starboard, shiver my timbers and scupper the skipper. And some of them — some of them light on the airplane flying above New York City, provided it hasn't got tired in the meantime and gone home to roost.

The gent in the airplane is expecting the call, or he would probably never get it. The vibrations go into his own radio set and are unscrambled there, arriving at last in his ear-phones with nothing missing except the onions. And what does the captain say to the intrepid pilot as he flits around the towers of Manhattan?

The history of civilization might be written in the famous phrases born of great occasions and emergencies. And when science succeeded at last in bridging the baffling gap, the aching void between the *Leviathan* at sea and the airplane above New York City, the captain rose gallantly to the situation. He told the airplane that the weather was fair and the sea calm.

We sit and shudder now as we foresee the moment when we come face to face with a transatlantic telephone and shall find our mind gone null and void. We shall have nothing to send overseas but a weather report. We might as well mail it and save the money.

But for radio itself we see some hope. We have felt encouraged ever since the early morn of January 21, when we lay drowsily abed in the wake of an alarm clock's warning, while King George the Fifth addressed the Five-Power Parley in our living room. It's not often that a King gets up so early to entertain us.

The Unkindest Cut of All

The policy and practice of Governmental economy, celebrated and proclaimed through two Presidential elections and practised at intervals, has at last brought forth fruit. Unless somebody changes his mind, there is to be a cut in income taxes amounting to one hundred and sixty million dollars and forty-nine cents.

This is very encouraging. It is also remarkable and possibly unparalleled. And at first sight it is difficult to see how it has been arranged. Nothing but the strictest economy on the part of the Government, comparable even to our own, coupled possibly with generous settlements from the insurance companies for the winter series of White House and Capitol fires, can account for it.

We make our suggestion that this economy has been effected principally by reductions in the thickness of stickum on postage stamps. At an estimated saving of four dollars and eighteen cents per acre the saving amounts to one hundred and forty eight million dollars and thirty cents, and we presume that Mr. Mellon made up the difference out of his own pocket. Or out of other peoples' pockets, as the case may be.

But on the other hand, we read that the Government collected in 1929 about one hundred and fifty-nine million dollars more than it figured on, which is a nice thing to happen to any government. Some of it came out of stock market monkey business, which is as good a place as any and is accounted for by the fact that the Government gets its share coming and going, like a gent in the ice and coal trade. Some of it was just a matter of miscalculation, such as is liable to occur in the best regulated budgets though commonly in the other direction. But there it was, and the administration traded it for a tax cut, tossed in an extra million for good measure, and made a hundred thousand new Republicans over night. Is this a system? We think so.

But the only thing really wrong with the tax cut is that it missed by a mile the people who most needed it. All the wisdom at Washington, which makes quite a showing if you don't count the Senate, has apparently failed to provide a cut in

income taxes for those who pay no income taxes. The horror and injustice of it all are like those displayed in the tax refunds distributed right after Christmas to poor but honest corporations like the Carnegie Steel Company and the Philadelphia Electric, and which entirely overlooked our own deserving indigence. Nobody said a word about refunds to us nor to most of our neighbors, and it's all wrong. If anybody is going to get a refund, everybody should get one. Particularly at Christmas time, or soon after.

Now we are all in sight again of the same perennial partiality toward those who have more money than they know what to do with, and an equal and appalling indifference to the rest of us. In this land of the free and the brave, of equal opportunities and the rights of man, the presumable privilege of paying an income tax is granted to some and denied to others. And we feel sure we are missing something. It must be uncommonly pleasant to pay an income tax, as we conclude from the mad rush of our fellow citizens to do so at this season of the year. Seeing their verve and anxiety we long to join the party. We would be willing, in fact, to join almost any party, if it but gave us an opportunity to pay an income tax.

But there seem to be difficulties. In the first place there is our income — or rather, there isn't our income. The only place we seem to fit the Internal Revenue Department's blank is in section 15, under the heading of "depreciation, obsolescence and depletion." Then there are the deductions, which are numerous and very wearing. Everybody deducts from our income, beginning with the Building and Loan Association and ending when the money is all gone. And further, there are our exemptions. Nice little exemptions, indeed, but all helping to leave the Government without our visible means of support. Even the baby in the cradle conspires to rob us of a chance to buy a nickel's worth of the Government for our very own.

There is bitterness in all this. The children come home almost in tears. "Popper," they say. "Popper, why don't we pay an income tax? All the other children's poppers pay income tax — why can't we pay one?"

What can we say? We can not talk to them of the exemptions of which they are the innocent cause, for childhood is sensitive and should be kept so. So we smile bravely and say cheerily, "Never mind, children. Maybe the Government just doesn't want any more money." But even the children know this isn't true, and isn't going to be until three weeks after the millennium.

Some people talk with heavy humor of the difficulty of making out the tax returns, and we understand that there are even people who charge real money for doing it. We don't understand this. We are afraid of no scrap of paper, and would undertake to make a return if somebody would supply us with the essential raw material. We can do crossword puzzles and read Browning in the original. No government official can ask us another and get away without an answer. And our financial life is an open book to anyone who wants cheap reading. We have nothing to conceal. We wish we did.

But just for fun and to keep up our arithmetic we have sometimes made out income tax returns. It never comes out twice the same but it is always interesting, and for the benefit of any among the customers who may find the official document a little involved we append a digest of our own statement, which will indicate the best possible method of figuring out the tax and give just as good results as any other.

We start with our salary for the year. Add a dollar picked up in Pottstown, subtract fifty cents which fell through the hole in our flannel pants pocket, add four hundred and eighty dollars for rents

and take away four hundred and seventy six dollars for alterations and repairs to satisfy the tenants. Add profit from a year's persistent poker — two dollars and eighty cents — and take away three dollars for betting on the Worlds Series. Subtract bad debts, add bad debts, subtract fire losses, add fire insurance; add forty cents for old newspapers sold to the junk man. Add twenty-two cents for riding on railroad train with out-of-date ticket, subtract operating costs of cigarette lighter, add profit of vegetable garden — one dollar and eighteen cents not counting the cost of the seeds or the hired man — and take away ninety-eight cents for a fountain pen which won't work and never did. Subtract church contributions — one dollar and a quarter; add interest on money in savings bank — twenty cents. Subtract one umbrella and two odd rubbers, and add fourteen cents found in pocket of working trousers. Add four dollars overdraft at the bank, and subtract three dollars for subscription to magazines designed to help a poor boy through college. Add the income from free-lance journalism; take it all away and buy typewriter ribbons and postage stamps. Take away two thousand dollars for being married and living with a wife on the last day of the taxable year; take away thousands and thousands of dollars for children under eighteen years of age because mentally or physically defective; figure the tax on the net income at one and a half per cent or as much more as you please, and behold — the Government owes us one hundred and ninety two dollars and nineteen cents.

There remains only the problem of figuring out a way to get it, and the minor matter of wondering where the tax cut comes in.

The Five and Ten

How glittering gay is the ten-cent emporium;
The human sensorium thrills at the sight
Of the windows and counters, so temptingly teeming
With merchandise gleaming and shining and bright.

Oh, where, for a dollar's small decimal fraction,
Can such satisfaction be equally bought?
Oh, what is here lacking that's worthy of mention,
That art or invention or cunning have wrought?

The cuff buttons, necklaces, earrings, and lockets;
Electric light sockets, and buttons, and cord;
The perfume and peanuts and pie plates and pencils,
And kitchen utensils and parts for the Ford.

The varied achievements of civilized races.
The works of all places, all peoples, all time;
The fruits that the ages have labored and sought for,
Are here to be bought for a nickel or dime.

Oh, picture the wonder of King Tutankahmen,
If he could examine this profligate pile
Of all that his heirs and embalmers omitted,
What time they outfitted his tomb on the Nile.

Consider the envy of Crœsus and Midas,
If they stood beside us these opulent times,
With pop-eyed amaze at the manifold riches
The damage for which is but nickels and dimes.

The pirate of old or the Indian potentate
Gladly would contemplate murder and crime,
With tortures ingenious, varied, and cruel,
To capture the jewel that costs me a dime.

Ah, could I return with a bag of such plunder
To waken the wonder of Indian gents,
I'd spread it before the reception committee,
And buy New York City for seventy cents.

The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

This Fashion Furore

By Beatrice S. Ehrmann

Contrary to Ethel Traphagen's article in The North American Review attacking the return of longer skirts, I maintain that the new fashions in women's clothes are not in bad taste.

Let us briefly review the fashion situation. When the American stylists went to Paris last summer, what did they see? Long dresses everywhere — skirts varying in length from four inches below the knee to those touching and trailing on the ground. And what happened? These buyers purchased what they wanted and came home. Yet when they started to put their acquired knowledge into use, some of them forgot to modify. Although the smartest and most efficient of these designers knew that they should adapt these ideas to the needs of the American woman, the failure on the part of some to do so resulted in poor taste.

The new fashions in women's clothes are not in themselves in bad taste. The error in judgment is the inability to choose the right type of frock for any given occasion. It would have been exceedingly bad taste, even with last year's styles, for a woman to have appeared at an office in a décolleté gown. Today, it is just as out of place for a woman to wear a long, flowing, formal dress in offices and in streets.

Women, it is true, have enjoyed unprecedented freedom. They have *not*, however, always presented unprecedented grace. How could they, with skirts so short and tight? True, some women have beautiful legs, but for the most part there are ugly legs and knees, with bare skin above rolled stockings — a most unbeautiful display. Furthermore, is there anything graceful in a plump woman, no longer young, squeezing herself into tight *brassières* and corsets, in an effort to reduce bust and hip measurements, so that she may have a boyish form? The new corsets, following the natural lines of a woman's body, thereby showing slight curves at the waist and hips, are far easier wearing than the former restraints.

All dresses today along sport lines, which are the clothes worn by well-dressed women during active hours of the day, have widened even hem lines, and a length of from three to five inches below the knee. For formal occasions — and the gods be thanked for formal occasions! — in which busy women can cast aside the cares and dresses of a working day, there are very charming long skirts. More particularly because the women of Paris have greater leisure than we, the long and very feminine clothes predominated at the Paris openings. Here in America women work, whether they have to, economically, or not. That is why it is of prime importance for the stylist to recognize the difference between the life in each country. Had this been properly handled, more emphasis would have been laid on the even length dress with the added circular fulness for street wear, and we should have had less of the offending rags and tatters, concerning which the fashion expert, Madame Schiarparelli, says:

"I was astounded, on arriving in New York, to see girls and women rushing around the streets, in the shops, with skirts dangling around their ankles. The French designers never intended that they should. It isn't right. These longer skirts are for more formal occasions, not for the street. Skirts for the street are very little longer, four to six inches — no more. And that is not much. But then we in Paris have never worn our skirts as short as you do in America."

Good Manners for Editors

By George A. Little

Editor United Church Publishing House of Toronto

In The North American Review for January you print on page 9, "Ellen Terry once answered without an instant's pause to some friend's query as to the most desirable single quality in human beings, 'Good manners, dear, good manners.'" On page 88, "Meek as a lamb, a rather quiet and inoffensive looking chap, the type of the Sunday school teacher rather than the lobbyist." On page 109, "Another minor nuisance such as whooping cough, baths or Sunday school." On page 128, "Most virginal Y. W. C. A. secretary."

Now, what is the most desirable single quality in editors? "Good manners, dear sir, good manners!"

VISION SCIENCE · LABOR · SERVICE

A year ago Goodyear produced one tire out of every five—now one tire out of every four built for motor vehicles comes from Goodyear factories all over the world.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Dear Ireland — how has she ever survived? Always a target, adored by all with a touch of romance in their make-up, abhorred by those stodgy ones who, in some way, can never quite find her, yet up she comes gaily smiling and remains as always — "Herself — Ireland."

Countries like this are a blessing. To be able to remain graciously themselves is no simple task in our spinning kaleidoscopic world, but Ireland has done it, even though it is said that she has a "transatlantic" mind. You see it works this way. Those who have the transatlantic mind take themselves down to the Place of Embarkation in Cobh (Queenstown) where millions of Ireland's people have sailed for different ports the world over and more tears have been silently shed than could ever be known, and the rest — well, the rest are Ireland, living in the low stone cottages, the gray stone castles with battlemented towers, or in the shabby but still beautiful old houses with imposing doors, elaborate fanlights, richly carved brass knockers and generous welcoming steps — not only houses but homes.

So all Ireland seems homelike and hospitable to those who have the foresight to visit her, for after all it seems more like visiting than travelling when you are in The Emerald Isle, because the world has suddenly become benign and courteous, gentle, persuasive, and sparkling with humor. At Cork, twin sister to the beautiful Cobh, we first taste this "Magic Spell" as at St. Anne's we listen to the welcome of Father Prout's old "Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee," and climbing to the top of a near-by hill we see below us a panorama of Cork, its fair green valley bordered by softly rounded hills threaded through with the silver ribbon of the Lee. As we walk along the Mardyke under the generous shade of the trees, for the afternoon is warm, we are reminded of all we have read of this Island and of the many eminent writers of whom Cork is so justly proud — of Dr. Maginn, Francis Mahony, and Maclise — those men to whose genius Fraser's, Blackwood's and Bentley's, the three leading magazines of their day, were beholden for much of their success. And then there was Justin McCarthy — "paint me purple!"

Ireland is a sportsman's dream come true, particularly County Cork for here, among others, are held the meets of the Dunhallow, Muskerry, and United Hunt Clubs Foxhounds; fishing at Fermoy, which belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, has a great reputation and Mallow is famous for its race meetings.

In the neighborhood of Cork are endless places of historical interest and Myrtle Grove, the home of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the best remaining examples of Elizabethan dwellings in the country, is one of them; there it basks in the sun in the midst of the garden which grew the very first "Irish" potato. And just over the way rise the ivy clung towers of Blarney Castle itself, egging us on to do the necessary kissing.

Ireland—if Your Hobby Is Antiques

Perhaps one reason why we are discovering Ireland's charm is that Irish attics are still well stocked with antiques, and antiques have become a veritable hobby with American travellers. Is not Dublin — "dear, dirty Dublin" — the proud possessor of Hicks on Lower Pembroke Street — the rare, untemptable Hicks to whom Lord Charles Beresford, after a deal in old furniture said: "Hicks, when you die, you ought not to be buried, you should be stuffed and put in a glass case." Hicks is the kind of an antiquarian and cabinet maker who is well worth a trip to Ireland just to have a chat with. Royalty and the aristocracy hobnob with him, but nothing changes Hicks. When a lady asked him the price of some chairs one day he replied: "They are not for sale; they belong to a gintleman who sent them to me fifteen years ago to be repaired." "Fifteen years ago," said the lady, "and have you repaired them?" "They are nearly finished," said Hicks, and when he comes for them they'll soon be ready." Think a minute. Do you recall any antique dealers in New York who would store your chairs for fifteen years while repairs progressed. Hardly. Dealers like this can only be found in Ireland, that land of dainty harpsichords with yellowed ivory keys, of Limerick lace and Carrickmacross, of old Irish silver, softly blue instead of glowingly brilliant, and of exquisitely designed Waterford glass, for glass was made in Ireland as early as 1525, and most of it is still there.

Quaint Irish shops have their way with us and we find them unexpectedly appearing on our path from Londonderry to Cork. And though Ireland has been divided to the Irish for so many years, it is all one in its loveliness and charm to the traveller. Londonderry bristling with tales of its famous siege, the Giant's Causeway still baffling those who try to solve its mystery, and the Hill of Tara, the residence of the ancient Irish Kings —

these but rouse our interest in the whole island, and tempt us into a trip down to Glengariff, Kenmare, Killarney and the Kerry coast. One of the popular routes to Glengariff is by rail to Bantry and thence by motor, and the surprising thing about Glengariff, almost surrounded as it is by wild mountain peaks, is its sub-tropical vegetation — bamboos and palms growing right down to the water's edge. Its charm is exceptional and so is its hotel. Indeed the hotels at all these places as well as at Parknasilla, Caragh Lake, Galway, Mallaranny and Sligo are excellent. Our road from Glengariff winds over the Caha range, a drive of surpassing grandeur, enchanting us with sudden views of the Bay with Glengariff and Bantry lying below — then drops down into Kenmare, at the head of the thirty-mile sea inlet known as Kenmare River. From Kenmare we start on the famous "Atlantic Coast Tour" round the mountains and lakes of Kerry, that same Kerry that was once the Kingdom of Kerry, and soon Killarney's three shimmering lakes, lying all serene in their deep valley, unfold on the panorama before us and we begin to know a little of how Irishmen feel about Ireland, and why.

Castle of Dromore

WHILE we are in the old Kingdom of Kerry, it is only natural to find a castle, and we do — the Castle of Dromore, one of the landmarks of Kenmare Bay, rebuilt in the Eighteenth Century on the ruins of the old castle after the design of Sir Thomas Deane, its great hall set off by a lofty oak ceiling, heavy carved doors, rich pannelling and stone mullioned windows; its grand staircase and lofty drawing room redolent with memories of quiet splendor. It boasts pleasure grounds and gardens, bowers and sylvan retreats and within its bounds we stumble upon the ruins of Cappanacush Castle, which knew the heavy hand of Cromwell. Its kitchen garden grows nectarines, its farm buildings include a Coach House, a Gardener's House, a Game Keepers House, tying for forty head of cattle, kennels and stalls galore — a proper castle indeed. Ah, why do we not all live in castles with pleasure grounds and be lulled to sleep at night with the crooning of a lullaby written for our own particular castle as are the babies of Dromore, whose cradle song with true Irish sweetness runs:

Take time to thrive, my rose of hope, in the Castle of Dromore:
Take heed, young eaglet, till your wings have feathers fit to soar.
A little rest, and then the world is full of work to do —
Sing hushaby lullaloo lo lan, sing hushaby lullaloo.

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WHEN we plan a trip to Germany there is always the expectation of contact with the ultra modern — the very last word in railroad accommodation and air transportation, smart excellencies in comfort and equipment in hotels, the most approved method of reaching Mars in a rocket, or of accomplishing whatever may have to be done. So often we hear of Germany as an efficient nation, and a nation that has so firm a grasp on efficiency — which, as the Practical Standard Dictionary defines it, "is active power to effect a definite result, the power which actually does, as distinguished from that which may do" — is a most satisfactory country to visit. This may give the impression that everything in Germany runs according to clockwork and is, perhaps, a bit cut and dried, but this is not so, for in the midst of all this modern precision lives the mediæval past, mellow, tranquil, and of unceasing charm.

Germany's music is an illustration of this juxtaposition, for in her landscapes, monuments and buildings the lore of the old sagas seems to live side by side with the rushing whirl of our modern times. The region of the Rhine is particularly rich in this lore. As we sail up the Rhine from Ludwigshafen and see on the left bank the reddish romanesque towers of the Worms Cathedral, we recognize the scene of the saga of the Nibelungs. On the right bank of the river below the great Rhine Bridge we find the site of the rose garden of Kriemhilde which was entrusted to the protection of Siegfried and eleven Burgundians. Our backdrop to all this romantic setting is the Odenwald, Odin's Forest with its blue hills, where Siegfried rode to his death. Small wonder that we are gripped with the romance of it all and that we are haunted by the wild eerie music of Wagner's Ring.

Rhine Romance

ALMOST every height along the stretch of the Rhine from Mainz to Cologne is crowned by a castle. On the right bank a jagged cliff, clothed at evening in veils of uncertain mist and shining in the moonlight with a golden nimbus, turns out to be the Lorelei where the enchanting maiden sits forever "combing her golden hair," as Heine tells us and luring the bewitched boatmen to their everlasting destruction on the cruel reefs below. Between Cologne and Bonn stands the Rolandsbogen, a lofty basalt rock to which clings much ivy and the remains of a castle of the same name built by Roland, the great Paladin of Charlemagne. Farther along we come to the *Siebengebirge*, the Seven Mountains where stood the Valhalla of

Wagner's *Götterdammerung* — and so from one end of this legend-haunted river to the other we find the beauty of the present enhanced by vivid recollections of an historic past.

"Rome," says John Masefield in *Pompey the Great*, "is not bricks and mortar; it is something that every Roman carries in his heart." And so it is with the Rhine which, no matter how important it may be industrially and geographically, remains less a river than an idea cherished in the heart not only of the German nation, but by all those who have even a slight acquaintance with its endless variety and charm. If we turn to the map and trace its course it might be said to flow from the high Alps to the mud flats of Holland, but its course winds also through the mazes of history and many times its waters lap gently on the shore of dreams. Cæsar met the Rhine frequently in his campaigns and was the first man to span it with a bridge, somewhere between Coblenz and Andernach — and in ten days time, at that — but no traces of this bridge, erected a year before the conquest of Britain, remain. Chronicles tell us that as soon as it had served its purpose, Cæsar promptly had it destroyed.

Mementoes of Beethoven

BEETHOVEN was born on the banks of the Rhine at Bonn, this charming university town with its old world manners forever echoing the dignity of its magnificent Electors and their courts. A little window in the bare white attic where the great musician first saw the light, still watches the swirling waters of the Rhine glittering in the sunshine, blue through the mists, and saffron in the pale moonlight. The city of Bonn has done much to preserve those intimate remembrances of Beethoven which remain to us and has transformed the little yellow house with the mansard roof into a museum. A twisted stairway with a graceful iron railing ascends to rooms above that are stored with those things the master used: his musical instruments — piano, spinet, violin, viola, 'cello, and the console organ of the Minoritenkirche, upon which, as a child, he learned to play. Many of his manuscripts are to be seen here, and even his spectacles and ear trumpets. How we love to see these homely mementoes of a great man and think that he handled them, yet how frail they are compared to the sweeping melodies that he heard, captured, and left to us — his rich legacy.

Immediately above Coblenz the hills close in on either side to form a narrow gorge all the way to Bingen below which the steamer ascends a series of rapids known as the Bingerloch. The entrance to the Bingerloch is guarded by a lone wooded island upon which stands the famous Mausethurm, the "Mouse Tower" of Bishop Hatto,

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and on which Southey based his poem. Even the villainous charms of the Pied Piper of Hamlin lose their magic with the children when they hear of this ogrish old Bishop who gathered all his starving parishioners into the tower and when they cried out for bread, burned them in the tower like mice. But this dismal moment is soon dissipated with a deep satisfaction when, with sudden emergence, we pass from the gloomy Bingerloch into the wide smiling Rheingau, one of the truly dramatic moments of a journey down the Rhine. It is in the Rheingau that we seem to appreciate for the first time the many colors of this deep flowing river and we see rich jades turn to sapphire as the lights and shadows of the clouds play on its bright surface and over the rows of tidy vineyards basking in the golden sunshine along the shore.

Summer Festivals

FESTIVALS are always inspirations to enthusiasm, and Germany in the summertime seems a continuous gala. In Rotherbury-on-the-Tauber, "the city that time forgot," the historic Meistertrunk will be given this year; traditional fishermen's jousts and folk plays will be held in Württemberg; the jolly "Sausage Market" is Derukheim's contribution to all this gaiety, and on April thirtieth, Walpurgis Night, the Brocken will ring with merriment. Bayreuth is never forgotten by true music lovers and here the Wagner Festival Plays will begin with *Tannhäuser* in July and reach their climax with Parsifal. Indeed, if you are going to Germany this year, you will be festive and gay in spite of yourself.

Our Own America

WHILE as Americans we are well aware of the delights of the Old World and of the value of travelling there, we can hardly afford to be unmindful of the freshness and fairness of our own vast country and of Canada which complement the European viewpoint to a nicety. Every year sees a greater number of our friends from across the water touring "the States," as they call us, and many of them are more familiar with our fine points when it comes to geography than are we ourselves. Surely this is not because the railroads and other transportation companies have neglected either our comfort or convenience, for no country may boast of finer roads covering, as they do, so thoroughly every interesting nook and cranny of it. Our "limited" trains are proverbial, offer every modern convenience and famously good meals, and are a source of genuine satisfaction. And does any country in the world have porters that are any more accommodating than our own?

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this country is a revelation. Once take a child through the storied Northwest, let him follow the trail of Lewis and Clark, learn of the courage and perspicacity of the old Indian squaw, Sacagawea — the Bird Woman — who accompanied these explorers as guide and interpreter, let him familiarize himself with the wild country where Custer made his last stand, with the majesty of the Great White Throne in Zion National Park, with the petrified forest in the Bad Lands; let him feel the secret mystery of the tunnels and the singing heights of the bridges of our empire builders; let him feel the cold blue ice of a glacier's cave, ride a pony over a narrow ridge above the clouds, watch shadowy Indians dance solemnly around a dying camp fire, feed the bears in the Yellowstone, then peer into the depths of the Grand Canyon at sunset, which as Kipling tells us is "one wild welter of color — crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port wine, snow-white, vermilion, lemon and silver gray in wide washes" — and that child will make America his own, to love and understand always. Fed on its beauty and grandeur, its majesty and tender loveliness, his background of contact with his country will mean something to himself and to the world.

Europeans tell us that we work so intensely here that we don't know how to play — but give us a chance — we are learning fast. Every season sees a greater number of Americans using the nation's famous national parks as playgrounds and seeking out its resorts, whether they border the desert of Death Valley or ride high in the snows of Mount Rainier. The great thing is that we are finding them out — and after all that is all that is necessary.

International Motor Boat Races and the Lido

EIGHT months of quiet beauty sleep and the Lido wakes up in June to find herself one of the world's most enchanting summer playgrounds, soothed by the gentle waves of her blue lagoon and wrapped in days upon days of glorious sunshine. This year on July twentieth the Lido will be humming with the excitement which only Venetians can arouse, when it holds its traditional festival of the Redeemer; and although this sounds solemn, it really means a regatta, brilliant illuminations in the starry night, whispered serenades, concerts, confetti and fireworks, for nothing is left out when it comes to celebrating this important occasion, which originated in the year 1578.

International Motor Boat Races will be held this year in Venice from September 17 to 21. These races will be run in the Adriatic off the Lido,

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Tahiti, Union Royal Mail, Sydney, March 19.
Shinyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, March 22.

From Los Angeles:

City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Hawaii, March 8.
Calamaii, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Hawaii, March 15.

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Volendam, Holland American, March 8, 17 days.
Araguaya, Royal Mail, March 10, 14 days.
Caledonia, Cunard, March 15, 18 days.
Reliance, Hamburg-American March 26, 16 days.

Mediterranean Cruise

France, French Line, March 15.
Adriatic, Thos. Cook and Son, March 8, 46 days.
Republic, Thos. Cook and Son, March 20, 52 days.

By Way of Introduction

The anonymous author of *Inside Pools, Bobtails and Jiggles* is associated with one of the best of banking houses and has had close experience with Wall Street activities.

Gerald Chittenden (*Whether Pigs Have Wings*) is a professor of English at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

Beatrice S. Erhmann (*This Fashion Furore*) is a New York stylist who has had occasion to observe recent artistic trends in the subject of women's clothes.

Joseph C. Fehr (*A Man with Two Countries*) is president of an organization of Government officials, writers, physicians, etc., which goes under the name of The Inquirendo.

Frances Gaither (*A Morning in Spring: Quay Malaquais*), who has been herself a *bouquineuse* in Paris, is a native of Alabama.

H. M. K. Smith (*The Smile of Buddha*) has travelled widely in China for the Famous Players Lasky.

T. Swann Harding (*Genteel Stooping and Bending*) gives credit for advice on this article to Hugo Falck, an expert medical masseur.

Joseph Jastrow (*How Misery Breeds Crime*) is a prolific writer on psychology, and was for many years head of the department at the University of Wisconsin.

Reginald Wright Kauffman (*War in the Film World*) is foreign correspondent of *The Herald-Tribune*, located at Geneva, Switzerland.

Imogen B. Oakley (*Sentimental Juries*) is active in the division of Civil Service Reform of the State Federation of Pennsylvania Women.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

Bonds the Fashion

As the securities markets in the first half of 1930 take shape it seems clear that they will wear an entirely different aspect from those of 1929, or indeed of any of the past five years. And the most characteristic difference is the reversion from stocks to bonds, both in corporate financing and in investors' preference. Public apathy toward stocks has been both conspicuous and persistent. Trading on the Stock Exchange in the first few weeks of the year averaged about 2,000,000 shares daily, a striking comparison with the peak of more than 16,000,000 reached during the autumn collapse. Not many years ago 2,000,000 shares would have been considered a remarkable day's business. Even million share days were rare. But during the past three years the total number of shares listed on the Stock Exchange has just about doubled, while the number of investors or traders in securities throughout the country has doubtless more than doubled. Hence disconsolate brokers, with office machinery geared up to five-million share days, are probably within bounds in claiming that 2,000,000 shares a day, slipping frequently to 1,500,000, is below normal.

A year ago stock financing was enjoying a popularity, already amazing, which was destined to expand to still greater proportions until it culminated in the investment trust flotations of the late summer and early autumn. This year, to the time of writing, no stock financing worth noting has been undertaken. But in one week, the third week of January, the volume of new bonds offered to the public was the largest on record with the exception of those wartime weeks in which the Government loans were offered. And this capital is being mobilized to finance, not war, but peacetime requirements of American industries. So well were these securities taken that additional financing of a similar character was planned for early offering, although it is doubtful that such an extraordinary pace can be maintained because banks are not buying their usual amounts.

Another characteristic of present financing is that fewer bonds are "sweetened." The trend is toward the issue of straight debenture or mortgage bonds. When the public wanted nothing but stocks last year, bond offerings carried features offering participation in stocks; they were made convertible, or warrants were attached permitting the purchaser of the bond to buy stocks within a certain period at a stated price. These were useful devices at the time, and undoubtedly they will be resurrected again in the future. But just now they are not needed. Investors will buy bonds that are "just bonds." Of course the best of the bond market's encouraging absorptive power has come from the "institutions," mostly the life insurance companies. But then it usually does. Banks have been buying fewer bonds than usual because too great a proportion of their resources is still tied up in loans on stocks.

This interest in bonds of course has its obverse side, which is the apathy toward stocks. It is difficult to find in financial history, with the exception of the South Sea and Mississippi Bubbles, such amazing contrasts as can be pointed out between the public valuation of certain stocks six months ago and now. Touted only last fall as worth almost any price for "long pull appreciation," certain of the speculative favorites of that time have recently been sold frantically, at prices only a third or a fourth of their peak, for fear dividends will be passed or unfavorable earnings reports will be issued. Were the markets still in panic the contrast would not be worth mention, for judgment of course is valueless in a panic. But the last big break is now three months past, and the prices being put upon these shares represent not hysteria but a reasonably calm appraisal of their true value. Of course it may err on the side of conservatism, which would be entirely natural; in any event the spectacle of certain of the shares formerly held to be the leading investment possibilities of the New Era selling actually lower than they did early in November, when the collapse was generally greatest, is highly instructive.

Liquidation

The chief obstacle to confidence in the stock market, as observers looked ahead on the first of February, was the belief that insufficient liquidation of bank loans upon securities had taken place. Brokerage house accounts in New York obviously had been cleared up in fairly good shape, as the reduction of brokers' loans to only half their peak showed. But could the same be said of the other great group of loans upon securities, the direct bank loans throughout the coun-

try? In the middle of October, before the collapse, the loans upon securities of the reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve System, which control about 40 per cent of the country's total bank credit, were not far short of eight billion dollars. In the middle of January, after two intermediate increases to much higher levels, they were still almost eight billion dollars, and the ratio of their total loans and investments (though the latter were considerably decreased) to deposits was substantially higher than a year previous.

Contemplation of these figures makes many would-be buyers of stocks pause. It is realized that if and when, in the measurably near future, higher prices for stocks can be obtained the banks will doubtless embrace the opportunity to sell them and reduce their loans. Will the converse occur? Will liquidation be enforced at the expense of lower prices if higher levels are not reached, or will the loans be carried indefinitely until genuine investment buying will take over the stocks without price concessions?

These are interesting questions. Eight years ago the United States passed through a trying period of liquidation of bank credit which had been frozen in commodities. There is no reason for comparing the present situation, in acuteness, with that; monetary conditions are vastly better in every way. Nevertheless the thought of frozen credit in securities keeps the timorous wary. Liquidation at the expense of security owners would be both distressing to them and depressing to every one else.

Fortunately there is much evidence that genuine investors have taken over vast quantities of securities during and since the break and that they are continuing to take them over. The decline in brokers' loans is one indication of that fact. Equally impressive is the increase in the number of shareholders reported by all corporations which keep such figures. In the last quarter of 1929, for example, the number of stockholders in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company increased by 14,000, and the amount of the company's stock held speculatively in brokers' accounts decreased 15 per cent. General Motors and other leaders report similar figures. In other words, the small investor, instead of being dislodged and ruined in the market break, has come in in greater numbers than ever, a fact known to every Wall Street observer; he has bought a few shares, mostly for cash, and taken them away, and as a general rule it will be a long time before they return to Wall Street.

Thus there has been, on the one hand, a supply of stocks carried on credit overhanging the market; on the other a slight expansion of investment demand which will increase at the normal rate of accumulation of capital, which in this country, of course, is rapid. From this balance of forces either declines or advances may result, depending upon whether the rate of liquidation of security loans is faster or slower than the savings which will be put into stocks. As no new stocks will be added to the supply for the present, savings will eventually catch up and absorb the frozen credit and another advance will begin. But when that will take place defies prophecy. In the late spring or summer, some of the forecasters say. Not until autumn, others predict. And all are upon uncertain ground. Perhaps the relationship of stock yields to the cost of money will point the time as well as any other single indicator. At present dividends paid on stocks average about one-half of one per cent higher than the price of money, the rate on time loans. As Otis and Company point out, "there is yet lacking the spread between interest rates and yields that has prevailed at the end of preceding bear markets. The interest-dividend differential has not yet become a positive market factor except in the case of certain individual issues. It remains to be seen which variable will affect the spread needed to make it definitely attractive for the investor to carry stocks on borrowed money."

Whither Business?

Of course an important factor in the equation is the state of business. Christmas trade was slightly less than in 1928. Industrial production during the holidays reached the lowest level in two years or more. After New Year's it began to recover. Was the upward trend merely seasonal, or the beginning of genuine recovery? Will the beginning of the cyclical upswing come in the late spring? Or will it be deferred until summer or autumn? Among the forecasters prophets of each of the three schools can be found. Those who base their conclusions on study of previous business movements usually put recovery farthest ahead, accepting the probability of a relatively long and mild recession. The die-hard New Era propagandists, pointing to abundance of credit at fairly low prices, and to lack of excessive stocks in most lines, think that a sharp and severe depression has already been experienced and the worst passed, and that recovery will be quick.

In speaking of business recovery the forecaster generally has first in mind an increase in production, shipments and sales in the four major industries of the country: iron and steel, automobiles, building and textiles. As they go, so goes the nation. The farmer may be left out for the moment; on the whole he had a better year in 1929 than in 1928, but he is far from prosperous and can contribute only his average quota toward stimulation of trade. The 1930 market for the

products of these four industries is likely to be "subnormal," if anyone chooses to consider the 1929 demand normal. But the three manufacturing industries, having over-extended themselves during 1929, acted fairly promptly, while building was somewhat restrained during the year by the high cost of money. Curtailment in automobiles and textiles, and in their various auxiliary lines, was under way some time before the end of the year. Stocks of their products on hand are larger than necessary but they are not, on the whole, heavy enough to cause prolonged trouble, and the executives of the industries are following the most careful production-control policies of their history, endeavoring to keep their output accurately balanced to consumption. Thus in the internal condition of business, except in few lines, there is no great obstacle to recovery, and the restoration of the delicate balance of economic forces which will make possible another business advance will not be complicated and prolonged by severe commodity price deflation and liquidation of supplies on hand.

As for construction the outlook is definitely hopeful. Money is easier, there is ample capital — in corporate surpluses or to be had by appeal to bond buyers — to finance improvements, and an ever increasing number of executives accept the wisdom of doing their building and plant equipment in times such as the present when labor is not otherwise in demand. Most estimates of the volume of construction in 1930 exceed the total for 1929 by several hundred millions.

Thus there is reasonable assurance of fairly good business this year, especially in the last half. To be sure this does not signify that corporation profits will evoke any cheers, for competition will be more intense in the narrower market. For example, the recovery of steel production in January was accompanied by falling prices.

Evaluating Stocks

MEANWHILE, are stocks cheap? Their average dividend rate (using the Dow-Jones averages) on present prices is around 5¼ to 5½ per cent. That is not cheap for stocks unless they are thoroughly sound and may be expected to show an increment of value in years to come. But of course no price is cheap for stocks which do not fill those qualifications. Compared with former years present prices are not cheap. Colonel Ayres of Cleveland has gone into that subject in his usual interesting fashion. His charts show that at the beginning of the boom nearly six years ago stocks sold at about fourteen times their dividends, that they sold up to nearly thirty times, and that they are now selling about nineteen times. The lowest points on record were reached at the end of 1917

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and in 1921, when they sold at ten or eleven times their dividends. Furthermore stocks are still upon a bond basis, so far as the relation of price to dividends is considered, whereas until the end of 1927 they had rarely, and impermanently, sold on an equal plane with bonds.

By this showing stocks should still be considered dear. Indeed many persons looking at the market are disposed to say, "Where are those bargains?" Coppers and motors have been selling upon a cheap yield basis, for the very good reason that copper was in excess supply and lower prices were feared. Also motors obviously face a highly competitive year in which scarcely any companies can hope to approximate full production. On the other hand, examine the list and see how many of the so-called depression proof stocks, the senior five and ten cent stores, for example, pay only three or four per cent. Can stocks be called cheap while they are still higher than in the pre-Coolidge days, by all standards of judgment?

A conclusive answer to this question would involve another examination of the New Era philosophy. These articles have discussed that philosophy so frequently that there is no occasion to go into it again in detail. Its argument is that conditions are different, that stocks are sounder, more stable investments, and that they deserve to sell higher than formerly. I have no doubt that there is a substantial degree of truth in the argument, although it was carried to such ridiculous excess only a few months ago, and that the American investment public is now willing, and will be even more willing toward the end of this year, to pay relatively more for stocks than it would have considered doing five to ten years ago. The relation of stock prices to earnings was upward — slightly and gradually, it is true, but still upward — before the boom got fairly under way and began to show any excess at all. In 1923, according to a recent compilation, a group of fifty-one industrial stocks sold at 9.4 times earnings; in 1924 at 10.2; in 1925 at 11.2; in 1926 at 11.4; in 1927 at 16.5; in 1928 at 18.9; before the break at 17.8; and at the end of 1929 at 11.8. There was almost a straight line trend until 1926, then the extraordinary bulge, followed by a drop back to just about the point that would have been reached at the end of 1929 had the straight line upward trend continued.

This upward trend is explained by the compilers of these statistics, Whitehouse and Company, by a restatement of the leading causes of the New Era, including the Reserve System, our change to a creditor nation, the increase in scientific knowledge and improvement of executive technique, etc. They say, "These changes are in many respects revolutionary and important enough to constitute a definite factor in our economic situation, and we believe to justify some difference in basis of valuation as between 1923 and today."

The World Arena

INTERNATIONAL finance continues to occupy much of the public interest. The outward gold movement has ceased with the reduction of European money rates, which inhibited the attraction of our gold. But the revival of the bond market will likely include a renewal of foreign financing in this market, and if our money rates become any cheaper the foreign borrowers may transfer all the proceeds immediately, which might cause another gold movement. An offering of bonds for the Government of Italy was understood to be under way as this was written; the fact that they can be floated in this market is testimony to the economic and financial improvement of the kingdom under the Mussolini régime.

Of no less interest than this probable revival of our international bond market is the possibility that France may set up one to rival it. France, like the United States, is a creditor nation. Unlike the United States, she has not been reinvesting her accruing balances abroad. Her balances in this country, for example, were held here as long as our money rates were high, then transferred in the form of gold when money became cheaper. Hence, France is continuing import of gold despite the lowest money rates in Europe. Heretofore France has never sought international financing; she has imposed taxes upon both the sale of foreign securities in France and upon the receipt of interest payments on securities held abroad. Now she has reduced the tax on securities and removed the tax on foreign exchange operations. She hopes to attract foreign financing, both in securities and in bills; in any event there probably will be an outflow of French capital which will check her gold imports. Meanwhile money rates are steadily becoming cheaper all over Europe, and in the long run international business will feel the stimulus.

In the United States the Reserve Banks are in an exceptionally strong position. The member banks are borrowing extraordinarily little from them, and though they are carrying goodly portfolios of acceptances and Government securities the total of Reserve credit in use is much smaller than a year ago and the reserve ratio, despite recent losses of gold, substantially higher. The greatest obstacle to still easier money at present is the volume of bank loans on securities referred to at the beginning of this article. The existence of this body of credit makes the Reserve authorities cautious about going too far in cheap money policies; naturally they do not wish to perpetuate a situation which they feel has certain elements of unsoundness.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Reviewed in Brief by B. S. STANOYEVICH

History in Pictures

CARLYLE'S estimate of the value of portraits in biography may well be applied to the use of pictorial illustrations in history. This principle has hitherto been recognized chiefly in the use of a few portraits, pictures of buildings, plans of battlefields, etc., though in late years there have been some examples of special editions of histories in which the illustrations almost rivalled the text in copiousness. Yet even in these latter the text was the primary and supreme element and the pictures were merely illustrative of it. The contrary rule was reserved for application in *The Pageant of America* (Yale University Press), of which the completing volumes, Nos. 2, 14 and 15, have now appeared. In it the illustrations are foremost in importance, and the text is chiefly supplementary to and descriptive of them. The compilers seem to have ransacked the libraries and museums of the world for illustrations of every phase of American history. In connection with earlier volumes of the series we have considered in detail this monumental work, which is quite unique and nothing less than epoch-marking in American letters; and it remains to be said that the high standard with which it began has been fully maintained to the end. The final volume contains a comprehensive classified bibliography, and also a useful Topical Index referring to the fifteen individual indices of the whole series.

Biography

Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By *Louise Schutz Boas.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.
This biography is engrossing because of its intimate insight into the life of a woman whose work has attained greatness.

Victor Hugo. By *Raymond Escholier.* New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $5.00.
This is a novelized biography of the great Frenchman, but its popular style is certain to draw many readers into the warm circle of that vital personality which has not always been thoroughly understood.

Walter Rathenau. By *Count Harry Kessler.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.
One of the outstanding leaders of German thought during the World War, Rathenau's character merits a close study. Born with two conflicting trends of character, he wanted to be both man of action and of secluded thought. He became first a foremost business man, following in his father's footsteps, and later Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was finally assassinated for his allegiance to the Versailles Treaty.

J. Ramsay MacDonald. By *Mary Agnes Hamilton.* New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.
Before the subject of this biography was Prime Minister of England, its author wrote a sketch of him in which she prophesied he would fill that office some day; the republication of the sketch in the form of a book brought up to date certainly proves of interest.

Thomas Killigrew. By *Alfred Harbage.* Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.00.
Killigrew was one of those cavalier dabblers in the arts whose literary remains, fragmentary and uneven, mark an episode in the history of English letters.

Tiger! By *Honoré W. Morrow.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.
This life story of John B. Gough, the great temperance leader of the Nineteenth Century is quick and vital reading, even to those who may not believe in Prohibition.

Euripides. By *William Nickerson Bates.* Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. $5.00.
The professor of Greek language and literature at the University of Pennsylvania has written this study of Euripides as a student of human nature.

Life of Ambrose Bierce. By *Walter Neale.* New York: Walter Neale. $5.00.
Embroidering a gossipy biography with revealing quotations from his hero's frank opinions on life, love, sex, religion, literature and rival writers, one who was an intimate friend of Major Bierce offers a plausible explanation of the major's mysterious disappearance in the winter of 1913–14.

A History of American Magazines. By *Frank Luther Mott.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $10.00.
A comprehensive and very interesting description of American magazines started between the years 1741 and 1850, with some account of their later developments up to the present day. Of course THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was numbered among this famous crew.

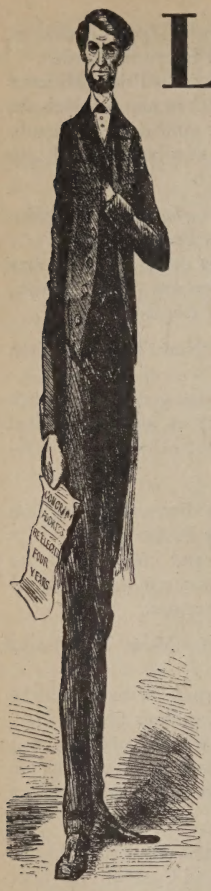
Lincoln. By *Emil Ludwig.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $5.00.
In this book the author has attempted to present an American hero, not in a new historical study, but rather under the novel method which he has found so successful with Goethe and Napoleon. We meet Lincoln in these pages as citizen, fighter, liberator, etc.

America and England? By *Nicholas Roosevelt.* New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.
This book attempts to answer the question as to which nation today holds the dominant position in world affairs as did England in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Other Notes

The Passing of Normalcy. By *Charles W. Wood.* New York: B. C. Forbes Publishing Company. $3.00.
Mentioned elsewhere in this issue.

Africa and Some World Problems. By *General Jan Christian Smuts.* New York: Oxford University Press.
A collection of the General's speeches mentioned editorially.



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Senator Gerald P. Nye

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"Just Nerves" . . . . . W. Langdon Brown
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ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTEENTH YEAR

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The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

As much as a year ago the Landscaper, writing from the American point of view, tried to make a prophecy or two about the future of the so-called war novel. The suspicion was current at the time that with the end of 1929, and the end of the astonishing run of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, a run predicted in these columns when the book appeared in England last spring, there would be a turning away from the theme of war, and certainly a weariness of the theme on the part of the public. The evidence is all about the Landscaper at the present moment that the authors have not tired of the theme, that on the contrary interest in writing books about the War was merely getting under way last year, and has risen steadily in a crescendo which can not reach its climax for months to come. Exactly what the public's response to this situation will be is as difficult to forecast as anything else that depends upon the public's whims.

In England, however, as in America last year, the really outstanding novels about the war are finding steady popularity. It may be well to pause long enough to explain that in this discussion the word novel will be used because there is not any other more convenient; a few books about the war that are definitely not novels may be singled out, but the sort of semi-autobiographical book of which H. M. Tomlinson's highly and deservedly praised *All Our Yesterdays* is so good an example, will be called novels. Sooner or later some one will invent a better characterization; in the meantime we may comfort ourselves for our inaccuracy with the thought that in the past decade the term novel has been so thoroughly stretched that it is now elastic enough to cover any form of literary expression that is not definitely and unmistakably of another category. Mr. Tomlinson's book, which the Landscaper had the great pleasure of reading before leaving America — it was read and reviewed a few steps this side of the lifting gangplank of the *Bremen* — has found not only widespread approval in England, but has also provoked widespread discussion and some controversy. What has been said against it has been said chiefly in private, however, as the critics are virtually unanimous in its praises, and quite as free in their use of superlatives as are American critics. This matter of the superlative in current reviewing will be touched upon at greater length a little later, however.

And More War Books

Robert Graves's book, *Goodbye to All That*, which started here with a terrific rush immediately upon publication, reaching sales of some 50,000 copies almost at once, has settled down to a steady and non-sensational sale. It seems to the Landscaper only a middling piece of work, which without its author's distinguished name and certain elements of personal and slightly scandalous interest, would hardly have had much success. If it sells very widely in the United States, your humble servant will be surprised, which he has often been in connection with attempts made to gauge the potential popularity of books. C. F. Benstead's *Retreat*, touched upon here last month, also started well, and dropped off rather suddenly, although it has been highly praised by sound reviewers. A staged controversy in one of London's tabloid newspapers, based upon Mr. Benstead's portrait of a shell-shocked chaplain, was followed by the publication of the book as a serial. There were many letters pointing out the noble and heroic service rendered by the chaplains of all armies, and denying Mr. Benstead's apparent contention that the Christian religion had no business in the trenches.

Dean Inge, about whom the current jest is that no one knows whether he is a pillar of the church or merely two columns in *The Evening Standard*, used his two columns in the *Standard* to state that in his opinion Mr. Benstead had written a fine book, but that his chaplain was in no sense typical. The Landscaper is not at all sure that the author meant his neurotic parson to be taken as typical, although it was inevitable that he should have been criticized on this score. A good many readers have bought *Retreat* here for its account of the withdrawal of the Fifth Army, and there is some excellent writing in the description of the disaster.

In principle it is easy enough to agree with Mr. Benstead that Christianity and war can not

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go hand-in-hand, and that it is utterly silly to have chaplains whose religion is one of brotherly love while the men they are serving are trying to stick bayonets into their brothers, but in practice there is probably quite as much reason for Christianity in the trenches as in every-day life.

This is a theme that requires more attention than the Landscaper is able to give it at the moment, but he believes firmly that there were no end of chaplains who helped to mitigate the horrors of war, although whether they were being Christ-like, or merely good chaps, with a goodness that is inherent in humanity — it has existed in every civilization and under every conceivable form of religion — is, perhaps, another question.

Art for Art's Sake

THE Landscaper's earlier comment upon *Retreat* was a little harsh, although he remains unconvinced that a preacher bedevilled by his nerves to the ultimate point of insanity will ever be very popular as the central figure of a novel. He is a case-study, and certain phases of morbid psychology are no more agreeable than certain kinds of physical illness. This is taking the ground that a critic may object to the subject-matter of a book, which John Galsworthy has recently argued, is not a critic's business. With all the respect in the world to Mr. Galsworthy, and full agreement with his principles, it is the Landscaper's opinion that subject-matter needs to be commented upon in criticism; anyway, art for art's sake is one of those slogans that stops short when the public enters the picture.

So much for some of the older books about the war. There is what the English call a spate of newer ones, some of which will have reached America before this article is printed, a good many others which will be along later, provided the public does not suddenly throw up its hands and despair, and in agreement with Sheila Kaye-Smith's utterance of a few days past, swear that it will never, or at any rate, hardly ever, read another war novel. In the realistic tradition of some of the German war books, and some of the American, English, French, Austrian, and Russian ones, for that matter, there are such pieces of work as the anonymous *Her Privates We*, a title borrowed from Shakespeare, and *War is War*. The first book purports to be by "Private 19022," whom J. C. Squire insists is a trained writer, but whose identity up to this time has been kept a closely guarded secret. The Landscaper has listened carefully for information on the subject, but not even in the Gargoyle Club, where one lunches cheek by jowl with Lytton Strachey, Edith Sitwell, and so on, has there been a whisper. A limited and, of course, unexpurgated edition of the book was first distributed, but there are plenty of words left in the regular edition that have only recently made their way into polite society.

This is a good book, however. The tough talk is not dragged in to shock; it is merely used where it belongs. Anybody with any sense knows that wars can not be fought without an ample supply of cuss words and bawdy expressions.

More Strong Language

War Is War, which is already slated for American publication, is by "Ex-Private Ex." It, too, has a liberal supply of the words that used to find employment principally among livery stable employees and Mississippi steamboat mates. At least, these are the people upon whose tutelage the Landscaper had to depend for instruction in the first foreign language he learned, the Profane. They were good, too. One might almost pause to drop a tear upon the memory of the mates who could cuss a steamboat full of cargo in no time at all without lifting a stick to a roustabout, and then be praised by the roustabouts in their idle moments for their originality of language. *Her Privates We* and *War Is War* are of a piece in that they both look at the World War from the point of view of the ordinary English soldier. In this general group, although it is somewhat different in slant, a long and leisurely and rather well-rounded story of the War from the British angle, is Richard Blaker's novel, *Medal Without Bar*, which one imagines will also find its way to the United States. Mr. Blaker's book is better balanced than many others of its kind in that it does not leave out the humor of the soldiers, so strangely lacking in some of the German books, such as Ludwig Renn's *War*, a remarkable book in many ways, but written as if war were nothing else except war, which it has never been and can never be.

Other war novels, remembering always the looseness of the term, that are being more or less read and discussed, are: Coningsby Dawson's *The Test of Scarlet*, which is a straight tale of horror; *Love Town* by Riccardo Bachelli, a book highly satirical of the moderns which contains an account of the Caporetto disaster that will inevitably draw it into comparison with Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* — it is unlikely that the Bachelli book will ever reach Boston in its present state; *Pass Guard at Ypres* by Ronald Gurner, which tries to point out some of the spiritual gains from warfare without sparing any of its disagreeable aspects; and Ernst Junger's *Storm of Steel*, which still goes on although it was published

last year. It has done much better in England apparently than it did in America. It is the narrative of a young Prussian who rather enjoyed the War.

Some Are Different

GRAHAM SETON'S spy-story, *The W Plan*, already published in the United States, still finds readers, and it is an exciting yarn, although it has little importance as a book about the War. Vernon Bartlett's *No Man's Land* is a departure from most of the current war books, an individual tragedy recalling Eugene Lohrke's recent study of the disintegration of a poet, *Overshadowed*. Mr. Bartlett, after introducing his central figure amid a well-done war scene, has him wounded in a shell-hole, where before sundown and death, he rehearses the incidents of his life. There is something artificial about this device, but in the hands of a competent person it makes an interesting novel, not one of the biggest, but admirable in many ways. It was Mr. Bartlett who was chosen to "novelize" R. C. Sheriff's famous play, *Journey's End*, and the work has been done as this is written. The Landscaper has not seen it, but its English publisher thinks extraordinarily well of it.

That it will have a large sale is inevitable. It is booked to appear in America, although the exact date has not come out here. Mr. Bartlett is a younger author who will bear watching. Thus far he has done one volume of excellent short stories, and a quite remarkable short novel, *Calf Love*, published in America in 1929, which together with the two books just mentioned, make up his literary output, a very fair beginning. He writes good prose and has lived enough to have something to say, which is hardly characteristic of writing young men, or women, in these days.

And Now the Protests

THAT some one should rise in protest against certain kinds of books about the War was as perfectly inevitable as that Mr. Benstead should stir up the Church with his portrait of a chaplain. It is obvious that no book has told the whole truth about the War, and none ever will. Therefore, when a man who went through without too much difficulty, getting a bit of fun out of life between battles, thinks *All Quiet on the Western Front* just so much bilge, he says just so; and the expression is frequently heard on this side among British ex-service men. Mr. Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers* looked at the War a little differently from Herr Junger's hero; the War had as many angles as there were personalities in it. Good soldiers are irritated and horrified by the defeatism that runs through so many war books, by

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the perfectly frank admission of many survivors that they were very tired and afraid most of the time and that it all seemed a silly and futile business to them as individuals, which indeed it was to most of the individuals concerned. Douglas Jerrold's book, *The Lie About the War* is a protest against the gnat's eye view; he complains that people are not reading the books which tell of great campaigns and sweeping marches, of masses of men skilfully handled and of epochal victories gained by the intelligence of the brass hats. Of course, the most striking thing about the prevailing rush of war books is that they are mostly about individual experiences; never before in the history of the world has the buck private had his say quite so thoroughly and completely.

War and the Individual

MR. JERROLD is right in his contention that there is superb drama in warfare, ancient and modern, but the individual who is an actor can not see it or enjoy it; what shall it profit a common soldier that the world be made safe for democracy (was it?) if he be blown to bloody bits by a high-explosive shell? Life may be sweet to him; it still is to a surprising number of people, and King and Country may be only mildly interesting abstractions compared with the thought of a girl or a good dinner or a bit of hunting or even a book. Mr. Jerrold need not be surprised, and is not, of course, since he is an intelligent man, to find that people like to read these books about the fate of individual soldiers better than books about war on a grand scale; how many people prefer the personal columns of a newspaper to its accounts of the sittings of the League of Nations? It's the principle of sympathy that does it; a reader can feel himself at one with a frightened soldier on sentry-go of a dark night, but he has to be an extraordinary reader to feel himself at one with the movement of an Army Corps, unless he can think of himself as its leader. This would be far less romantic now than it used to be, when Great Headquarters looks more like the main office of the American Bell Telephone Company than the shelter of first-class fighting men.

As It Might Have Been

THE only wholly new departure in war books the Landscaper has seen recently is in a novel called *The Cavalry Went Through*, and which will probably appear under a slightly changed title in America. It is a book by Bernard Newman, who wrote *Around About Andorra* some years ago, and who was a British staff captain during the big shindig. Mr. Newman has undertaken to show how the war might have been ended long months before it was, and such military authorities as John Buchan, Henry Nevinson, Captain B. H. Liddell-Hart, and Sir George Ashton say unreservedly that his reasoning is sound. His basic theory is that a small body of perfectly trained troops, each man knowing everything there is about fighting, and not necessarily anything at all about how to salute or to pipeclay his rifle-strap, might have upset everything on the Western Front. The Landscaper read the book long enough ago to have discussed it by now with a number of Englishmen who saw about all the War there was to be seen, and he can testify that it is important enough to start a good, lively argument at any time. In fact, it started one at the Athenæum, the London club where the story is said to have originated about the removal of the dead bodies of members every three weeks, and where bishops are said to steal each other's umbrellas, and so warm waxed the argument that several sedate members glared over the tops of their newspapers at the combatants. Aside from its purely military interest, however, Mr. Newman has told a thrilling story, and one that is wholly without what John Buchan called "the cloacal element." In fact, it might have been read by Queen Victoria without a single sniff of disdain except that the good Queen might not have liked Mr. Newman's radical ideas about an informal, but perfectly efficient, fighting machine.

A Novel from America

AN AMERICAN novel of the War that is provoking a great deal of comment is Mary Lee's *It's A Great War*, which, as will be recalled, divided the Houghton Mifflin-American Legion prize some months ago with William T. Scanlon's *God Have Mercy On Us*. Miss Lee's very long book, which has thousands of periods in it, arranged in threes, has been damned and praised here in about equal measure.

So well-known a reviewer as Gerald Gould, who is the Harry Hansen of *The Observer*, called it without exception the worst war novel yet written. It has been roundly sworn at by others, although Ralph Straus found it an extremely interesting piece of work, and put it well up among the contemporary war books. Miss Lee's book is, unfortunately for fair criticism, the sort of thing that annoys reviewers excessively. It is very long, and not easy to read. It is powerfully biassed by Miss Lee's predilections for the League of Nations and World Peace. But read with any degree of patience, and any appreciation of the accuracy of its pictures, or any pleasure at the irony of Anne Wentworth's association with Y. M. C. A. gentlemen from Ioway, it becomes not only a good book to read, but also an impor-

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tant contribution to war literature. The Landscaper has already had his say on the subject, but he has watched the rumpus about the book with keen interest, and has suspected more than once that its reviewers had not taken the time or trouble to read it. This happens among reviewers, and who can altogether blame them?

The English Watch Us

FEW American novels of recent years have attracted so much attention in England as Mr. Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*, which has the press completely on its side, and which has convinced many English readers that the talk of recent years about the superior vitality of American writing might really have something behind it. More than once English publishers, authors and critics have said in the Landscaper's presence during this visit that there was pathetically little variety in the English younger generation's work; that there were as usual any number of competent novelists, writing competent prose, but very few about whom one felt there might be something like a touch of genius. There is great interest in the work of these experimentalists in America; one of the best publishers in England, whose list is famous for its general excellence, has recently added the books of William Faulkner, a young Southerner carefully watched from this direction since his first novel, *Soldier's Pay*. Faulkner has not done his big book yet, and his work after the first novel has been spotty and uncertain, but there are moments in such books as *Sartoris* and *The Sound and The Fury* that are fairly breath-taking. Another publisher talked at length about the brimming vitality of Thomas Wolfe's quite remarkable first novel *Look Homeward, Angel*, which has also found a place here on a distinguished list.

Not everyone is in agreement about all of the Hemingway book; there are many who do not like the love scenes and who consider the war business topping, and there are plenty of others who like the romantic parts. They all agree that Hemingway is a person to be watched; that whatever he does in future will be awaited eagerly and read avidly.

A New Lehmann Novel

IT MAY not be too early to mention the fact that the Landscaper has read in manuscript the second novel by Rosamond Lehmann, author of *Dusty Answer*, which was one of the sensations of a few years ago. This book will be published sometime in the current year, and it is likely to be accepted as a worthy successor to Miss Lehmann's début, naturally a much more mature work, and an exquisitely written piece of fiction. It is upon a theme that will inevitably make it popular among many married women.

Among other books that are in the English eye, as it were, are Oliver La Farge's charming romance of the Navajo Indians, *Laughing Boy;* Mazo de la Roche's sequel to *Jalna*, *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, called simply *Whiteoaks* here, Edith Wharton's *Hudson River Bracketed*, which seemed to the Landscaper definitely inferior Wharton, and Rahel Sanzara's *The Lost Child*, which is selling like wildfire as this is being written, and which has had some of the most extravagant reviews the Landscaper has ever read. It seems altogether likely that it will have much larger sales here than it had in the United States, where one does not recall that the reviewers went off the deep end about it.

Others Being Talked About

OTHER discussed novels in England, some of which may be available in New York by the time this is printed, are Netta Syrett's *Portrait of a Rebel*, which is the story of a revolt against the conventions of morality in the Victorian period, and well handled, a book one may safely say will be popular in America as it is here; Norah Hoult's *Time Gentlemen! Time!*, a first novel by the author of *Poor Women*, a volume made up of five of the best short stories the Landscaper has ever read, and he has read many a volume — it contains one classic, at least; *The Voyage Home*, Storm Jameson's sequel to *The Lovely Ship*, and a distinguished novel; and F. Tennyson Jesse's *The Lacquer Lady*. One wonders, speaking of short stories, although this is really a novelette, how many of the present-day admirers of Miss Tennyson Jesse have read her early *The White Riband*. It is a gem.

Having indulged in these enthusiastic remarks about the work of two authors, let us go back to a subject mentioned earlier in this Landscape, namely the relative merits of American and English reviewers. A comparison is inevitable for one who has to trot back and forth between the countries, reading the books of both countries and keeping a wary eye upon the critics in case they should suddenly discover a youthful genius. In several places recently American critics have been taken severely to task for their careless use of superlatives, and one article composed mostly of actual quotations made the Landscaper wonder if all the reviewers, himself included, of course, had lost their minds at the same moment. There is a terrific lot of bosh written in American reviews, meaningless phrases, reckless judgments, assertions in January that such and such a novel, usually a third-rate piece of work, will be the best

book written within the year. . . . But there is also an equal amount of bosh written in English reviews, and oddly enough, exactly the same complaints are heard here against the journalistic critics that are heard every day in New York.

Mr. Ervine's Remarks

THE Landscaper had hardly more than landed in London before he picked up a newspaper for which St. John Ervine, recently a rather nasty-tempered visiting dramatic critic, performs as book reviewer. Mr. Ervine had chosen this particular day to tell all England that there had been three great novels written by American women, and now, little children, can any one tell us what they are? First of all, *Ethan Frome* by Edith Wharton, which is easy. Second, *Brook Evans* by Susan Glaspell, not so easy, although it is a good novel. And third, *The Methodist Faun* by Anne Parrish, which the Landscaper would never have guessed in a million years. In fact, he is satisfied that Mr. Ervine has never read more than three novels by American women, or that he should not be allowed to pass judgment on novels. This is not said in disparagement of Miss Parrish's talent, which is certainly considerable, but to mention anything she has done, even *The Perennial Bachelor*, in the same breath as *Ethan Frome* is to make a comparison that would draw hoots and jeers if it came from an American critic. This sounds like a personal quarrel with Mr. Ervine, which perhaps it is. But the point is that England and America are in the same boat when it comes to ordinary book reviewing. It is true that the more intelligent of the British weeklies are much better than ours, but there is very little to choose from among the newspaper critics. Of course, England has the *Literary Supplement* of *The London Times* to boast about, and well may she boast. We could do with a section like it in New York, and ought to be able to support one.

Mr. Russell Rebuked

HAVING made a few rather unfriendly remarks about one Englishman while enjoying the hospitality of his country — only of course, Mr. Ervine is Irish — it is a pleasure for the Landscaper to report that he has enjoyed few things for a long time so much as a recent review of Bertrand Russell's *Marriage and Morals* by J. C. Squire. There are times when it would appear that the wise men of our times have everything except good sense, just plain, ordinary good sense, such as develops sometimes among far-back country people — Abraham Lincoln, for example. Mr. Russell is a metaphysician of note, a distinguished educator, a leader of liberal thought, who has led a useful and an admirable career, but when he comes to grips with problems of morals which have to take into account the demands of organized society and also that curious element called human nature, he talks like Dr. John B. Watson, the man who took the soul into the laboratory and dissected it as he would a frog. Of course, Dr. Watson and the Landscaper know there is not any such thing as a soul; this is just a little private joke.

To come back to Mr. Russell's now famous contribution to the happiness of the race, in which he advocated much greater sexual freedom for every one including married men and women, thinking, one is bound to suppose, that promiscuity is better than the suppression of instinct, and failing to take into account, one is also bound to suppose, that the sexual act is today as much psychic as physical in its effects, Mr. Squire contends that Mr. Russell would like to make man over in his own image, and adds that it can not be done.

Where Are the Shepherds?

THEN he goes on to say:

"But even among the uninstructed there may be a vague notion that there is quite enough of the physical side of sex in life if it is to contain anything better, and that a doctrine which laid it down that throughout life every man may legitimately regard every woman as a possible object of siege with a physical relation as the aim, is one which would make the social relations of the sexes more self-conscious and uncomfortable, to say the least, than before.

"If these things are true," continues Mr. Squire, "why are they not more often stated by the commissioned defenders of traditional morals? The field seems to be left almost entirely to the unorthodox, the shallow, the smart, licentious, the undersexed, and the anarchic dreamers, in which last category I place Mr. Russell.

"Dean Inge occasionally has a penetrating word to say. The rest of them merely go on repeating certain injunctions like parrots, or ignoring morals completely in favor of a theological battle, leaving the intelligent and questing young of both sexes without any instruction at all as to each other's natures, or as to the psychological, physical and historical (I omit the religious, since the modern discussion — Mr. Russell, for instance, doesn't seem to have a glimmering of a notion as to what religion is — does not proceed on that plane) reasons for the duties they are enjoined to perform and the controls they are commanded to exercise. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

(*Continued in rear advertising section*)

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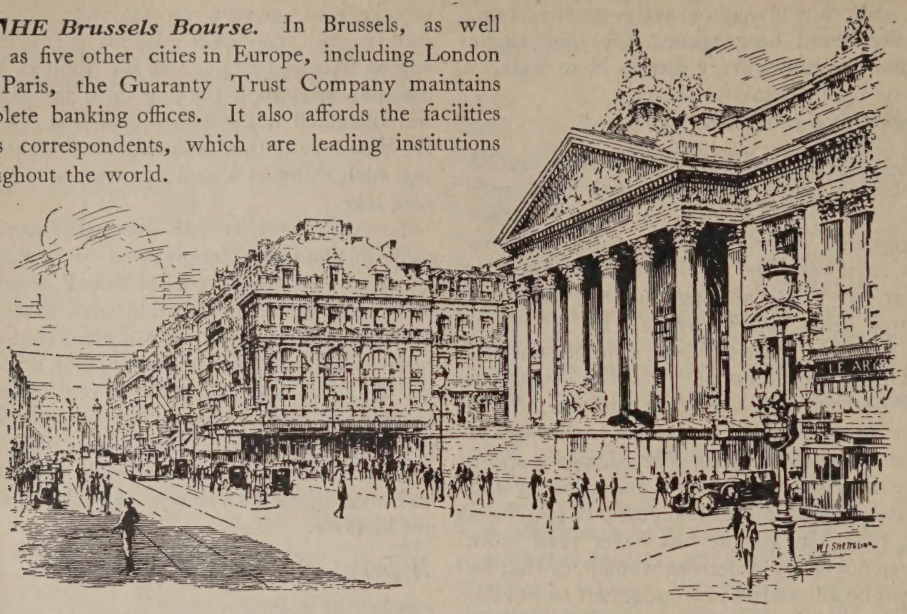

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Ten Key Men of Business

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

MYTHS have surely had their uses. All human societies have seemingly developed around beliefs which are no longer tenable in this scientific age.

No present-day educator of my acquaintance actually believes in Santa Claus, although some insist that such a belief is not only harmless but even beneficial to little children. They themselves can not believe in Santa Claus as an objective reality, as the child mind apparently must do if it is to believe in Santa Claus at all. Nevertheless, no one is born with a scientific outlook; which is one to be achieved, as the outlook of immaturity is progressively abandoned.

That is my apology for writing about the ten greatest business men of America. Actually and objectively, there are no supermen. There are men with excellent qualities, but the most excellent are not necessarily the greatest. In fact, excellence and greatness are both relative terms: "Excellent for what purpose?" is a question which we can not avoid.

BUT what do we mean by greatness? Usually we think of it as the quality of leadership. We think of Cæsar and Napoleon as great, although, if they were our contemporaries, it is quite possible that history would not pay much attention to them. Each was able to command loyalty and coöperation. Both had exceptional ability as organizers and a driving ambition to employ their talents to the fullest extent which opportunity might afford. We may only speculate, however, as to whether their particular mental and psychic characteristics would be in such demand in our machine civilization as they were in the military societies in which they functioned. Perhaps they were men who temperamentally could not help giving orders in a world in which the masses were crying out loud for some one to give them orders; but the masses of today seem to feel no such psychic

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need. Some prominent men of our present society, lacking an understanding of their own prominence, come to look upon themselves as Napoleons: but when this happens, as a rule, their usefulness ceases. Perhaps they are Napoleons. I do not deny the claim, but I can not help classifying them as Napoleons out of date.

HISTORY lists many orators on its scroll of fame, but there are no great orators in the modern world. We may have orators, however, quite as excellent as Demosthenes or Webster: but since we have relatively little use for their oratory, there is not the slightest chance of their gaining recognition as great world leaders today.

But myths, I believe, are still useful, and the "great man" is a phrase, at least, which we can hardly dispense with yet. Only the immature, however, will insist that greatness connotes a superman. A man is great, it seems to me, in so far as he expresses the age in which he lives and helps to organize human thought and action in harmony with the needs of that particular age. He can hardly do this, naturally, unless he has many excellent qualities: nevertheless, I am quite willing to believe that greatness depends mostly upon chance adequately recognized and used.

I think of Henry Ford as the greatest business man, not merely of America, but of the world. It does not follow, however, that Ford would have attained any such position if he had been born in any other era than that of the motor car. Ford has had more influence on the times than any other living man. But Ford did not make the times. The times made Ford.

IT WOULD be impossible to comprehend Cæsar's greatness without having some concept of the Roman Empire and the forces which brought it into existence. That Cæsar brought it into existence because of his intrinsic skill as an empire builder can not now be accepted. The times were ripe for such a development: Cæsar was but the answer to the need of the times for a competent human executive. Had he been born in the days before the expansion of trade made imperialism necessary, he might or he might not have become a great barbaric chieftain: but it seems to me quite probable that barbaric chiefs, to be most effective in the kind of work which they would be called upon to do, might have to be made out of very different human material than that required for the making of a Cæsar.

Similarly, it is impossible to appraise Ford's greatness unless we have some adequate picture in our minds of the era of mass production. Ford did not invent mass production any more than Cæsar invented imperialism: he simply worked out its principles, and demonstrated their practicability in such a way that the world had to employ them thereafter.

Andrew Carnegie, a generation before Ford, discovered and demonstrated that large-scale production was not merely economical, but that its economies might make it possible so to reduce prices that there would be a demand for the greater volume of product and that, through large

sales at smaller profits, a very much expanded total of profits might result.

But Carnegie, great as his achievements were, does not symbolize mass production. Carnegie, whether he wished to be or not, was at war with his employees. He was an almost ideal philanthropist, and not only did not care for the millions which he was piling up, but devoutly believed that he had no right to keep them and that, to be honorable, he must die poor. So he gave away his millions and gave them, everything considered, very wisely. There was little relation, however, between the principles employed by Carnegie, the manufacturer, and those employed by Carnegie, the philanthropist. For the steel industry, which piled up this wealth for Carnegie to give away, and which made it possible for those with a taste for reading to borrow good books, herded workers in slums and overworked and underpaid them inhumanly, making it unlikely, among other things, that they should develop literary tastes.

It was Henry Ford, getting in on the ground floor of a promising new industry, who not only made that industry one of the greatest in the world, but who demonstrated to the world that it does not pay to exploit any part of the public for the benefit of any other part.

Such exploitation often had paid greatly, but Ford rendered the principle of exploitation archaic by demonstrating how more profits could be made through enriching people than through impoverishing them.

If any economist had discovered this principle at such a time, he would rightly have deserved much praise. But Ford did more than discover the principle. He practised it and demonstrated that it was correct. It is possible, in fact, that he tried the principle and discovered its practicability before he developed any hard-and-fast conviction concerning it. When he first gave his common labor the unheard-of-wage of five dollars a day, it was generally supposed that he must be either very crazy or very good: but the traditions of business were still so heavy even upon the so-called liberal minds of the times as to keep them from seeing that he was simply our greatest business man.

His position does not need to be argued now. Business progress, since that day, has largely been a matter of catching up with Ford. Low prices on a scale which Carnegie never thought of have now become the accepted principle of our most prosperous industries.

Years before Ford, some business leaders had learned that a small margin of profits might expand sales so that a greater total profit could be attained. But Ford taught business to set prices so low that great masses would be able to purchase the product whether, by all known methods of production, the product could be sold profitably at that price or not; and then so to utilize the sciences of management and research, and so to eliminate waste, that the product *could* be sold profitably within that price.

Low prices, he demonstrated, compel good management: and every increase in wage has similarly been a spur to better management. When it

was supposed that wages must be paid out of profits, it was very logically argued by the Socialists that good and generous employers must tend to disappear while the ultra greedy ones would be left to dominate the situation. But when Ford demonstrated that wages need not be paid out of profits, but that the highest possible wages are consistent with the greatest total profits, and even contribute to them, he destroyed the very premise of Marxian Socialism.

Before Mr. Ford made this demonstration, business was forever getting in its own way and destroying the markets which it was imperative that it should have. For, no matter how economical these great new labor-saving inventions were, the public could not buy the increased volume of products which they were turning out, for the purchasing power of the public had not correspondingly increased. As the Ford policies are coming to be understood, however, the necessity of relating purchasing power to producing power is being understood, and that is working a revolution in all human relations. I have been insisting for some time that Mr. Ford should be given the Nobel Peace Prize, because he has done more than any other living man to demonstrate that the prosperity of business depends upon the prosperity of consumers, and that no nation can afford to have another nation exploited. The logical outcome of this discovery is the economic unity of the whole world, and eventually a universal understanding that national groups must work eagerly for the prosperity of all other national groups if there are to be world markets for any of them. In a word, not because human nature has changed, but because we are coming to understand the nature of the machine through which it must now express itself, we must soon be waging peace as eagerly and passionately and selfishly as we ever waged war.

Because I see Ford in the light of this second industrial revolution, I am compelled to exclude from my list of the ten greatest American business men very many excellent and most admirable gentlemen who are still holding positions of eminence in the business world. Their greatness, however, is hardly of our time. They are philanthropists, mostly: and although they may have adopted many of the principles of mass production and mass distribution (for they could hardly be eminent business men if they had not), they seem to me in the main to be functioning with the mental attitude and equipment which served them well in the days in which they were climbing to success, but without taking into account the tremendous changes which have now come over the world.

Next to Ford, it seems to me, I must place Owen D. Young: for Young is not only one of the most successful executives of modern business but a man with a business philosophy and a business voice which make him preëminently the world's greatest industrial statesman.

For a hundred and fifty years, the world tried vainly to fit high-power

machinery into traditional thinking. The way that people earned their living had changed, and the way that the different units of society were fundamentally related to each other had changed, but the old theory of government, the old diplomacy and the old notion of what constitutes prosperity, had not changed. The result, inevitably, was war, and more war — war generally between peace-loving peoples. And when the old order finally expired in the throes of the World War, it was vainly supposed that the survivors could enjoy an old-fashioned victory.

The statesmanship of earth, then, ponderously decided upon two fundamental principles. First, the side which was beaten should pay all the costs. Second, it should not be allowed any money to pay them with. The result of this mad diplomacy was to reduce all Europe to such a state that people began to wonder if victory were not more disastrous than defeat.

ONE nation, and only one, had prospered. It had not prospered because of the war, for it had invested twenty billions of dollars in that war, and wars can not pay dividends. But it had prospered because it had launched out on a career of mass production — which, in its final analysis, means production for the masses — and it had within its borders a sufficiently large population to take and use the new comforts and luxuries which the new machine was turning out. Europe eventually, then, was compelled to look to America for leadership. Not, however, to American political statesmanship (for our political statesmanship of the time had gone wool-gathering) but to our industrial statesmanship. And eventually, after all the traditional thinkers had worn each other out, there was a disposition to listen to the still, small voice of fact — the patient and philosophic but very scientific Owen D. Young. So the Dawes plan was adopted. It was not an ideal solution and Mr. Young made no such claim for it, but it brought facts instead of opinions to the fore, and Europe began her economic recovery. Owen D. Young is typical, not only of the new industrial order which has come upon the world but of the new world diplomacy which the new order has made necessary. It happens, however, that no eulogies are needed. Few, I think, would seriously consider a list of ten greatest Americans, or even of the ten greatest leaders in the world today, on which the name of Owen D. Young did not appear.

MY NEXT nomination may not receive such universal agreement. People generally have learned to honor their benefactors: and by benefactors they have usually meant the rich who have given most generously to the poor. Such philanthropy has always been necessary, and it is still necessary. It will continue to be required until there is such a general acceptance of the system of scientific mass production and mass distribution that the masses shall have adequate buying power. In the mean time, our notions of philanthropy are changing. It has now become apparent to all thinking people that mere doles are destructive and create more poverty than they relieve. It has also become apparent that accumulating

wealth by the old process of exploiting the public, and atoning for the exploitation by contributing to philanthropic projects which may be very worthy in themselves, is of extremely dubious value socially. This is the reason why Americans so commonly admire Ford, whose personal benefactions are few but who contributes so much to the creation of widespread prosperity, while they have little regard for the financial buccaneer who may give away his fortune at death to hospitals and colleges.

NEXT on my list, nevertheless, I would place a great philanthropist: not, however, because he is a great philanthropist, but because he is a great business leader whose business experience had led him to see through the shams of philanthropy and the pretenses of greatness which so often go with the accidental accumulation of great wealth. Julius Rosenwald would be the last man in our modern world to think of himself as great. As he so modestly expresses it, he has simply had great luck. It was inevitable in the evolution of our society from handicraft to large scale machine production that certain systems of economical, widespread distribution should be developed, and Mr. Rosenwald happened to be within hearing distance when Opportunity announced this need with one of her well known knocks, and was "lucky" enough to have equipped himself beforehand so that he was all ready to answer the summons. It was also inevitable that whoever performed this great new service adequately would achieve a great new fortune — so large a fortune, in fact, that it would be sure to turn the head of an egotist with delusions of grandeur and self-admiration.

BUT Julius Rosenwald was not that type of man. He was a man of the present era, a man of this matter-of-fact, machine-production age. So he did not look upon his huge fortune as a tribute of distinction which a grateful universe had very properly bestowed upon him. He looked at it, rather, as something which he had to accept along with his job. He had no personal use for such an amount of money, and he had no desire to spend it in the direction of an enduring monument to himself. As far as giving it to "worthy causes" was concerned, he was a bit sceptical as to just how long such causes might remain worthy.

He might, for instance, create a perpetual endowment for the discovery of a cure for cancer, and things might happen within a few years which would turn such a constructive undertaking into a destructive joke. For somebody might discover a cure for cancer which would completely eradicate the disease, at the very time that some other hitherto unknown plague might make its appearance and require the concentration of medical and bacteriological science upon ways and means of preventing it from destroying the human race. In such an event, however, an endowment devoted to the discovery of a cure for cancer could not be used to meet the new emergency. The human race might languish in its new agonies, but the laws being what they are, this great endowment must be employed to

divert human science from attention to human needs and keep it perpetually at work discovering something already discovered.

AMERICA today is cursed by a staggeringly large amount of money controlled by dead men in funds and endowments which no longer have any human excuse for functioning. I would hesitate to say how many hundreds of millions of dollars are so tied up. The public may know of the fund left by the St. Louis philanthropist for the purpose of caring for stranded members of the covered wagon caravan which was then wending its way toward the Golden West. It may also know of the fund founded by Benjamin Franklin to help bound-out apprentices, or of the farm which under the advice of Alexander Hamilton was dedicated by Captain Randall as a haven for sailors, and which now occupies several blocks in the heart of New York City. It may likewise know something of orphans' asylums which have long since run short of orphans but can not be used for any other purpose. And of wealthy vestries of churches who must still meet and administer the church endowments, although the churches no longer exist excepting in a theoretical and legal way. No one knows and no one can tell how many college and university endowments are still busy doing things which nobody wants done, while their presidents are out scouring the country for new endowments for urgently necessary work which may, however, be totally unnecessary a few years hence.

I shall not mention the details of Mr. Rosenwald's benefactions. It is enough to say that his riches did not develop an ambition to govern the people of the future with his dead hand. There were things to be done, he knew. But he did not know, and did not pretend to know, what it would be necessary to do years after he was dead. He has given largely and exceptionally wisely, and is still giving: but in the mean time he has seen to it that anything which he may leave will be spent, both interest and capital, to serve the times in which the fortune was accumulated.

THIS is a period of fundamental social change. Society is in flux. It can not violently overthrow all its ancient institutions, but it must constantly adjust its mind to the needs of the new time. It is doubtful if the evils inherent in the ancient laws of property could be cured by any new code which it would be humanly possible to adopt. Technically, at least, stockholders own and therefore theoretically control our modern industries, although, as a matter of fact, the stockholders of such organizations as General Motors and General Electric have no knowledge of the industries which they technically own and could not possibly control them. The control of such industries has been constantly passing, not as many suppose, into the hands of a few large owners, but out of the hands of ownership and into the hands of scientific management. I know of no way, however, by which this change could now be registered in law: but until the change becomes widely understood and acted upon, there are bound to be many abuses connected with the great and eventually beneficent transition.

One of the most obvious abuses of today is the rake-off sometimes exacted by capital for the necessary organization and reorganization of industry. Mergers, good in themselves, are too often handicapped at the start by unwarranted and unscientific demands on the part of bankers and promoters. Business tradition, not real business understanding, dictates their actions, and it is easy for them to convince themselves (and that part of the tradition-bound public which does not happen to be temporarily envious of them) that they are entitled to all the money that they can decently make. So they are. But the need of the hour in banking circles is a leader who understands that it is bad banking to charge too high prices for bank services, just as Mr. Ford discovered that it was bad business to charge more than was absolutely necessary for his product. I believe that banking has developed such a leader in Amadeo P. Giannini and I therefore put him on the list.

It is a truism of modern economics that mass production demands mass distribution. Mass production makes it possible to multiply the output of man's labor, but if the masses of mankind can not buy back this product, the most efficient mass production methods must be discontinued. It is the scandal of our times, however, that while the cost of production has been going down and down, the cost of distribution has actually been going up. Here is the point at which American business most needs leadership, and the main objective of the leader in distribution will be such a lowering of prices that the masses will receive the greatest possible values for their money and the distributor, as an economic corollary, will achieve greater total profits. America has not yet developed any "Ford of distribution": but it seems to me that Jesse Straus, of Macy's, is in the vanguard and I nominate him among the greatest ten, although he is only at the beginning of his greatest business and social usefulness.

Another important aspect of the current economic and social revolution is the change which is taking place in the relations between capital and labor. Theoretically, there is no further conflict between them, but actually there is likely to be an important difference of viewpoint still between even enlightened workers and enlightened business men. Another great need of the hour, therefore, is a leader who is able to effect the best working alliance between labor consciously organized to advance its own interests and business consciously organized to secure greater total profits.

From this viewpoint, one might be justified in nominating William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, or Sidney Hillman, leader of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, as among America's ten great business minds. But neither is a business man, as the term is usually understood, and I therefore nominate Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Mr. Willard has demonstrated his business leadership on every front. Under discouraging conditions, he transformed the Baltimore and Ohio into a most progres-

sive system, now known throughout the country not merely for its excellent schedules but for fine service of every kind. I doubt that even Mr. Willard could have done this, however, except for his far-sighted coöperation with the rank and file of his employees organized and trained in the school of labor unionism. I can not see that a "company union" could have turned the trick: for the company union at best is likely to suggest to its members what too careful parents so often suggest to their children — that they are in danger of being corrupted if they play too much with outsiders; and the children, therefore, like the company unionists, are likely to miss a very healthy and much-needed outside point of view.

It is true that many of the labor union traditions have now become obsolete with respect to some of our industrial organizations, and as the new system of mass production progresses, the old notion of war between labor and capital must fade from memory. But the new order has not yet become fully conscious. Also, the new order will not arrive at maximum efficiency until it has the conscious and enthusiastic support of labor, which is far different from a passive acquiescence on the part of individual workers generally in the belief that their bosses will take good care of them. Mr. Willard, then, may be set down not only as a great railroad leader but as one of the greatest leaders of business generally.

When one thinks of the world in terms of the revolution which is going on, it is quite probable that one will not think of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company in terms of revolutionary leadership. But Morgan is an institution and is not escaping the change which is coming over all our institutions. An essential characteristic of the new times is that people are living less and less in small groups and more and more in the community of the whole world. This has necessitated the sloughing off of an age-old provincialism and the taking on, first of cosmopolitanism, then of a culture which can hardly be named but which suggests, at least, a sense of world citizenship. This new culture has been particularly necessary in the world of finance; and it has found its best expression, it seems to me, in one of the great leaders of J. P. Morgan and Company. I speak, of course, of Thomas P. Lamont — a gentleman who, without losing one iota of his Americanism, is still able to think Chinese problems through with the Chinese, French problems with the French, and ordinary human problems with ordinary human beings everywhere, and has given us a new meaning to the old term — a gentleman of the world.

I have three nominations left, and three hundred names pressing for consideration. It is too much, and I am tempted strongly to quit right here, let the reader finish the story in the way he wants it finished and, incidentally, save my own face. But I have committed myself, and I must go on. Hence, I nominate for the remaining places in the list of ten greatest American business men Thomas A. Edison, Charles F. Kettering and Herbert Hoover.

The only objection which can be

made to these last three nominations is that they are not business men. In their case, however, that is a mere technicality. Mr. Edison, if not a great business man or a great manufacturer, has surely manufactured more business for America than any other American. Mr. Kettering, I am told, is so divorced from the ordinary business man's point of view that he refuses to have anything to do with the millions which have come to him and hires a salaried expert to take full charge of all his finances, thus releasing his own mind completely for the solution of engineering problems. But this is not a divorce from business. For Mr. Kettering knows business in its fundamentals as clearly, it seems to me, as it can be known today. And although he must realize that the statement "Business is service" is still encrusted with layer upon layer of pure bunk, he still knows that business is *becoming* service and is personally setting a pace which business will more and more be compelled to follow. I am often asked, and I have never been able to answer, "Who is the big man in General Motors?" I do not claim the distinction for Mr. Kettering. It is possible, in fact, that the greatness of General Motors is due in large part to the discovery that there "ain't no such animal." Nevertheless, there is greatness in General Motors, and Charles F. Kettering is an excellent symbol of it.

Herbert Hoover is — well, for the information of those who may not know just who he is, let me say that he has proved himself to be a superb leader of American business at a supreme moment in its evolution. It is therefore self-evident that he belongs among the ten greatest business men in America.

Two Low Brows in Red Russia

By Mary Van Rensselaer Cogswell

What happens when a pair of venturesome American women, on pleasure bent and with no axe to grind, explore the Soviet hinterland

Until very recently everyone who has gone to Russia has made the trip with some definite purpose in mind. A regiment of prominent authors have been the guests of the Soviets in order to tell the world about "the great experiment," business men have hurried there seeking some rich plum, and art dealers of the more virile type have undergone the long journey to nose out delicious bargains.

But the low brows who travel for pleasure with no axe to grind have been few and far between. Most of the low brows have been scared off by the amazing tales concocted by returning travellers and by the difficulties in obtaining visas.

Last spring, when I decided to go to Russia and roam about by myself for a month or two, I had the innocent idea that all I had to do was to signify my desire and that in a few days the delighted Soviets would send me a visa. But when I tried to get a visa I was regarded with cold suspicion. It seemed that single ladies under forty were not in the habit of wandering about alone in Russia just to satisfy their curiosity. It would take at least six weeks to obtain a visa even if (the "if" was stressed) my application was accepted. The only way to be sure about a visa was to join some kind of a tour.

Previous to receiving these rebuffs I was fairly lukewarm about a Russian trip, but after them wild horses could not have kept me from going. So I was able to join a very grand tour impressively called "The Delegation of American Business Men to Russia"; which, incidentally turned out to be the exact opposite of what you might have expected from its name.

Then I induced Linda, a companion of other summers, to go with me. We decided to do most of our travelling alone and to join the tour only at certain times. After waiting a day in Berlin for Linda's visa and having a terrible morning in Warsaw vainly trying to extricate my bag from the Polish customs who had shut up shop and were taking a holiday, we found ourselves at last actually *en route* for the Red frontier.

We began to discuss what would

happen to us going through the customs. We thought that probably we would be undressed and searched or that, at least, our baggage would be thoroughly mussed up and our cameras confiscated. A well-known publicity man had told Linda that every bit of printed matter was scrutinized carefully and if you were found with any book that criticized the Soviets too freely you were liable to get into trouble. Consequently we decided to throw most of our books out of the window. I hadn't quite finished reading a very startling book called *Moscou sans Voiles;* in fact I was in the midst of a description of the cult of nudity in Rostov-on-the-Don. So I hung on to it until Linda, who was nervous for fear that some station official would see me getting rid of it, insisted that I throw it away.

We alighted at the Russian frontier, just as the sun was setting. I was tremendously thrilled to be on Soviet soil and equally relieved to find that the Bolsheviks did not scorn the use of porters, who were nice, round, fat men with the shiniest faces. Their long canvas aprons gave them a decidedly matronly appearance. The station itself was made of varnished logs and it looked far more like a chic camp in the Adirondacks than an outpost of Red Russia.

The customs ordeal was a decided disappointment, for we were not searched. All they did was to register the cameras and the few pieces of jewelry that we had. But, just as we were about to take our seats in the train for Leningrad, a soldier came up and said something to me. Translated it meant, "You can not proceed! You have no visa!" I indignantly denied that I was without a visa and showed him a page in my passport covered with Russian writing.

"That visa is no good," he observed. "It expired two weeks ago. However, the papers of your friend are in order and she may proceed."

I hastily said that she couldn't go without me and that, visa or no visa, I simply had to arrive in Leningrad the next day. Linda stepped nobly into the breach. She couldn't go without me — if I stayed, she stayed, she told him. By this time we had collected a gratifyingly large crowd of officials, passengers and porters. So I explained to them collectively at first (in ghastly German) and individually afterward, that I *had* to get to Leningrad the next day. I was expected. I tried to insinuate that there might be quite a lot of trouble for everyone concerned if I was delayed. The officials retired to an inner office while I sat in the midst of an interested group and explained my plight, although more than half of them could not understand a word of what I was saying.

In the interim I found out that Russian visas only last for a few days and mine, having been obtained in Paris almost a month before, was as defunct as a dodo. Five minutes before the train was due to leave I had given up hope and was looking around for a soft spot on the station floor on which to sleep, when a soldier emerged from the little office.

"If the Miss will get on the train her passport will be given to her after the train starts."

We didn't wait a minute but ran out of the station, followed by several porters and the station master. We made a bee line for the "hard seats" (third class) for which we had tickets, but the station master barred the way and triumphantly waved us into the "soft seats" (first class). If we would travel in Russia, we would have to travel in the style which he thought proper.

The train was much wider than those of other European countries. We each had a compartment with a long seat swathed in a linen slip cover, a small wash stand, a table and a brass lamp with a green shade. Over the door was a large niche for luggage. We were exhausted after the excitement of the day, so we blew up our air pillows, placed our handkerchiefs wet with *eau de cologne* over our noses (for it was very dusty), and went to sleep.

THE next day we had the *provodnik* (train porter) bring us tea, which came boiling hot in glasses, with two lumps of delicious coarse sugar on the side. At every station we got off and went into the buffet to buy bread, beer and sausages, or else strawberries from women peddling them on the platform, or perhaps ten kopecks of good, watery ice cream. While *en route* we saw our first woman railway worker, who was enormous. She had on a long overcoat like a man's and a cap with a visor. Her feet were encased in gigantic boots and she flapped red and green flags with deadly efficiency. She impressed us and we felt proud of our sex.

In the evening we arrived in Leningrad and were disgorged into the whirlpool of the station. Two porters (who robbed us outrageously, we discovered later) grabbed our bags and piloted us to a droshky. Such a droshky! It was covered with a thick layer of yellow dust and the mudguards were tied on with string. By bracing one foot against a rickety lantern I was just able to stay in the carriage and balance a bag or two in my lap.

WE BOUNCED along over the cobbles through what was evidently the poorer part of the city, for houses were crumbling in places and many of the windows were broken. The people in the streets looked dull enough but many of them were laughing and smiling, which surprised us as some writer had said that she had never seen a Bolshevik smile. Our droshky sidled up to the Hotel de l'Europe through a welter of new Ford taxicabs. After a delay we were shown to our room, or rather I should say, our suite of rooms. The sitting room was enormous and furnished with a miscellaneous assortment of Empire furniture. The bedroom had two iron beds, a cheap bureau, one chair with a cane seat and a strip of worn carpet near each bed. The bath room was dirty and there was no bathmat or towels.

While the Delegation of American Business Men was in the midst of a banquet, we determined on an immediate tour of the city, taking advantage of the dawn, which breaks shortly after midnight. In a fast car we flew through streets made lovely and mysterious in the pearly half light. Along the Neva we went, by the Hermitage Museum, past the

Admiralty buildings, and across the river to see the strange new mosque that the Mohammedans are building; for, oddly enough, Mohammedanism is the only religion that the Bolsheviks seem to encourage. Then we came back and saw the domes of the Peter and Paul fortress, and the weird church built over the spot where Alexander II was assassinated, jutting its fat writhing towers toward the sky.

Later, when we went out to the former Czar's palace at Detskoe Selo (formerly Tsarskoe Selo) our chauffeur pointed to a church which had been closed. "*Bog Kaput!*" (God is busted), he informed us. Then he waved his hand and pointed again to the church, saying, "*Lenin Bog*" (Lenin God). He was quite amused about it all, but it was hard for me to visualize Lenin dressed in a white robe and halo.

WE TRAVELLED to Moscow in the "hard seats", much to the disgust of the Soviet travel agency, which was very snobbish. We were curious to know what we would draw in the way of companions on our journey, for in the "hard seat" sleeping compartments the Soviets make no distinction between men and women. We discovered that for two rubles (about a dollar) you could hire a mattress, two sheets, a pillow and cover and a pink cotton coverlet. The linen came in a small bag sealed with a government seal so that it was entirely sanitary. The *provodnik* made up the beds for us and we found out later that on a long journey the bed is made up the first night but after that you have to do it yourself. We removed our shoes and went to bed with our clothes on. The men took off their shirts and shoes. Soon we were all sleeping as soundly as if we were in the Imperial suite of a Ritz hotel.

At Moscow we joined the Delegation and left, that night, for Nijni-Novgorod on a special train. From there we took a boat down the Volga for four days. The river was disappointing — large, monotonous, with slow moving, rust-colored water. Whenever the steamer stopped for a few hours we would take a small boat and have ourselves rowed to the nearest beach. We swam more for coolness than for the sake of cleanliness, for the Volga mud is particularly adhesive.

WE HAD no stranger experience than the first sight of bathers in the Volga. The lack of bathing suits is not quite as general as it is said to be. Perhaps a quarter of the men wear trunks (once I even saw a short sleeved bathing suit and it looked very *ancien régime*) and in the country where there is real mixed bathing most of the women wear some sort of skimpy and inadequate garment. In the Moscow River, where the real dyed-in-the-wool Communists bathe, it is considered very bourgeois to wear any kind of bathing suit. The men and women undress in separate houses and go in the water on different sides of the beach. The imaginary barrier between them is only a few yards wide and there are no screens or fences, yet somehow it seems quite respectable. The people on the Volga are less sophisticated and have more fun. The whole family spend the day on the beach and after lunch the men

and women move a short distance apart and take sun baths. Once we were sitting on the sand when a couple, hand in hand, burdened with a lunch basket, squatted down near us. They were pale young things and looked as if they worked in a dark office. The man undressed and rushed into the water and the girl wriggled out of her clothes a few moments later. Then for over half an hour he gave her swimming lessons in a solemn, professional way. After the lesson they floated around for a bit and finally scuttled out on the beach and into their clothes. When we left they were placidly eating their sandwiches.

After reaching Stalingrad we met our super-luxurious train once more and set out for the Caucasus. We went to the watering places that used to be so gay and grand under the old régime: Kislovodsk, Mineralni Vodi and Essentuki. Now, instead of catering to the rich aristocrats, Kislovodsk is crowded with rich Nepmen (private traders) or, Government officials and their families, who come for the mineral baths. Some foreigners also visit the Caucasus to be cured of the various placid diseases that Europeans seem to enjoy. These resorts were the only places I saw that made any show of luxury. The biggest bathing establishment has been built since the Revolution, and there we bathed in effervescing Narzan water that tickled delightfully.

It was at the Narzan baths that we saw Lunacharsky, who was, at that time, the Commissar of Education. He very obligingly agreed to be interviewed and that afternoon twenty of us tramped up a steep hill to the house where he was staying. Lunacharsky is a short man with more than a touch of *embonpoint*. His skin is sallow and has the look of a man who either has led an indoor life or is far from well. His face is extremely intelligent yet gross. He is bald, has a small mustache and goatee, and wears a *pince nez*. Strangely out of character is a deep dimple in his chin. Since this interview he has been demoted. He was unpopular in Moscow because he lived with some pretence to elegance; and it is said the final straw came when he held the Moscow-Leningrad express twenty minutes for his wife. Madame Lunacharsky is an actress and one of the few women who wear evening dress in Moscow.

From Kislovodsk we went to Grozni, the second largest oil field in the U.S.S.R. There isn't much at Grozni if you are not interested in oil, but strangely enough it was here that I happened upon a scene of really extraordinary beauty. It was twilight and we wandered through the town, ankle deep in dust, until we came to the bank of a river, spanned by a high, arching bridge. Up stream the lights of the town were just beginning to prick the dusk, and down stream, silhouetted against the still glowing sky, was the minaret of a mosque. The bells were chiming with a deep throaty clangor. Far below us in the river the boys of the town were giving their horses an evening swim. There must have been fifty horses in the river and on the banks. The horses plunged about in the water, slashing out with their hooves and snorting joyously. Ca-

vorting on the horses' backs, more like centaurs than humans, were naked Chechen boys. Their bodies, lithe and deeply bronzed, bent this way and that, slipping off to swim for a few minutes or else emerging from the water on the plunging horse, one hand twined in the mane, the other flailing the rump while their heels beat a tattoo on the horse's ribs. Occasionally a boy, nose clutched in hand, would jump off the bridge with a great yell. Spellbound, we watched. All too soon they came thundering across the bridge and past us, leaving behind a billow of soft, white dust.

At Vladikavkaz we took busses over the magnificent, broiling Georgian Military Highway to Tiflis. I have always wanted to visit Tiflis. You hear so much about its *luxe formidable*. The *luxe* was a bit disappointing, but there are nice subterranean restaurants where the fish, which are served to you later on, swim about in a tank; outdoor gardens where you can dine; an Armenian quarter with amusing little shops and a restaurant, high up on one of the mountains that enclose the city like a bowl, reached by a funicular railroad; and, I am told, perfectly marvellous sulphur baths.

The day we arrived there was a convention of the Pioneers, the Soviet organization for children from eight to fifteen years old. Several thousand of them paraded, and I have never seen such physically magnificent youngsters. That evening the Government gave a banquet of banquets for the Americans in a large garden restaurant. The temperature was over ninety, but in spite of it we did full justice to an overwhelming amount of food. We had *zakouska* (*hors d'œuvres*) for hours. There was *soli guni*, a marvellous baked cheese served hot; a plant that tasted like absinthe, eggplant and chestnuts chopped up together, a special fish that comes from a river near Tiflis, caviar, pickled things, raw things and cooked things. Then we worked through *borsch*, two meat courses and sweets and fruits without end. All this was accompanied by Georgian wines, white and red, and the cloyingly sweet Georgian champagne. After dinner we sat in a coma and watched each of the Caucasian and Georgian tribes dance and sing.

Our gregarious instinct having become surfeited, the next day we decided to leave the Delegation and go on a trip by ourselves. We had heard, by chance, of a wonderful mountain trail that could be crossed on horseback. It was not far away from Tiflis, and it had the enchanting name of the Ossetian War Road (*Chemin de Guerre d'Ossetia*). Touching Georgia there are the two small Autonomous Areas of North and South Ossetia, which have their own language and writing and a perpetual feud with the Georgians. We applied to the Government for tourist information, but they were very discouraging. They would not be responsible for us unless we made the trip with a party of at least twenty others, as there were bandits in the mountains.

But in spite of the Government we thought that we might as well try it by ourselves. Mr. Beach, the head of the Near East Relief in Tiflis, got a guide for us, a small Armenian named Haik, who had been their

official interpreter. Mr. Beach also lent us some blankets and spent a whole day getting us equipped with something to ride in. After a morning given over to bargaining in Russian, Turkish and Armenian, they succeeded in having a Circassian costume of camel's hair made for me. The coat was white, fitted tight at the waist with rows of dummy cartridges on the breast. The trousers were black and supposed to have been made like riding breeches. The coat I had sent on to Moscow and the trousers, which arrived at the last moment, turned out to be baggy Turkish affairs. To everyone's horror I bought second hand for five rubles a tall Circassian hat of white lamb's skin. Their pessimistic predictions never came true; the hat was actually far cleaner than it looked. The price of the costume, during the hours of bargaining, came down from two hundred and forty rubles (about one hundred and twenty dollars at bank rates) to an American twenty dollar bill!

THAT night, guide, blankets and all, we took the train to Kutais *en route* for Tchovi and the mountain trail. The next morning at four o'clock we reached a junction and took a small wooden car train to Kutais. To our disgust we found that the only bus that went to Tchovi (where we were to hire the horses) was sold out for that day. There were no automobiles to rent, and unless we could get a Government Ford we were stranded until the next day. We went out to reconnoitre the town. Almost the first thing that we found was a queue of people waiting, ticket in hand, to buy material. I took a snapshot of them and Linda started to take a moving picture. I walked a short distance away and when I turned around I saw Linda and Haik surrounded by a crowd which included a few soldiers.

"I think that we have been arrested for taking pictures," she announced. And so we were. It was annoying but I was really pleased with the idea.

THE police station was comfortable and clean. We were escorted into the Chief's office, which contained a desk with the usual picture of Lenin and one of Stalin, two chairs and a sofa covered with horsehair. We waited about two hours for the Chief to come to work. Meanwhile I examined the room. A bright, cheerful poster showed the proletariat, factory workers, soldiers, sailors and peasants marching grimly forward armed with guns, scythes and gas masks. Cowering abjectly in front of the advancing horde were the Czar under his overturned throne; Rasputin; gaudy, debauched looking diplomats; Generals and Admirals covered with gold lace, and the War Profiteer with a large diamond in his shirt bosom. The caption read somewhat as follows: "Comrades, the Revolution is still alive! Keep it living, for by it you were avenged of the wrongs done you under Czarist rule. Only by revolution can you retain your great advantages!"

About nine o'clock the Chief of Police, another of those young, brisk Soviet officials with open shirt and rolled-up sleeves, arrived; and with Haik to do the translating, he was finally persuaded that we did not wish to use the pictures for anti-

Soviet propaganda. In dismissing us he even telephoned to an official who had just arrived from Tiflis to see if he couldn't give us a lift to Tchovi in his car. The official, who had been at the banquet in Tiflis, was furious that we had been detained and insisted that the Chief of Police should accompany us to the bank and on our shopping tour. So we sallied forth triumphantly — with the Chief in an official droshky of unusual elegance.

Search as we might through Kutais, the only vehicle that could take us the hundred and forty kilometres to Tchovi was a bus which we could hire for the preposterous sum of seventy-five dollars. We decided to be rash and take it. But first we made them back it out of its shed so that we could look it over. It was large and red with bulging sides. A nice enough bus as busses go.

MEANWHILE Haik, who had had the exceedingly practical idea of taking on a few passengers, was drumming up trade. I made the officials sign a contract saying where the bus was to take us and how much we had paid. When we returned to the garage we found that the bus had been loaded down with bundles, spare parts and odds and ends. I was furious, and made them unload everything. We had no intention of running a free delivery service. Then we discovered that the chauffeur had to have two assistants, so we stipulated that all three must sit in the front seat so that we could have plenty of room for ourselves. We reserved the seat directly behind the driver, as the bumps are least felt in the front part of the car.

Our first passenger arrived. He was a short little man with red rims about his eyes. He had heart disease and could only make the trip if he were able to sit in the front seat. After he had tried to get into our seat several times he was at last inserted in front with the three chauffeurs, a can of grease and an extra differential. Our next passengers turned out to be a young couple with a baby completely mummified in mosquito netting. They had a six-inch puppy, bags and baskets. It was growing late and we had a long way to go. So, lolling back with feigned indifference, with many a lurch, we got under way. It was a proud moment; the first and probably the last time that I would ever be a half proprietor in a bus line.

ONCE we stopped to have red wine and hot baked cheese at a small inn. We sat on a balcony overlooking a stream that tumbled in a waterfall on the backs of a herd of water buffalo while young boys splashed below. Just at nightfall the inevitable happened. The bus began to cough and snort. In spite of our three chauffeurs, nobody knew what was the matter. We were just able to crawl along. At Oni, the next town, we were told that the road had been washed out further on. It was two or three hours more to Tchovi, but road or no road I wanted to get there that night. I stood up in the bus and brandished my contract at our mechanical force, but they refused to budge an inch. While I was emulating the Statue of Liberty a man appeared out of the darkness and asked the entirely superfluous question of whether we spoke English. We couldn't deny it. He invited us to

take a glass of tea with him. We went into the hotel and had tea with him and his two companions, a man and a woman, with whom he was taking a walking trip through the Caucasus. He had been born in Russia but had emigrated to America and had been graduated from Yale. He was most polite and it was much to our regret that, later on, we were finally convinced that he had stolen my camera.

IN THE most picturesque parts of Russia, the Caucasus and the Crimea, the students and workers flood the countryside during the summer months. They are given a fifty per cent reduction on the railroads, and a favorite trip is to take a train to some point in the Caucasus and then walk the rest of the way to the Black Sea. The Government turns the schoolhouses in the country districts into Tourist Bases. They usually have one large dormitory for the men and another for the women. In Tchovi, which we eventually reached, there were separate double rooms, but that, I imagine, was exceptionally grand.

We parted sorrowfully from our bus at Tchovi, where after many complications, we succeeded in hiring two horses for the next day while Haik and Gabriel, the owner of the horses, were to go along in a small peasant cart. Starting out at a brisk pace through the cool forest we gradually outdistanced Haik and Gabriel, who were bumping along in their tiny, low slung *lineyka*. We pushed on for four hours. It grew hotter and hotter. We took off our fur caps and put on our wide white felt hats with goat hair fringe. The glare became intolerable as the trees receded, so we added black glasses to our already fascinating *ensembles*. Cramps in the knees and a slight difficulty in swaying gracefully with the movements of the horses began to lessen our pleasure in the scenery. We dismounted and stretched ourselves on the grass to wait for the cart. When we had reached more than nine thousand feet in our ascent, we met at the summit a party of young students who were on a walking trip. They shouted and played tag while we lay flat on our backs gasping like goldfish.

Afterwards we hobbled the horses and took a nap on the ground. Then all afternoon we descended through a dry barren country. But long before sundown I found walking far more comfortable then riding and about six o'clock I began to wish that I were back in Moscow in the comfortable Grand Hotel. Fortunately everything has to have an end. Haik met us outside Zamarac with the small cart and we drove in state to the Tourist Base.

THE next morning we were astride our horses at five o'clock, but soon changed to the luxury of the small cart. Through the afternoon we rolled along the dusty road, splashing occasionally through deep rivers. The country was less wild and there were hundreds of small farms. The cottages were thatched and shielded from the road by high brush fences. The crops were green and plentiful and the people, all tremendously busy, were plump and healthy. At five in the afternoon we drew up to a very grand Tourist Base. As usual there was supposedly

no way of leaving the place until the next morning. There were no automobiles for the simple reason that there were no roads. We could not possibly cover the fifty versts to Vladikavkaz in a carriage that night.

But luck was with us, for a dilapidated Ford suddenly appeared in the main street. The driver had brought up a Soviet official from Vladikavkaz and was taking a woman factory inspector back.

THE factory inspector was like a character in a play. She was short, dark and dressed in nondescript clothes. She had come up to inspect the silk factories that are the main industry of the Ossetians. At first she turned up her nose at us and thought that we were mere "sissies." Then little by little she began to unbend. She was married but didn't live with her husband, was an enthusiastic Communist, and was interested in American labor conditions. So to the best of our ability we told her about our factories. She evidently thought that we might be spies, for when we asked her a direct question about how much the women were paid or how many workers there were, she evaded the queries very neatly. She told us that there were five thousand Ossetians in New York City and inquired whether we knew any of them. When we regretfully replied in the negative she gave us a contemptuous glance and lapsed into sulky silence.

Arriving at Vladikavkaz drenched by the furious storm, we took Haik to dine with us in the hotel dining room. The place was crowded with fierce looking Circassians and a few Cossacks. Their boots were covered with mud and they kept their fur hats on. They had fascinating table manners. Between mouthfuls they would suck their mustaches loudly and spit heartily. Every time the man nearest me spat I jumped, which amused him immensely. They wore coats made of camel's hair or goat's hair, and as they were very damp, the odors were overwhelming. Haik was disapproving. "They wouldn't have been allowed in here before the Revolution," he said.

After dinner we made the distressing discovery that we had hardly any money left. No one in the hotel would cash our Express checks, and as the money changers had shut up shop for the night our precious American money was useless, too. We paid Haik with Express checks, but we found that after deducting the price of our "hard seat" tickets to Moscow, we didn't have enough money to pay his fare back to Tiflis, where he could cash them. We gave him the tea, sugar, cocoa, spoons and the kettle, and told him to sell them to make up the difference.

AS WE were preparing to depart for Moscow we found in the compartment of our train a young journalist, from whom Haik borrowed enough money to pay his fare back to Tiflis and to hire our mattresses. The next day, while on the train, we changed our American money and bought "soft seats." The following morning my pocketbook with my passport, all our money and some jewelry, had disappeared from the rack over the upper berth. At the next station we found that our journalist friend from the "hard

seat" compartment had also had his money stolen.

We therefore went to the local G.P.U. (the special police force that has taken the place of the Cheka). The G.P.U. were not at all terrifying. They were merely three rather untidy looking men. One of the officers went with us on the train to find out the details. He was interested in my pocketbook until he saw Linda eating a piece of chocolate. She told him that she had paid a ruble for it. He became very excited. It seemed that the woman in the buffet had cheated her, for it ought to have cost only seventy-five kopecks. So he took the wrapper from the cake of chocolate and left at the next station vowing vengeance on the woman for her dishonesty and never so much as offering me a word of consolation about my loss.

This incident seemed an amusing commentary on police officials the world around.

Farewell to the Mullah in Azerbaijan

By Brent Dow Allinson

On minaret above the town
The Mullah paces up and down
And gazes with his sombre eyes
To where the flat-roof'd city lies
Beyond the mosque's encircling walls
With dusty rows of stand and stalls,
Without a fountain or a tree
Between the mountains and the sea;
The ancient palace of the Khan
Stately and cruel stands upon
A little hill, in ruins now
Above the houses row on row,
And Russian chapels dark with bells
Echoing emptily as shells
Rise from the city's turgid squares
Where uncouth people sell their wares.

In turban white and black silk gown
The Mullah paces up and down
And with a sombre searching gaze
New smoky factories surveys,
Motors and trams, rude things that live —
Does he condemn? Does he forgive?
From the mosque the Mullah's gaze
Wanders across the sunset haze
Over the oily desert where
The camels out of Asia fare
And high above the plain espies
A droning aeroplane that flies
Daily across the desert there
At the appointed hour of prayer.

The faithful kneel now, one by one:
"*Allah-ul-allah!* Thy will be done!"
Not far away, along the street,
Electric megaphones repeat
To credulous crowds not on their knees
New proletarian litanies
Chanted a thousand miles away
Where Moscow's censor'd organs play,
Where banners blaze and crowds appal
And Lenin sleeps by Kremlin wall,
Where science forges a new spear,
And love lies paralyzed by fear.
But now a nameless night begins,
The devil plays with Christ — and wins —
And at the desert's hour of prayer
The Crescent sinks through sultry air,
The Cross is broken on the hill,
Broken the old heart beating still.

Speaking of Backward States

By Gerald P. Nye
United States Senator from North Dakota

One of the legislators from the West whom the new Senator Grundy advised to "talk darn small" on important matters like the tariff, replies in kind

We have heard a great deal of late concerning "backward States" and supposedly "backward" statesmen. In his testimony before the Senate Lobby Committee, Joseph R. Grundy, now the junior United States Senator from Pennsylvania, expounded the philosophy that our Union should consist of a sort of hierarchy of States in which some should enjoy greater power than others in the national councils. The corollary of this proposal was that representatives of the lesser Commonwealths should be seen and not heard, or heard less frequently, than their colleagues at Washington. The votes and the voice, if I understand Mr. Grundy correctly, should rest in the East *in perpetuo*. Indeed, he gave us specifications of his revised map of the United States by characterizing the Western States as "backward" and suggesting that their spokesmen in Congress should talk "darn small."

Deferring, for the moment, any discussion of the merits of this proposal, let me note that it does not possess even the appeal of novelty. It was advanced as long ago as 1787, when the Delegates to the Federal Convention at Philadelphia for the formation of the Union were framing the structure of our National Government. Moreover, it was proposed by a Pennsylvanian, and, I believe, it reflected then as well as now the parochial attitude which this State's national representatives have always assumed toward governmental affairs.

Mr. Grundy's suggestions before the Lobby Committee were simply a paraphrase of ideas enunciated by Gouverneur Morris before the founding Fathers. Objecting to the report favoring an apportionment of one member of the "first," or lower, House to every 40,000 inhabitants, Mr. Morris made a plea for a representative system based upon property qualifications. He asserted that "property was the main object of society," and his subsequent argument is recorded

in the original documents in the following indirect manner:

> If property, then, was the main object of government, certainly it ought to be the one measure of the influence due to those who were to be affected by the government. He looked forward also to that range of new States which would soon be formed in the West. He thought the rule of representation ought to be so fixed as to secure to the Atlantic States a prevalence in the national councils. The new States will know less of the public interest than these, will have an interest in many respects different, in particular will be less scrupulous of involving the community in wars, the burdens and operations of which would fall chiefly on the maritime States. Provision ought therefore to be made to prevent the maritime States from being hereafter outvoted by them. He thought this might easily be done by irrevocably fixing the number of representatives which the Atlantic States should respectively have, and the number which each new State would have.

THERE, to my mind, spoke the historic voice of Pennsylvania, expressing a selfish and sectional policy of rule-or-ruin. Mr. Grundy, it appears, was only seeking to undo the damage which, in his estimate, the men who made this nation committed so many decades ago. Moreover, it requires but a casual perusal of our history to discover that this same narrow viewpoint has animated most of the representatives from Pennsylvania, whether they labored inside or outside Congressional halls to gain their ends. Had this philosophy prevailed in 1787, or did it prevail now, "the more perfect Union" would still be no more than a preamble.

Let us assume, however, that this thesis has some substance, and that "backward States" should occupy a subordinate place. We are then confronted with the task of defining what constitutes "backwardness." Shall the test be property, as Messrs. Morris and Grundy contended? There is, in my opinion, a finer test. A State which asks an exalted place in the Union must have demonstrated that it can, and will, use it in an exalted manner. In that light let us examine the pretension to power put forth by a man whose right to his views I respect even while I repudiate their content. The record, I may add, convinces me that these claims on behalf of Pennsylvania are premature, if not presumptuous.

I DO NOT contend that Mr. Grundy's State has not exerted a great influence in national affairs. Quite the contrary. The Pennsylvania dynasty, as it may be correctly called, has occupied high places at Washington since Henry Knox served as Washington's Secretary of War. Other Pennsylvania names which loom large in our annals from then almost to the present day are those of Nicholas Biddle, Thaddeus Stevens, Simon and J. Donald Cameron, President Buchanan, Matthew S. Quay, Boies Penrose, Philander C. Knox and the Vare brothers. With the possible exception of the two Knoxes, it is still a question whether any of these men will be ranked by history in the rôle of statesmen. In fact, it is my conviction that the future historian will declare them to have been lacking in vision and wisdom, and most certainly they will be found to have been deficient in a thorough and sympathetic understanding of what was best for the nation as a whole. Their first

thought, and frequently their only one, the record reveals, was the interest of the financiers, the politicians, the industrialists of their own State.

Henry Knox's association with the marplots who conspired against Washington is too well known to require retelling. Biddle's attempt to establish a financial oligarchy through control of the United States Bank, together with his efforts to cajole or dominate powerful politicians through extension or curtailment of credit, forms an unpleasant chapter of our early history.

IN THE late '30's we reach the rise of the "Cameron dynasty" — a phase of Pennsylvania politics to which, for some unexplainable reason, the historians have given kind neglect. With the Camerons we see the flowering of the system of controlled elections, purchased offices, an apathy among the electorate that prevails today, corruption of electoral bodies, the insistence upon exorbitant and indecent tariffs, and the sending of spokesmen rather than statesmen to Washington. For thirty years Simon Cameron's influence in Pennsylvania is said to have been greater than any single individual's since the day of William Penn. The elder Cameron's reign was carried on by his son, J. Donald, and in view of their prominence from 1838 to 1878, an examination of their dubious contribution to the nation's welfare is, to put it charitably, interesting. The evil they did lives after them.

Simon Cameron began his public career as a Federal commissioner empowered to distribute $100,000 to the Winnebago Indians for lands which they had ceded to the Government. The Red Men, however, received a few thousand dollars in notes issued by Cameron's bank in Pennsylvania, and the balance found its way into the hands of unscrupulous attorneys and trustees. Though the War Department declined to sanction such a shameful transaction, this rebuke in no wise discouraged Cameron. With the newspapers openly charging bribery, he was elected to the Senate by the Legislature. Despite this record, he was advanced as the State's candidate for the Presidency in 1860. Although a national crisis was known to be approaching, Pennsylvania deemed him a fit man for the White House! In return for throwing his support to Lincoln at the convention, Cameron was made Secretary of War. In this office he again demonstrated his unfitness and untrustworthiness. Even in the critical years of the Civil War he parcelled out military contracts to Pennsylvania favorites. For these and other offenses Cameron was formally censured by a Republican House of Representatives, and forced to give up his Cabinet post. Nevertheless, the notorious "Harrisburg gang," then operating at the same old stand and in the same old way, elected him to the Senate in 1867 and again in 1872.

SIMON CAMERON'S chief claim to permanent fame, I believe, rests in his characterization of a politician as "one who when he is bought will stay bought," although he won contemporaneous notoriety by his reference to curious newspaper correspondents as "them damn lite'ry fellers."

J. Donald Cameron, whose advancement was due solely to his father's purchase and ownership of a corrupt political machine, became Secretary of War under President Grant. It was the younger Cameron who quartered the regular army on South Carolina and Louisiana in order that their electoral votes might be counted for Hayes over Tilden, and the former's election to the Presidency be insured. Even despite this claim on the new Administration, President Hayes, to his credit, spurned the suggestion that Donald be continued in the Cabinet.

NEXT in the historical line stands Thaddeus Stevens, whose personal integrity was quite offset by his sectional spirit and his vengeful attitude toward the tremendous problems of reconstruction days. Though I credit him with sincerity in his anti-Southern sentiment, there is plentiful evidence in his speeches that his prejudice may have arisen from the realization that slave labor was free, whereas Pennsylvania manufacturers had to pay their industrial slaves. There was, I am convinced, an economic as well as a philosophic side to his Abolition beliefs. So it is but natural to hear him assailing the kindly and generous terms extended to Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, and to see him dedicating himself to a vendetta against the vanquished.

North and South have long since been reconciled, yet I dare venture to say that we have not wholly recovered from the effects of this Pennsylvanian's malice. It was he who inspired the fight against the sane and statesmanlike reconstruction programme carried out by Andrew Johnson as Lincoln's legatee. The Pennsylvanian's theory was that the South should be treated as a foreign and conquered foe, its leaders punished as criminals and their property confiscated. Shamelessly he admitted that his purpose was to insure Republican control below the Mason and Dixon line.

WITH the notorious "Pig Iron" Kelley as his aide, Stevens took advantage of the chaos of the period to increase duties on his State's products to unprecedented proportions. Personally interested in pig iron, Stevens, as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, looked after his own much as his successors do now. Long before present-day Pennsylvanians saw fit to characterize advocates of a more equitable tariff as "worse than Communists," Stevens was referring to them as "quacks." His associate, "Pig Iron" Kelley, was, unfortunately, deeply involved in the Credit Mobilier scandal, which was the Teapot Dome outrage of that day. Although other legislators sought to conceal or explain their acceptance of railroad bribes, "Pig Iron" remained true to Pennsylvania traditions. He declared, in short, that his corrupt purchase of railroad stock was "just like buying a flock of sheep." How history repeats! It seems that I have heard a similar characterization applied to the excessive and illegal campaign funds spent in the Vare-Pepper primary campaign of 1926. If I mistake not, it was Secretary Mellon who poohpoohed these expenditures, and added

that "it was just like giving to a church."

Before passing from the historical comparison, let us compare the representatives of Pennsylvania and such a "backward State" as Iowa since the Civil War. Eliminating sitting Senators for obvious reasons, we find the roster to be as follows: Pennsylvania: Edgar Cowan, Charles Buckalew, Simon Cameron, John Scott, William Wallace, John I. Mitchell, Donald Cameron, Matthew S. Quay, Boies Penrose, Philander C. Knox, George T. Oliver, George W. Pepper and William E. Crow. Iowa: James W. Grimes, James Harlan, James B. Howell, Samuel J. Kirkwood, George Wright, William B. Allison, James McDill, James F. Wilson, John H. Gear, Albert B. Cummins, John P. Dolliver, Lafayette Young, William S. Kenyon and Charles A. Rawson.

In the estimate of *The New York World*, only one name in the Pennsylvania list rises to the level of a statesman — Knox. Four were bosses of a school which is, we hope, vanishing — the Camerons, Quay and Penrose. The rest are mediocrities, in *The World's* opinion.

IN THE Iowa roll call there are at least five who have displayed some of the qualities of the statesman. There was Grimes, who was borne into the Senate chamber on a stretcher that he might vote against the impeachment of Johnson. There was, also, among the five, James Harlan, who served not only as Senator but admirably as Cabinet member. There were the three Progressives — Dolliver, Cummins and Kenyon. As *The World* said editorially: "The 'backward' State has decidedly the best of it in its contributions to national leadership — and it has never had a Vare case."

SO MUCH for the kind of influence which Pennsylvania's historic figures have wielded at Washington. I think it will be accepted by impartial students that this record reveals no reason why that State should, as Mr. Grundy has suggested, be accorded greater power in national councils.

It may be, however, that these men misrepresented their State. It may be that Pennsylvania today ranks high among the educational advantages it furnishes to its citizens, and that we may anticipate better things when present generations come of voting and office-holding age. Perhaps there is less illiteracy among the foreign-born and native Americans than in our "backward States." It may be that distribution of wealth is more equitable than in our Western communities.

I am afraid, however, that Mr. Grundy was not thinking of vital statistics or the things that reflect real riches when he advanced his ideas before the Lobby Committee. For I find that most of the "backward States" do these things better. School attendance figures for 1920, which are the latest available, provide an illuminating basis of comparison. Here are the percentages of children from 5 to 17 years of age attending elementary or secondary schools, both public and private, in Pennsylvania and in some of the so-called barbarous Commonwealths:

Pennsylvania, 71.5; North Dakota, 84.6; South Dakota, 82.9; Iowa, 86.1; Nebraska, 90.5; Idaho, 94.8; Kansas, 87.9; Montana, 92.2; Colorado, 95.00. It may be argued that Pennsylvania's large number of foreign-born account for the comparatively low percentage of school-goers. The illiteracy statistics, however, do not support such a contention. Counting only native whites, the illiteracy figures are as follows: Pennsylvania, 0.8; North Dakota, 0.4; South Dakota, 0.4; Iowa, 0.5; Nebraska, 0.4; Idaho, 0.3; Kansas, 0.6; Montana, 0.4. For the total population, native and foreign-born, the illiteracy percentages are: Pennsylvania, 4.6; North Dakota, 2.1; South Dakota, 1.7; Iowa, 1.8; Nebraska, 1.4; Idaho, 1.5; Kansas, 1.6; Montana, 2.3.

If a State's wealth be the measure of its greatness, I am sure that Mr. Grundy would be surprised at figures bearing on this factor. I believe he will agree with me that it is not total wealth which furnishes a true index of a Commonwealth's condition so much as *per capita* distribution. It is almost axiomatic that no State or nation of modern or ancient times has grown or remained powerful when there were sharp extremes of poverty and wealth, since that connotes social and economic feudalism. Yet these are the conditions we find in Pennsylvania — coal and steel barons at one extreme and serfdom for the toilers in the mines and mills at the other. In this connection, it is interesting to compare statistics on *per capita* distribution of wealth in Pennsylvania and in some of the "backward States." As of 1922, these show the following contrasts: Pennsylvania, $3,187; North Dakota, $3,692; South Dakota, $4,482; Nebraska, $4,004; Idaho, $3,301; Kansas, $3,493; Iowa, $4,274; Montana, $3,691. It is true that the West has suffered hardships of recent years, but even these were due to causes controlled by providence rather than always by plutocracy.

In view of the characterization of certain communities as "backward States" and their representatives as "worse than Communists," it is worth while to study conditions in the Pennsylvania coal fields, where starvation wages, inhuman conditions of labor, the State authorities' indifference, police brutality, an uneconomic system of production and a mediæval neglect of the fundamental rights of man, combine to make life unbelievably miserable for the men, women and children involved. These conditions persist in some degree at all times, but in more acute form during the period of recurring strikes. Only a people forced into fearful complacency through generations of debasing toil and political persecution would tolerate a situation in which the local and State governments, the mine operators and those present-day Cossacks, the coal and iron police, appear as accessories to wholesale assault, unlawful court proceedings and even murder.

Is there, for instance, another State in which a red-handed murderer would escape with a two-year sentence simply because he happened to be a coal and iron policeman — sworn in by the Governor but paid

by the mine operators — and his innocent victim an humble and unknown miner? This happened in the John Barkoski case. Is there any official except the Governor of a most "backward State" who would veto a measure designed to terminate or ameliorate these outrageous conditions? Is there, I wonder, any realization in Pennsylvania that there is such a document as the Constitution of the United States?

THESE, I am sorry to say, are not mere rhetorical questions. In corroboration it is only necessary to read the report of the Senatorial committee which visited the coal fields in 1928 — a report which has been duplicated in numerous newspaper articles year after year and in other official documents. I might add that the committee which framed this damning indictment consisted of painstaking and conservative members of the Senate.

"Everywhere your committee visited," reads their report, "they found victims of the coal and iron police who had been beaten up and were still carrying scars on their faces and heads from the rough treatment they had received. Your committee found evidence of more or less bootlegging in the places it visited; and in one community especially it seemed as if the morals of that community had been broken down entirely."

Little wonder! For these coal and iron police, these corporate thugs entrusted with a great State's authority and paid by private corporations, committed many foul deeds too horrible to mention. Indeed, some of the atrocities of wartime seem merciful by comparison. Yet this is the State whose national spokesmen have the audacity to lecture their sovereign sisters! It would be matter for smiling were it not so tragic.

The committee also came across a Communist organization which, under the guise of doing relief work, was preaching "disloyalty" and "destruction of the Government." But did the committee discover any effort to combat this Communistic group? Hardly! Here is what the committee said:

> In no place did your committee find where the coal and iron police or the deputy sheriffs, though they existed in great numbers, had made any effort to curb this disloyal organization. The only efforts your committee found that had been made to rid the Pittsburgh district of these agents of the most dangerous organization this country has ever known came from the striking miners themselves.
>
> Your committee, indeed, was impressed with the courage and determination of the miners to stand up for what they believed was their due — an American wage making possible an American standard of living. . . . Your committee found no evidence of starvation in the Pittsburgh district, yet evidence on every hand was that the food was none too plentiful and was of necessity the cheapest that could be purchased. Your committee believes the conditions existing in the Pittsburgh district and other coal fields in the United States are of a most serious nature and dangerous to the best interest of our citizenship.

ONLY one comment needs to be added: never, not even in the worst days the farmers of the "backward States" have been called upon to face, has an official committee of the United States Senate found a Western Commonwealth — its State officials and national spokesmen, its leading citizens, its Cabinet mem-

bers, its financial and industrial interests and its citizenry — sitting by idly and smugly while such seeds of "worse than Communism" were being sown. Never has a State judge in these so-called "backward" communities issued an injunction to prevent church worship or religious assemblage in a vacant lot. Never has a "backward State" condoned, even encouraged, the official outrages which have been perpetrated on old and young, men and women, boys and girls, guilty and innocent, by the coal and iron police of Mr. Grundy's State of Pennsylvania. I dare say that of late years no country except Russia in its reddest and bloodiest days can duplicate such an un-American record and régime.

POLITICALLY as well as economically, Pennsylvania has much in common with the Soviet dictatorship. The few are in control, the many in thrall. I make no new charge when I say that the great financial, industrial, railroad and commercial interests own the political organizations in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and these machines dominate the lives of the people, control or corrupt elections and, in short, make a mockery of the representative system of government. There are, for instance, wards in Philadelphia which, year after year, make the same election returns and put an adding machine to shame. Voters may die or depart, according to testimony before a Senate committee by a Philadelphia election official, but their names remain on the rolls to the gain and glory of the Vare machine.

When Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska toured the State on behalf of William B. Wilson, the Democratic candidate for the Senate, he met many Pennsylvanians who protested against these conditions — bankers, business men, professional men, editors, teachers and employers in the smaller communities. But when he urged them to take part in the campaign, even if it were only to preside at his meetings, their enthusiasm vanished. It was not that they were not sincere. They were. But they dared not let their true feelings become known lest it provoke reprisal against them by "the organization" and its local lieutenants. Thus it is clear to me that the average Pennsylvanian, despite his constitutional right to the ballot, has as much voice in the naming of his officials and framing of policies as did a vassal of the Dark Ages.

I am convinced that, if the people of Pennsylvania were to be given a clear cut choice between worth while candidates for public office and the sort offered by the political bosses, they would seize the opportunity to dethrone those now in power. Then, and only then, will Pennsylvania emerge from a state of backwardness which, in my estimate, is equalled by no other Commonwealth.

THEN, and not until then, will its spokesmen at Washington be justified in seeking greater influence in national councils. Then, and only then, will Mr. Grundy and his associates — or their successors — be entitled to speak of "backward States" in lofty tones or to advise us to "talk darn small."

"Just Nerves"

By W. Langdon Brown

Physician to the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew, London, England

Explaining the origin, in an unreasoning fear like the shell shocked veteran's, of many neurotic troubles to which human beings are increasingly subject under the stress of modern life

"Just nerves" — how often one hears that phrase, especially from the lips of those who do not suffer from them; as if it meant that there was nothing the matter, or at least nothing more than could be put right by the effort of the will. No wonder the sufferer dreads the phrase, and so frequently says, "I shall feel so ashamed, so humiliated, if it is just nerves." That such people in order to escape the intolerable distress of a mental pain subconsciously substitute the symptoms of a physical illness, is not very surprising.

"Just nerves" is not an imaginary illness; it is an illness in that part of our nervous system in which our imagination has its home. Jane Harrison said: "Man is essentially an image-maker, but it is his human prerogative. In most animals who act from what we call instinct, action follows on perception mechanically, with almost chemical swiftness and certainty. In man the nervous system is more complicated, perception is not instantly transformed into reaction, there seems to be *an interval for choice*. It is in just this momentary pause between perception and reaction that our images, *i.e.*, our imaginations, our ideas, in fact our whole mental life is built up."

I well remember my first sight in the dissecting room of that complex network of nerve trunks which supplies the arm. Till then, like so many others, I had thought that "just nerves" meant nothing real, but when I saw this I knew that if the heart and lungs could go wrong there was no reason why this network should not go wrong also. I admit that this is not an accurate illustration, for "just nerves" does not imply a disturbance of these nerve trunks. In so far as this condition has a structural basis at all it can only mean a disturbance of conduction through the delicate fibrils that radiate out from the nerve cells. Here I must point out that the wealth of such "association fibres,"

as they are called, is exactly the thing which distinguishes our nervous system from that of lower animals. There is therefore no reason for being humiliated by a disorder of this essentially human attribute. Such a complicated process can easily go wrong, and the disorder will express itself mainly as fear and pain. Let us inquire into the origin first of the pain and then of the fears which obsess the unfortunate sufferer from "just nerves."

Normally the higher levels of the brain damp down the painful impressions received there by not paying attention to them. An extreme example of this is seen in the lack of pain following the infliction of a wound during the excitement of battle, when the attention of the brain is directed elsewhere. On the other hand, fatigue and insomnia by diminishing this higher control may greatly increase sensitiveness to pain. It is one of the most blessed things about the human mind that normally it forgets past pain so quickly. But in the neurotic, for reasons which I shall give, an entirely undue amount of attention is given to sensory impressions, so that ordinary sensations amount to pain.

IF THERE is one thing which people prefer to keep secret, sometimes even from themselves, it is their emotional, instinctive selves. When hurt there, however, they would like to be able to make a bid for sympathy. It is much simpler to appeal for that sympathy, whether from others or from themselves, on the ground of some physical rather than some mental pain.

Then comes the magician, offering new lamps for old; instead of the cold clear light of reason he offers the will-o'-the-wisp of phantasy — new pains for old, and pains that can be talked about, pains which may afford some measure of escape from a distressing environment. To recognize such substituted pains for what they are calls for care, skill, and sympathy.

TO TAKE a simple example in the first instance. A woman who has brought up several children, has had all her energies absorbed for a number of years. In course of time the family grows up and she finds herself without any invested capital of mental interests. Then she has an illness; the family comes rushing back to the bedside; once again the household revolves about her. The lesson is learned and advantage is taken of it; she proceeds, in the illuminating phrase, to "enjoy bad health."

In one case of mine I taxed the patient with deliberately inflicting physical pain on herself in order to distract her attention from her mental pain. She admitted it, and with encouragement became very much better and free from pain, but unfortunately, later on, became obsessed with the idea of self-starvation. She became easier in mind but much weaker in body; asceticism provided her with a way of escape from mental woes. She adopted a diet of minced beef and hot water, and took the most meticulous care in cleansing the meat from every trace of fat or connective tissue. Her small meal required about two hours to prepare and even longer to eat! I strongly suspect these self-starvers and purifiers to be haunted by a

sense of sin, though in this case she may have been prompted by a desire for vicarious sacrifice. Unhappily, she succeeded in starving herself to death.

These "substitute" pains are often a method of protection, as in the case of a girl patient of mine, in the early twenties, who took to her bed for a couple of years on account of abdominal pains for which no one could find a cause, and which she obstinately refused to have investigated by modern methods. Then her father died, leaving her sufficient money to make her independent. She rose from her bed, quarrelled with her mother, set up a house of her own and was quite well!

Indecision may be an important factor in producing substitute pains, as in the case of a girl of twenty-one who was engaged to be married. As she was an only child a conflict arose in her mind between the disinclination to leave the security of home life and a natural impulse to assume more adult responsibilities. This concentrated her mind very much on her own health, because unsatisfactory health enabled her to hold the balance between these two factors in the conflict. I told her I believed that as long as she remained in this state of indecision her health would suffer, and I urged her to go on with her arrangements to get married. As soon as she had made up her mind to do this she became quite well.

The case of Mrs. Browning is historic. As Elizabeth Barrett her father imposed an almost Oriental seclusion upon her, for he was determined she should not marry — an attitude toward daughters which is more common than is usually supposed. She became an invalid and took to her bed until Robert Browning ran away with her, after which she regained her health.

These are comparatively simple examples of neuroses, which arise from a desire to divert attention from the real emotional origin of a trouble by substituting a physical pain. But we must go further and inquire how the neurotic state arises which requires such a disguise. I would state my views as to the origin of the neuroses in a series of dogmatic propositions.

(1) To be happy in this world it is necessary to have a definite objective and an emotional interest.

(2) If these are lacking, or come into severe conflict with other ideas, there is an increased demand for internal inhibition or control which will absorb a large amount of energy.

(3) The higher levels of the nervous system are the most recent in the evolution of the race and in the development of the individual. In the disintegrative process of disease it is well recognized that the levels that are the latest to appear are the earliest to suffer.

(4) Therefore when the demand for internal inhibition becomes excessive through failure of something necessary to happiness, the sufferer tends to revert to a habit of mind that belongs to an earlier stage in the evolution of the race or the development of the individual. There is an attempt to adjust at a more primitive level. In other words, the neurotic always reverts to primitive or infantile methods of thought.

Among these we find unreasoning terrors, undue suggestibility, a belief in magic and in the omnipotence of thought, undue dependence on the parent of the opposite sex, hostility towards the parent of the same sex, and in general a retreat from the responsibilities of adult life.

UNREASONING terrors form such a large part of the sufferings of the neurotic that it will be well to consider the mechanism by which we all experience fear. When organisms were still of a lowly structure, their internal life was simple and could still be carried on by chemical mechanisms. But they required an "awareness" of their environment, a capacity to avoid danger and to seek food. Thus it happened that sensitive perceptive structures were first developed on the surface of their bodies. The nervous system, therefore, started in the skin, but the nerve cells soon withdrew themselves into a more protected position. Without going into all the details of the building up of the nervous system, we find that the portion known as the sympathetic nervous system, which superintends many of the functions of organic life, retains some of the primitive features of the nervous system of lower animals. Its response is urgent, immediate, widespread and explosive. It is brought into action by pain, rage, fear and any intense excitement.

Dr. W. B. Cannon pointed out that the effects of sympathetic stimulation were all originally designed to activate the body for a struggle and to increase its power of defense. Reserves are freely spent now to produce energy just as they were formerly spent to aid the primitive animal in its struggle with its antagonists. It has been well said that the sympathetic nervous system responds in the same way to fight, fright or flight. Dr. G. W. Crile has illustrated this by a modern instance and a modern simile:

> And now, though sitting at his desk in command of the complicated machinery of civilization, man's fear is manifested in terms of his ancestral physical battle in the struggle for existence. He can not fear intellectually, he can not fear dispassionately; he fears with all his organs, and the same organs are stimulated and inhibited as if it were a physical battle with teeth and claws. . . . Nature has the one means of response to fear, and, whatever its cause, the response is always the same, always physical. . . . Under modern conditions of life neither fight nor flight is *de rigeur*. The individual under the stimulation of fear may be likened to an automobile with the clutch thrown out, but whose engine is racing at full speed. The gasoline is being consumed, the machinery is being worn out, but the machine as a whole does not move, though the power of its engine may cause it to tremble.

PROF. WILLIAM MCDOUGALL gives us another reason for this similarity of response of the sympathetic nervous system to different emotions when he points out how all the instinctive impulses, when met with opposition, give rise to or are complicated by the combative instinct which is directed against the source of opposition. The dog threatened with the loss of the bone he is eating, the conflict of the males for the possession of a mate, the maternal instinct converted into anger of combat against an attempt to injure her young, are examples which will occur to the mind at once. There is, indeed, as Cannon says, obvious reason why the visceral changes in fear and rage

should not be different but why they should be so alike: for these emotions are both accompanied by organic preparations for action.

WE ARE now in a position to understand two things. The first is why the neurotic should refer so many of his symptoms to disorders in various organs, for we see that the emotional disturbance leads to preparation in them for intense activity, and the disturbances will persist because that activity has not taken place, and, as it were, cleared them off. The second is why he should suffer from such terrors and phobias. Fear is really a perversion of a defensive mechanism of great antiquity and is specially intense when there is interference with any form of reaction to danger. We must not regard the response of an animal to danger as having the full emotional strength of what we mean by fear. To do so would be to fall into the common error of interpreting the activities of the simpler animals as though they were miniature human beings. The much scantier associative mechanisms in the nervous system of lower animals preclude such an idea. Doubtless, when the appropriate motor response is prevented, the lower animal feels both pain and fear, but that all its sensations and emotions are thus colored is most improbable, when we consider the much simpler structure of its nervous system.

It might be argued, on the other hand, that sensations of fear arise at once when the higher-controlling mechanism is in abeyance, as in night terrors or in states of exhaustion. This might suggest that fear must be a primitive emotion of great strength and universally present in lower forms of life. But I would urge that such fears belong to the phase when the nervous system has reached a sufficiently high stage of development to feel them, but not a sufficiently high one to control them. Fear is not a necessary accompaniment of consciousness, it is a product of self-consciousness.

THE behavior of savages supports this view. Fear, whether of evil spirits, of magic, of the dark, dominated primitive man; and, whenever our resistance is lowered by disease, by shock or by psychic conflict, we betray our ancestry. That strange, primitive being which lurks in the unconscious mind of us all, peeps out. Elaboration of ceremonial and ritual is the first step taken by primitive man to counteract this; all religions pass through the "God-fearing" stage. Then with the higher development of the mind, and the recognition of the reality principle, comes release from such obsessions of fear.

But under certain conditions this higher control fails and phobias develop. The alertness in the presence of danger that is normal and necessary to an animal is apt to be translated into unreasoning fear in man. As Havelock Ellis said: "When other animals cease to torture man, he must torture himself."

But we must go a stage further and inquire why the cause of the phobia is so generally unrecognized by the sufferer. It has been well said that life is a compromise between our instincts and our conventions. For the neurotic, life is a conflict between them. The energy generated by the

instincts soon finds itself opposed by conditions of the environment — the irresistible force and the immovable obstacle again. Either this energy has to be sublimated, *i.e.*, diverted into other and higher channels compatible with social conditions, or it has to be repressed. If repression fails, the energy rises by devious routes into consciousness and produces painful conflicts. The memories and the pain arising from them become associated like conditioned reflexes.

MAY I recall what is meant by "conditioned reflexes"? An animal has a secretion of saliva when it is given or shown food. If a bell is sounded every time the food is given, it soon happens that the sound of the bell will cause secretion, even when there is no food. Many similar examples could be quoted. The behavior of shell-shocked soldiers has been compared to these conditioned reflexes. Thus in some cases the noise of a tin can recalled the warning signal of a gas attack, and the screech of the overhead wire of a tram recalled the sound of a shell coming over. They responded to these sounds as they did in the war, though they had forgotten why they did so.

Similar associations can also be traced in the neuroses of civilian life. On conditioned reflexes quite complicated associations may be built up, and in all probability they form the foundation of much of our psychic life. When a memory is called into consciousness the emotion associated with the original incident may be revived. But the curious part of it is that the emotion may be evoked more rapidly than the memory. When the memory is a painful one the emotion may play the part of a defense reaction by producing a disturbance which distracts attention from the cause. The danger signal is raised and the response to it occurs without the memory becoming a conscious one. Now, the patient's lack of knowledge of the mechanism concerned allows a state of anxiety to arise. The relationship of cause and effect is not comprehended. Mystery produces fear. The emotional response may be aroused more quickly than the memory, even when it is a pleasant one.

ONE day I was walking through Pump Court in the Temple in London, when suddenly I felt extraordinarily happy. I recognized that the feeling of happiness was associated with the noise of a can being filled at a stand pipe. Then I knew that it recalled the noise my college servant made filling the water can for the bath that awakened me when an undergraduate at Cambridge; when to awaken was to anticipate another delightful day. Here there was no need for the memory to be repressed, and it was not; but there was a perceptible interval of time between the emotion and the memory. When the memory is repressed because it is painful, the apparent causelessness of the emotion in itself excites alarm, and what ultimate expression that alarm finds will depend on many factors in the individual and the environment.

With continued repression the impulses, arising from the unconscious, attempt to reach the surface by more and more devious routes. As their association with the painful memory

becomes dimly recognized the area of repressed ideas spreads until only in a distorted form widely removed from the original cause do they attain a conscious level.

IT HAS been well said that every animal has to climb up its own genealogical tree — the individual has to recapitulate in brief the history of his species. When one begins to realize the difficulties which surround the process of growing up it may seem surprising that it is ever successfully accomplished. Physically it is not so difficult. We have the unconscious memories of a million years to help us. But psychically we are so recent a development that we are all more or less puzzled by our environment. To see things as they are is the task of growing up. The neurotic, like Peter Pan, will not grow up, in the sense that he will not see things as they are. But to a certain extent we all tend to grow up in patches. Not many of us can truly say with St. Paul, "When I became a man I put away childish things."

The old psychology started from the premise that man is a rational being, while the new merely regards him as in the process of becoming one. Consequently the old psychology conspicuously failed to help medicine, whereas the new is already fruitful in results.

For to say that man is a rational being is just about as correct as saying that you and I are living in a free country. Both statements express a wish rather than a fact.

But if man is not rational, he rationalizes. That is to say, he does sufficient homage to reason to try to give a reasonable explanation of his instinctive prejudices. The *wish* may be father to his thought, but he likes to have *reason* as the godfather. In this way he habitually uses language to conceal his thoughts, or, at any rate, the thoughts that emanate, often unrecognized, from his unconscious self.

IS THE human race, as it becomes more sensitized, doomed to suffer more and more from these substitute pains and phobias? It might be thought that there is little or no chance for improvement since the emotional factor in man is not only the most primitive but the most unchanging. But such a pessimistic conclusion is far from justified. For the first time in the history of man we have two powerful forces making for improvement: (1) an increasing number of investigators remorselessly applying biological methods to the understanding of man's mental processes; and (2) an increasing number in the younger generation who are not content to adopt accepted standards without demur, but who are keenly intent on discovering the truth about themselves and their reactions to their environment. In the general conflagration of the war more rubbish was burned up than has yet been conceived in some quarters. The questioning of conventional ideas goes on unceasingly; many of them have been weighed and found wanting. That there is harshness in the attitude of the younger generation is a fact which is frequently lamented by their seniors, but in so far as this is the almost inevitable outcome of a sincere determination to discover the truth, it is merely the rough side of a real advance.

True, the motto of the ancient Greek philosopher was "Know thyself," but as can be seen from the fact that this text was frequently inscribed beneath a grinning skeleton, it often became degraded to a mere *memento mori;* the attitude of asking why a man should boast himself if he is so soon to die. The newer application of the saying is to learn to know oneself so as to make the most of life — to know how to live rather than how to die. The old psychology took the highest types of mental activity that could be discovered, explored these by introspection as far as possible, and built up a system on this basis. Now by the pursuit of a more objective method than introspection we are sensing that a little reason mounts guard perilously and indecisively over a whole mass of emotions and instincts inherited from a far distant past, much as the cerebral cortex of the brain exercises a fluctuating degree of control over the mass of gray matter beneath it. It is only by frank recognition of such facts that the reasonable self can increase its control over the unreasoning self.

For the first time, then, human relationships are being studied objectively. It is not man's position in the universe or in the animal kingdom that is being questioned, it is the nature of man himself. For a time this will be painful to a good many; the giving up of preconceived ideas is often painful, but the result of frank acceptance will be release from many obsessions of fear; the bogey boldly faced is seen for the turnip lantern and white sheet that it is. There will be less sheltering behind disabilities created by imaginary pains when we realize that the source of the pain is within ourselves, and that it originates in a conflict between the instinctive and the reasoning self. As long as people lie to their reasoning selves, they are bound to suffer.

It is clear that in some of the cases that I have related there was a genuine cause for painful feeling; merely explaining how the emotional cause is producing bad health does not do away with the disagreeable emotion. But it brings it more under the control of the reasoning self, it does away with the terror of the unknown, and the sufferer is able to face the situation with a calmer courage.

The difference between a machine and a living organism such as man lies in this: the more perfect a machine, the less adaptable it is; a small defect in the mechanism may reduce it to impotence. The human organism, on the other hand, can overcome obstacles that one would think must break it and, after all, through those very difficulties achieve something fine.

The doctor of the future will have to come doubly armed — with material aid for material troubles, and with psychotherapy for distresses of the spirit.

The Kinkaider Comes and Goes

By Mari Sandoz

Memories of an adventurous childhood in the sandhills of Nebraska

On a gatepost twenty-five miles over the wind-swept hills from the nearest railroad hangs a tipsy sign. Many winter snows, many summer suns, have weathered it, mellowed it to a velvety gray. Precariously creaking on one nail, the first storm will cast it down, unlamented, into the jointed sandgrass.

While the boiling engine of the mail truck cooled from the long pull through the sandy gap, I shook the wrinkles from my skirt and idly inspected the blurred legend: "Pleasant Home." No pleasantness here to sun-blinded eyes. Only a little valley carpeted with russet bunchgrass tucked in between towering hills whose highest dunes are bald among clusters of green-black yuccas. Decidedly no home.

But in a clump of ragged sunflowers stood an old cookstove, the corroded oven door sagging to reveal hay and straw of a mouse nest where spicy cookies once baked. And suddenly it all came back; the little white bee-hive of a house with a green blind at the one window — the home of a spinster music teacher from Chicago and one of the first of a dozen of these "music boxes" as the cowboys dubbed them. A rare pleasantness, too, crept over me: the soft haze of a heat-dance on the far gap; brown shading to cream yellow on the hill slopes; the whitish horizon, streaked with wind, blending to deepest blue overhead. Memories relegated to mental attics by years at college and at work revived in my consciousness. This patch of sandhills stretching from the Niobrara River to the Platte was the Jotunheim of my childhood, spent upon its fringes. Out of this almost mythical land, apparently so monotonous, so passionless, came wondrous and fearful tales of gray wolves that leaped upon fat yearlings (probably because of the scarcity of children) — and of rattlesnakes — and of cattlemen.

That the grays existed, my brothers and I knew. Once, when reports of unusual ravages reached our father, Jules Sandoz, pioneer locater and trapper, he set out on a hunting trip with Jim, a convict on parole to him. The diminutive buckskin team, through their fondness for spectacular runaways, pulled an odd wagon out of our yard that mid-

winter morning. Piled high with equipment covered by a huge calico feather tick roped down, it looked much like a fat blue sausage on wheels.

Two weeks later the unwashed men came back, half-frozen, but jubilant. They had poisoned one of the largest grays ever taken in Nebraska; a difficult feat, for the gray wolf eats only his own kill. Fortunately, they found a half-eaten rabbit on the animal's trail. A large dose of strychnine did the rest. The pelt brought $110, mostly cattlemen bounty, altogether a magnificent sum. But much to Mother's consternation, the money went for more guns, traps, and ammunition.

Such evidence of vulnerability reduced our respect for wolf stories related before the wood-filled heater on winter nights. The cattlemen, however, remained fabulous beings, something like the capitalists pictured in the *Appeal to Reason*, our household paper in those days, only their bellicosity was the result of gorging on public lands, a sacred something that existed, apparently, only in the sandhills. Specifically, we knew a boy, not much older than our own pre-school years, whose father was said to have been shot from his own windmill by a hired killer. And the rifle the boy's mother drew upon the murderer had proved empty! That catastrophe, Jules Junior and I consoled ourselves, could not happen in our home. The Sandoz arsenal was always loaded to the muzzle, or, rather, muzzles; and Father had been a crack shot since the early 'Eighties, when he roamed the hills with the Indians.

The thin crust of security we thus built over our existence was rudely and finally broken by a horseman who rode wildly into our yard, his rifle balanced across his saddle. He had fenced a little Government land near a large ranch, and that morning he found an old whiskey bottle on his doorstep. In it was a rifle shell wrapped in an unsigned note telling him to get out or be carried out.

The smell of hot lead stung our nostrils that night as Father molded bullets and we children dipped the shiny slugs in melted beeswax and set them in rows like marching soldiers to cool. It was good fun, and not until one of the few indulgences Jules Sandoz permitted his family, and one valued accordingly, was forgotten did we sense the gravity of the occasion. That night there was no burning of a pinch of smokeless powder in Father's palm, accompanied by his usual explanation that the force of this explosive depended upon confinement. Instead we were marched off to bed early.

Through my crack in the wall I watched Father limp about on his stiff ankle, a reminder of his first dug well and the subsequent long months in the hospital at Fort Robinson. Now he took down one gun after another, ejecting the factory-loaded shells, with steel-jacketed or soft-nosed bullets. Reloaded ammunition was used for target practice only.

Calculatingly, he rolled the heavy shells in his palm, his sharp eyes confident upon those of the nervous little man beside him. The two guns over his bed, a 30-30 and a 12-gauge pump-gun "for close range," the 45-70 over the lounge in the kitchen-

living room, the 30-30 outside the door on the bleached deer antlers — all were examined; even the little group behind the door. Mother sat close to the lamp, bending over her glinting needle, mending socks. Once or twice she looked up, her mouth a thin line, but she dropped her head without speaking.

The next morning there was a great deal of target shooting. Father sent spurts of sand from the exact centre of a yellowish spot, little larger than a table-cloth, on a hillside across the Niobrara. Encouraged to loquacity, the frightened man of yesterday talked endlessly about "boring him full of daylight," meaning, we knew, the rancher suspected of sending the note. And finally the two men vanished into the hills together. A week later Father came back. The man stayed, unmolested.

UPON that prelude, the tempo of our life accelerated. Mysterious men, Government agents, Mother called them, came out in shiny top buggies. They carried rolls of semi-transparent, bluish maps, and after supper, with Father, they pored over them for hours, talking a meaningless jargon of figures, corners, correction lines, old soldiers' claims, and fictitious filings. Over the shoulder of a less formidable one we caught glimpses of these plats, ruled into squares through which ran funny black marks, indicating, the man told me, ridges of hills. Obliterated and faked corners, buried plow shares and sickle bars to detract the compass needle, and final delvings into Father's deer hunting days in the 'Eighties, when the corners were new, lengthened the evenings.

Early in the morning the men usually started into the hills, the Government man driving, while Father watched the roadside for a grouse or a rabbit, his pump gun between his knees, the barrel against his shoulder, brushing his unkempt beard. Now and then he pushed the old cap, either of muskrat or of equally shapeless cloth, back from his eyes as he scanned the horizon. The 30-30 rifle was always across the buggy bed at his feet.

RAPIDLY one exciting event followed another: Government indictment of the larger cattle outfits for fictitious filings and fraudulent fencing of public lands; troops that cut the barbed wire fences when the cattlemen refused to tear them down; Father gone to Omaha as a Government witness; his picture in the daily papers, his rifle still across his forearm.

Strange men came and went, men we were forbidden to mention to our rare playmates. Always curious, I discovered that one of these wore a revolver in his arm pit and had a shiny button, like a star, that he kept hidden. "Nosey brat!" he called me when I asked him why he didn't carry his gun like the cowboys that stopped to water the dusty, gaunt herds of cattle they were stringing into the hills. Once or twice furtive ranch owners called, ostensibly to look over the few Indian ponies we had for sale.

"We'll see you're taken care of, Jule," I overheard one of them promise, flipping the end of a packet of bills.

But Father was stubborn in his contention that he wanted to build

up the country. The result was that several of the indictments led to convictions. A couple of cattle kings went to prison. The fraudulent filings that covered every desirable section were canceled and the sandhills were now actually opened for settlement. Through the sudden effectiveness of the abused Kinkaid Act, some mysterious person in Washington, surely a god! was doling out the land within these soapweed marred slopes in 640 acre chunks to any apparently *bona fide* homeseeker.

And now came our first covered wagon. True, there had been others, dimly remembered, but this was tangible reality as it swayed drunkenly down the hill, rumbled over the plank bridge, and climbed the rise, drawn by two slow horses, followed by two colts and a lazy yellow cow with her calf tied to her tail. Amid loud shoutings from the black-bearded driver and nickerings from the horses, the wagon stopped on the little level spot across the road from our house. Many children tumbled out, leaping and playing in their release. What fine playfellows they were, and how interesting the wagon was, stacked up and dark, much like our attic.

That wagon was the vanguard of a long line of homeseekers that passed through our little world. Strange people, these, from far-away places, the men always seeking Paradise over the next hill, the women gaunt and silent or scolding in high, nervous voices. Impatiently they waited for Father or started out alone.

To take such people into the hills, run a line from a known corner to a desirable location, and then take them to the land office at Alliance to file or contest, was the business of Jules Sandoz. For this service, requiring a week or ten days, he received $25. Usually the settler had only a portion of that sum or none of it, so he got his home "on tick" or "on pump," meaning, in sandhill parlance, he charged it. Most of the settlers paid, eventually, often in rye or corn they grew from seed that also came "on tick" from the locater.

And every so often a well-meaning meddler would warn Mother that sooner or later, when the Government vigilance was lowered, the cattlemen would strike. Many homeseekers, too, were discouraged by tales of starvation spread by ranchers or were frightened by the stories of this or that settler who was hauled out of the hills by his widow after a sad "accident." But nothing really alarming had happened — probably nothing would.

Then, July 2, 1908, a young school teacher, new in the community, tore madly into our yard. His face was paper white and his day old beard was like a black smudge along his chin. Mother ran to meet him, her hands under her apron, her face anxious.

"Emile's been shot!" he shouted.

Mother's hands dropped heavily to her sides.

"How?"

"While he was branding his calves in the corral, before the whole family. R—— N——, the damned skunk, rode up, shot him in the back, and then rode away!"

Weakly, Mother dropped to the woodblock in the front yard. So it

had come! Father's brother, who never located a settler, who was, in fact, rather friendly to the small cattlemen about him. He lived only five miles away, on Pine Creek, with his wife and seven children.

And Father was locating in the hills, had been gone for three days!

All evening our barbed-wire telephone line was busy. The sheriff had been down; had the murderer. He didn't have him; he hadn't even gone out. The man had shot himself; no, he had shot someone else. By the next noon the situation was clarified. The sheriff had not sought the murderer until the next morning. Community feeling ran high; the young teacher talked of mobbing, of searching the upper ranch, located in a wet hay flat full of willows. Without able leadership the plan collapsed. They waited for Father, who had once been the leader of a vigilante-like group. But he was in the hills, in that land of endless dun-colored hills where chops and blowouts follow each other like waves of a wind-whipped sea. Across the road camped two groups of home-seekers, apparently not understanding the situation.

A DAY passed. Uncle Emile was still alive with a bullet in his lungs. Two days — three. Uncle Emile was dead. The settlers' wagons creaked away across the river. And still there were no signs of Father. A reward was offered for the murderer, who, some said, was surely across the border, north or south, by now. Or perhaps in the deeper hills. Maybe he would sneak up to a hilltop as hunters once did for deer and antelope, bareheaded, looking from behind a soapweed, only it would be a man he was stalking, a man in the valley, sighting through his compass, his back to the killer.

And then Father came home.

With my baby sister astride my hip I ran to tell him. He knew. Above the dark beard his face, commonly so ruddy from wind and sun, was greenish yellow. I dropped behind my mother, afraid.

The funeral was that afternoon.

"You ought to go," Mother reasoned. "What will people say?"

BUT Father didn't go. He lay on the couch under the window, watching the neighbors drive past, his rifle within reach. On their way back, several of them stopped, wondering, generally considering Father's caution wise. An associate of the murderer's, not debonair, handsome, as the killer, but stocky and red-faced, with whitish pig eyes, stood at the outskirts of the crowd a while; and then rode away. It was whispered that he was looking for the locater, also that Uncle Emile was killed because he gossiped, knew too much and told too much about the ranchers. I ran into the garden. Was there anything about them that Father didn't know?

That evening, while Mother was doing the chores and Father inspected the orchard, using his rifle as a cane, I nailed the three windows in their bedroom down with ten penny nails. The house door had no lock, but I drove a spike diagonally into the casing and then worked it out with pinchers, leaving a hole ready for noiseless insertion after everyone was asleep. Jules Junior was told of my activities.

"I'll rip his belly open with my toad sticker!" he promised, flourishing his one-bladed knife.

"I'll — I'll —" But I could not say that my tactics were aggressive.

That evening our father was careful not to sit between the lamp and the unblinded window while he ate his supper. He found no relish in the accumulation of daily papers, no interest in the new *Geographic*, and contrary to all precedents, he went to bed early. Mother and I cleared away the dishes, but every crunching step outside brought our eyes fearfully together. A belated pig came grunting to the sill; the forgotten cat scratched against the door for her milk; even Keno, the pup, was gone, and I visualized him in the last convulsions of poisoning. Finally everyone was in bed.

When the house began to crackle as old frame houses do if one lies awake to hear, I sneaked out with the spike gripped in my hand. In my horror of being too late — of having the door pushed open in my face, I couldn't find the hole, and the spike slipped from my stiff fingers to the floor with a tremendous clatter.

"Jule!" our mother whispered to her spouse.

I was petrified; my legs like posts. They thought I was the killer! Should I let a probable prowler know my whereabouts? But the scrape of Father's rifle on the wall as he took it down decided me. Closing my eyes and gritting my teeth I took a dive into the unknown, expecting to stop lead either way.

"It's only me!"

No one kindly shot me. In utter disgrace I was packed off to bed and ordered to stay there, "Or you'll get a hell of a licking!" Father threatened. Disgusted, I covered my head with the sheet and hoped we would all be killed.

The next morning even Keno made an appearance. Mother hoed under the trees near the house; the boys hung about, something very unusual for them; I puttered away at the house work, trying not to disturb Father lying on the lounge staring at the ceiling.

After dinner, while searching the cherry trees for ripening fruits, I glimpsed a horsebacker coming up through the young orchard. There was no road; only an occasional hunter from down the river came that way. Hard upon my announcement of his coming, the horseman trotted into the yard. It was the white-eyed man.

He swung from his saddle and stopped, his right hand free over the revolver in his holster. Just then Father limped into the doorway, his rifle across his arm.

"How, Jule!" The man used the old settler's Indian greeting in a surly growl. If there was an answer to the greeting it escaped me. Under his shaggy brows, Father's eyes were sharp as gray gimlets, his palm caressing the grip of his rifle, his forefinger in the trigger guard. Behind him I could see Mother's blue dress and behind her the white faces of the boys.

"What you want?" Jules Sandoz asked the question always demanded of friend or foe.

"Just riding through —" The man's voice was insolent. "This is the road to Pine Creek, ain't it?" As

if he had every right in our yard!

The two men's eyes held, riveted.

"Yah!" Father spat, at last. "And take it — get off the place, and get damn quick!"

Slowly the man turned his back, mounting his horse deliberately, heavily. He held the impatient animal still, looking down upon the locater in the doorway, his hand resting on the butt of his revolver. Silence hung between them like a poised rattler. Almost imperceptibly Father's finger tightened on the trigger, the knuckles of his hand whitening.

With a laugh that was more a snarl, the man threw back his head, baring his teeth like a dog's. He jerked the reins and loped out of our yard, up the hill, and out of sight.

"They don't catch me unprotected," Father commented, lowering his gun. I went to bed with a sick headache.

A few weeks later we heard that an officer at Roswell, New Mexico, contrived to room with a man he suspected was the killer wanted in the hills. To make certain he tried that antique dodge, an uneasy conscience, exhibiting all the signs of relentless remorse. When the stranger asked him what the trouble was, he said that he had killed a man in a fight.

"Hell, that's nothing! I killed one in cold blood and you don't see me losing sleep over it!"

It all seemed too absurd, even then. The murderer, however, was actually captured there, returned, tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to ten years in prison. With good behavior reductions he was out on parole before the bereaved family had adjusted themselves. Even so, the conviction was a definite homesteader victory. In the past these killers had trumped up some sort of case and escaped even temporary detainment.

And just when we settled back into some semblance of normalcy, Father announced that he had filed upon an additional three-quarters, his lawful allotment, twenty-five miles away, over the rolling, terrible hills.

"You are crazy!" Mother lamented.

Not until we learned that a residence must be established did we children sense the full significance of the calamity. Father had put up a small shack and nailed the door shut to prevent the scum that rides the first wave of population into a new country from stealing everything movable. Early in September we set out for the shack. Due to the buckskins' temperamental behavior at gates or during Father's lapses into absent-mindedness, I was commandeered to go along, much to my discomfort. But audible objections were never in order from the Sandoz family, and so, with all the seriousness of an eleven year old with responsibilities, I gripped the lines; Father swung the whip; and the buckskins shot ahead. We were off, into the dreadful hills.

Heat, sand, lizards, and undulations that blended into a perfect similarity stretched endlessly before us. Even game was scarce. We saw few birds, no grays, no cattlemen, only one rattler, and that one escaped into a prairie dog hole. We passed an occasional dugout, a little

soddy, or an old claim shack, all dull gray and alone in russet or sandgrass valleys. Often we left the wagon trail, only two dim yellowish streaks over the darker tan or obliterated entirely by the light wind in the sand cuts, and struck across the hills. Toward noon the buckskins began to lag. First one singletree and then the other ground the wheel. Squinting under his cap at the sun, Father pulled up to a windmill, scattering a bunch of ruminating Herefords. The team was watered; we lunched from a tin cookie box; and then we went on. The hills grew higher; the valleys harder, resounding under the small hoofs. Soddies were more frequent, with here and there a long gray strip of late breaking, a few anæmic sunflowers pushing up between the sods.

ABOUT five o'clock we arrived at Pete's place, where a preliminary school meeting was in session. The half-soddy, half-frame house was filled with gaunt, sun-bronzed men and women. Several slightly gray girl-women, "Boston old maids," Father dubbed them, sat primly on improvised benches, squeezed in between women nursing babies and men chewing tobacco. Few of the men carried guns, although Pete, a second cousin, had a rifle hung on his wall. Some one told about a celebration given at the Spade ranch, with everything free for the settlers, including ice cream. Were the cattlemen following the gray wolves into mythology?

The next morning we bumped over trackless bunchgrass knolls and finally rattled down over a steep hill. In a high grassy valley, a tiny, new pine shack leaned against the south slope — our homestead. The buckskins snorted and fidgeted about approaching it.

"Hold 'em. I'll walk over," Father warned as he started to see if anything had been disturbed. Before I had the nervous team quieted, he came running back, bobbing grotesquely in his limp, his mouth to the back of his hand.

"Bit by a rattlesnake under the house while I reached for the hammer!"

THE words came in jerks between spittings of clear saliva. The hills did a queer dance — bit by a rattlesnake — a rattlesnake! But Father pushed his pocket knife into my hand and jerked it away before I really could open it, and slashed at the large, purplish swelling about two pin-pricks. The dull blade sank into the puffy flesh but did not cut even the skin. With a groan he flung the knife from him and sucked fiercely.

"I may drop dead any minute!"

His eyes turned habitually to his constant companions in danger — his guns. He grasped the pump-gun.

"Hold that team!" he commanded. I gasped, but before I could form a coherent thought, he slapped his palm down on the rim of the hind wagon-wheel, laid the muzzle against the swelling, holding the gun steady between his body and the wagon bed. A shot echoed up and down the hills. The buckskins plunged ahead. I fell off the seat but clung to the lines. Bracing my feet against the dashboard, I pulled and jerked until the ponies slowed to a short lope, to a trot. When I finally turned them, Father was limping toward me.

Black, clotty blood dripped from the back of his hand where the swelling had been. I tied the lines about my waist, ripped the blue shirt sleeve, and made a handkerchief tourniquet just below the shoulder. Then, gray-faced, Father lay down in the wagon bed.

"Drive for Pete's and drive like hell!"

Too terrified to ask the direction, I swung the whip over the ponies, letting them take their heads. They sprang out; my sunbonnet flew off; the board seat went next as we bounced over the bumpy knobs. I dared not look at the man in the wagon. I was afraid.

FOAM from the ponies' mouth hit cold against my cheek. With my feet far apart, I hung to the lines as we tore at breakneck speed down a long hill and across a valley. It all seemed so strange, unreal. Surely this was not the way we came an hour ago, perhaps only fifteen minutes ago? We must be lost. And just when I was sure that we were, I saw the place. Pete came running out to stop what he considered just another runaway.

With his wife he helped Father into the house and then he ran to saddle a horse and ride to John Strasburger's homestead for whiskey. I knew he was aggressively temperance; he would never have any. Even if he did, I had heard of a sheepherder who died from snake bite while dead drunk. By the time that Pete came back, brandishing a tall bottle about a quarter full, Father's arm was purple to the shoulder. He gulped the brown liquid.

"It's not enough," he mumbled, hopelessly, and sank back.

Pete ran to hitch his team to the top buggy. I held the horses while he went to fetch Father, staggering, but not drunk. "Don't let them run away," he warned as the buggy sagged under his weight. I thought he meant the buckskins. Hold horses, hold horses! Would I really have to drive home alone? They would run away; the gates were too hard to open; I could never find the way. . . .

PETE cut my introspections short by swinging me into the buggy bed at his feet. We shot through the yard gate and were on our way home. After four or five miles of sand the fiery team slowed, their lathered sides heaving. Father's face was sunken into his beard, his eyes closed. He swayed a little. I reached my arm around his knees and held on to the seat to keep him from sliding forward. Once he looked down upon me.

"Swelling's spreading into the lungs," he panted, thickly. Pete whipped the jaded team into an unbelievably slow run.

"If he kills his team getting me home, tell Mama to pay for them," Father instructed me. I pulled my skirt up to my face and cried, slowly, hopelessly. "Your mama's a good woman," he went on, his breath wheezing. "And you'll get like her. Marry a farmer and help build up the country."

This unprecedented sentiment from our father disorganized any resistance I might have had. I must have wailed, for Pete cautioned me.

"Hush, you'll have to keep steady. We may need you to drive before this day is done."

Biting the gingham of my skirt —

I'll always remember the taste of the cotton and the dye on my tongue — I calmed myself. After all, violence was a constant specter at our elbows. . . . But the sun burned my unshaded eyes. My head ached. And still the wheels spun yellow sand into my lap, my face. Father did not answer our inquiries any more. At two claim shacks we stopped. Only frightened faces rewarded us. No one had anything. At last we were in sight of the blue ribbon of the Niobrara. Pete whipped up the gaunt, lathered team and in one last spurt we were in our own yard.

"Ah, now, you let the horses run away!" Mother scolded as she ran out to meet us. But when she understood she sent me flying on cramped legs into the house for a cup of whiskey, a big cup. Father shot it into his mouth. Before they had him in the house, I was on my way to Sears's, for, of course, our telephone was out of order! It was clear that I could make the mile trip in less time than Pete's horses, already down in their harness in the yard.

Dropping into a dog trot which previous emergencies had taught me I could hold for the mile, I finally lived to cover the infinite distance. And Bachelor Charley was an eternity answering my knock on the screen door.

Long after dark that night, as I lay abed in a coma from exhaustion, I was awakened by Jules Junior shouting into my ear: "The doctor's come — in a red automobile!"

And so he had, but I didn't get to see the mechanical contrivance. A funny, short man pushed me back to my pillow, telling me I must be still. Father would pull through. But he might have been dead long before this from the deadly September venom if he hadn't shot it off.

Thus, in harrowing climax, ended our plans to take up a new homestead that fall. In the winter Father changed his filing for a more promising one, where adventures in bitter blizzards awaited us among other ordeals of those pioneer days which are still, as I write, hardly a quarter century in the past.

NEXT month Miss Sandoz concludes her reminiscences of a childhood in the Nebraska sandhills.

The Day of the Dirigible

By J. C. Hunsaker

Londoners would have wanted strong persuasion in the early war years to believe that Zeppelins could easily be forgotten. Terror was too real and close a thing in those days, and too much associated with those destruction-bearing airships to allow of memory lapses. Nevertheless, they soon forgot, and most of the rest of the world with them.

The remarkable development of the airplane in speed and manœuvrability during the war, together with the advent of incendiary bullets, eclipsed the airships as weapons of warfare. Their unwieldiness and the inflammability of their hydrogen made the Zeppelins too easy targets for offensive use. But one might wonder why they had no renaissance immediately after the war. Surely their obvious advantages over the airplane in some respects should have merited at least the attention the latter received. Why were they relegated to obscurity when the airplane was daily filling the newspapers with speed, endurance and altitude records? The answer is quite simple: at Versailles there was still too great a respect for their potentialities in war, and the peacemakers decreed that Germany should build no more Zeppelins for ten years.

It is not to be thought that the Allies gave no attention to the Zeppelins beyond this mark of respect. They seized all they could find, promptly tore some of them apart to see what made them go, and set to work building new ones from what they learned. Our *Shenandoah*, for instance, was built with information obtained from captured German airships. But these attempts were never conspicuously successful. The genius was essentially German, and it was bound to inactivity.

In the last few years, however, with the Eckener flights and the launching of the two great British airships, this type of aircraft has emerged from its obscurity into a new and prominent position in the public eye. Our air-mindedness has broadened to include it; and we have shown an enthusiasm and hope for its development. In fact, we are ready to consider its practical problems and commercial possibilities.

Our own Navy is building at Akron, in conjunction with the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation, what will be the two greatest airships in the world. It might be well to remember that after the Armistice, when airship development in Germany was blocked, the Zeppelin trustees trans-

ferred their patents, experience and skill to the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation, and that thus these new ships represent the combined genius of Germany and resources of the United States.

IN PLANNING these ships (and all other airships, of course) there have been four major considerations: lifting capacity, structural strength, fire risk and safe landing.

With regard to lifting capacity, which in the end means utility, it has been proved that big airships are more efficient than little ones. Double the size and you nearly triple the pay load that can be carried. With the airplane, the pay load as a fraction of total weight is virtually constant, and actually decreases in very large sizes. The airplane appears to be inherently restricted to moderate size and capacity by economic considerations.

As far as structural strength is concerned, there is little to say that would interest any one but a technician. The *Shenandoah* and the British *R38* were based on war time Zeppelin construction methods, in which every possible ounce of weight was saved. They were lost because they were too fragile for abnormally severe service. It is worth noting that none of the 116 ships built by Count Zeppelin and his company ever was wrecked because of structural weakness. The *Los Angeles* for six years has cruised safely in all sorts of American weather. With larger airships it is practicable to provide greatly increased factors of safety without undue addition of weight.

The answer to the question of fire risk is, of course, helium. Using this gas, an airship need have no fear of incendiary bullets in war or of a general conflagration in peace. Incidentally, America has a corner on the world's known supply of helium — enough, it is estimated, for a century of airship development.

Finally, the problem of handling the airship in port has been enormously simplified by the perfection, from the practical experience of the United States Navy at Lakehurst, of the mooring mast originally designed by the British.

THE new American ships will be 785 feet long, 146 feet high and will have a capacity for 6,500,000 cubic feet of helium. Their speed will be nearly 90 miles an hour, and they will be able to cruise for a week without refueling. Their great size (nearly twice that of the *Graf Zeppelin*) and improved design will give them a structural strength quite equal to any conceivable exigency of weather they will have to endure. As instruments of warfare — naval scouts — they will be formidable, for, besides being able to carry several machine gun nests to fight off enemy aircraft without fear of conflagration, they will carry five "fighter" type airplanes which can be launched in flight and taken in again.

But our interest in them lies less in this than in their commercial possibilities. And in our consideration of these possibilities, it is well to remark that the sky, thanks to modern radio methods, can be made safe as it never was before. The air over the continent is charted, its currents are known, its storms mapped, and radio bearings can indicate a course in fog or darkness. A

similar weather service over the sea can be organized by the routine compilation of radio reports from ships, which are already equipped with powerful radio transmitters and only need a demand created by commercial airship operations to furnish the service.

It appears that the airplane or flying boat, for distances below 1,000 miles, is the more economical means of transportation. The airship requires expensive terminals (it is even desirable to have two at each end, so that in case of bad weather at one it can land at the other), and for that reason one should no more expect it to make frequent stops than expect the *Leviathan* to run profitably between Boston and New York. For coastal runs, where it may refuel at frequent intervals, the airplane furnishes a flexible and economical schedule for the frequent dispatch of small loads, but for long, non-stop flights over seas it seems to be inherently limited, because its pay load vanishes when fuel enough is carried to make the journey with an adequate margin of safety. Over seas, then, is the field for the airship.

At present there are three routes in this field which might be used to advantage. The first, across the North Atlantic, with over 100,000,000 people on each side with highly developed trade relations, offers the greatest commercial reward. But the other two, one across the Pacific via Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines to the Far East, and the other connecting us with the Argentine, offer greater safety because of weather conditions. And across the Atlantic an airship service will face foreign competition, whereas across the Pacific the route to the Far East is marked by American islands, and an all-American enterprise may be expected to develop with less likelihood of foreign competition during the pioneering period.

There are on the North Atlantic run eleven so-called monster steamers, of which only one, the *Leviathan*, is under the American flag. Those vessels include five which reliably give a six-day service, and six which give a seven-day service. It is expected that by 1937, when foreign vessels now projected are completed, there will be, in addition to those eleven, five and possibly six ships of unprecedented size, able to maintain a five-day service. The United States Shipping Board in response to a Senate inquiry has reported conclusively on the improbability of four-day steamers in the more distant future. Therefore, considering five days as the shortest practicable time for steamers (delivering mail on the sixth day) it is concluded that airship service, to justify its expense, should offer a two-and-a-half-day crossing.

The speed of the Navy airships will be ample to maintain an average two-and-a-half-day crossing. The eastward passage would often follow the Great Circle route, benefiting by the westerly winds, and should be made in two days. For the westward passage, it would often be advisable to take the sailing ship route via the Azores, which is longer than the direct route, but avoids the prevailing westerlies and would permit a normal crossing in three days. Abnormal weather conditions could be met by the strength of the ships and

their great margin of cruising endurance. In winter, storms which delay liners one or two days in arrival would delay the airship no more.

It seems proper that the greatest beneficiary of high-speed transportation should be the first-class mail. As the airplane mail service carried pilots through their pioneering stage, developing suitable designs of airplanes and a safe operating technique, so might it be with the airship service. Progress in navigation and design would go along with the benefit to the mail service.

BECAUSE of the small carrying capacity of the airplane, it has developed along the line of a special daily airmail service. For transatlantic airships, however, the fundamental conditions are quite the contrary. Their capacity is not so limited, and they could give a weekly or semiweekly service for all the accumulated first class mail. In this they would compete with vessels.

The entire mail to Europe out of New York is 300 tons weekly, so it is out of the question for airships to take it all, and the parcel post and printed matter which make up ninety per cent of this foreign mail would not be greatly profited by extra speed, anyway. The carrying capacity of the new airships with Naval equipment removed will be 25 tons and the entire first class mail out of New York amounts to only 30 tons a week. Consequently, this ten per cent of mail, made up of letters and post cards, could be forwarded by the most rapid means possible, leaving the other ninety per cent to be forwarded by vessel in the most economical manner.

Assuming that airships crossing eastward in two days will compete with five- and six-day steamships, it is necessary that an airship leave New York frequently if a substantial saving in time is to be realized. A semiweekly sailing appears to be possible and attractive. For example, a two-day airship leaving Saturday night would arrive near London or Paris Monday night and delivery of letters should take place to residents of those cities on Tuesday morning. Letters posted in New York on Saturday, Friday, Thursday or Wednesday could not be carried by steamer and obtain earlier delivery. In other words, a Wednesday morning and a Saturday night sailing by airship could, with advantage to the mail, carry all first class mail collected in New York during the week.

IT MAY be predicted with confidence that the speeding up of the mails by a two-day crossing will create additional letter writing and take a good deal of message business now handled by delayed cable service. Making no allowance for such probable increase in volume, and taking on each sailing one-half of the weekly total, it is assumed that at least 15 tons of mail will be available for the airship. For a net capacity of the airship of about 25 tons, the remaining 10 tons could be used for 25 passengers. A somewhat larger airship has been designed to carry 15 tons of mail and 50 passengers.

Here we have a practical schedule for the Atlantic route. Now let us turn to the Pacific. A glance at the map shows us Hawaii 2,400 miles from California on the way to

Manila, in the midst of permanent fair weather. The stretch of sea between California and Hawaii is without doubt the most favorable in the world for airship operations. A service to Manila and the Far East has been proposed by the recently organized Pacific Zeppelin Transport Company, with operations to commence on the route between California and Hawaii, one airship making a weekly round trip with passengers and mails. This pioneer enterprise is advanced by a group including the three American steamship lines now carrying passengers and mails on this route, and four airplane lines now doing the same for California. This airship would give a weekly round-trip service, going west in 36 hours and returning in less than 48 hours, as against the four-and-a-half to seven-day steamer schedules.

THE commercial success of such enterprises as these would depend, of course, on the assured mail revenue they could get from the Government, for this, in its turn, would determine the passenger fare that must be charged. This would probably be about double the steamer fare in any event, but would never deter the American traveller, who cares little for expense when he can get speed and comfort. Three times steamship speed should satisfy him for the present, and the living quarters inside the hull that are permitted by the use of helium — quarters far roomier and more comfortable than those on any aircraft built or projected heretofore — together with relief from the tossing of the seas, will satisfy his desire for ease and luxury.

It is perhaps unjust to point out that while Germany's Zeppelin building is purely a commercial enterprise and England's a civil one (to enable Government officials to convene without the great loss of time spent in travelling from such far places as Australia and New Zealand to London), America's is essentially military — or rather, naval. The two ships under construction at Akron are being built primarily for the day when the national safety zone will be a thousand miles at sea, and they are intended to be efficient watchdogs.

NEVERTHELESS, the building of these dirigibles firmly establishes airship construction in this country as an industry and places us in a position to produce commercial airships for our future overseas air commerce. With the expansion and growing importance of our foreign trade, swifter transportation of our mail and representatives becomes a necessity. The airship is available, but we can not afford to let others perform this essential service for us. An even start in skill and experience is assured to us by the Navy's six years of experimental work with the *Los Angeles*, and the art of construction is established. It remains only to inaugurate commercial airship operations before foreign world transportation interests become as firmly established on the main trade routes with aircraft as they are with ships.

At any rate, beyond the two Naval craft loom more peaceful ships, spanning the continent in two-day jaunts, sailing regularly overseas to far possessions, and linking world capitals in nonstop flights.

Bilge-Rats and Sooji-Artists

By R. P. Harriss

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.

They troop in from the colleges by hundreds. From June until the middle of the summer the Sea Service Bureau is subjected to a veritable plague of them. This one has a letter from his dad's Congressman, that one is the son of a high-ranking Government job holder; still another has an introduction from a wire-pulling Senator. And scores haven't anything but monogrammed sweaters and high hopes. But they must all down to the sea, for they have sniffed romance in the pages of Melville and Conrad and Masefield and (God forbid!) Miss Joan Lowell.

Their heads are full of it —

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast —"

and all that sort of thing. Though they may have learned something from their studies about Doctor Johnson, they conveniently forget his pronouncement: "No man," he said, and his observation is curiously applicable even in this day of modern shipping, "no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in jail, with the chance of being drowned."

Those with sufficiently intimidating credentials are signed on as deck boys; they emerge from the shipping master's office beaming with adventurer's rash, and hurry down to the docks to board their ships. Others, not so armed, must wait their turn and take what they can get, if, indeed, there *is* anything, for Shipping Board vessels carry few deck boys.

These less fortunate fellows visit the waterfront shops (gypjoints, the sailor calls them), buy sea bags and dungaree outfits, and haunt the Bureau office for days on end. A few finally get the call, but the majority eventually drift away to find some other employment in which to spend their vacation months. Unfortunate? Perhaps. But they have saved their romantic illusions for another season, at least.

On the deck of a modern iron freight ship, the old legends fare ill. Collegians, full of sailing vessel lore gleaned from books — what a shaking up their ideas and preconceived

notions will have got, ere the summer is over! They will have learned that Happy Jack the Sailorman is in reality a lowly laborer who knows far more about the business end of a deck mop than a top-gallant sail; that charwomen's work constitutes a large portion of the able-bodied seaman's duties; that the craft of the sooji-artist is more valuable than the knack of rope-splicing or the mysteries of a monkey-face, or a knowledge of navigation rules. They will have learned that the A.B. seaman is often inferior both in mentality and physique to the average longshoreman. He ties no knots, in the ordinary course of his daily routine, that are unknown to the advanced Boy Scout. Even the quartermaster at the wheel has far less responsibility than an ordinary trolley car motorman. A willingness to stand abuse, bad food and exposure; to fetch and carry like a plumber's assistant; to put up with sabre-toothed vermin in the bunks, and to work for wages no hotel bell-hop would think of accepting — this will gain for the modern Happy Jack a rating of "good seamanship" on his discharge papers when the ship pays off at the end of the cruise.

And yet, for all of this, the seasoned A.B. must still command the respect, if no longer the romantic admiration, of the summer time sailor who is seeking adventure during the three months' vacation. He has intimate stories to tell about women of all the ports of the world. He can compare the jails of Cardiff, Wales, with those of Durban, South Africa, and he knows what word will make a Frenchman kick somebody's teeth out. He can wash himself and all his clothes cleanly in a single bucket of hot salt water; and he has a way of obtaining a degree of solace from a mere pinch of shag tobacco that is totally unknown to the landsman.

Your old timer has admirable foresight, too, for he will have tucked away in his sea bag a few tins of sardines, hoarded frugally against the day when the ship's meat becomes inhabited; and a jar of Limey marmalade and a bit of tea to supplant the messroom breakfast fare when the ship's eggs and coffee can no longer be endured.

And there is a rough camaraderie among seamen which cleaves through national prejudices.

My own initiation into the art and mystery of the sea began in a freighter's forecastle which held a crew made up of a Dane, a Norwegian, a Breton, a Liverpool Irishman, a Dublin Mick, a Lancashireman, a Scot, a Bluenose, and three Americans (from the West Coast and Boston) — all living in complete harmony. Complete, that is, if we overlook the several drunken brawls which inevitably follow shore leave in foreign ports. Motley such a crew may be, but its members will take a shipmate's part if he should be set upon by the crew of another ship, in some waterfront dive.

But there is an understandable prejudice among seafaring men against the rah-rah boy or summer time sailor. He is not of the breed, he is full of crazy ideas, he says "the front of the ship," "floor" and "upstairs." Being a deck boy, he is suspected of having got his job through "pull"; and for this reason they feel

that he should be made to suffer. To him, accordingly, go the meanest tasks, the dirtiest jobs. And though he perform them cheerfully, even efficiently, the boatswain will never be pleased. Deck boys, in fact, are quickly made to feel that they exist solely as safety valves for the bos'n's pent-up ill will, affording him convenient objects for scorn and ridicule, things upon which to vent the resonant and cadenced invective which years of seafaring have furnished him and which succeeding generations of deck boys serve to keep alive and vivid.

THEY are the goats, the fall guys: miserable, non-savvying Jonahs. Bilge-rats and sooji-artists, they at times must crawl like toads and snakes through the black and noisome recesses of the very bowels of the ship, scraping up with their hands the putrid sediment of rotten grain and moldy lumps of decaying meal and flour left when a previous cargo was removed from the hold; crouched down there in the dark, far under the surface of the sea, hearing the ocean pound and slip a bare few inches under them while they dig out of crannies and crevices the leprous white tangles and roots of wheat grains sprouting in the black and oily water of the bilge.

And the institution known as sooji — what a pain in the neck that is! A pain for the whole crew, however, for none escapes, though the deck boy gets more than his full share. A mighty groan goes up among the day men on the morning the bos'n pokes his nose into the forecastle and says, "Turn to — go midships for sooji-wooji."

The sooji-barrel contains a substance which will remove dirt and grime from iron and woodwork, and the skin from human hands. Suppose the ship is in the North Atlantic, off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland: that is the time your hard-boiled bos'n will call all hands on deck to man the sooji-rags in the teeth of an icy wind — and summer winds in this region can cut like a knife. Bare-footed, wet to the skin, the strong sooji water stinging their eyes, the crew will scrub every square inch of space, from the fo'c'slehead to the fantail. Foredeck, welldeck, boatdeck, bridge; every boom, ventilator, mushroom, mast and funnel will be laved. The process usually requires several days, and if the weather is rough enough the shivering sooji-artist will begin to believe, as did Masefield's Dauber, that bodily comfort was just a fairy tale "told long ago — heard of in other lives — imagined, dreamed," in some forgotten age.

YET there are compensations. Your ship, say, is making United Kingdom ports. There will be glorious days in London, roistering times in Liverpool and Manchester. The quiet and indescribably lovely little country villages with their hospitable pubs: ye Eagle and Childe, the Bull and Butcher, the Rose and Crown. A rowdy time with the crew in "fish and chips" joints of the Cardiff waterfront, a set-to, if you like, with pretty Belfast Mary, or more buxom Mag the Boiler maker. Then the Welsh coast, the green Irish Sea; Queenstown, clean and bright and prideful of its Ould Sod Catholic Church; Cork, and a ride in a

jaunting car to Blarney Castle to kiss the Blarney Stone, or the barmaid who went with you. All the exuberant experiences which even deck boys may enjoy, if they manage cleverly.

WHEN my own ship, the *Bannockburn*, docked in Manchester, after the long towage up the smelly ship canal, with the green fields of Lancashire and Cheshire almost touching the ship's sides, there was an almost immediate bolt. Manchester is a hungry city (hungry near the docks, at any rate); the lines have scarcely been made fast when the out-o'-works swarm aboard, to hover hungrily about the sailors' mess, the galley, the forecastle. Messmen are relieved of all work, for the hungry visitors are only too glad to wash the dishes in exchange for food; and for the added privilege of carrying the left-overs home to their families they will wash down the messroom and scrub the table. Seamen aboard find it easy to hire unemployed seamen who will fill in for them during absences. Most skippers permit each man one day's leave in port, anyway; and if he has a drag with the boatswain he can generally arrange to hire a substitute to take his place for a few days while he flings away the few pounds or shillings (advanced him by the Old Man) in riotous days and nights in the gin mills. Failing to make such an arrangement, he can be logged "two-for-one," having double his daily wage taken away from him for each day he was absent without leave.

After the first bolt, the older seamen usually stay with the ship. It is only the deck boys who must make a break for London — a place of endless delight to a deck boy fresh from the sooji-watch. Merely to stroll from one's hotel is to encounter adventure.

WE RETURNED to Manchester almost penniless and boarded the *Bannockburn* in the filthiest weather and on the blackest night I ever encountered. As we toiled up the ladder a deluge of rain fell on us, washing away every trace of London smartness that we may have acquired. It was, as our Lancashireman would have said, a "propur soaker." There was nothing jaunty about us as we crept into hiding over the fantail, there to spend the night — a night of broken slumber, for the rest of the crew, in a drunken brawl, were working havoc in the forecastle. The bunks, benches and other pitiful odds and ends of furnishings were almost completely wrecked. As often as we dropped off to sleep we were awakened by violent sounds of battle — Frenchie's staccato in three languages, the hoarse oaths of Blackie; unintelligible shouts from Ollie, the Swede; the crash of a beer bottle.

Tomorrow we must turn to at 5 A.M., leaving for Cork. The crew would be jumpy, tempers ugly, nerves frayed.

As I lay there on the hard dunnage over the fantail, I could scarcely believe London had been true. Most fabulous of all seemed the thick towels, white bed linen, and fresh food of our hotel in Russell Square!

On the return voyage, the initial greenness of the summer time sailor has worn off, hard work becomes not only bearable but at times even en-

joyable. His bones no longer feel like burgoo, his feet no longer like twin tiller bars. Hands have become tough and calloused. The appetite grows sharp — sharper than a bitch-wolf's, as the stowaway (a West Coaster) would say. Sleep, soon after supper, comes sweetly and unbidden, overmastering the most interesting book that Sparks, who keeps the modest ship's library, is able to supply.

Gradually the boatswain begins to show a little human decency. He drops a hint now and then about easing-up on the job without letting the mate know it. Chips, pottering around in the 'tween-decks at his carpentering, is not averse to having a deck boy give him a hand at light tasks. Big Boston, tattooed from belly to beard, offers friendship and advice. Finally comes a trick at the wheel, and standing watch. Then it is that the collegiate adventurer will *almost* get back a few of his lost illusions: for, although it is true that the seaman lives on intimate terms with vermin, it is equally true that he intimately lives with stars.

On the homeward trip, too, the summer time sailor will have become conversant with sea ways sufficiently to be on the lookout for those items of interest which break the monotony of the long, slow freight voyage. Too bewildered and overworked on the outward bound journey to notice them, he now learns to watch for whales spouting in the distance; occasionally this mightiest of mammals rolls right past within an easy stone's throw, sometimes a whole herd of them, disporting in leviathan fashion as if fully conscious of the spectacle they provide for human eyes. I shall never forget that it was while reading *Moby Dick*, as I lay in my bunk, that the watch called me to come and see a *white* whale just off our starboard bow! To tell the entire truth, this whale was too far away by the time I leaped on deck — I saw only his spouting. But the third and the watch declared it to have been white and the incident was written down in the ship's log. As for porpoises and blackfish, they became mere commonplace. Then there are the sailing ships, all too infrequently met. The names of their various parts are learned until the summer time sailor is letter-perfect, and full of contempt for landsmen, who can not tell the difference between a bark and a barkentine.

I was not disappointed at the absence of sailor chanties aboard the *Bannockburn*, for I knew enough about modern steamships to know that these work songs do not carry over from the wooden ships. All the older sailors had shipped on sailing vessels, but they remembered mainly the bitter hardships. Except for a few snatches, which they seldom sang, and then only when washing their clothes, they were silent with regard to the traditional sea songs. They preferred tunes from the American movie houses or the English music halls. It is true that one folk song was also popular, but it did not have anything to do with the ocean, being a cowboy ballad, *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee*. The West Coast stowaway sang it, and also played it on a mouth-harp.

We used to sit, when not on watch, on the poop deck in the evening,

commiserating together on the food, which grew steadily worse. It was Big Boston's contention that the steward (who hated the crew: it is a tradition) had spent too much on the previous cruise and that he was "making up on us" by using stores that should have been thrown away three months before. Stale, moldy sweets were to be bought from the steward's slop chest, but these, like everything else there, bore the unmistakable flavor of great antiquity. It seemed almost desecration to disturb them.

More pleasant were the nights in the forecastle messroom, when we had been able to barter something — a tin of tobacco or a few cigarettes — to the petty officer's messman for ship's tea, which he managed to filch from the steward's stores. Sitting cup in hand, the summer time sailors listen to yarn after yarn, told jerkily and with frequent interruptions, but with unctuous phraseology which can scarcely be suggested on the printed page. It occurs to me now that while fully ninety per cent of the talk dealt with women, the word *women* was not once used, while the only printable reference to that sex was "skirt." Only at intervals does the talk touch upon other topics. Liquor, fights, the brig. Big Boston describes a bout between a cobra and a mongoose, once sponsored by a fakir on the deck of his ship in Port Said. The Breton is full of shipwreck yarns. The Dane, not having a fluent English vocabulary, is not talkative, but once in a great while tells of some experience of his aboard a Scandinavian sailing ship.

The Lancashireman's story about the smart ordinary who carved his name on a ship's wheel was a favorite of mine. It seems, according to the tale, the young fellow cut a letter with his knife each time he stood his trick at steering. Then the skipper found it out, and "merry blinkin' hell" followed:

"Awr! and was the Old Man *'ot?* Ay, he crucifyin' well *was!* 'I'll log 'ee for that,' 'e tells the ordinary, 'for tha's ruined the wheel with cuttin' tha blasted nyme on it!' Ba goom, log 'im 'e did! Charged 'im for a brand new wheel, as was put on in place o' the old one, coom the end o' the voyage. But this young ordinary, a sharp lad's 'im. 'E goes to a lawyer, and together they con it over.

"'What day of the year was it tha was logged?' asks the lawyer.

"'Eighth day o' March,' says the lad. 'From then on I drew no pay at all.'

"'And when did she make port and discharge?' asks the lawyer.

"'''Twas twelfth o' April,' says the lad.

"'Sure, then,' says the lawyer, 'the very day the skipper logged 'ee, that's the very day 'e sold 'is wheel to you, on the installment plan! For tha sure was a-payin' for it every day tha was logged. So, laddie us'll just charge 'im for the use o' tha own wheel, from eighth o' March to twelfth o' April!'

"And the judge in the coort made the Old Man pay — aye, the lad was richer by 500 pound in pocket. O' coorse," he added knowingly, "o' coorse there was more, but the lawyer 'e got that."

And so the endless yarning runs on until the twelve-to-four watch (the

star-watch) rolls into bed — the signal for all loud talking to cease. One by one, the others quietly roll in, too. This is the pleasantly drowsy period when the seaman lies tucked in his bunk, smoking a meditative pipe, listening to the Atlantic slap-slapping against the old tub's hull while her screw thuds out a rhythmic "*New*-York-*bound! New*-York-*bound!*" — the sweetest moments of the summer time sailor's day.

Life aboard hasn't been half bad, after all, despite the sooji.

Cape Race. Sable Island. The Canadian coast, busy shipping, countless fishing boats out of Boston. New London trawlers. Swordfishermen. Mackerel schooners. Hardy Bluenosers from Nova Scotia. Coastwise steamers.

ONE day from New York, and the crew already is talking of home-brew beer, and Coney Island; Clara Bow, Lon Chaney. Chips describes in detail the grandeur of Roxy's, which he attended once. There is an overhauling of shore clothes, some neat mending and darning of dungarees. And much washing. A collegiate deck boy, as his voyage is nearing the end, may strip off his dirty garments and cast them away forever, or roll up a soiled jacket and stuff it down in his sea bag. Not so your prideful regular seaman. Every piece of clothing in his well-hoarded kit is to him a useful article, to be sewed and patched and put away clean and ready for use again when needed.

Several of the oldtimers who have shipped together on other ships plan to spend their week or so ashore and then sign on together once more. We deck boys may never see each other again. Blackie, who once lifted me, stunned and bleeding, out of a pile of dunnage which fell when we were working in the hold, offered me his hand, and I learned the Lancashireman's name — Shevlin. We had known him simply as Blackie. Mick passes me a slip of paper on which he has laboriously printed his name and address in Fitz-William Street, Ringsend, Dublin. Boston says, "I'll write you a picture postal, Jack!"

A POWERFUL tugboat tows us into the harbor, past The Lady. Dansky waves a wet and soapy hand, and there is something akin to an enigmatic smile on the usually simple face as he greets the familiar statue.

"T'e landt uf Liberty — undt prohibition!"

I always respected the Scandinavian sailors' passion for cleanliness, but this respect is vastly increased after we dock. The customs men (in rough stevedores' clothes and looking like thugs and rummies) board us and search every conceivable hiding place for liquor, even digging into the coal bunkers. While these snoopers are swarming over the decks, the Swede and Dane sit stupidly beside their buckets, scrubbing away at their shirts. The forecastle is searched thoroughly; but when the searchers finally go away empty-handed, the stolid Nordics reach down under the fluffy suds of their buckets and bring out three large square bottles apiece.

Hughes the Humanitarian

By Joseph Percival Pollard

Some facts from the previous Supreme Court record of our Chief Justice, which his Senatorial opponents forgot when they assailed his nomination

Now that the smoke of battle over the appointment of Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has died down, one can not help wondering whether the Senators who assailed him had ever troubled to examine his record, not while he was in private life but when he was on the bench.

It is well to note, at the outset, the important fact that Messrs. Taft and Hughes did not render constitutional decisions at the same time. The World War separated their incumbencies, and that made a difference. Before the war, the spirit of democracy, economic as well as political, was abroad in the land, and the machinery of government was producing conditions under which humble people, and comparatively humble political units, could thrive much better than under the conditions sanctioned by Mark Hanna. Under the leadership of Roosevelt and Wilson, social and industrial reforms were brought about, and both Congress and the State legislatures were permitted to make democratic adjustments, as the Income Tax Amendment and the Adamson Eight Hour Law for railway employees testified. But the war put a stop to all that. Warfare is always succeeded by a period of conservatism in government, and the post-war president, Harding, was exceptionally eager to restore the supremacy of unregulated business enterprise. Undoubtedly both Justice Hughes and Justice Taft felt the temper of their respective times.

But their two points of view have differed for more fundamental reasons than this. Justice Taft had spent practically all his life in the service of the Federal Government. He was Solicitor General, Circuit Court judge in Ohio, Governor General of the Philippines, Secretary of War, and President. These long years of service for the Nation were bound to give him an extremely nationalistic approach to constitutional questions that came before him as Chief Justice. He was eminently fitted, by the subtle influences of public environment, to carry on in the tradition of John Marshall. And that tradition involved a definite eco-

nomic as well as political programme. The whole history of Federalism shows how closely political centralization is linked with economic individualism, with the right of private property to be free from the regulation of State governments.

JUSTICE HUGHES, on the other hand, was not confined to a strictly national point of view. As his public life had been divided between State and Nation, he could see both sides of the troublesome problems which our peculiar dual system of government engendered. Just before his first appointment to the Supreme Court, he had rendered able and public-spirited service as Governor of New York State. His duties had been performed with a fearlessness and independence of judgment that won him the admiration of even those industrial magnates who objected so strenuously to his creating a Public Service Commission to regulate great public utilities. As executive of a great State, in sympathy with the welfare work of his State legislature, he could appreciate the chagrin with which the body politic of the various States received the Supreme Court's pronouncements that their legislative acts were unconstitutional.

The Supreme Court's control over State legislation is derived from the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution: "Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." The use or abuse of this vague, general provision depends entirely upon the emphasis which the judges place upon the words "liberty" and "property." Under the leadership of Chief Justice Taft, the court placed a much higher value on those words, and interpreted the amendment more strictly than it did when Hughes was Associate Justice. It is significant that in the earlier era, the liberal Fourteenth Amendment views of Justice Holmes, in which Hughes usually joined, were, for the most part, the prevailing views of the court. There were not as many dissenting opinions then as there are now. But during the past nine years, Justice Taft and his conservative colleagues, all appointed by President Harding, have relegated Justice Holmes to the position of minority leader.

THERE were many important cases involving the validity of State laws during Hughes' justiceship and he solved them well, with an open-minded appreciation of the close connection between constitutional law and social progress. He invariably upheld the right of the States, under their inherent police power, to pass laws to secure the comfort and welfare of the common people.

In 1913 the Minnesota Rate Case called forth one of his greatest opinions. Stockholders of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroads had challenged the right of the State of Minnesota to establish transportation rates for commerce carried on within that State. They sought to annul the law on the ground that they were being deprived of property without due process, and that the regulation of *intra*state as well as *inter*state commerce was exclusively granted to the Federal Government by the Con-

stitution. Congress had not as yet regulated this transportation, and the State rates were the only controlling measures then in effect. Millions of dollars were involved in the suit, and among the array of eminent counsel retained by the railroad owners was Mr. Pierce Butler, who, as Mr. Justice Butler, has so often sided with Taft in later decisions of the court. Justice Hughes, in a hundred page opinion, decided against the claims of the stockholders, and upheld Minnesota's power to control the rates of a great railway system in the absence of any action by Congress.

IN 1914 the important question of the right of a State to regulate business enterprise came again before the court. The question here involved was whether the insurance business was sufficiently "clothed with a public interest" to be the subject of legislation. The Supreme Court, Hughes concurring, decided that it was so subject, and sustained the Kansas law which a large insurance company had attacked. This was a progressive decision, in keeping with the needs of an economic democracy, and one which augured well for future limitations on prices charged by other business enterprises of public concern.

But what happened when the later Supreme Court under Chief Justice Taft had the same constitutional problem to solve? Taft and his associates placed the wall of the Fourteenth Amendment around the liberal rule of the insurance case, and refused to let it spread. From 1927 on, governmental restraint on commercial projects was forbidden as working a deprivation of property "without due process of law."

Minnesota, for instance, had enacted a law designed to protect consumers against price abuses prevalent in the great dairy industry of that state. The Taft court threw out the Minnesota law; and a year later the New Jersey law, fixing the rates to be charged by private employment agencies in that state, met with the same fate. The effect of the employment agency decision was nationwide rather than local, and aroused a storm of hostile criticism throughout the country. For twenty-one States had similar statutes on their books in the hope of discouraging the abusive practices of the agencies — exorbitant fees, unsuitable jobs procured, fee-splitting with conniving employers, and fraud of all sorts. And all of these statutes were now automatically voided by the Taft court.

BESIDE the question of rate regulation, the many bitter struggles between capital and labor that came in time to be settled by the high tribunal were settled in vastly different ways by Justice Taft and by Justice Hughes. The legislature of California had enacted a humane Women's Eight Hour Labor Law. Louis D. Brandeis had assisted in preparing the law, and when it was challenged by employers in 1915, he defended it before the Supreme Court. Justice Hughes did not let a narrow construction of the Constitution prevent him from approving a statute whose social need was imperative. He realized that the Eighteenth Century doctrine of "liberty" of contract was a myth in an indus-

trial world where employers of labor held the upper hand in the bargaining. So he wrote an opinion upholding the vigorous plea of Attorney Brandeis that the California law be allowed to stand.

IN THE same year Justice Hughes showed his further sympathy with labor legislation by his dissent in the case of Coppage *v.* Kansas. Labor unions at that time were just beginning to show that good results could be obtained through organization, and their development was being bitterly opposed by industrial proprietors. It became the practice for employers to force their workmen to have no connection with labor unions under penalty of banishment from their only field of livelihood. To offset this, the Kansas legislature (and the legislatures of thirteen other States) had made it a criminal offense for any employer to require his employees not to become or remain a member of any union during the time of his employment. The validity of this statute was now questioned by an employer whose officious dealings had brought him under its ban. Justice Hughes argued strenuously that the Act was a valid exercise of the police power of Kansas, and should not be overthrown merely because it deprived industrial magnates of the privilege of dictating terms.

Justice Taft had similar problems to solve a few years later. On the question of protecting women workers, he took the same sympathetic view that Justice Hughes had taken. He dissented from the majority opinion which forbade Congress, acting as a State legislature for the District of Columbia only, to fix minimum wages for women. But, oddly enough, his liberalism stopped there. Congress had also enacted a national law placing a heavy tax on the products of child labor, in the hope of discouraging the evils of child labor. When this statute came before the Supreme Court, Taft led his colleagues in holding it unconstitutional. It was not, he said, within the power of Congress to invade a field which was the legitimate subject of State legislation. He thus gave a political rather than an economic reason for the court's failure to uphold such a desirable piece of social legislation. But, as the dissenting judges pointed out, the Commerce Clause of the Constitution had enabled Congress to make successful police regulations in moral matters — witness the Narcotic Act and the White Slave Act — and there was no reason why a regulation having humane economic consequences should be beyond its power.

THAT Justice Hughes is imbued with a spirit of democracy is brought out in several cases in which property disputes were only incidental. Consider the instances of unfair treatment of the Negro in the South, and of Mexican laborers in Arizona. Arizona, in 1914, limited by law the percentage of aliens that could be hired to do work in that State, in the face of the constitutional provision securing the equal protection of the laws to all persons, citizens and aliens alike. Justice Hughes wasted little time in voiding the restriction. Practically all the Southern States had "Grandfather Clauses" in their state Constitutions,

which required voters to possess either property or an ancestor who was entitled to vote at the close of the Civil War. This operated to prevent Negroes from voting. The Supreme Court, Hughes concurring, annulled the Oklahoma provision in 1915, and with it went the others. When Alabama authorities imprisoned a Negro farm hand because he owed money to an employer for whom he refused to work, Justice Hughes promptly threw out the law under which the Negro had been jailed, on the ground that it was a violation of the Thirteenth Amendment, directly protecting all persons against involuntary servitude. And when, in the celebrated Leo Frank case, the majority of the court approved the Georgia mock trial, in which Frank had been hurried to conviction and death sentence under the pressure of a mob bent on lynching him, Justice Hughes dissented vigorously, and voted to send the case back to the Georgia court with instructions to give the condemned man a new and fair trial.

In view of the present confusion concerning the Bill of Rights, occasioned by the determination of the Taft court to enforce the National Prohibition Law at all costs, it is pleasing to recall that Justice Hughes was always mindful of those great guarantees of personal liberty. Whenever the Bill of Rights was involved while he was on the bench, he saw that it got a fair deal. When a defendant in a criminal suit objected that he had been convicted on the strength of private papers seized without warrant, Hughes voted to reverse the conviction. When parties accused of committing unlawful acts in California, where they could not be reached, were put on trial in the District of Columbia for "conspiracy" to commit the crime, even though none of them had ever stepped out of California, Hughes dissented from the majority judges, who saw their way clear to impose upon the defendants a "constructive presence" in the District of Columbia. And it should not be forgotten that Justice Hughes, in private life once more after the war, denounced the flagrant violations of the Bill of Rights committed by federal officials in the Red-chasing campaigns of Attorney Generals Palmer and Daugherty.

Mindful ever of the relation between law and the social and economic needs of a great democracy, mindful of public sentiment and of the common man's sense of decency and fair play, Justice Hughes, we may feel sure, will now bring to the court a more even balance between conservative and liberal forces than it has recently had. The task before him is not an easy one. The political and economic predilections of judges are not readily changed, even by the efforts of an open-minded leader. And the precedent that has piled up in his absence from the bench is not to be lightly overthrown, even by liberal judges. But at least the country can be satisfied that the guiding hand of the future Supreme Court is that of a judge who knows and reveres the Constitution as it was, and as it was meant to be.

Sam Houston's Secret

By P. W. Wilson

Interpreting one of the most romantic mysteries in American history

To while away the terrors of an Arabian Night, Scheherazade devised a thousand tales of mystery and romance; and in the centuries that have elapsed since that empress of the imagination reigned supreme over the fascinated mind of her lord and master, it has been our custom to assume that anyone who wishes to be mesmerized by wonders and legends must be received at the courts of kings and queens, peer into secret passages, concealed cabinets and ominous oubliettes, and allow himself to scent the faint yet ferocious fragrance of oriental poisons. The idea that such romance, such mystery may have determined, let us say, the humdrum destinies of Texas and Tennessee — nay, of the United States herself — does not enter into our calculations. Is there not here a Government of the people, by the people, for the people? Is there not a Constitution, interpreted by a Supreme Court? What has the impulse of passion, the uncontrollable surge of sudden emotion, what have love, intrigue, jealousy, to do with a reign of law, thus orderly, thus public, thus democratic?

Sam Houston of Texas — a dozen times has he been described in biography. There is not one event of his life which is not in our histories. We know everything that happened, and yet — and yet — what *do* we know? We tell the truth — just so — but, as we tell it, the truth eludes us. Read everything that has been written about Sam Houston, and you will find that to this day, his secret has remained intact.

For beneath the virtues and vagaries of the Main Street amid which Sam Houston lived his life, there seems to have been some deep and unfathomed tragedy, stirring the very springs of that passion, that pain which floods the human heart. Look at him as he might be seen one day, just a hundred years ago. He was a man who had never set eyes on the gondolas of moonlit Venice or the seething bazaars of Bagdad. Tall, lithe and handsome, he is pacing a deck that is merely the prosaic deck of the steamer, *Red Rover*, plying on the Cumberland River. Passengers doubtless glanced at him; they had reason so to do. But not one of them suspected the storm that was

raging in Sam Houston's tumultuous breast. With his trained military tread, to and fro, he marched — to and fro, deciding in his mind whether, after all, it would not be best to jump overboard and end the matter, when suddenly from the forest, an eagle swooped over the ship, soared again to the sky, and left Sam, muttering to himself. "A great destiny," said he, quietly, "awaits me in the West"; and he decided that, after all, he would postpone his suicide.

The question is thus simple — what was it that had driven Sam Houston to such an extreme of desperation? He was a strong man. He was an able man. He was an ambitious man. Until recently he had been a successful man. What went wrong?

Let us begin by telling what every schoolboy knows already about the founder of Texas. At the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, Knoxville, then the capital of Tennessee, was still a village, struggling to prosperity on the frontier of the western spaces beyond. Among other settlers, there arrived one day a widow from Virginia, migrating with her brood of children in a wagon, drawn by a five-horse team. Her beliefs and her blood were Presbyterian, and one of her sons was this boy, Sam.

He was a boy with an individuality, and among the courageous acts recorded of him, was his insistence on reading the *Iliad* of Homer. They were days, moreover, when to play Red Indian was no game but a reality, and this youth would be found a truant among the Cherokees. Indeed, he was adopted as a son by the Cherokee chieftain, Oo-loo-te-ka, and received the name, Co-lon-neh, signifying the Raven. If Sam had lived today, it would have been recorded of him that he was an excellent Scout.

In his more civilized moods, Sam did a bit of teaching and then, at the age of twenty, enlisted in the army, fighting under Andrew Jackson at the Battle of Tallapoosa. There his Indian friends, happening to be foes, smote him with a barbed arrow. Peremptorily, he ordered a comrade to yank out the missile, and, in consequence, all but died from the loss of blood. In the British Army, he would have been awarded, doubtless, the Victoria Cross.

Sam's service in the army continued, and his immense force of character began to be apparent. He was employed in various negotiations with the Indians, had a little misunderstanding with the authorities at Washington over the smuggling of Africans through Spanish Florida, and so resigned his commission, after which strenuous adventures, he decided to settle down.

His liabilities were debts and the wound, his asset was the friendship, the respect of Andrew Jackson, and so burdened, so encouraged, he took up law. Owing to Jackson's influence in Tennessee, he was chosen to be a district attorney, then elected to Congress, and in 1827, on a vacancy occurring, he became Governor of Tennessee. The vote was 44,426 to 33,410, and it looked as if Sam, popular and successful, was heading straight for the White House. "He has the brightest future," said Andrew Jackson, "of any man I know."

Sam was then a man of thirty-five years. But he was still a bachelor and, for one already of Presidential timber, this was a disadvantage. "It may be," he wrote, "that I shall splice myself with a rib." A marriage, therefore, was arranged and duly celebrated. Eliza, daughter of Colonel John Allen of Gallatin in Tennessee, became the bride of Samuel Houston, the Governor. It was regarded as an admirable match. She was of excellent family and no less admirable were his position and his prospects. There was a somewhat hurried honeymoon, with the usual housekeeping to follow. So far as Tennessee was able to observe the situation, there was nothing to be noted.

He was an excellent Governor and he decided to stand for a second term. He was to have no walk-over but everything pointed to a fight which, if hard, would be victorious. Into that fight, Sam plunged. Around him, there rallied his supporters. Against him, there were mobilized his opponents.

THEN, like a bolt from the blue, the blow fell which drove Sam Houston to the verge of the abyss of despair. Tennessee was thunderstruck to learn that the Governor had resigned. His announcement offered no explanation and indicated that no explanation could be offered. But the news rapidly spread that, after a couple of months of married life, the bride, distressed and humiliated, had fled from her husband and sought refuge with her family.

At once, the populace jumped to the conclusion that the girl had suffered some grievous wrong, and if ever there were a villain of the piece, it seemed to be Sam Houston. Against the Governor, the community rose in its wrath, they burned him in effigy and, with but a few hours' delay, he left it all behind and escaped for his life beyond reach of Tennessee tongues, horsewhips, shotguns and pistols.

THIS was the moment when we see him aboard the *Red Rover*, pacing the deck like a trapped animal, his mind seething with thoughts of suicide. The soldier of proved audacity was fleeing like a fugitive from the scene of his influence and authority. It looked as if "the brightest future of any man" in the United States had been obliterated by a cloud of an inexplicable calamity.

He rejoined his Indian friends. He adopted their costume. He shared his wigwam with one of their women. He made his way into the Southwest and then, as the eagle had foretold, the new future began to develop. For Sam Houston, acting on his own initiative, led an army against Mexico, defeated the Mexican President, General Santa Anna, at the Battle of San Jacinto, organized the Lone Star State of Texas of which he himself was President, and finally added to the United States a territory of greater area than the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with Italy included, and also Switzerland. Shaggy and unkempt, he returned to Washington as Senator, was strongly mentioned for President, and dying, left behind him a name — perpetuated in the city of Houston — which today is a household word in America and, indeed, known throughout the world. It was at Houston, Texas, that for the first time a Roman

Catholic was, in due course, to be nominated as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Here, then, was a man who, in terms of Europe, would be called an Empire builder. He was a man who, by sheer force of an indomitable will, changed the map of the world and made the difference between peace and war. Yet, in the very prime of life, his career had been switched from the upgrade to the downgrade, and he had been plunged into what, at that time, was held to be irretrievable ruin. No Eve tempting her Adam, no Jezebel luring her Ahab, no Cleopatra betwitching her Antony, no Helen eloping with her Paris, has added to human annals a drama more compelling than this story of what a young woman of Tennessee did to a baffled bridegroom.

Now, if Robert Browning were still alive, this would be the kind of drama around which he would weave a *Ring and the Book*, and he would begin, surely, by building up the case against Sam Houston. After all, it is a plausible case. Here was Eliza Allen, with her great blue eyes and her golden hair, who had spent her eighteen years in a sheltered home. On this quiet, modest girl, living so demurely among the neighbors of Gallatin, there descended the huge Governor of Tennessee, standing six feet six inches in height, handsome, determined, ardent. "Two classes of people," said a lady of the period, "pursued Houston all his life — poets and ladies"; and yet, said Eliza to herself, he leaves Nashville behind him and rides a whole hour over the rough roads in order to visit "poor little me." The family approved the match, and one evening when the woods were aflame with autumnal tints, the eloquence which could move the Capitol, the law courts, and the crowds, swept Eliza clean off her feet and into her captor's arms. Too late did she learn what manner of man he really was. There was not a moment to be lost, and trembling, she made her dash for freedom and safety.

That is the indictment against Houston. It was the indictment that, apparently, he dared not face; it was the indictment which, unanswered, aroused Tennessee to paroxysms of indignation; and manifestly there was a good deal of circumstantial evidence to support it.

Sherlock Holmes is a detective who has proved to be immune to his own deaths, however violent, and we can imagine him nosing around Tennessee, picking up a clue here, a clue there, and so applying his deductions to the curious case of Sam Houston. Naturally, he visits the brick court house of Gallatin, disturbs the dust of a certain dark and neglected closet, and with blackened fingers examines the files of licenses and returns of marriages. He turns over the faded papers, once, twice, thrice; replaces the bundle, knits his brows. Was not a ceremony, purporting to be Sam's wedding with Eliza, duly performed on January 22, 1829, by the Rev. William Hume, Presbyterian, of Nashville, Tennessee? Surely. A hundred people saw it. Ten thousand read of it in the newspaper. Yet, in the little Court House, there appears to be a due

record of other weddings in Gallatin, but of this, the most fashionable of them all, not a word. *The legal certification has vanished.*

The researches of Sherlock Holmes continue. Here is a portrait of Samuel Houston. In *The Encyclopædia Americana*, a full page is devoted to the picture, and the great detective studies it. What does he perceive? On Houston's little finger he is wearing a signet ring, in which is set a stone. But what is this plain gold band that we see on the finger next to it? In size, it is a man's ring. But in simplicity, it is matrimonial. Is it true that Sam wore it to his dying day? *Is it true that, before he met Eliza, proposed to Eliza, married Eliza, that ring was on his finger, a bond from which he could not escape?*

ON THESE facts, what would be the deductions of the great detective? Would he not envisage Sam Houston's turbulent youth? Would he not emphasize the statement that, wherever he went, he was "pursued by poets and ladies?" How easy for this favorite of the fair sex to be entangled in what melodrama has called "a fatal wedding!" How tremendous the temptation, just before a gubernatorial contest, to forget the already forgotten affair of long ago! Then, the disclosure, the threat of the law, the flight, the acceptance of disgrace, the destruction of matrimonial documents that never had been worth the paper on which they were inscribed! Finally, we have this rake living, legally unmarried, with an Indian woman, Tiana Rogers, who bore him a family of children.

That Sherlock Holmes, with his clues, is clever, all of us will be prepared to admit. The question is, however, whether cleverness, tested as history, carries conviction. Take the plain gold ring. Undoubtedly, it is significant — very significant indeed. But has Sherlock Holmes rightly interpreted its significance? Certainly, it was worn on the third or marriage finger. But we notice that it was also worn on the right, not the left, hand. It looked like a wedding ring, but was it? It would have been, surely, a strange lapse of shrewdness on the part of a scheming politician, proposing to consummate an illegal and, indeed, a criminal marriage, if he had flaunted before the world, including the bride and her family, so manifest a proof of his earlier embarrassment.

Again, is it quite certain that Sam Houston abstracted and destroyed the record of his marriage with Eliza Allen? Is there not some other fact that may explain this strange omission from the archives of Gallatin? Years after his flight from Tennessee and his separation from his wife *Houston divorced Eliza.* The divorce was opposed and fully argued and it was for these proceedings doubtless, that the marriage certificate had to be produced. Apparently, it was not returned to the Court House of Gallatin.

DURING those proceedings for divorce, there was no suggestion that Sam's marriage with Eliza was other than valid. No critics could have been more acrid than Sam's, yet never did they suggest that he had attempted the offense of bigamy. The very fact that, during the period of his legal marriage with Eliza,

he did not undergo a formal ceremony of marriage with his Indian spouse, Tiana Rogers, suggests that he was aware of his position under the law. Indeed, the reason that he gives for the divorce is that, without it, "legal impediments lay in the way of my union with any lady." So much for that.

With Sherlock Holmes dismissed from the scene, we take it for granted that the wedding of Sam and Eliza was entirely in order. But this clearance of the evidence only deepens the subsequent mystery. Why did the marriage break down? What was this that Sam was wearing that caused him such lifelong trouble? One theory is that the entire business was exaggerated. In the Allen family, the accepted tradition, as recorded, seems to be that the domestic catastrophe was due to the usual reason, called incompatibility. A brother of Eliza, Judge Benjamin F. Allen, was actually living in the year 1908, and he wrote:

> There was no mystery or romance about the separation. Like many other married couples, they were not congenial.

Eliza was "very much attached" to her Sam but could not put up with his jealousy and want of refinement.

IT HAS to be made clear that Judge Allen was only three years old when his sister separated from her husband and that it was seventy-nine years later that he jotted down his impressions. Was it merely a tiff of jealousy, was it merely Sam's rough wooing, that drove this simple innocent girl, who was really much attached to him, into an ostentatious desertion of her husband, at the very crisis of his public career, so driving him out of polite society into the ostracism of an Indian wigwam? After all, that was not a lover's quarrel. It was an assassination, and a girl who thus ruins a man's life has to give reasons. For political as for corporal homicide, the only valid excuse is self-defense, and Eliza has yet to show that self-defense was her pretext.

WAS Sam such a villain? His grave and dignified letters do not suggest it, and, significant to relate, Eliza herself — his quivering victim — does not seem to have thought it. This quiet, inscrutable girl who fled so hastily from a husband who, whatever his faults, worshipped the ground on which she trod, found soon enough that life was lonely without him. In due course, we see her pacing the garden and begging her family to bring him back again. It is quite true that, in his loneliness, Sam turned to Tiana Rogers, his Indian girl. But it is also true that his union with Tiana, though irregular, was loyally observed on both sides. After Tiana's death, and after his divorce from Eliza, the alleged brute — then a man of forty-seven years — felt free to go to Marion, Alabama, and seek the hand of a gracious young girl, called Margaret Lea. "He has won my heart," said she, of the hero of San Jacinto, and no one could argue over that. With the husband whom Eliza Allen found to be a monster, Margaret Lea, as his second legal wife, lived happily ever after. To complete the story, one may add that Eliza, also using her liberty, accepted the hand of a rich planter and so found consolation.

On these facts, it seems as if Sam had been as much sinned against as sinning, and yet it must be confessed that to those who would defend him, he does not offer much assistance. To his dying day, Houston refused absolutely to utter one single word, whether in public or in private, that would really explain that sudden disaster to his fortunes. So impenetrable was his secrecy that years after the event, it stood every test, however exacting.

On May 9, 1840, the community of Marion, Alabama, was in something of a flutter. At the residence of the Lea family, a band was playing and guests were arriving. It happened to be the day of Sam's marriage with the fair Margaret. To the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, Margaret's kinsfolk had their doubts as to the wisdom of the match. How could Margaret entrust her future to a man so much older than herself, a rover of Houston's record? The marriage — they said — would not last six months, and as a last effort to save the girl from her fate, a relative of the bride, with the minister actually waiting, accosted the bridegroom with an ultimatum. Unless his separation with Eliza Allen were satisfactorily explained, said this emissary, the wedding would not proceed. To this ultimatum, Houston replied haughtily, "I have nothing to add to what I have already said. If you insist that I shall speak, call your fiddlers off."

It is true that the family accepted the situation, that the fiddlers went on fiddling, and that Beauty was wed to the Beast. Yet the fact remains that, threatened with a second scandal, the loss of a second bride, the endurance of a second and intensified humiliation, General Houston refused to disclose his secret even by a syllable. What was it that tied his tongue? The fact of the ring? But how could a ring exercise such a spell over his tongue?

With mere reticence, indeed, he did not rest satisfied. It was not only that, by maintaining silence, he refrained from defending himself. He pushed things to a further extreme. Never under any circumstances, would he permit so much as a suggestion of a hint to be uttered in his hearing against his first wife, Eliza. On rare occasions his friends would be so indiscreet as to forget his feelings and pass some comment on the past. They did not make the mistake a second time. "Whoever dares say a word against Eliza," declared Sam, on such an occasion, "shall pay for it."

Is it any wonder then, that, after a whole century of speculation, this romantic riddle is still unread? She loved him not, yet she loved him. He longed for her, yet would not have her. What we have to unravel is no crude plot, leading to guilty or not guilty, but a complicated tangle of torn heartstrings, a rent fabric of love that failed, so sensitive even to a trembling touch that it turns to sheer torture. Let us tell the story, then, in our own way and, in the telling, unfold one of the most subtle series of human mishaps to be found whether in fact or fiction.

Shy and sheltered, yet proud of her "quality," the maiden, Eliza Allen of Gallatin, wakes up one morning to find that her betrothal to this great

big boy of a Sam Houston is no dream, not even a nightmare, but a promise to marry. Proud of her man? Of course, she is proud of him! Why not? Is he not a giant in stature? Is not his brain as big as his body? Do not his lips flow with eloquence? Is not the unhealed wound on his shoulder ever to be tended by gentle hands as the glorious record of an imperishable patriotism?

Yet even her Sam must not suppose that he was his Eliza's only suitor. No, no, she was a débutante of the aristocracy, and at dances she stood in no need of partners. To Sam, she had surrendered; but Sam, had he not been so happy, might have suffered a twinge of jealousy. However, he was to take his Eliza, not only for better or worse. He took her also for granted, and could not imagine a world without her. If she was a little silent, how did that detract from her unexplored loveliness? It enhanced her with the charm of a shrine.

So the day of days approached and needles plied silken threads through seams of satin. But amid the cake and comfits, did it not dawn on Eliza's mind that all kinds of affairs were beginning to develop around her own personal drama of domestic happiness? Did not this quiet girl in her teens think that it might be time to put two and two together? And do not two and two sometimes add up to five?

In the wicked old world of Europe, princesses are brought up under the idea that it will be their fate to be married by treaty and sacrificed to the superior ends of diplomacy. But in the State of Tennessee, who would dare to suggest that the altar of Hymen was merely an anvil on which broken hearts were to be welded by the hammer of politics? Such a notion had seemed to be unthinkable and yet — and yet — there were whispers. "Are you quite sure, my dear, that Sam Houston is really marrying you for your own sake?" Yes, she was quite sure. The dignified old dowagers smiled. Eliza Allen would see.

While Eliza was studying her Sam, and at intervals — when a change of thought was refreshing — pitying Sam's rival, everybody else was talking politics. Doubtless, the politics of Tennessee were no more than a storm in a teacup, but, after all, it was the ladies, including Eliza, whose soft fingers poured out the tea. The big people in the State, as everybody knew — the people who for years has been running things — were the Carrolls, and William Carroll had been Andrew Jackson's right-hand man. For three terms, he had been Governor of Tennessee, and the only reason why he was not a governor for a fourth term had been the law, which did not permit it. This was the reason, the only reason, why Sam had been chosen to provide a kind of legal interregnum. It was a mere formality and, in due course, Carroll would return to the office and hold it again for as long a period as, once more, the law permitted. While Houston strolled with Eliza through the autumnal woods, this was, officially, the prospect.

For Sam's bright future, such a prospect may not have been too flattering. He was merely the warm-

ing pan for better people than himself. But at least, it meant that Sam was Sam and that Eliza was Eliza, each dependent on the other alone, neither calculating chances and indulging in ambitions. As long as Sam had to face retirement, love could be supreme.

But with the betrothal announced, there began to be rumors. Would this man, Houston, retire as expected in favor of the Carrolls? Was he not preparing, on the contrary, to double cross the Carrolls? Had not Andrew Jackson himself thrown over the Carrolls, in order to back Sam Houston? In the camp of the Carrolls, Sam began to be suspected as the traitor, meditating the ultimate crime of politics — a split in the machine.

THE Allens and the Carrolls may have had different ideas of the governorship, but they belonged to the same caste, and Eliza could not but hear all sides. "Of course, my dear, I do not want to wound your feelings but I must say that Governor Houston . . ." such was the vitriol distilled on her withering orange blossoms. She who had supposed herself to be queen of the chess board, standing by her king, discovered that, with the king in check, she was merely an intercepting pawn. What hurt her most was their pity — their exaggeration of the snake in the grass into a boa constrictor, waiting to gobble her up. Like Andromeda, she would not have objected to the excitement of being rescued. Chained near her dragon, she found it chilly.

On the very eve of her wedding, the stroke fell. The press hinted that at the next election Governor Houston would be a candidate. At least, so she pouted, Sam's rival would never have treated their honeymoon as an astute move in a political campaign. Her grave, sad demeanor let it be known that Sam had given her reason to be upset, and it was as a martyr to her pledges that, with downcast eyes, Andromeda glided passively to the altar. Her hands trembled and that night she and her Sam rested apart.

A day or two later, there was snow on the ground. A couple of merry girls were pelting the Governor and someone suggested to Eliza that she go to his assistance. "I wish," said she, "they would kill him. Yes, I wish it from the bottom of my heart." Such was the mood of one, forty-eight hours a bride! How could he have the temerity to be snowballing before breakfast! The unfeeling wretch! "I love him because I hate him," said she of her Chocolate Soldier, "and I hate him because I love him."

TO THE Governor, Eliza was an absolute possession. True, her value was above all price. But, though priceless, she was his alone. There might be kingdoms still to conquer, but there must be no king save Sam Houston. His career to be considered? But his career was her career. If she was an advantage to him, what of it? Their advantages were pooled — "by just exchange the one to the other gives."

Around the Governor's mansion there raged furiously the subterranean roar of suppressed intrigue. To Sam, it was obvious that Eliza must listen alone to his side of the

business. But the very walls were a whispering gallery, and Eliza, so quiet, kept on saying to herself that Sam's rival would never have exposed her to all this unpleasantness. Toward Sam, her countenance was correct, her demeanor calm. He was very much occupied and decided against hurrying her. He had won every battle he had fought. In due time, he would win Eliza.

HOUR by hour, the electricity accumulated. Sam's candidature was admitted and announced. What did he care if she approved or not? He took her approval, as he had taken herself — for granted. Then, one gray day, a terrific flash of lightning burst from the clouds. In an instant, it was over. But it left them both blinded and sundered forever. Did he surprise her reading letters? So runs the legend. Certainly he demanded loyalty, and, at the very suggestion, she was transformed to flame. Loyalty! Who was he to insinuate that she had been disloyal?

Years later he assured his Margaret that he never did insinuate it, but of what use was that? It was not his words but her understanding of them that mattered. If, to him, loyalty meant politics, to her loyalty meant reputation, and she it was who spread the slander that he so vehemently repudiated. Andromeda was now petrified to marble and Sam's protestations on his knees, his appeal to her father, neither moved nor warmed the statue of injured innocence. She flaunted in his face her interrupted love, if it really deserved the name of love, for another; heartbroken he left her that evening in her room; returning later, he discovered to his horror that she had gathered up a few things and slipped away in the darkness.

The Carrolls had triumphed and they made sure of the fruits of their victory. They saw to it that no reconciliation should be possible. Pawn or queen, they had captured the decisive piece on the chessboard and such a move must be checkmate.

It was stunned by this blow that Houston staggered away from Tennessee, so tragic a spectacle of unutterable agony. Why did he not speak? Why did he not defend himself? How could he speak without admitting that he was charged with slandering the girl? He might have repudiated the charge with all his energy. But there would still have been those who would have said that such a thing is only hinted when there are reasons for the hint, and at the merest suggestion of that kind, Sam's ring seemed to tighten around his finger.

WHY did he not return to Eliza when she wanted him? Well, he did return! There are pathetic rumors of his quixotic devotion to his young wife, how one day a tall man in disguise asked to see her, was recognized at once, but talked as strangers talk, only feasting his hungry eyes on her face.

Think of his feelings as he sat with her in the parlor! One word of forgiveness from her lips would have thrown him once more to his knees. But she would not say the word. She recognized him. He knew that he was identified. Yet with grave courtesy she held out her hand, a cool hand, and as he said

good-bye, it was the last time that he touched her.

Still was he hungry for a sight of her. One day an old slave, making some excuse, asked her to come to his patch of garden. As she stood there talking to the negro, it never occurred to her that the man had been bribed by Sam Houston — still less, that in the slave's cabin, hard by, Sam was lying concealed in order that he might see her and hear her voice. Never again were they together.

If only she had responded to his appeal! But when she had come to appreciate his worth, and wanted him back, it was too late. He had let her see him face to face. She had let him leave her. If she would not return to him without conditions, he declined to negotiate for her through her embittered family.

That he quailed under the ordeal, is only too probable. Few men, if any, have ever endured a test of chivalry, thus prolonged. But through all his trials, there was that bond on his finger which seemed at times to burn to the very bone. What was this ring, inseparable from his life, which seemed to fetter his very speech? Who had given him the ring — lest he forget — lest he forget? It was a woman.

Eliza Allen, with her blue eyes, Tiana Rogers, with her dark skin and soft subservient speech, and Margaret Lea, with her glorious faith in him — they were not the only women in his life. There was a fourth — the woman whose blood ran in his veins, to whose eyes, at the dawn of life, his own had awakened in amazement, by whose hand his steps had been guided — the mother who bore him. She it was whose unconquerable will had bound that gold circlet around his very being until it became, for him, the horizon beyond which, however far he travelled, he could never escape. It was a ring with a secret — a deep and a rare secret — engraven within it like a talisman — the essential password to a mother's proud heart. On the day when, as a young man, Sam had left his home for the wars, this woman, nurse of a hero, had shown him the secret word within the ring and had pressed the ring on his finger. "If" she had said, "you ever forget that word, do not darken my doorstep again"; and never did he forget it.

In battle, the word flamed before his eyes. In administration, the word shone from documents on his desk. Among the Indians, the word was his bond. Love itself might rend his heart, but the word was still legible in his character and conduct. When he strode, to and fro, on that boat, the *Red Rover*, meditating suicide, all was lost except the word in the ring — all was lost save honor.

One Grasshopper's Burden

By Marion Grubb

Being excerpts from a Public School Teacher's Diary

September 2

I was born a grasshopper; but the malice of circumstances has made me a teacher in the public schools, where ants are the chosen people, and grasshoppers survive only by evolution ant-ward. I can feel myself growing every day more solemn, more efficient, more absorbed in carrying grains of sand long distances. Pretty soon nobody, not even a professor of pedagogy from a teachers' college, will be able to find anything in me that is not authentic ant.

Tomorrow I begin work in another public school — a junior high school. I have seen it. There are brick walks in a pattern around a flagstaff and a fountain, and dreadful geometrical flower beds that look like chromo-lithographs. My classroom frankly terrifies me; it looks like the office of a fat man with an elk's tooth on his watch chain. There is a yellow oak desk in a yellow oak room, with yellow oak filing cabinets. The desk chair is too tall, and the desk top is too wide. What will become of me if I have to sit at that desk in that room making little notes on little cards? My brains are getting fuzzy already.

I am to have six classes a day of second year English — six hours of saying the same words over and over! I may not choose my own texts or my own methods; I must use the city plans, carefully arranged so that a supervisor may know to a sentence what each teacher is doing every hour of the day. The first text listed is *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, and I must talk about it six times a day, for an hour at a time! There are workmen in Ford's factories who put in bolt number 21 all day long and every day. I am told that in time they come to prefer that to less monotonous tasks. Shall I ever, I wonder, come to prefer chromo-lithographic flower beds to real roses and tiger lilies?

November 20

Our factories for dehumanization are doing a thorough job. Why doesn't some expressionist write a play about the school machine? If he really knew what he was talking about, it would equal the *R. U. R.* and the *Adding Machine* in cold ferocity. A child was burned to death last month; the teacher went on calling his name from her roll for weeks before she knew. Another child got into a difficulty with a hall monitor:

he would not answer when reproved. The monitor took him to the school office. The child was still dumb, and the situation seemed serious, when the little fellow wrote on a slip of paper, "Send for Mr. McAllister." They marvelled, but they sent for the principal. He told me about it. "As soon as I came in," he said, "the boy could talk. You see the little chap stutters, and when he is frightened, he can't say a word. I happen to like Jimmy and he — well, he's rather fond of me." Mr. McAllister seems to be the only man in the school who is not machine-made.

ANOTHER time a youngster was haled into the principal's office for grinning in class. Nobody knew, it seems, that he had facial paralysis. When one of the teachers, a fine, useful woman, died, the official bulletin read: "No Glee Club practice this morning. Miss Blank is dead." Telephone for a substitute; don't let the machinery stop. No cog is important enough to waste an hour upon. Standardization is the thing. You can't be standardized and human. Forget it! Put in bolt number 21.

Names and numbers, names and numbers, tests, scores, totals; personality condensed to a note on a filing card. "The greatest system of public schools in the world, the biggest and best!"

A few years more of it, and I shall go mad. I can not take any of it seriously: all these names, numbers, cards, are like some stupid indoor game devised by a humorless parent for a not-too-clever child.

I have asked for a change of work. Mr. McAllister, the principal, is young enough to be willing to experiment. He has agreed to let me have ten classes of composition twice a week. I have a notion that he thinks me mad as a hatter for wanting to increase the difficulty of my task. Nobody else, it appears, has *ever* asked for composition. No matter. It is a live subject. Even a cast-iron curriculum and State-furnished text-books can not quite kill it. And I like it. I like to read themes; they do not bore me. I shall like industrial boys, too; they will have something to say for themselves. I shall learn to know them, make friends with them, I hope. There, I am actually *happy* at the prospect of reading a hundred and fifty blotted and ill-spelled themes a day.

December 10

I HAVE made a genuine discovery. Teaching composition to boys is great fun. I am getting from it, too, some vicarious living — little-boy living, full of romance and adventure. These youngsters are all Robinson Crusoes. They are creating their world out of the most unpromising materials. Those who think that English composition is an academic subject only distantly related to life should see these boys planning and executing their themes. English composition may be, I believe, the most useful, the most cultural course in the school programme; it has tentacles that reach out into every corner of life. It's a responsibility for the teacher, but great fun. I'm glad I found it.

January 8

Of all the squirming, riotous youngsters I try to teach, Billy

Boyle, a stocky little chap with a head like a copper kettle, is my favorite. I have a genuine affection for every freckle on his round, snub-nosed face.

It is not because he is good that I love him. Hot water is his native element. Only last week he was paddled by the principal for having played truant the day before. He had "snuck out" the back door of the gymnasium, it seems, walked down the river-bank to the car-line and "snuck in" to see Tom Mix. He informed me he had played truant; but he told me in a composition, and I never betray composition confidences.

That had been a wonderful movie; Tom Mix had gone hand-over-hand across a deep ravine on a "teeny little rope no bigger than a clothes line." The principal had caught Billy at the movies and paddled him later, but the show had been worth it. The next week Billy was absent. Felix Kaminsky told me he had broken his arm: "You know that day he got paddled for playin' hook' an' goin' to the show? Well, him an' me thought we'd like to do what Tom Mix done. We copped our mothers' clothes-lines an' took 'em up to Buttermilk Falls. We tied 'em together tight, an' lashed one end to a tree, an' then we waded across the river an' tied the other end to a good-sized tree over there. The rope was good an' tight, but I was afraid to try when I saw how rocky that crick was; the water was low. Billy, he'll try anything. He was 'most half-way 'cross when the rope come in two, an' he fell on them rocks. That's how he broke his arm."

Billy is no student. His themes are usually late and always blotted. He dreams over *Monte Cristo* when he should be doing algebra. Instead of making a graph for civics, he writes lists of colorful names from tales of adventure or from the movies. He doesn't mind if I look over his shoulder in study-hour (we are great friends), and I sometimes see in florid capitals a page like this:

DEAD MAN'S ISLAND
THE MAN IN THE RED MASK
THE RED MESA
BAR X RANCH
ALI, THE MYSTERY DOG
FOUND IN A SEA-CHEST
THE GOLDEN SNAKE
PIRATE HOARDS

Not one of Billy's books is clean, although he uses them little. All his English texts (school property) are illustrated with india-ink drawings made in "Mechanical." One day I borrowed his copy of *The Lady of the Lake* and opened it at the Loch Katrine passage. Below, a small boat was putting out from a willow-grown shore. There were shields, swords, coats-of-arms, scattered up and down the margins. All this interest, and yet Billy never by any chance has a good lesson; he's always behind or away on before; the lesson for the day offers no attraction. Never was there such an exasperating little boy. Why do I love him? He is mischievous and idle; he is unpunctual and disorderly. He is almost a horrible example; and yet, because he is a rebel and a romantic, because the ideal will always be real to him, because he is just the kind of child I

used to be, I love him. I hope *he* will never evolve into an ant.

January 26

I AM always delighted to meet my forty-two irrepressible industrials at the third period. We keep the door "tight shut" to avoid shocking the less lively. Yesterday fat Dan Schnabel was on his feet as soon as I opened the door:

"Kin I tell about the skunk family me'n Jim found last night? A grown-up skunk and a whole parcel of little ones tip-toeing across the road as *cute!*"

"I went to court last week to be a witness. Wouldn't you like me to tell about it? I was some scared when that cop took my name." This from Mike.

"*Lemme* tell about the dead man we found in the old stone quarry. Only his boots sticking out o' them leaves, and when me'n Jack —"

"There, boys; that will *do*. Pass up your papers."

The tumult subsided only a little, while clumsy, dirty fingers salvaged papers from over-flowing note-books. It began again as they sent their papers along the line:

"Huh, *you* got no *margin!*"

"Take that *back* and put your name on it, dumb-bell."

"Look at that big blot! *She* won't have no blots."

Meanwhile I was finding the place in my book. I was going to read them *The Mountain Whippoorwill*. There was hardly a sound while I was reading — only smiles, eager eyes, an occasional indrawn breath. Lanky William's fiery head kept time to the fiddle. Stephen Cazellag, the fair-haired Hungarian boy who plays his 'cello in a movie orchestra, smiled a little far-away smile, and his delicate fingers moved absently on his desk. When I had finished reading, there was a short pause; then big Barry Mahoney burst out:

"Is that the same feller that wrote *The Hemp?* He kin *write*, believe me!"

"Did you bring those pirate pictures from *The New York World*, Miss Grubb? You said *I* could have 'em, didn't you?" Mike grinned at Isadore.

"And the Belgian stamps: *they're* mine!" Isadore put out a red tongue.

"I have enough for both, and some French stamps. Tell me your adventures of the week, and we'll get ready to write them."

"Lemme write about the second pirate."

"My uncle had a upset with his milk-wagon this morning, and I helped him. A motor-bus hit him an' knocked him over in the snow."

"Two-three of us went muskrat huntin' Wednesday. We're curing the skins."

"My brother shot a deer up beyond Shaffer's ice-dam. Lemme tell about a deer-drive."

"Jim and me rode ice-blocks all down the creek. We had poles —"

THERE was a knock at the door. "Miss Grubb, will you please send to the office all the Sixes who have not been examined by Dr. Thurston? — fifteen at a time, please."

"We had poles — "

"Certainly. Go, boys — first fifteen."

They went out, shuffling, pushing, muttering. Fat Dan Schnabel's protest was a stage whisper: "Oh, *hell!*"

That's the sort of interruption that is constantly occurring, an interruption caused by organization. We must have tooth clinics, eye clinics; we must have movies to show the use of the toothbrush. We must write themes suggested for us by the American Legion, the Anti-Saloon League, the Red Cross, the Chamber of Commerce, themes utterly valueless because the subjects do not link up with the children's own lives. All this is in the name of progress. The teacher who protests is not a patriot.

February 6

ADVERTISING, it seems, is the fluid that moves the wheels of progress. Today just as the class was well-launched in punctuation exercises, Mr. McAllister, the principal, tapped at my door and sheepishly presented a professor of education from the university.

"I have been telling Mr. Somers that we make a specialty of English composition," Mr. McAllister began, "He has read the report you gave me of your work, and he wants to see you in action."

"How do you do, Mr. Somers? The paper Mr. McAllister spoke of was a literary effort. We don't do half those things I related so glibly; we only try to do them. And paper school children are much easier to manipulate than the flesh-and-blood kind."

"That doesn't matter."

"You can't expect me to live literature on a rainy Monday afternoon; and really, I am afraid a punctuation drill is very dull for a visitor."

"Oh, never mind that. Just go on with what you were doing."

I could have murdered Mr. McAllister. "Go on!" He would have been shocked to death if we had gone on as we do when professors of education aren't present. I did not dare invent sentences from the movies, or quote from the children's themes — they are always skinning snakes or trapping skunks; occasionally they describe the gory scene of an accident. I cudgelled my brains for lady-like sentences. No good. A few minutes ago we had been having a jolly time punctuating Mike O'Halloran's everyday conversation. He talked and we punctuated — and laughed. It would never do to let Mike talk for a professor of education. He wouldn't, anyhow; he was already turning shy and tongue-tied, like his teacher. The class had just handed in papers — the week's adventures. We'd better stop punctuating and read them.

ERNEST Buterbaugh could be depended upon. He ran true to form, with his mule train:

"Uncle was not in the shanty, and so I hopped on a mule train and started on a long ride to the other end of the mine to look for him. The cold air of the mine after the June sunshine chilled me to the bone. The smell of sulphur hit my nose like a bullet. As I went farther into the mine lights began to pop up from every little opening and side track, and water began to dribble from the roof. Little ditches and gutters led the water to the pumps and then to the entrance. Steam rolled from the back of the mule, and rose from all the puddles. As I passed through the small openings to the pits I could feel the smooth coal. The mule

trudged along over the ties and soft mud, making every step securely. The train of mule cars plunged its way through three more openings to the very end of the mine, and then I hopped off to look for my uncle, for whom I had made that long, hobble-jobble ride through the mine."

Obviously the visitor did not care for mules and mines. He was bored.

Alexander Woyjick began: "At last a car came along. He was going about three blocks from our home. He tooked us to a hotel and was very nice to we — "

ONLY the professor of education looked horrified; not a child blinked. The little fellow went on reading proudly with his funny blond cowlick sticking straight up on the crown of his head and a broad black smear across his button nose. I was dumb.

Felix Kaminsky came next, a little square chap, with a tousled black head and a wide slow grin.

"Me'n Angelo got ready early that mornin' 'cause we was goin' fishin'. I copped a tin of beans and a slice of pie, an' Angelo he fetched along two big boxes of sardines. Afore we got to the crick, I killed a great big snake that Angelo never even seen."

Felix looked up and smiled broadly. A front tooth was missing — since yesterday. Mr. Somers smiled back. I liked him better after that. But Mr. McAllister was nervous; it was not the first time I had disgraced him. He manœuvred his guest to the door. When they had bowed themselves out, the children relaxed with a long sigh and a giggle.

"That was a nice man." Felix was still beaming. "He liked my story."

"Men are always nicer than ladies. 'Member that lady who came last week? She didn't like nothin' we did; she said 'We don't do it that way in Altamont.'"

"Yes, an' she said 'Do you allow such language as this to go uncorrected?' 'Why that boy' — it was me she meant — 'said "hot-dog" and "cop" — and "tin Lizzie".' If I can't say them words, I gotta quit talkin'."

"Exactly. Never mind, Felix; Miss Braithewaite teaches girls. Come on, Mike; where did you leave off?"

"The first day I got my gun, I shot a big hole in my mother's dishpan. . . . "

"Comma after gun."

"My next gun was a .22 rifle — "

"Aw heck! You ain't got no rifle!"

"Well, smarty, what if I ain't? I'm a-teachin' you to comma, ain't I?"

The bell rang and the class tumbled out, Jack and Mike still squabbling. Nobody had learned anything but the teacher; she had acquired the verb "to comma".

March 26

THE coming of spring has raised my spirits. This morning it poured, but I walked through a carnival of color: umbrellas and raincoats were going to school, too. Just ahead of me swayed purple and gray-green, frosted like the bloom on October grapes. On the corner two tall yellow slickers stood talking to a scrap of green under a twirling umbrella. The pavement was gay with moving discs. If one screwed up one's eyes, it looked rather like confetti magnified. Powder-blue and mahogany dived into a corner fruit-store.

Kelly green was carrying vermilion's books. Roly-poly scarlet raced recklessly ahead, collided with pumpkin yellow, sprawled, books flying, picked himself up, and trotted on, mud-spattered, to school. The entrance was a harlequinade of gay-colored garments, with umbrellas and parasols bobbing and straining in the wind like a leash of toy balloons. Toned, harmonized by the warm soft rain, sharp colors were softened, hard edges removed. Why doesn't somebody *paint* umbrellas and rain-coats going to school?

I am afraid this is not ant-ly observation. I have spent, to be sure, a long winter in the ant-hill, being disciplined; and for a time I was so cold and starved that I really thought I had turned into an ant. Now that the winter is gone, however, it is a relief to find that I'm only a thawing grasshopper after all, and just as undisciplined as ever. Really, I must see that something is done about those flower beds. I might bribe the gardener to let me dig in them myself. *My* tulips won't look like British grenadiers!

The Explanation

By Mary Lindsley

His little sister entered last of all,
With wondering eyes that knew no cause of sorrow,
Save broken dolls or lessons for tomorrow.
On this strange holiday, she tiptoed, tall
With self-importance. Clustered on the wall,
The Raphael cherubs crowded close to borrow
Her earthly warmth; and hung there in a narrow
Straight shaft of light which some lost world let fall.

Shy in our presence, now, she would not speak,
But wrapped our dresses 'round her like a cloud.
We bade her lay a rosebud by his cheek;
And told her then to what dark power we bowed.
She kissed him presently; but when a streak
Of sunlight touched his face, she laughed aloud.

What Kansas Thinks of Prohibition

By Clyde M. Reed
Governor of Kansas

The Chief Executive of the Sunflower State replies to our offer to publish his side of the case, following the controversy aroused by Jay House's article in our pages

Prohibition came into the United States as a moral issue. It will stay and grow stronger and more effective as the years go by, because this moral issue is supported by economic and industrial demands. Hard-headed thinkers on problems of public weal give some consideration to the moral phase of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, but they are more and more placing their support of that policy upon the hardest and soundest economic fact — a befuddled brain can not do a good day's work.

In the beginnings of the Prohibition movement, particularly in Kansas, where I have first-hand knowledge covering nearly all of the period, the economic side of the movement excited no particular interest among its most ardent supporters. Those who urged the abolition of the saloon and of the free movement of liquor among the people stressed the debauchery, the squalor, the crime and the degradation of the addicts of liquor and their families as the chief reasons why the traffic should be banned.

They met with some success, and are entitled to approbation for standing solidly and unflinchingly against the popular belief. There were martyrs to the cause of Prohibition because it was based largely upon moral grounds. It was not until they were joined by the economic forces of this country that the programme had any possibility of continued and general success and became a nation-wide instead of a local matter.

The real decline of the saloon, the distillery and the brewery began at the uncharted point in our history when some railroad operating official took a drunken brakeman from a train and sent him home with a remark that I imagine was something like this:

"There are two hundred people on this train and thousands of dollars in property. We can't take

chances of a clouded mind killing a single man, woman or child or destroying a dollar's worth of property."

It was the American railroads which, I believe, drove the first nails into the coffin of John Barleycorn. They didn't do it for sentimental or moral reasons, but for strictly business reasons. It has been fully thirty years since the last American railroad joined in the rule that no operating employee could take a drink of liquor either on or off duty.

You seldom hear any railroad man talking about his personal liberty being destroyed by the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Those who operate the trains on our great railroad systems have been on the water wagon so long that the prattlings of the beer barons and rum runners, and those wet newspapers which see nothing good coming from Prohibition, cause them only smiles and a feeling of contentment. These men know that long years ago their predecessors learned, at great cost, that high speed, on-time, safe and dependable movement of trains, required a clear head and steady muscles to maintain the pace. A drink or two, and a good job was gone forever. A railroad man with drinking proclivities was anathema to every operating official in the country.

Following the railroads came the industrial leaders, who saw in the future high speed machines and tremendous production without material increases in man-power. These men, by bitter experience, learned that a man with a clouded brain was dangerous to have around high speed machinery. He was dangerous to himself. The employer may not have thought much of that, but a man with a clouded brain was a menace to his fellow employees and to the plant.

Then the employers began calling in their foremen and directing them that any man who came to work with the earmarks of a drinking spree be kept out of the factory. At first they permitted the man to be shunted off to less dangerous work, where he could not hurt himself or his fellows. Later they got rid of him entirely. There are any number of factories which have as absolute a prohibition against liquor among the operating employees as the railroads. There are any number of factories in this country which have men at the gates, or have the foremen of the gangs watch each man as he goes to work, and any man that enters the plant who shows signs of having been out late the night before is not allowed to work with machinery. A sleepy brain and a drink-brain are much the same in a factory. They do not function properly. The man may lose a hand or an arm or his life; he may cause the death of others and the wrecking of valuable machinery and the slowing down, possible closing down, of an entire plant.

That is why railroads and industry and the financial institutions have put into force much more rigid prohibition against liquor than even our Government or the most rabid of the Prohibition States. It wasn't upon moral grounds that they acted. It was purely upon selfish, economic grounds that they established Prohibition and have made it stick in their own organizations. There are

some instances, I suspect, in which industrial leaders have actually and rigidly enforced Prohibition among the employees in their plants and then stood upon the housetops and shouted the evils of governmental prohibition of the liquor traffic.

OTHER countries are joining against the liquor traffic. Only last week there came into my hands a report of the Licensing Statistics Bureau of Great Britain. This report disclosed that in 1913 there were 188,877 convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales and 65,166 in 1927, a decrease of 65 per cent. The same report disclosed that at the beginning of 1928 there were 78,803 places licensed to sell liquor in the two countries "for drinking on the premises." That means the English "pubs." At the beginning of 1904, 25 years ago, there were 99,478 of these places licensed to sell liquor to be consumed on the premises. This means a reduction of 20,675 licensed saloons in England and Wales. Old John Bull has not made the advances in the use of machinery that have been made in America in the same period, but my information indicates that since the war there has been progress in this line, and I may predict that as England speeds up her machinery, she will slow down her liquor consumption even more rapidly than in the 25 years for which I have the figures on the licensing of the English "pubs." There must be some reason for this reduction in licenses. Doubtless some will insist that it is due to a strengthening of the moral fibre, but I believe it is a combination of moral and economic conditions that will continue to grow.

Samuel Crowther recently disclosed figures showing that ordinarily the margin between good and bad times in the United States is about 15 per cent in industrial production and sales, and that in the last ten years prosperity in this country has increased not only the 15 per cent but an additional 15 per cent, and "it is in this extra 15 per cent that we find the cause of our abundant prosperity."

Mr. Crowther attributes this gain primarily to Prohibition, and he quotes Thomas A. Edison:

> I think we have about a 60 per cent enforcement, which is rather higher than the enforcement of many laws. We can never have a 100 per cent enforcement of Prohibition or any other law.

IN 1909 the total realized income of the people of the United States was $29,605,000,000. In 1928 it was $89,419,000,000, according to the National Bureau of Economic Research. This is an increase of 207 per cent in twenty years. The average wages of a wage worker increased from $527 a year to $1,205, and the pay of the salaried employees increased from $976 to $2,084 a year.

There must be some relation between those increases and Prohibition. The wage earners were able to work more days and to do better work and more of it in less hours to justify these increases in wages and salaries. There is an endless cycle here in that the wage earner with more money and more leisure buys more goods and more fun and thus creates greater demand and increases the demand for his labor.

The organizations which have charge of charity work throughout

the country have shown that they have less chronic poverty now than ten years ago. The poor are not getting poorer while the rich are growing richer in America. Both are improving. The disappearance of the saloon and the reduction in the consumption of liquor have had something to do with this condition. The man who spent his money for liquor and then went home to beat up his wife and children, now buys clothing and food and toys. Instead of smashing up the furniture in a drunken rage, he buys new chairs and stoves and carpets and sells the junk.

THE country at large is going through the same stages in Prohibition enforcement as did Kansas thirty years ago. Only a short time ago the officers of an Idaho city were sentenced to jail and prison for licensing bootleggers. They did not personally gain a dollar from the system, but spent the revenues for streets and parks and lights and other things to benefit the town.

Kansas had cities which followed the same practice as did those Idaho men until the people of the State demanded that the law be enforced everywhere. Kansas put one mayor in jail and ousted twenty or thirty others from office. The State drove numerous other law enforcement officers, who sought to set up their own standards of law enforcement, out of office and out of public life, and there has been but a single instance of an attempted licensing system in this State in nearly twenty years.

There are two classes of legal offenses: one includes offenses against persons or property. In such cases the aggrieved person sets the machinery of law into motion; if a citizen is assaulted, or his chickens or his automobiles are stolen, he goes to the proper officers of the law and makes complaint. He renders the officers every possible assistance in locating the offender, and readily gives testimony in court.

THE liquor laws and those against the sale of narcotics; traffic laws, white slave laws and some other enactments of this character, fall into another classification. These laws are made for the regulation of society as a whole and their violation does not usually directly affect the property or person of an individual willing to file a complaint. The enforcement of the liquor laws presents an entirely different problem from the enforcement of other criminal laws. In the one the enforcement is initiated by the person wronged. In the other the participant in the crime does everything in his power to shield the other party to the crime.

No one ever heard of anyone calling a police station and saying, "There's a man here who wants to sell a gallon of gin." But there are thousands of calls coming into police stations which say, "There's a man trying to steal my watch." This attitude makes enforcement of the liquor laws harder than that of other laws. Officers are blocked in obtaining evidence from persons who come into contact with the liquor vendor. They must conduct every part of the search for the bootlegger, learn his habits and methods, where he lives and where he keeps his wares, and then catch him with the goods on him before they can make a case

stick in the courts. Since Prohibition came into force in this country there are thousands who deliberately became enemies of their own country because of their unmoral attitude toward the liquor traffic. They aid and abet the traffic and flout enforcement of the law. This attitude grows out of a misguided sense of personal liberty, or what many believe to be personal liberty. It also appears among those who believe in obedience to those laws they like and the breaking of those laws they do not like. If this attitude ever extends to the majority of our citizens, then our democracy has failed.

WHEN the country through the machinery created for that purpose decides upon a general rule of conduct, which rule is within the powers given the Government, then that rule must become effective and be observed by a minority which may not happen to agree with it. There are certain fundamental rights: free speech; free press; right of petition; right of suffrage; and the right of trial by jury, that under the Constitution can not be taken away from the citizens of this country, but that does not extend to the "booze" traffic.

The liquor traffic always has been an outlaw. It has never been conducted in obedience to law that was intended to regulate it. Kansas stopped attempts at regulation and adopted Prohibition because it found the liquor interests would not keep faith. The saloons were places of ribaldry and crime. There were thousands of arrests every year in the liquor States because the saloonkeepers themselves violated the excise code. The saloons brought Prohibition upon themselves much earlier than anyone had anticipated because of their own lawlessness.

There is talk about the enormous expense of enforcing the prohibitory law. It does cost money, but it can be made to pay its way by the Government and the States. In Kansas the theory has always been that the law violator should pay the bill. We have made liquor law enforcement a gainful project for the State, so far as immediate costs are concerned. I have checked over many reports of Kansas officials, and for twenty years I am confident that the returns in actual fines collected from liquor violators have met the expense of law enforcement. There are not more than two counties, and I believe not more than a single county, in this State, in which the liquor fines actually collected have not exceeded costs of enforcement. In addition to the fines Kansas has made the bootleggers pay the fee of the State's lawyers in their own prosecutions.

WHEN I became Governor there appeared to be a need for some special effort on the part of the State to drive out the bootleggers where local officers were not doing their full duty in law enforcement. In some instances this was not a culpable laxity on the part of the officers but a lack of ability and initiative. It is unfortunate when that sort of officer happens to be elected.

The legislature of 1929 made available to the Governor a fund of $40,000 for law enforcement, covering a period of two years and five months. This money is being spent through the State's chief law enforcing offi-

cer, the Attorney General. He has directed the methods and employed the men to do the work. He didn't have any little army, or need it. He picked six men to set upon the trails of the bootleggers. These men worked with and through the local officers in every instance. They did not go out and put on spectacular drives or hold town meetings on law enforcement. They were strangers in most of the State and just dropped in to a town and looked around a bit, mingled with the "boys," and then strolled around to the sheriff's office or the county attorney's, and told him where they could get a still that was making liquor from rotten wheat, or where some man was coming through with a carload of liquor, or where there was a cache of liquor. The local officers conducted all the raids.

I HAVE just had laid before me the results of the law enforcement work under this special appropriation from about March 1, 1929, to the close of the year, approximately nine months of actual effort with an additional three or four weeks taken in organizing the campaign and employing the men and laying out the work. During the period there were 168 convictions in liquor cases obtained through the work of officers employed by the Attorney General; 73 cases are now pending. Fines have been assessed against violators of the law amounting to $30,800. In addition, 39 automobiles have been confiscated in liquor cases. We do not have a report of the sale price of those automobiles, but in the aggregate this will amount to a substantial sum. Enforcement of the law is the most important factor, but it may be of interest to know that in carrying out a sound public policy in this respect, Kansas has been able to collect additional revenues from law violators more than enough to offset the expense to which the State has been put in the law enforcement policy.

THE liquor traffic, being contraband, is not capable of being analyzed as closely as ordinary and legitimate business, nor can we gather data and statistics regarding it. We can not speak of the volume of liquor traffic in Kansas or elsewhere with the same degree of certainty we can discuss bank clearings or post-office receipts or department store sales, but there is no person who is familiar with the situation in Kansas but who agrees that the prohibitory law is reasonably well enforced. There have been some writers for the "wet" press who have written sensational stories to the contrary, but the stories were deliberately sensational to be salable. Next to that aristocracy of suckers — big business eager to provide impotent lobbyists with money — the "wet" press ranks in gullibility. The average citizen of Kansas smiles when he reads such things. He knows they are not true. No informed citizen of Kansas undertakes to say there is no liquor made or sold in this State; that would be absurd; but the fact is that the law against the sale of liquor is as well enforced as the law against forging checks or stealing chickens, or theft of automobiles.

In Kansas for many years after Prohibition came there were many men and groups who believed the

liquor traffic was a necessity to the business well-being of a city. They honestly felt that grass would grow in the streets unless a controlled liquor traffic were allowed to operate.

Gradually it came into the consciousness of these men that the liquor traffic was a nuisance, an injury to their own business, an expense to the community, and that prosperity and progress did not walk along the same highway with booze. They did not mix. The only community with which I am familiar where the old idea still prevails is the only community where grass is now growing in the streets.

IN THE earlier days of Prohibition the liquor business had a definite habitat. There were more or less open saloons. Then came the joints, hidden in back rooms. Then came the joints of the alleys, and now there are no places known definitely where liquor may be purchased. It is entirely a will-o-the-wisp business, a fly-by-night traffic in which the bootlegger sells a bottle here and a bottle there and moves on before the officers can catch up with him.

It is of quite recent memory that hotel men the country over declared vehemently that their bars were the profitable part of their business. There were many hotel men who declared they could not operate profitably from their room rentals or their dining rooms, and that the prohibition of the liquor traffic would drive the hotels out of business generally.

If prohibition has done one thing it is that the people have more money and more motor cars and they use them to see America first. There are more hotels and better hotels now throughout the country than ever before, and they are crowded all the time. I have not heard of a Kansas hotel going into bankruptcy in fifty years, and a cursory glance at the records of failures in recent years fails to disclose a failure of an important hotel property. More hotels are building now than ever before in the country's history.

I have recently talked to some of the men in Kansas operating the larger hotels of the State. They tell me in the last year they have had less trouble from drinking parties in their hotels than in any previous year in their hotel experience. Many hotels now refuse to provide set-ups for guests to stage liquor parties.

IN AN active business and political life I have given thought to the moral aspects of prohibition of the liquor traffic, but its economic aspects have been growing on me for thirty years. In the past I have joined with "the boys" in an hour or an evening of conviviality — never in a saloon, however. I suppose I enjoyed it. I like men, and I like to talk and hear them discuss problems of state and just ordinary affairs and the foibles of men. We adhered strictly to the adjuration of those who seek to have liquor restored in this country — that none should imbibe too freely. It has been a long time now since I have participated in such affairs, yet I join men around a table or in a living room or an office just as frequently, and I believe we have just as much fun and learn as much from the discussions, the jokes and the anecdotes in these dry days as when these meetings were opened

with a flowing bowl. There is one outstanding item of improvement, I note. That is that the pointless, ribald story does not get into the picture so much.

As a moral problem I believe Prohibition to be a success.

As an economic problem I am certain it is a success, and that enforcement will be easier and more efficient as men and women come more and more to realize the vastly improved conditions that have come since Prohibition became an actuality.

A Melody of Ancient Egypt

By Carl Holliday

Oh, little song, sung ages long ago
Under the palms beside the winding Nile,
Crooned by some mother by the river's flow,
Or swarthy slaves a-march in weary file,
Chafed with their chains of clanking links.
Mayhap some dusky maiden longing gazed
Across the gleaming sand to where was raised
The massive wonder of the silent Sphinx,
And, singing, dreamed of him, her lover strong,
Who fought for Rameses in kingdoms dim.
Oh, chant of sadness, mystery of song,
In these, your weird and wailing notes, I hear
A weariness of life e'en then — a hymn
Heart-heavy; yet amidst its shadowed fear
The hope the gods some day shall right all wrong.
Oh, song of ancient days, I feel your cry
Of ages long: *the soul must hope — or die.*

Prexy's Perilous Job

By Max McConn
Dean of Lehigh University

There must be something wrong with the system when fifty-five of our colleges change their presidents in a nine months' period

It was Professor J. McKeen Cattell, of Columbia University, who some years ago described the college presidency as a "dangerous trade." This characterization has just received statistical confirmation which is very nearly startling. Archie M. Palmer, Associate Secretary of the Association of American Colleges, reports, in the November *Bulletin* of that body, that within the preceding nine months 55 colleges and universities made changes in their highest executive office. "Thirty-five new college presidents have been elected since the first of January, 1929, and six others who were elected in 1928 have been inaugurated during this calendar year. In addition, four acting presidents have been designated, while in at least ten other institutions the affairs of the presidency are being temporarily administered by members of the staff pending the filling of existing vacancies."

Since there are only about 750 colleges in the country, these changes represent a turn-over of 7.3 per cent in nine months. Surely this is an alarming rate of academic mortality.

Mr. Palmer goes on to describe the job as "man-killing." "Few," he says, "survive it for more than eight or ten years. Only a superman can for long meet the constant professional demands placed upon him in such broad and varied fields as those of scholarship, campaigning for funds, balancing budgets, administering educational programmes, hiring and firing, directing building projects, lecturing, personal relationships, representing the institution publicly . . . and incidentally running a college. The strain on the human frame — to say nothing of the strain on mind and spirit — is enough to break any normal man in a short time."

Modern sociology disapproves of dangerous trades, holds that occupational hazards should be reduced to a minimum; and it bases this position not only on considerations of humanity toward the workers directly concerned but also on the ground that the existence of

such trades is damaging to the general public weal.

In the case of the college presidency, for example, it is sufficiently obvious that a gross overburdening of that office, with the resultant strain upon its incumbents and their periodical breakdown or retirement, must be injurious to the colleges over which they preside and consequently to the whole cause of higher education in this country. Even in business frequent changes of executive personnel are recognized as damaging. They inevitably involve losses in loyalty and *esprit de corps*, confusion over variations in policy, and above all a general sense of unrest and insecurity. In a college or university such results are particularly disastrous, because the activities of teaching and learning require above everything else an atmosphere of tranquillity and stability.

IT MAY be worth while, therefore, to inquire how the college or university presidency has come to be the dangerous trade it is, and what, if anything, can be done about it.

We may begin by considering how other countries manage this matter. How about the presidents of the universities of England and Germany and France and Italy and Spain? Are they, too, constantly breaking under impossible loads?

The answer to this question may be moderately surprising to many Americans who have given little attention to the history of higher education. The universities of Europe (and Asia and Australia and South America) have no presidents at all nor any comparable officer; which fact, broadly considered, may seem to indicate that an office which the institutions of higher learning throughout the rest of the world are able to dispense with entirely need not, of absolute necessity, be so magnified among us as to be beyond the powers of normal men.

BUT, of course, the universities of the Old World grew up very differently from ours. The more ancient ones consisted originally of little more than groups of students and groups of teachers drawn together in some convenient city. The relationship between these groups was at first very similar to that between the private students of music and the private teachers of music in any American town: those who wanted to learn something sought out those who were able to teach it and paid them fees for instruction. Gradually some little organization was effected, first among the students, later among the teachers; and eventually the two bodies were loosely affiliated in the corporate entity which was called the university. And that is about all there is to it even now.

Yet that is not the American way of doing things. When we want to do anything whatsoever, our first step is to call a meeting of all who are interested (and as many others as possible) and *organize*. Precisely this has been the first step in the establishment of most American colleges and universities. A group of prominent citizens — frequently headed and dominated by some individual philanthropist — have got together and decided that a college or university was needed in their particular town, city, or district. In a very few

cases some of the prominent citizens have been actuated in part by considerations related to real estate values and similar pecuniary matters. But this has been exceptional; in general, their motives have been of the highest: real public spirit and a sincere regard (or respect) for higher education. But the prominent citizens were not themselves, naturally, either teachers or students. Consequently, they could not in their own persons do anything whatever toward opening an institution of learning. All that lay within their power was to contribute and collect sums of money with which to hire others to do this job; and certainly they are entitled to high praise for the generosity with which they have themselves contributed, and the equally impressive zeal with which they have collected from others, for this purpose. Beyond that all they could do was to entrust their purpose and their funds to a permanent committee which should take charge of the enterprise.

So far as I know there is no American college or university which is not controlled and legally owned by such a permanent committee, representing the founders and acting as custodians of the original funds and, of course, of such additional funds as may have accrued. These permanent committees have acquired a generic name: the board of trustees.

But the board of trustees — the permanent committee of prominent citizens — are permanently in the same fix as the original group of founders. They are not themselves either teachers or learners, but very busy men, pressingly engrossed in the activities through which they have become prominent. And these activities, of course, have practically never had anything to do with higher education or any other kind of education. In short, they have very little time to devote to the college and know very little about colleges anyway. Consequently all that can be, or is, expected of them is to hire other men to do the work of the college, using the funds committed to them for this purpose.

Yet even this — the mere hiring of all the persons needed to run a college — is a large and troublesome job. In the early days of the very small colleges some boards of trustees tried to handle it themselves; but they soon found it took more time than they could spare from their own business, and most of them had the good sense to perceive also that it required an expert knowledge of academic affairs beyond what they possessed.

They were not long, however, in finding a solution. The obvious thing was to hire a manager or foreman, just as they were accustomed to do in their own offices, factories, and shops, and to make him responsible for the hiring of his subordinates and in fact for the entire management of the college. Out of their great respect for higher education they have accorded their manager or foreman a well-sounding title: he is called either "president" or "chancellor." Practically all boards of trustees at the present time limit their actual personal activities to the finding, as often as may be necessary, of a new president. Having appointed him, they give him full authority and hold

him responsible only for results — in accordance with approved administrative maxims. So long as everything goes smoothly, they approve his recommendations substantially *pro forma* and read his reports if they have time. If trouble brews, they will usually support him in quashing it if they can. If the trouble becomes too serious, they can only fire him (*i.e.*, "accept his resignation") and hire a new one ("call another distinguished educator to executive responsibility").

THE foregoing is a brief but, I believe, accurate account of the origin of the American system of college and university government — the trustee-president system. It is easy to see how it happened. Given our American habits of thought and procedure, it could not have happened otherwise. So nobody is to be blamed; in fact all the parties concerned are entitled to praise for high motives and doing the only thing that could be done.

But the resulting office of president is really pretty rough. The president is given full authority for hiring his subordinates and directing them. But who are his subordinates? Not clerks or mechanics or minor administrative officials, such as other managers may employ and rule, but a body of teachers and scholars — men, in other words, of high intelligence, strong individuality, and distinguished attainments. Rightly or wrongly these men do not like to have a manager hiring and firing and bossing them. In no other country on earth has such a group ever submitted to such a manager or been asked to do so. In other countries they are given a large measure of individual and collective autonomy, and have succeeded in handling their own affairs, not very "efficiently" perhaps, but in the long run with greater satisfaction to their students and the public, as well as to themselves, than our system has yielded.

SO THE president's troubles usually begin with his faculty, not through any real fault on either side, but because he is put in a false relationship to them — a relationship such as no man ought to be asked to assume towards such a group.

But this is only the beginning. The full responsibility which the president receives from the trustees is indeed full. Let us consider the items of business which may pass across his desk within a single half day.

When he arrives at his office at 9:30 the architects are waiting for him with plans for the new botanical greenhouses, including a new system for the regulation of temperature which is extremely expensive but which the professor of botany claims is essential for the type of research on which he is engaged; also plans for an enlarged swimming pool for the gymnasium and a new set of roads and walks on the South Campus. All these projects will cost more than previously estimated, but surely in view of their obvious desirability the president can find the money.

Next comes the alumni secretary with the preliminary layout of a "drive" for an additional ten millions of endowment — a matter involving a multitude of most delicate details.

Then perhaps the dean slips in with a particularly nasty case of

student discipline, a case which must be handled firmly in the interest of student morale, yet discreetly if the name of the university is not to be smirched. The dean probably knows what he wants to do, but must assure himself before he acts of the president's concurrence and support.

After the dean, Assistant Professor Jones, with the double purpose of pleading for an increase in salary and sowing a few innuendoes against the head of his department, whose responsibilities, it may be inferred, could be infinitely better discharged by Professor Jones himself.

Jones is eventually thrown out, but is promptly succeeded by the director of athletics, with a subtle plan for so handling Sub-Freshman Day that it will attract the largest possible number of desirable football candidates without appearing to seek that end or drawing animadversions from the Carnegie Foundation.

MEANWHILE the president's secretary has brought in the morning's mail, including, beside seven questionnaires and ten advertisements of new educational treatises which no college president should fail to read, a request from a magazine editor for his views on the Younger Generation, three complaints from parents of the faulty instruction and unjust treatment their sons are receiving, two explosions from alumni who are rabid because the team lost the last big game, and a postal card from "A Citizen and Taxpayer" denouncing the whole institution as a sink of iniquity and a breeder of irreligion and sedition.

And all the time the poor president has been hoping against hope that he might get at least an hour *this* morning to tackle the tremendous job of assembling the annual budget. But now he must hasten away to the monthly luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce and must make up his speech as he drives over, because last night he was entertaining a distinguished visiting lecturer who did not have sense enough to turn in until 1 A.M.

IT WILL be seen, I trust, that few other positions, public or private, involve more numerous and difficult contacts or a wider range of complicated problems. But that is not the worst of it. The worst is that in handling all these matters a college or university president must stand alone, bearing sole responsibility and sole authority, except for the merely formal support of the board of trustees. The Governor of a State may be confronted by questions equally multitudinous and baffling, but no Governor stands alone, a solitary autocrat. He shares his responsibility with a legislature and also with other State officers who are independently elected by and responsible to the people. Of course a college or university president has assistants — deans, registrars, architects, alumni secretaries, and many others, — but all of these are his own creatures, his own appointees, and necessarily, therefore, to some extent, his yes-men, as are likewise the professors. None of them has independent status or authority, and none of them, consequently, can really stand up to him or really check him when he needs checking — as any man does sometimes. This status of isolated autocracy is the great

evil in the college presidency, the underlying cause of its strain and its mishaps.

Please understand that the presidents themselves have not sought or desired such solitary authority. To many of them it is profoundly distasteful and to all a grievous burden. And nearly all, being men of fine character as well as great ability, are as scrupulous as a man can be not to abuse their power. But no man given despotic authority can avoid abusing it: he overrules without knowing it; his casual expressions of opinion stifle debate and head off proposals and smother protests. And so, though striving earnestly to be just, he works injustice here and there; seeking faithfully to do the best for the college, he makes mistakes which his colleagues see to be mistakes but of which they can not effectively warn him. And thus harm results to individuals and to the institution, and, though the president may do many fine and wise things also, dissatisfaction accumulates, until presently it seems best to get a new president — who can not escape repeating the same process.

WHAT can be done about it — if anything?

Here we are saddled with our boards of trustees, all legally established with legislative charters in perpetuity, and all regularly appointing presidents, and certainly incapable of discharging their function in any other way. Even those who will grant that the system has its flaws may be inclined to shrug and say we may as well make the best of it.

That is undoubtedly what we shall do, in general, for a long time to come. Yet I think it is not difficult to envisage a better plan nor in any way impossible to try it out, experimentally, in a college or two; and if this should be done and the results should be happy, — well, we Americans are not the slowest among peoples in the general adoption of improved devices.

WHO really ought to rule the college or university? Who, in other words, could probably do it best? The existing boards of trustees — the permanent committees of prominent citizens — simply can not resume the function themselves. They have neither the time nor the expert knowledge. Who else is there in sight? Who that has, or could have, the time and the knowledge and sufficient interest?

Casting about, we might light upon the faculty — a highly selected group who are devoting their lives to teaching and learning. They must know something about colleges (most presidents, in fact, are drawn from their ranks), and surely they are vitally interested; though at present they are merely employed and directed by the trustees' manager, with practically nothing to say about the broad policies of the institution. Casting still further, there are the students. Of course they are pretty young; but after all most of the seniors are voters, and they have had two or three years' experience of college, and they know the real facts about many important matters as no one else can. And then there are the alumni, who also have much knowledge of the institution, viewed from a perspective of greater maturity and extra-collegiate experience.

It seems to me that the governing body of a college or university could best be drawn from these three thoroughly informed and keenly interested groups. To be concrete, let me propose a board of twelve: six members of the faculty, elected by the faculty; three honor seniors, elected by the class; and three alumni, elected by the alumni association.

I SEE no good theoretical reason why such a board should not take over all the functions of the existing boards of trustees, with complete jurisdiction and final authority in all matters whatsoever.

Such a group could be a real working board, as the existing lay boards are not and can not be. They would still need a president, to be chosen by them, and to serve as their educational adviser and executive officer, and he would need to be the ablest man they could find, and would have plenty to do and much responsibility and prestige. But such a board could be really helpful. Its committees could actually take over large segments of the necessary work. But especially it would be helpful as a well-informed and definitely interested reviewing board, which could canvass all the president's policies and recommendations to some real effect. It could save any president from innumerable errors, injustices, and partialities, which no human individual who must act practically alone in numerous and delicate matters can possibly avoid.

And think of the educational effect, upon the faculty and students, of such effective participation, through their representatives, in their own government! This in itself would be sufficient first to remake and then to maintain the morale of any college.

Such a governing board would undoubtedly be "inefficient" in some matters. It would make mistakes, of course, and it would almost certainly slow up some kinds of development, especially programmes of "expansion." But I am willing to predict that it would be more rigorous in discipline, stricter in its maintenance of qualitative standards, bolder in educational experimentation, and stronger in standing against deteriorating influences from outside, than the trustee-president combination has ever been or is likely to be.

AND its executive officer, the president — although he would have his troubles, like any public servant, — would nevertheless be, as compared with other presidents, a happy man. No longer a lonely autocrat, unwillingly admired, ignorantly slandered, diffidently approached, skillfully cajoled and managed by the deft among his subordinates, and so far as possible ignored by all the rest. He could know the joy of real coöperation, of fighting for his projects with equals whose opposition could be open and whose approval when given would be sincere. He could not move as fast in many matters as our existing presidents move, but when he did move he would have his community with him instead of, half the time, against him; thus progress might be slower but would be surer and sounder. And there would be no accumulating reservoir of rancor, the result of injustices and errors unwittingly committed and suffered necessarily without protest.

But what chance have we of even trying any such plan under the existing conditions of law and custom in this country?

WELL, our college and university system is by no means so rigidly set today as it was even ten years ago. We have come into a period of experimental and experimenting colleges. Different institutions are already engaged in trying out many innovations in courses of study, methods of instruction, and living conditions — honors courses at Swarthmore and elsewhere, preceptorial or tutorial instruction at Princeton and Harvard, the English collegiate system of residence at Harvard and Claremont, supervised study at Rollins, and an entirely new curriculum and approach under Dr. Meiklejohn at Wisconsin. There is no reason why *some* college should not experiment with this vital matter of government.

It need not be so difficult to arrange for trial purposes. Any board of trustees, on the recommendation of any interested president, could at any meeting authorize an executive committee of professors, students, and alumni, and delegate to such an experimental board, for a specified period — say, five years — exactly the same powers which it has heretofore delegated to the president alone, *i.e.*, full control of the institution, subject only to the formal ratification of budgets and other measures by the legal board at a perfunctory annual meeting. Most boards of trustees contain some alumni members; several of these might be designated as the first alumni members of the experimental board; thus the new trial governing body could be considered a joint committee of the faculty, the students, and the legal board itself. Such joint committees as this have not been unknown in the past, though only for temporary purposes and with powers limited to recommendation. Of course, for the experiment here proposed, the legal board would have to adopt and adhere to a rigid policy of self-denial in the matter of interference during the stated period of the experiment; but many weary and bored trustees would be only too glad to do that.

SO, YOU see, the thing is by no means impossible of trial. In fact I think we may expect that within the next decade or two it will be tried in some form. And if the experiment should be conducted with reasonable fairness and patience, I am almost sure the results would be very fine — in which case the new plan would certainly be widely imitated, and the American college presidency might cease to be a dangerous trade.

Counting Heads in the Nation

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

The Fifteenth Census blazes a new trail in methods of accumulating the greatest mass of facts a nation ever acquired

Our national passion for facts will build its greatest monument when, on April 1, an army of 100,000 enumerators begin to gather the data for the Fifteenth Census. The magnitude of the undertaking, the most colossal statistical enterprise in history, shows that the American people are endowed with a greater curiosity about themselves than are any other people. As the United States marshals, on foot and horseback, set out to count heads in our first census in 1790, George Washington and his contemporaries no doubt had their share of the curiosity which is common to mankind. Yet, compared with their descendants of today, they could gratify that passion but in part. Why? Because statistical science was virtually nonexistent, and because the marvellous tabulating machines of our time were not in their hands.

A few figures will suffice to indicate the extent of this fact-finding operation. Enumerators will collect data for a population of 120,000,000, and in doing so will ask the head of each household about twenty-five questions. They will interrogate about 6,500,000 farmers, about the farm, its crops, and its equipment. Each of the 20,000 mines in America will undergo an examination no less searching. The Fifteenth Census will blaze a trail into two new fields of inquiry, distribution and unemployment. There are 2,500,000 mercantile establishments in the United States. The distribution census will give a classified count of merchants, the types and sizes of retailers and distributors, their sales, expenses, inventories and employees. Facts such as these have never been brought together for the country as a whole. The second new field of inquiry, unemployment, will tell us how many men and women are out of work at the time of the census, where they are, and in what industries or occupations. Over 20,000 individual questions find a place on the various schedules, covering the whole range of our national life.

The American appetite for facts grows steadily keener. What would satisfy our forbears in the time of Abraham Lincoln, seems strangely inadequate today, as we compare the

census schedules of the two periods. When the enumerator knocks at the front door on April 1, he will ask twenty-five questions. At least, he has to get data on twenty-five separate items for the population schedule, and he will be lucky if he can get the information without a few supplementary queries. The value of the home, if owned, or the monthly rental, if rented, is a question to be asked this year for the first time. Promoters of sales and advertising campaigns have long urged the Government to collect such information. This time their request has been heeded. The returns will permit a classification of families according to economic status, or if you look at it from another point of view, according to buying power.

THE manufacturer and the merchant hope to use these data as a gauge of buying power for commodities in different localities, and for different classes of the population. The rent or purchase price of your home will not, of course, be made public, for census employees are sworn to secrecy. The Census Bureau, nevertheless, will later be able to say how many people in a given community, or how many doctors, lawyers, plumbers, etc., pay $5,000, $10,000 or $50,000 for their homes. Sales managers will formulate their strategy accordingly.

"Age at first marriage, please?" This, too, is a question which will be on the tongue of the enumerator for the first time. Those who have taken on, and cast asunder, the bonds of marriage three or four times, may have to do a little calculating, but most persons will be able to give a quick answer. Census officials want this information for two reasons. It will tell them, in the first place, something about the relative age of marriage of persons in different racial and economic groups. Do Harvard graduates in the Back Bay of Boston, with incomes of $100,000 a year, marry earlier or later than their fellow Americans in the Black Belt of Chicago? Does a Vassar graduate get her first wedding ring five years ahead or behind the young and pretty cook she brought back with her on her trip to Sweden? Do wedding bells ring sooner in Peoria than in New York, and do chorus girls meet Hymen sooner than school teachers? The question will make possible, in the second place, the tabulation of important data on the size of families. Does a person who weds at twenty-one have more or fewer children than one who marries at thirty-five? Again, if you marry at twenty-five how many children may you expect, under the normal expectancy for your age?

TO SHOW that the Census Bureau marches with the times, the enumerator will make his first count of the radio sets in each household. One may then estimate, with a pretty close accuracy, the size of the potential radio audience of the country. Armed with these data, manufacturers and distributors of radio equipment will know where to put on sales pressure most effectively.

If women do housework in their homes, they will appear in the census returns as home-makers. The designation will be entered in the family relationship column, rather than in the occupation column. Since many

women now work outside the home, "home-maker" is not put under the occupation column. Men who help with dishes, and do odd jobs about the house, will not get any credit for their accommodating spirit, unless there is no other member of the family responsible for the home. The joy of the extra-curriculum for them is its own reward.

The Census Bureau will approach our foreign born population from five separate avenues. It will separate them by five different classifications: country of birth, mother tongue (often regarded a better index of nationality than country of birth), the year of immigration to the United States, citizenship (that is, whether naturalized, having first papers, or aliens), and ability to speak English. From these five questions, a composite picture of our large foreign population can be drawn.

How are the items in a particular schedule determined? The Director, Mr. Steuart, and his associates do not sit behind closed doors, and arbitrarily select the 20,000 questions which all, or some part of, the American people will be called upon to answer. Back of each item lies long study, often protracted debate and discussion. Census officials have for months been in conference with unofficial advisory committees outside the Bureau. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, for example, heads a committee of distinguished statisticians that has helped select the items to go on the population schedule. Chambers of Commerce and other kindred organizations have assisted in the formulation of items for the distribution schedule, and farm organizations have done the same for items on the agricultural schedule. Other groups have suggested items for one or more of the various schedules. In consultation with members of the advisory committees, Mr. Steuart and his experts examine the suggestions offered, and after weighing all the arguments, choose the items which are to go on the schedules which the enumerators will carry as they begin their rounds.

Each item must hold promise of some useful information. That, of course, is fundamental, for census taking is not a game of "ask me another." Yet utility is not the sole yardstick. The question must not be so involved that its answer will unnecessarily delay the enumerator. Furthermore, the male head of the house is apt to be away when the census man makes his call, so the questions must be such that a woman, or other member of the family, will readily be able to answer. Courtesy, too, is a prime consideration. The item "Do you beat your wife?" is one that would throw a world of light on the scope of domestic infelicity in America, and one which incidentally would be hugely interesting to the curious, but obviously the Census Bureau can put its enumerators to no such risk to life and limb as this. The restrictions therefore are real ones. "How much do you save a year?" "How much of your income goes for food, how much for shelter, etc.?" are items that would be of great value to social economics, and to the science of budget making. Human nature being what it is, such questions would cause so much resentment as to im-

peril the effectiveness of the whole undertaking. In the last analysis, the items must be those for which a voluntary answer may be looked. A treatise indeed might be written on the questions which the Bureau, in its quest for data on the American people, would like to ask, but can not. Radio sets can be counted, but the census man knows he can not measure human happiness.

POLITICAL parsons to the contrary, Church and State are separate under our theory of government. Religion, therefore, does not find a place in the questionnaire, the religious bodies, over 200 in all, themselves supplying for census purposes the number of their members, the value of church edifices, the amount of church expenditures, and data on Sunday schools. At least one sect in the past has told its members to close the door to the census man. As they gathered at a prayer meeting, the faithful learned from the Lord that it was His will they should not answer any of the questions. Confronted with blanket refusals to answer, the enumerators referred the matter to Washington, and after a short time the case was referred to the District Attorney. That official had the power to prosecute under the law, but he was also something of a diplomat. He tried diplomacy first, and visited the elders of the church, reminding them of the law with whose authority he was armed, and suggested that another meeting be called. The elders issued the necessary call for prayers, and this time the Voice from beyond told the faithful to answer the questions.

As a political entity, the American farmer has never been so powerful as he is today. His grievances and financial troubles fill yearly thousands of pages of *The Congressional Record*. It is no surprise therefore to find that the agricultural schedule is by far the most elaborate and detailed of all. It contains about 350 separate items, as compared with 25 questions that will be asked the bank clerk, the lawyer, the journalist or teacher. The agricultural schedule will therefore throw more light on the farmers of America than upon any other class.

AN EXAMINATION in the Chinese classics in the old days would probably contain no more questions than will be asked of the American farmer; the number of cows, pigs and horses, with their sex; acreage of the farm in crop and pasture land; the farm debt; principal expenses; land drained, farm machinery and such facilities as automobiles, machinery, tractors, telephone, radio, etc. A student in quest of a Germanized Ph.D. could hardly ask for a greater range of fact material than that which will be gathered from the 350 questions put to the owners or tenants of each of the 6,500,000 farms in the United States. Several new items will appear in this year's questionnaire. These include the value of the farmer's dwelling house; such farm expenses as supplies and repairs for automobiles, electric current, seeds and plants, spraying and dusting materials, electric motors and gas engines; the number of days the farmer was gainfully employed in work not on his farm, and the daily production of milk and eggs. Even the baby ducks are to be counted.

The agricultural schedule may not measure for us the intellectual resources of the American farmer, or his happiness. It will, however, throw a searchlight on the economic conditions of this American farmer, whose purchases of tractors alone increased 138 per cent from 1920 to 1925.

RULE-OF-THUMB methods by no means solve all of the Census Director's problems. What is a restaurant, for enumeration purposes? Neither the dictionary nor a decision of the Supreme Court can decide the knotty point for him. Is a hot-dog stand a restaurant? Yet it provides many a motorist with the equivalent of a mid-day meal, the basic function of any restaurant. And if the hot-dog vendor does not operate an eating house, into what classification shall he be put for enumeration purposes? Again, what is a hotel? What is the dividing line between a hotel and a boarding house? Does it take two, four or six roomers to turn your home into a rooming house?

Special groups in our population have given Mr. Steuart many a difficult hour. Do the soldiers at Governor's Island belong to New York City, or should they be credited to the towns or cities where the recruiting sergeant secured them? Are the students at Yale and Princeton to be considered as part of the population of New Haven and Princeton respectively, or are they to be added to the population of their home towns? How about prisoners at Sing Sing, and inmates of insane asylums and homes for the feeble-minded? Certain arbitrary rules have been laid down to cover these special groups. College students belong to their home communities; but soldiers, criminals and the insane are counted where they are. Not a few Members of Congress, with large institutions in their districts, will find, on examination, that criminals and the insane figure heavily in the totals used as a basis for representation in Congress. Though counted, criminals and the insane have no vote, a fact which serves to reveal still another aspect in which Congress is not fully representative. For 90,000 voters in a district with 10,000 people in institutions have as much influence in Congress as 100,000 voters in a district unblessed with institutions.

CERTAIN groups lie beyond the regular beat of the census enumerator. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, for example, will make a count of Indians in Reservations. The State Department will list the American citizens employed in the foreign service of the Government. The Navy Department will check up those Americans on men-of-war afloat, and the Bureau of Lighthouses will count the men who maintain a lonely and inaccessible vigil on lightships and lighthouses. If a whole family is temporarily abroad on April 1, it will probably escape the count altogether. If one member is at home, he or she will be expected to give the data concerning the itinerant members.

The Census Bureau will again offer a proof of the old adage that you can't accept a woman's own version of her age. Census statistics prove that the saying rests on something more substantial than the peevish generalization of a misogy-

nist. For both men and women, the age pyramid reveals a distinct bulge at such ages as 20, 25, 30, 35, and 40. People find it easier, or more convenient, it would appear, to give their ages in round numbers; easier, that is, to say 40 than 39, or 25 than 27. Note this, however: though a bulge exists on the male side, the bulge on the female side of the pyramid is far more pronounced. Certainly there can not be more women 40 years of age than 39, or 25 than 24, for death exacts each year its toll. Yet the bulges on the female side of the pyramid are perhaps its most striking feature. Men may prevaricate a bit about their ages, but women clearly have far less regard for the truth. The Census Bureau offers the mathematical proof of the fact, which we all knew, anyway.

AMERICAN women, it may be said, are not alone in this weakness. The age pyramids in the censuses in other countries reflect the same tendency. Here, in a word, the philosopher can find a universal trait in women! Curiously enough, there are fewer infants in the pyramid between birth and twelve months, than there are between one and two years. The heavy infant mortality rate tells us that here is an obvious misrepresentation of the facts. Census officials have no clear-cut explanation to suggest. It may take a year before a family really accepts a new arrival as a permanent entity. So when the census man comes round, the babe in arms fails to get in the picture. A child of two or three, however, is apt to be too lively to be ignored. "Remember the infants," therefore, is one of this year's admonitions.

Aside from serving as an inventory of our national resources, the census will shed light on some of the broader trends of our national life. It will reveal, for one thing, the relationship between urban and rural districts. In 1920, for the first time in our history, the urban population exceeded the rural. The same drift to the cities has continued, but a current in the opposite direction has likewise set in; namely, the exodus of city folks to country homes. How far has this latter tendency checkmated the former? The Fifteenth Census will give the answer. Politically, the census will have a real significance. For upon its findings will depend the reapportionment of the House of Representatives. Many States stand to lose a Representative or two, under the proposed reapportionment plan. A number of States, including California, stand to gain two or more members. The census will tell exactly where the gains and losses will be.

THE results of the census may even have a bearing upon the present balance of the political equilibrium between the Democratic and Republican parties. A State that suffers a loss of a couple of members will lose correspondingly in political power, and *vice versa*. This explains why certain sections are so much interested in the census. California and Florida want to claim as large a part of their temporary visitors as possible. Cities, too, are in competition for relative ranking, for size is synonymous with prestige.

The census again will emphasize anew the unrepresentative character of the United States Senate. Populous States like New York, Pennsyl-

vania, Ohio and Illinois have but two Senators, in common with unpopulous Nevada and Wyoming. The big States are piling up population year after year, and the census is expected to point more sharply than ever to the extraordinary power wielded in the Senate by a group of smaller States whose combined population is hardly greater than New York or Pennsylvania.

Statistics are fallible, as the bulge in the age pyramid so well shows. The Director does not claim absolute exactness for his figures. Yet the Fifteenth Census taken in the aggregate will indicate to us trends in our life both significant and interesting. It will be a great national stock-taking, telling us, as Mr. Steuart says, "How many of us there are; what we do and how we do it." There is a human side about the census, separate and apart from mere figures and statistics. To gratify our curiosity about ourselves, will cost about $40,000,000, but this is only the price of a couple of cigars *per capita*. Facts are not free, but through the mass production methods of the Census Bureau we are going to get more facts than any other nation ever had, and as of any mass production article, the individual cost is small.

"THEY"

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell

A cry of rebellion against the invisible powers of custom that hold America in thrall

After a long life and deep thought I have now come to the conclusion that today's much-vaunted love of liberty is sheer pose. We talk a great deal about it, sing of it in our national hymns, brag of ourselves as brave warriors in what Heine called the Battle of Freedom for Mankind. In the course of the centuries we have flung one crowned head after another into the rubbish heap, shattered the power of popes and prophets, made of government a plaything for the people. Therefore, we fondly believe that our old chains have been cast off and left us free as the air, our freedom a fine theme for after-dinner oratory at election time. But the truth is that the freer we unfortunate humans grow in name, the greater slaves we become in fact; the louder we boast of Liberty, the more strenuous are our struggles to avoid it, and to strengthen our fetters, to feel the yoke heavy on our shoulders.

It is not only that Democracy encourages new forms of tyranny until Nero and his kind seem amiable tyrants by comparison, not only that right arms fly up to hail a Mussolini, that the very ghost of the individual's liberty fades away under Socialism and Soviet rule. But everywhere — and nowhere more than in this Sweet Land of Liberty — greater power has been entrusted to those invisible tyrants who have held humanity in their grip ever since their first *tabu* was set upon the savage in the jungle. They command and everybody obeys, though who They are no one knows, does not as much as seek to know. Their grip has tightened in my own lifetime.

When I was young, the two great truths impressed upon me at school were my claim as a Christian to free will and my right as an American to independence. Nor was I allowed to forget them at home where my father, when my conduct displeased him, would amiably remind me that every man was free to go to Hell his own way. Today a father, were fatherly interference of any kind in fashion, would probably add a warning to his daughter that, if bent upon going to Hell, she should be careful to go the way They go. For, from the time we all get up in the morning until we all get into our beds at night, we accept

Their orders without a murmur. What They wear, we wear; what They eat, we eat; what They think, we think; what They say, we say; what They read, we read; and it does not occur to us, miserable slaves that we are, to ask why. We may boldly give the battle-cry that I remember in a conspicuous place on the walls of a pioneer Woman's Club in London: "They say. What say They? Let Them say." But just let Them issue Their commands, and we submit like the little lambs we are.

HERE is a problem which I confess often moves me to meditation, and to meditate is not exactly the amusement of my choice. At first I sought the solution in the fact that ours is a mechanical age, and that we need not envy Britain if she does rule the waves, for America as certainly rules the machinery, which is far more important in our modern industrial system. During a hundred years and more machinery has been the chief factor in life, and has become so more ruthlessly with every day, until now it sets the standard and under its influence we are readier than ever to respond to the unseen motive powers that govern us.

Henry James used to say that the mission of America was to vulgarize the world. He should have said to standardize it, though I am not sure that the two words do not mean the same thing. We have accepted standardization as our chief aim and object, so whole-heartedly that the chances are, if we stopped to think about it, we would probably regret that machinery did not create us as well as our goods and chattels. With machines for fathers and mothers, our ambition must have been achieved, as we should then have been even more alike, one to another, than we are — as alike as are the guns with which we kill off our defenseless rum-runners or the glasses out of which we drink the liquor of those who luckily escape. As it is, if men and women everywhere vary in lesser details despite their desperate efforts not to, we go-ahead Americans are careful to see to it that nothing in our possession does.

FOR all our President may say to the contrary, we long since bade farewell to the old-fashioned individualism in ourselves and our belongings that was once our pride. We have now the comfortable certainty that wherever we may choose to travel in our great country, we shall find the same department stores, the same movies, the same radio, the same cafeterias, the same soda-water counters, the same chewing gum between our neighbor's teeth, the same hotels with the same cold storage on the dinner table and the same Bible in the bedroom, and, if we travel by road, the same gas stations and hot dogs, the same billboards blotting out the landscape. We feel it a tribute when so experienced a traveller as Paul Morand, arriving in a small Texas town just over the Mexican frontier, recognizes those signs by which he knows he is in America as surely as if he had landed at some great Atlantic or Pacific port or come with the bootlegger across the St. Lawrence. And innumerable are the other signs, as the foreigner who stays with us a while quickly discovers.

We all eat the same food, cold

storage combined with tins having overthrown every barrier of climate and soil: California grapes and Oregon apples devoured in New York; Blue Points and Cape Cods feasted on in the heart of the Middle West no matter at what risk of ptomaine poisoning; okras and guavas and alligator pears domesticating themselves with more or less success in the Far North. If the old saying is true that to know what a man eats is to know what he is, it looks desperately as if the American had lost all the originality and incentive he or she ever had.

We read the same books and have invented Book Clubs to see that we do — one book a month our liberal allowance. What is more, we must all agree as to the merit of the book chosen if we would not be cast into the outer darkness into which I was plunged on my return to my native land after long years in London, where the joy was to disagree and argue. At home I found that the mildest suggestion of disagreement was a crime.

We all smile for the camera until our Sunday pictorial supplements are enough to make us hang our heads with shame. Statesmen, meeting on business upon which the peace of the world is supposed to hang, grin at each other like Cheshire cats. Politicians, in and out of office, grin like so many clowns in the circus ring. Royalties grin, somewhat reluctantly I admit, as if with unfashionable regret for the dignity of their earlier pose. Not only children but grown-ups who ought to know better grin in ecstasy at the sight of food, as if gluttony were at once a virtue and a joke. Serious women committees of serious women's societies grin like so many idiots let loose from Bellevue or Bedlam. Authors grin to advertise their books. Musicians grin. Actors grin. Bankers grin. Everybody grins, until one might think a horrible grinning disease had swept the world, just as in the Middle Ages a dancing mania sent men, women and children twirling and pirouetting through Europe.

The comic advertisement goes hand-in-hand with the universal grin. The child of my generation would have scorned the funny drawings against whose appeal even the most venerable miser is supposed now to be defenseless. Newspapers, magazines, circulars, catalogues, are filled with distorted figures, silly jokes, inane captions, that make one blush for the human race, and yet they are not relied upon in vain to loosen the most tightly knotted purse-strings. No matter how I feel about it, the fisherman is sure of his bait and Europe is fast following America's lead. I was convinced the end had come when, recently, I received a comic circular from a solemn English firm that I used to look upon as no less invulnerable than the Rock of Gibraltar, a firm of Purveyors to Royalty and the Nobility, a firm in whose shop of old it was almost an indiscretion to speak above a whisper. To those who know this old-fashioned type of English shop, its sudden outburst into a bacchanalia of mirth, an orgy of comic verse and comic illustration, must seem the beginning of the end of the British Empire. I may be old-fashioned, but

the more They, the all-powerful, bid me laugh, the less potent grows the spell of laughter. When everybody wears the fool's cap and bells, the genuine fool has no longer a part to play.

I can not say just when They imposed the personal, free-and-easy, familiar advertisement or appeal upon us, but I do know that today every correct letter box is filled with letters beginning "My dear Friend" or "My dear Whatever-the-Name-May-Be," sent by every manner and kind of shopkeeper. Though we had not realized it before, laundresses and hotel managers, caterers and charity organizations, butchers and beauty-specialists, shipping agents and dealers in antiquities, are on the most intimate relations with us, all more certain of our urgent needs than we are ourselves, tumbling over each other's heels in their haste to supply them. Druggists are tickled to death to wait on us, ready to pop over with our wants at any hour, day or night. Real estate agents know long before we do not only that we mean to move in April or October but just the sort of apartment or house we want, and have it ready for us.

Our clubs rival our shops, promising us evenings of Blah, whatever that may mean, and Riotous Dances by Hilarious Hoofers. More serious appeals are brought by pieces of blotting paper, though, in my ignorance, I understand as little why blotting paper should carry an appeal of any kind as why slushy sentiment should be thought a more successful bid for charity than the old-fashioned plain statement of painful fact. Whatever the mysterious reason, They who rule us have decreed that these things shall be and against Their decrees we have no redress. We are not even allowed to cheer at a ball game until bidden by a cheer leader who could give points to the *claque* in a Paris theatre. We must all go in the same cars along the same roads to the same places for our holidays. But it is useless to multiply proofs of our sheep-like virtues. We have made of life a game of Follow-My-Leader, and at the first command of They-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed we fall meekly into line and go whithersoever we may be led.

As for the clothes we wear, we have never had a chance to assert ourselves or any individuality in the choice since Adam and Eve appeared in fig leaves. Attempts to revolt there have been — religious revolts: prophets in the wilderness clothing themselves in sheepskins, George Fox in the heart of civilized England taking to leather: æsthetic revolts, the Pre-Raphaelites exchanging Victorian hoops for shapeless gowns that clung; neo-Greek revolts, Isadora Duncan and her family fondly believing classical draperies appropriate to a smoke- and soot-laden atmosphere — endless revolts, none more pitiful and hopeless than today's when a not unexpected minority of women are crying out that the skirt shall not descend below the knee while the inexorable They say it shall, and it does in every shop window and on the great majority of women who would rather die than disobey.

And not only in our dress, but in our customs and manners must uniformity prevail. The *débutantes*, who

one year shed all pretence of decorum in obedience to the unwritten law, will the next, when a new command is issued, become models of social propriety to their elders. A few years ago for anybody to be discovered in his or her cups was a social disgrace; today, with Prohibition, whoever seeks to follow the fashion would be drunk rather than sober.

For long most countries were too backward to question the laws of tradition. But now, everywhere standardization marches with great strides, American influence gradually reducing the rest of the world to the one pattern. Peasants' feet, that have gone bare, must be thrust into shoes, to their infinite discomfort. Turks must exchange the fez for fedoras or top hats and the Turkish script for European, thus losing the character that was the Turkish charm. Greeks must drop their skirts and swagger as best they may in reach-me-down trousers. Once dignified Moors must show all their teeth in the universal grin to keep up with western Kings and Presidents. And so it goes on until presently the traveller will not know by the clothes the people wear and the things they eat, and the pictures they look at in the movies, the music they listen to over the radio, whether he is in China or California, on the banks of the Mississippi or the shores of the Zuider Zee — if, indeed, any of the Zuider Zee remains to have shores for the traveller to wander on. Everywhere, from Pole to Pole, people will be as alike as the proverbial two peas.

Of course for men and women to emulate the sheep is no new thing. They always have since they first herded in self-defense against beasts stronger than themselves. The difference between the old dwellers in caves and the new dwellers in sky-scrapers is only one of degree, though this degree has been elaborated beyond belief by the ever-increasing efficiency of the machine. The greater the number of things made by a machine, the more of a machine does man himself become in the making of them. He can now order his days with more uniformity and less thought than ever before. Cave men were compelled to think occasionally; sky-scraper men can get along without thinking at all. In the machine shop one man with brains directs the thousands without, the thousands who turn something or screw something or open something or hammer something automatically, until the mental inertia conduced by the physical repetition destroys what little independence of thought and action they ever had. Men inevitably are growing more mechanical in a mechanical age, gradually living their life, as they carry on their life's job, without asking why. If the power of They-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed was established long before the first machine was invented, the machine has strengthened it a hundred fold.

The truth is, though we prefer to ignore it, the vast multitude of men in making machines of themselves are simply fulfilling their destiny. From the beginning they have rather liked to be ruled by tyrannical *tabus*, finding submission to any tyrant pleasanter and far less bother than defiance; they have rather liked

to grasp at whatever it might be that has saved them from taking the initiative, from making the decision, from independent thought and action. The multitude have grovelled through every phase of fetishism or fashion for no better reason than because it is always easier to pass the buck — in this case to dump the burden of thinking on the exceptional man with brains equal to the responsibility.

THOMAS HARDY understood years before the present loud talk of our mechanical age and the machine-made. He kept his eyes open when he came up from Dorset for his yearly round of London drawing-rooms. "You may regard a throng of people as containing a certain small minority who have sensitive souls, these and the aspect of these being what is worth observing," he jotted down in his Diary for future reflection. "So you divide them into the mentally unquickened, mechanical, soulless; and the living, throbbing, suffering, vital. In other words, into souls and machines, ether and clay." There you have it in a few simple words. Most men are machines in the social world as truly as the machines in the machine shop. They could not originate anything if they wanted to, and they never have wanted. It is all sentimental nonsense, this benevolent talk of the People and the Voice of the People. The People do not count, except as pawns in the scheme of the universe. Read any history and the truth is obvious.

Not so long since, historians discovered that history had never yet been written from the standpoint of the people — the machines — and promptly the study of the past from this angle was begun. But all that has emerged from the new method is the story through the centuries of nameless flocks following close at the heels of a few shepherds with names that live because they could manage the silly human sheep, always as lacking in initiative as the machine-made sheep in the Noah's Ark of the nursery. It is impossible to get away from this division, however great have been the changes wrought by time and revolution. The so-called Liberty of today, no less than the Tyranny of yesterday, continues to divide men into Souls and Machines — Ether and Clay.

OLD governments are overturned, new governments are formed, but the new leader who springs up from the ranks is as tyrannical as the tyrant he has succeeded, or more so. A new manager is in control of the machine shop, that is all. However the leaders may change, the human Machines are still nameless, they still turn and screw and lift and hammer in obedience to the Souls as they did under the old régime, under every régime since man was created. However hard the people may have fought for liberty, they would quickly have gone astray after securing it had there been no master mind to keep them to the straight path. The rank and file have no more individuality than the sheep in the meadows, no greater claim to be remembered as individuals. They would never have emerged from their caves except at the bidding of the few born to originate, to lead, to command.

It is not necessary to pose as erudite, to quote incidents and names

from history, to prove my point. A more convincing proof could not be had than one in the memory of all save the youngest: the war that was to end war is not yet altogether forgotten. And what happened then? The multitude of machines in khaki and helmets did the fighting, and they went down into their graves silent and forgotten. The remembered names are those of the officers and the three who, at Versailles, created a new world out of the horrors of "Armageddon." And in this new world the future historian will be concerned not with the people — the human machines — but with the individuals who forced their brand of freedom upon the crowd, with Lenin, Trotsky, Mussolini, and they surely, whether for good or ill, are as relentless despots as ever lived.

WELL, the more it changes, the more it is the same thing; though in the change of our day I am conscious of a serious difference. Hitherto the people and their visible rulers did not sacrifice their respect for the still higher, invisible Powers whose temple is the Unknown and before whose shrine the veil has never been lifted. They-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed retained throughout Their grip upon unresisting humanity. But today, at times, I fancy I see the thin end of the wedge, the threat as it were of modern machinery to dethrone Them, even as prophet has dethroned prophet until we are now left the choice between Mrs. Eddy and Krishnamurti. Or else, at other times, I ask myself if perhaps the machine is not the incarnation of They, They made manifest, the better to regulate our lives, govern our movements, provide our amusements — the machine with which we can no longer dispense either in our hours of play or our hours of work. The Black Shirts may muster round Mussolini at the first sound of his summons, but it would take a stronger tyrant to cry halt to our mechanical age, to stop the machinery upon which we depend and to deliver us from its clutch.

Here is a problem made to the hand of our historians and philosophers, to whom I quite cheerfully relinquish it, though, personally, I am inclined to accept my theory of incarnation and, what is more, I can explain why. Hitherto a man has been needed behind the machine. Today, to such an extent is the machine asserting itself that the positions are reversed and my fear is that presently the machine will be needed behind the man. It is threatening not solely to dominate its victim, the human machine, but to become the rival, even, who can say? the partner, the companion of the Soul, the Superman, in Bernard Shaw's more familiar word.

OUR machine-made music and our machine-made plays were at first a surprise, a novelty, a marvel. But soon they became a habit, were taken for granted no less than the music in the concert hall, the play in the theatre. By many they were preferred, as ears became accustomed to canned song and symphony, eyes to the crudities of the camera, for the multitude, since the beginning of time, have always rejoiced in the wrong thing when the choice was given them. It is the old story of the Children of Israel in the desert trust-

ingly exchanging Jehovah for the Golden Calf. The multitude managed to put up with art and literature until the cheap and nasty came along, singing the folk-songs the musician now revives for their charm, patronizing the miracle plays the impresario now converts into pageants, accepting Giotto and Bellini because the chromo as yet was not. There was for long no choice. It was the multitude's misfortune to be obliged to endure what was fine and beautiful until the machine substituted the vulgar and the ugly.

Had the triumph of the machine halted here, the outlook might not be too alarming, so little have the human machines contributed to the development of the race. But should the machine conquer the Souls, then disaster lies ahead of us. I can but tremble, foreseeing as I do the degradation, destruction and death that must come from any further increase in the neatness and dispatch with which the machine does its work, any growth in our dependence upon it. Already, I am told, it measures out the anæsthetic for the patient about to go under the knife. Already robots change money for us and say "Thank You" for being allowed to. Already other robots run our engines, pilot our planes, regulate our traffic, go lecturing through the country. Already the scientist threatens to create life synthetically in the laboratory and with his success man, hampered by emotions and the knowledge of good and evil, will cease to be in the running. They-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed, before incarnation, never aspired to such a display of human talents. They were content to remain an invisible influence controlling man, never to become his visible rival. Should the progress of the machine continue at the same incredible rate, nobody can prophesy what the end will be.

MAN took millions of years to reach the stage where he could invent the machine. In comparison, the machine has been next to no time in achieving its all but human, perhaps superhuman, perfection. Frankenstein created his monster and then wished he had not, for he could not rid himself of it. If his fate awaits our leaders, what of the led? Here, indeed, is a dilemma that gives furiously to think.

Sure Cures for All Ailments

By T. Swann Harding

The story of medical quackery at war with Government regulation

Medical quackery and food adulteration are ancient Anglo-Saxon heritages. They are part and parcel of our biological being. Furthermore, not only have we, as a race, hankered for charlatanism and adulterations of sorts; we have insisted upon them as our inalienable right and have resisted, with noble flares of high dudgeon, the efforts made by any government to deprive us of fake remedies and of foods which are not what they seem.

Smollett's lovable and notoriously frank character, Matt. Bramble, in *Humphrey Clinker*, attests the character of London food at about the time our ancestors began to struggle for life, liberty, and the pursuit of money, in some of the following words. Some of the other words have been deleted as unfit for the eyes of an anæmic and somewhat emasculated modern age:

"In an action at law, laid against a carman for having staved a cask of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto," or, as the gentleman has it elsewhere, "balderdashed with cyder, corn-spirit, and the juice of sloes." He continues: "The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because it is whiter than the meal of corn: thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a mis-judging eye; and the miller, or baker, is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession."

In the Eighteenth Century the British Parliament munificently paid to Joanna Stephens the sum of five thousand pounds for a secret nostrum to dissolve urinary calculi, which turned out to be a powder prepared from snails, carrot seed, burdocks and haw, burned black, mixed with soap and honey, and taken internally. Dr. James Graham established his Temple of Health on the

Thames in 1780. It was elaborately outfitted and furnished, and his fee was a guinea; he sold an Elixir of Life which he would supply to any individual for one thousand pounds — until their death! He also had a wedding-bed for newly married couples; the fee was one hundred pounds per night and the result was guaranteed to be beautiful and accomplished progeny. Finally, Berkeley's tar water "cured" halitosis, weak voice, withered limbs, hydrophobia, scurvy, brain concussion, gout, yellow fever, deafness, smallpox, erysipelas, painful ulcers, consumptive coughs, asthma, dropsy and indigestion, while Carlyle's wife, as well as George Washington, found in Perkin's magnetizers and similar appliances great therapeutic aid and comfort.

However, many people declare we have a Pure Food and Drug Law today; it must be enforced; it probably has driven every form of adulteration from the market; perhaps it has definitely cured this Anglo-Saxon of belief in what is not so; anyway we can heave stertorous sighs of relief. Others, of course, fancy that the Food and Drug Law is no longer enforced, since its officials are not in the newspapers every day; but they know that this is an age of science, and that, with the wide dissemination of knowledge we have at present, people are no longer sufficiently ill-informed or idiotic to believe in fake remedies.

It might, therefore, be well to direct their attention momentarily to reducing agencies — first to one exposed in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* for July 21, 1928 (page 190), which admonished the buyer to invest $15 in "nature's way." This cream, which might be rubbed into any part of the body and thereby reduced it to quantitative normalcy, was especially recommended to those who had been deluded by "false and dangerous methods" of defeating avoirdupois. It reversed the natural processes of metabolic fat storage unless you were too thin; then it built you up. It was, of course, a "simple and harmless formula, yet highly specialized by an able chemist, after years of research and patient experimentation." Following all this it will be interesting to consider the composition of the faultless remedy. It contained white petrolatum (vaseline), mineral oil, beeswax, epsom salts, bicarbonate of soda, powdered alum and a little perfume. The rest may as well be silence.

Such frauds as these, unfortunately, do not come unquestionably under the interdictions of our Food and Drug Law, but it is a fact that the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Agriculture is exposing similar frauds every day of its existence. For instance, it recently conducted a nation-wide survey of the alleged medical activity of so-called radio-active waters and preparations. The products examined included hair tonics, bath compounds, suppositories, tissue creams, tonic tablets, face powders, ointments, mouth washes, demulcents, opiates, ophthalmic solutions, healing pads, and various other preparations in liquid, solid, or semi-solid form for which therapeutic value was claimed on a basis of radio activity. And with what result? Only five per cent of the products examined con-

tained sufficient radium to have therapeutic value, and then only under very limited conditions.

Enough has been said to show that belief in the impossible is almost an instinct in our race. Any agency, therefore, which seeks to control this instinct, or to deprive it of its desires, will be bound to incur a great deal of hatred and contempt. So great is the ability of the ordinary person, and we are all that, to believe wishfully and to place confidence in suggested ideas, that experienced jurists despair of the human word, and declare that the testimony of the most sincerely honest eye-witnesses is seldom fifty per cent correct, while scientists themselves are often betrayed into most absurd positions and statements.

THEREFORE when certain Southern gentlemen gather themselves together and form a company to market in interstate commerce the curative soil from a Southern mountain, we need a Government organization to see what is what. Buyers were admonished to soak the soil in water for a few hours and then to drink the water to cure all their ills. But impartial scientific investigation demonstrated that the soil contained no unusual or curative minerals, and the fraud was denied the market. That case was quite a simple one of the exploitation of human credulity and aroused little organized hostility, save that emitted by the Southern gentlemen.

Repression in such instances as the two hundred and forty-five rheumatism "cures" investigated during 1928–1929 is attended with much complaint because certain unscrupulous manufactures are enriching themselves by selling such "cures." They arise together, howl in unison and cry Liberty! Liberty! in a most affecting way. For instance, in late 1928 and early 1929 there was an epidemic of influenza. Almost immediately there appeared upon the market some eight hundred preparations sold as cures or preventives of influenza, grippe, or pneumonia. Ultimately the Food and Drug Administration deemed products subject to seizure when prominently labeled on bottle, box, or carton as being a competent treatment for those diseases. This was done because it constituted "hoodwinking the public, a large fraction of which is gullible when its health is concerned, into a false feeling of security" upon taking a perfectly useless remedy.

"ANOTHER type of deceit practised in connection with the sale of so-called cures and preventives of influenza, grippe, and pneumonia is the false advertising in newspapers and magazines. The labels of many preparations are in perfect compliance with the law, making no therapeutic claim that might not reasonably be expected to be met by a combination of the ingredients used, but the advertisements for these same preparations, spread flamboyantly over whole pages of magazines, trade journals, and newspapers, and broadcast by radio, show much less restraint. Many of these advertisements do not hesitate to state unqualifiedly that the products in question can prevent or cure influenza, grippe, and pneumonia and

certain other diseases." Then, in the official report, follows a sentence that the American people should attend, for the Drug Law was passed to protect them and they should be aware of its enforcement and also of its limitations. The sentence is: "This kind of misrepresentation can not be reached under the Federal Food and Drugs Act as it now stands." Let that be remembered.

Two matters of importance now concern us: 1. — How did the drug and pharmaceutical trade, particularly the manufacturers of proprietary remedies, respond to these enforcement acts of the officials in charge? 2. — Upon what is the attitude of the enforcement officials based when they concern themselves with "cures" of the type mentioned above?

First, then, *The Journal of the National Association of Retail Druggists*, issue of August 8, 1929, carried an editorial discussion of "bureaucratic encroachment upon legitimate business," and demanded "a return to reason and common sense in the interpretation" of the law. It held that the officials in making their rulings stretched their imagination beyond reasonable bounds and refused "to accept the testimony of many persons obviously well qualified to speak intelligently and with authority concerning the efficacy of such preparations in the treatment of colds, influenza, and grippe." The officials were said to be guided "by their own peculiar notions regarding the therapeutic value of certain drugs" and the editor posed, of course, among "persons of average intelligence and reasonably sound judgment." Having said this in two columns and a half of hysterical rhetoric, the editor then proposed his scientific test for the therapeutic value of a drug. It is as follows:

"While this theory (of the officials) may be in line with the present tendency among higher-ups in medicine, it is surely not in keeping with the experience of retail druggists generally throughout the country who, by reason of closer contact with the public and the sale of many household remedies, are certainly in a position to learn the truth concerning the value of many preparations which these self-styled modernists would keep beyond the reach of the laity." In brief the product the public buys to the druggist's profit is therapeutically sound. Further profane or secular exegesis would be irreverent here. With a final admonition to the drug trade to fight the "ridiculous, unjust and wholly unwarranted rulings" of the Administration with a united front, the editorial closes with a flourish.

Then against what sort of products does the Administration proceed so drastically? I quote a few instances from a Department of Agriculture press release dated November 8, 1929. There I find cited as frauds "Bowman's Abortion Remedy," labeled to stop abortion in cattle and consisting of brown sugar and wheat bran; "Kopp's Baby's Friend," recommended for infants one week old and containing morphine sulphate; "Arium Tablets" for stomach, nerve, blood, liver, kidney, glandular, sexual, and rheumatic ailments, and consisting of

lithium carbonate, starch and talc, with an inconsequential trace of radium; "Norma" for high blood pressure and consisting of phosphates, glycerine, water, and a red dye; "B-L," the blood builder, consisting of Epsom salts dissolved in water, colored red, and tinctured with a dash of iron, quinine and strychnine; "Giles Germicide and Blood Purifier" for rheumatism, asthma, catarrh, throat "trouble," blood and skin diseases, stomach and bowel diseases, consumption, pneumonia, pleurisy, paralysis and syphilis, and consisting of some camphor and ether dissolved in linseed oil. These will do for the present. Should such stuff be run off the market, or shouldn't it?

THE attitude of protest is quite epidemic in part of the drug trade today. *The Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter* declares that "Millions of persons are being assisted to recover from minor ailments every day by drugs which officially are useless, even dangerous, when so employed." Return to the beginning of this paper and observe that the most grotesque agencies always have helped the easily cured. *Drug Markets* (June, 1929), under the editorial caption, "Nothing But Confusion," remarks that "The way to stop this sort of thing (i.e., departmental regulatory work which is a trifle too efficient for comfort), but at the same time not weaken the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act, is to change the method of its administration." This again speaks for itself. These protests, according to editorial comment reprinted in *Standard Remedies* for July, 1929, are made against the departmental habit of assuming that "because no drug or combination of drugs is itself sufficient to effect a cure in the majority of cases of an ailment" it is wrong for such drugs or drug combinations to be sold as remedies. Comment would again be sacrilege.

FINALLY, *Drug Markets* for August, 1929, had a few frenzied words to say which should interest the American public. It is suggested editorially that "temporary relief" from onerous law enforcement might be gained if a certain vivacious, acutely perspicacious, and intensely active official would resign! But, says the aggrieved editor, this would be a manifest misfortune because what is really needed is "a change in the method of enforcement." Therefore let active officials continue their drastically good work until the united drug trade forces the United States Food and Drug Administration to adopt regulatory methods less menacing to the pocketbooks of those who deal in proprietary remedies. This is very definitely the attitude of a large and powerful set of trade and industrial interests, who are determined that the Administration must cease to be guided by scientific fact in its acts.

The words "scientific fact" are used advisedly. The officials of the Government are really not guided by that tenuous, etiolated, and diaphanous thing called "modern medical opinion" in these matters. The doctors themselves are so frequently contradictory that modern medical opinion is rather a shadow than a reality. The officials take action on the basis of scientific fact. The question is not

one of the thousand and one remedies suggested and prescribed by physicians to remedy colds or rheumatism, but the simple scientific fact that there is no known drug remedy and that the public can not be depended upon to distinguish between such phrases as "remedy for" and "recommended for," or "useful in the treatment of" or "indicated for" when it buys a proprietary.

In *The New Republic* for January 30, 1929, Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, wrote on "The Facts About Influenza." He said: "The only possible scientific advice relative to the care of the disease is essentially simple, since there are no specific measures and since the condition must be handled as the various symptoms develop." These measures include isolation, lying abed, warm drinks such as hot lemonade, hot water bags, plenty of water and light nourishment only as desired by the patient. He also demonstrated that very little is really known about this disease which Mrs. Thomas Carlyle in 1847 declared to be merely a name adopted "to call all sorts of ailments people are liable to have in cold weather . . . so that one sort of treatment may serve for all," thus greatly simplifying medical practice — an anecdote effectively told by Dr. Fishbein.

AGAIN, at a Washington conference of State and municipal health officers held January 10, 1929, nine points of advice for avoiding colds, influenza and their serious sequels, including pneumonia, were formulated. Drug remedies went unmentioned, except that laymen were very specifically warned against so-called preventives and drugs, vaccines and sera advertised to remedy colds. There the matter stands today, *scientifically*. This decidedly does not mean that doctors use no drug remedies for such conditions. They do. When the editor of a drug journal had druggists in various parts of the country send him in copies of prescriptions from different doctors for such respiratory affections, their number and their variety were simply astounding. But we must give the doctor the benefit of the doubt. However ill-organized the profession — and so long as it is disorganized it can never practise medicine scientifically — doctors, as individuals, have more training in the combat of disease than laymen and are, often with the utmost sincerity, doing the very best they can under most unpropitious conditions to discover something which will aid their patients.

THE point is this: The American public wants protection against useless or fraudulent remedies. The Food and Drug Law was passed to provide that protection. It is rather narrowly limited and needs amendment to widen its scope. It is, however, being enforced quite efficiently, as complaints from trade journals plainly indicate. This enforcement is based upon scientific fact; where no universally recognized cure for a condition exists the Administration accepts that fact and acts accordingly. Certain manufacturers and retail druggists are determined to take advantage of every loophole in order to foist upon the general public remedies of doubtful value, which

are dangerous, because the public is easily fooled, and has what is almost an instinct to believe devoutly in the impossible.

It should also be stated that the policy of the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturer's Association differs sharply from that of producers of fraudulent proprietary remedies. At its Washington meeting in December, 1929 (*Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter*, December 23, 1929, page 21), this reputable association created a committee to act as its contact agency with Government enforcement officials; it also went on record as favoring the enactment of an amendment to make the labeling provision of the Food and Drugs Act apply to advertising and to have enforcement vested in the Food and Drug Administration rather than the Federal Trade Commission. It indeed felt that drug manufacturers would do well to take the initiative in getting such legislation enacted, as it could only accrue to the benefit of reputable, ethical manufacturers. Finally, the general counsel of the Association, Charles Wesley Dunn, endorsed the Administration's past policies and expressed agreement in all essential details.

THE Food and Drug Administration rightly takes action against frauds. The trade resents such an official attitude because, as Smollett said, it holds "all regulation inconsistent with liberty," and the people seem to believe with them, in this land of rampant individualism, that "every man ought to live in his own way, without restraint." In its protests a part of the drug trade found itself upon the pseudo-scientific principle that any "remedy" which sells well is therefore therapeutically sound. The Administration denies this, and the belligerent protestants are determined to put a stop to efficient regulatory work on the part of the Administration either by legislative emasculation of the Food and Drugs Act or by having less active men appointed to enforce the law less stringently. Left to itself the public seems bent on investing in the most ridiculous fake stocks, adulterated foods, will-power courses, "psychology" bunk, or fraudulent drug remedies.

THE question arises: Does the intelligent public, when the situation is directly presented to it, desire to be bunked? Does it desire powerful agencies to impair the value of the Food and Drugs Act? Would it prefer to buy articles which are truthfully labeled, or to buy capriciously and without scientific guidance? Was Carlyle right when he said the public is an ass, or isn't it better for the Government to regulate food and drug products to the end that we who constitute the public can buy exactly what we want without fear of fraud or adulterations?

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

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OUR AMAZING INTERLUDE IN APPLIED ANTHROPOLOGY

The anthropological excursion which resulted in the discoveries here disclosed was a private expedition, sponsored jointly by the Nineteenth Amendment and the High Cost of Living. Its ostensible intention was to establish a vegetable garden, and make the desert of our suburban estate blossom like a seed catalogue or approximately so. It set forth with no fuss or fury, armed only with spade and fork and a piece of string, and there was nothing to mark it as different from the fruitless forays of other spring seasons, all of which have returned in mid-August with a mess of beans, an emaciated cucumber and very little else indeed. But this one was destined to be different.

We were digging alone in the garden, weary and stiff in the knees, thinking of planting potatoes and possibly beans and peas, when of a sudden our spade stopped short, striking us severely in the stomach with the handle and grating most unpleasantly with the blade. We knew at once, with that intuition characteristic of the successful scientist, that we had struck bone. A lightning-like association of sensations made us think of Sunday dinner, and we knew we had struck bone.

Our first unworthy thought was that this was just another cat. One must be very careful when digging in our yard because of the practically inexhaustible supply of cats in the neighborhood, all of which seem to burrow eventually beneath the surface of our garden and die there. But scientific curiosity soon determined that this was no cat. It was a skull, a human skull, or something very like it. Not altogether complete, perhaps, and somewhat dented by the spade, but yet manifestly a skull. Not even the casual observer could have mistaken it, for instance, for a set of false teeth or the footprint of a dinosaur. It was a skull, and we needed no testimony of experts in scullery to tell us so.

We stood there a while like Hamlet and pondered the skull, holding the pose until we could remember no more of Shakespeare's immortal comments on a similar discovery. We then began to be aware that this was no ordinary skull. It seemed singularly unlike any skulls among our immediate acquaintance, including our own. And in no time at all we were running eagerly toward the house and *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, realizing that we had spaded up a genuine, primordial, antediluvian, prehistoric and paleontological skull, a little second-hand, perhaps, but otherwise in surprisingly good condition.

We were remarkably pleased about it, and managed even to infect the family with some of our enthusiasm, particularly after we had washed the skull with laundry soap. We were delighted to think that we had made this discovery practically at our own doorstep, whereas ordinary anthropological expeditions invariably go off to the Gobi desert or the interior of China or other uncomfortable places where nobody can keep an eye on them. We have no idea why scientists consider one place any better than another for discovering things, nor do we think they have either, but a scientific expedition is never considered to amount to much unless it gets lost or tries to. We now believe, in fact, that you are just as likely to find the Missing Link under your own front porch as in the Sahara.

But we hasten to announce our conviction that this particular skull is not the Missing Link, nor any part of it. For that matter, we don't believe the Missing Link is really missing at all. It is probably under the bureau with the missing stud and the missing cuff button, and the wife will possibly find it when she is spring cleaning. No, this is not the Missing Link. But it is certainly an important and hitherto unsuspected specimen in the series of anthropological exhibits which indicate the rise of *homo sapiens* from the Catarhini or the Platyrhini — or a couple of other fellows — up to and including Eddie Cantor and Clarence True Wilson. And it proves once more that we have come a long, long way, even if we haven't got far.

This skull was discovered in the little sylvan and suburban community of Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, which is important only because it proves conclusively that it must be the Bryn Athyn Man or *Homo Bryn Athiensis*. It could not be the Java Man, or it would obviously have been found in Java. For similar reasons it could not be the Neanderthal Man nor the Peking Man nor the Piltdown Man. It is none of them, and if it were, we wouldn't bother with it.

The characteristic features of this skull — if a skull can strictly be said to have features — are numerous and interesting. There are, for instance, the frontal ridges. Perhaps we should explain that the frontal ridges are the ridges which are in front, as distinguished from the ridges which are in back. Everybody, of course, has frontal ridges, but nice people do not talk about them, at least in the presence of the children. But in the privacy of your own boudoir you may get the idea by raising the eyebrows and lowering the scalp, which immediately results in ridges. If you don't get it at first, just practise a while in front of a mirror until you make yourself sick.

The frontal ridges are very marked in *Homo Bryn Athiensis*, which shows either that he took snuff or was overtaken by death while wrinkling his brows over his income tax return. Equally significant is a long crack down the centre of the skull. After consultation with Professors Finkeldey, Pendelton et Al — and particularly Al — we are convinced that this represents a prehistoric passion for crossword puzzles or some paleontological effort to understand the philosophy, if any, of Dr. Will Durant. Or possibly something else.

A close examination of the skull reveals that the ears are missing. This is unfortunate but not unusual in second-hand skulls and need not interrupt our scientific speculations. The inclination of the temporal bones and some details in the nasal phalanges strongly suggest that *Homo Bryn Athiensis* had developed unusually large ears — possibly as large as those of an ass or domestic donkey. The talking pictures, obviously, are older than we suspected. The jaw is also missing and all the teeth but one, while the cheek bones have been mashed as though by a steam shovel or an argument over prohibition. In other words, this is — anthropologically speaking — one of the most perfect and well preserved prehistoric specimens in the world; much more so, for instance, than the *Pithecanthropus Erectus* of Trinil, Java, who is one of the most fragmentary females imaginable.

We shall not trouble you now with the story of our reconstruction of the rest of the skull, including arms, legs and incidentals. It is known to be a trifling matter for scientists like us to reconstruct a set of legs, once we have agreed among ourselves whether to reconstruct a man, a marmoset or an elephant. In this case there was positively no point in reconstructing an elephant, and we are therefore agreed that *Homo Bryn Athiensis* wore number 9 shoes and favored a little the corns on his right foot. We leave these less important matters and come to the question of the cube content.

According to Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn,

who must be an important product of evolution or he could never have been elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the brain cube of man a million years ago was not much worse than that of our neighbors or the iceman, or even of Dr. Osborn himself. He has said he is convinced that the Cro-Magnons — of whom we have always been very fond — "were our superiors both in average brain capacity and in average artistic ability." Our own studies in last season's Christmas cards incline us to agree with him. And this is important to the classification of our own squarehead, the *Homo Bryn Athiensis*, whose brain cube is nothing to brag about. He could never, for instance, wear our hat. We wear a modest seven and five-eighths, and this chap would have smothered in it. His skull was larger than that of a monkey, so long as you don't use too large a monkey for comparison, but he was at least a pint below our own cerebral content and that must mean something. Figure it out for yourself.

The only conclusion we care to make on the matter is that *Homo Bryn Athiensis* dates a long way back — five million or fifty million years at least — what's a few million among friends or evolutionists? This business of evolution, in fact, has been going on for longer than we care to think about, and sometimes, after an evening at the movies, it seems like an awful waste of time. But it is a fascinating study and delicately flattering to our pride of family and self-esteem. It is inspiring, also, to reflect that the product of evolution has acquired, just in the past generation or so, the ability to reflect upon his own creation, exactly as if a typewriter should suddenly start to spell out the story of its own manufacture. It just shows what we scientists can do when we put our mind to it and want to get our names in the papers.

And on the other hand, there is nothing like evolution to counsel humility and reverence to the heart and mind of man. A really thoughtful evolutionist never opens an oyster without the sweet and solemn thought that he practically is intruding on the privacy of an ancestor, and we ourselves can not look our prehistoric skull in the eye-socket without thinking of our sins. And since we find it such uplifting and edifying company we shall take no notice of the jealous canards of certain of our brother scientists, who have scandalously asserted that this is really the skull of a St. Bernard goat or the remains of a shoulder of lamb. If we scientists don't stick together, we shall all be stuck together. And anyway, we don't insist that we have solved to a finish the problem of the origin of man. According to Dr. Osborn, the question has been on the docket for fifty million years or more already, so it can wait a little longer until we are done with this cold in the head and can give it our undivided attention.

These Candid Confessionals

There has been some outbreak of concern among our best people, whether in Boston or elsewhere, over the periodical publication and apparent popularity of certain confessional documents, whose tone and topics are much in the mood of a nasty-minded chambermaid peeking through keyholes. We have heard in turn from "Ex-Wife," a lady afflicted with the disposition of a tramp and the indeterminate morality of an alley cat; from "Ex-Husband," who walked the tightrope of social satire with the tread of an elephant; and from "Ex-Mistress," who apparently believes that two bad turns deserve another. Presumably we have still to hear from "Ex-Widow," "Ex-Sweetheart," "Ex-Midwife," and possibly "Ex-Garbage Man," until all possibilities of connubial recollection and repentance are exhausted.

In Boston and the Customs Service of the United States, books like these are bothersome and seem to cry aloud for classification on one side of respectability or the other. This burden of responsibility is part of the price which pious people pay for trying to lay a deadline along the shores of polite literature. There can be no such thing, though there are foul and filthy books and writings which are rightly despised of all decent people. But the censor who prowls along the borderland rarely accomplishes anything except to make himself ridiculous.

There is a modern prayer among authors and publishers: "Oh that mine enemy would suppress my book!" It begins to dawn upon the patient public that to damn a book for daring or indecency or an over-fragrant discussion of the perfectly familiar facts of life, is to pave its author's pathway to perdition with royalty checks, which is by no means the intention. The effect of such righteous in-

dignation is not unlike the subtle sign, "For Men Only," which has fooled so many patrons of county fairs and is not unknown in the modern circus of motion pictures. It is like the red rag which will bait some species of poor fish to swallow anything.

The real prospect of relief from the pseudo-pornographic type of literature which is well within the law but equally well beyond the bounds of good taste, is that it becomes eventually as tiresome as the lurid conversation of a travelling salesman. We can personally imagine no less cheerful company on a desert island than a five-foot shelf of books devoted entirely to squaring the hypotenuse of the matrimonial triangle. And we should also like to send Ex-Wife and Ex-Husband together on a long walking trip through the Adirondacks and see which was the first to throw the other off a mountain into a patch of poison ivy or a den of hedgehogs. People with such a special gift for boring the neighbors should get together and work at it.

The Price of Eggs

No matter for what reason, I went down lately into the hinder parts of New Jersey, a section sprinkled fairly freely with those stalwart citizens who build and bulwark the traditions of our great republic. Nothing came of it, except that I learned something concerning the price of eggs.

I had hitherto taken no thought to it, but had assumed that an egg was just an accident which happened to a hen and which man in his wisdom had turned to good account. I liked eggs and even admired and respected them, but had never suspected them of economic implications. I had never reckoned them as the products of a great industry, based on the law of supply and demand and overshadowed by cost accounting and the stock market. I had no idea that the price of eggs was anything but a figure of speech and a minor curse of light housekeeping.

But one evening in the great egg belt changed all that. It also made me thoroughly egg-conscious, so that I shall never again be able to look a poached egg in the eye without a wince of economic anxiety. Did this egg come from a happy hen-house and a contented chicken-coop? Was the hen who laid it well rewarded for her willing sacrifice? Did the faithful farmer who cared for her get his full share of recompense for all his labors and distresses? Is this egg a symbol of prosperity or is it under the curse of business depression?

I usually get no answer to my curiosity concerning my matutinal mess of eggs, for an egg is possibly the most non-committal of all members of the animal kingdom. But these questions are none the less real and earnest, as I found out in the poultry paradise of South Jersey. Everything is secondary there to the price of eggs. Everything is important there or otherwise according to the price of eggs. The price of eggs is the barometer of business and the pressure gauge of prosperity. It is the hub and axis of the solar system and all local galaxies.

The stock market's crash rolled thunderously through Wall Street and all its lesser imitations, and echoed for weeks in the halls of Congress. It shook the studied calm of the Republican Party and upset ten thousand private applecarts. But its ultimate reverberations were heard in the hen-houses of Jersey. Despite the favoring circumstances of bad weather in the West and war in China, eggs dropped steadily by the week. The brave little hens cackled courageously in the face of calamity, like so many newspaper editors with advertising acreage to sell, but nickels dropped steadily from the dozen price until there was little but nickels left. And all, it seems, because the big business man had lost his appetite for breakfast.

There was some talk this winter in Washington of adjusting the tariff, that amazing device for patching the wheels of progress so that they will run another season. What has the tariff to do with the price of eggs? Apparently it has no other real importance whatever. If feed goes up while eggs go down, the end of the world is in sight. If the cost of crates and cartons goes up one nickel while eggs go down two, then the hen is wasting her time. If there is to be no tariff protection against kippers and English marmalade, how can the domestic hen maintain her supremacy at the American breakfast table?

There was some rumor in Jersey of a naval parley in London and an expedition to the South Pole. But they were minor matters; they had nothing to do with the price of eggs. Neither had the problem of Russian recognition, except in so far as it was necessary to keep Communism from the chicken coop, which is apparently a matter of sufficient

oyster shells and charcoal. But prohibition was a problem of importance and concern. It was generally accounted a failure, having been signally unsuccessful so far in diverting the nation's corn crop from its more reprehensible employments into chicken feed. And Republicanism was on the wane and Democracy in the ascendant, in joint protest by fowl and farmer against the price of eggs.

One does not learn these things by any dilettante dabbling in poultry farming, nor by maintaining a couple of household hens to deprive a deserving garbage collector of his visible means of support. My own experience had taught me none of them, though it had involved some other lessons. I once kept chickens, though not for long. I was led into it by circumstances and my natural gift for getting into trouble. I had space to spare, otherwise useless except as an emergency landing field for airplanes. I had garbage, I had a roll of wire netting. It seemed logical to keep chickens.

I realize now that I might have saved time and money by buying a few dozen second-rate eggs and setting the cat on them, but in my optimistic innocence I bought two dozen baby chicks and went after experience with live bait. I carried them home in person and an ordinary hand bag, and all survived the trip except one little fellow who grieved overmuch for his incubator and passed away before we reached city limits. The other twenty-three I put in a washtub beside the radiator, providing them generously with shells and sand and worms and garden seeds and all the other things that chickens eat, and scrupulously shielding them from draughts, the children and the household cat.

They immediately started to peep, and peeped continuously for three weeks. Just why they peeped they would not say, but I supposed they were either too hot or too cold, and therefore adjusted the temperature of the house up and down until most of the family had chronic catarrh. Finally the peeping diminished, chiefly because the cat got into the washtub and scrambled six of them beyond repair, whereupon the remnant was transferred to the back of the stove for safer keeping. And the next time the hired girl made a batch of biscuits she cooked four of them.

The remainder were moved outdoors to a charming little coop prepared for them by my own loving hands. All went well, except that a storm came up one night and none of those chickens knew enough to come in out of the wet, preferring to crouch by the outer wire and pray for better weather. Three having drowned in their tracks, I must needs bring the rest in and wipe them dry and feed them hot soup and port wine from a medicine dropper, in spite of which two took double pneumonia and died reproaching me.

Eight still remained, and fine young chickens they were, with appetites like ostriches and an infinite capacity for flying out of anything they were put into. One flew into a ten-ton truck and another committed suicide by entering into pointless argument about the cancellation of war debts with an English sheep dog. Four others surrendered unconditionally to the pip, gapes, staggers and foot-and-mouth disease.

Of the remaining pair we expected much, and counted our eggs long before they were laid. But it turned out at last that our two hens were roosters, with no more than a sentimental interest in eggs. I sold one to a neighbor for breeding purposes, and the neighbor — unwilling, no doubt, to break a beautiful friendship by any sordid financial considerations — neglected entirely to pay for it. The lone survivor stayed on a while and then disappeared overnight. I have every reason to suppose he went into the local colored ministry.

So experience taught me nothing, you see, about the price of eggs. It is not a personal problem; it has little to do with markets and household budgets; it really has little to do with eggs. Its anxiety and concern are by no means confined to the chicken-infested areas of South Jersey or California or Michigan. It invades every business, every public argument, every political conscience. Nobody cares overmuch about anything in this country apart from the price of eggs. Nobody, with the possible exception of pedagogues, political economists and those who do parlor tricks with pure statistics, troubles himself to weigh a problem or a proposition without throwing into the scale the price of eggs.

So whenever you wonder why a blue-eyed bartender in New York is a Democrat while his red-headed brother in Philadelphia is a Republican, consider the price of eggs. When a leaky-suitcase Congressman con-

tributes his mite to a dry majority, make all due allowances for the price of eggs. If a manufacturer of sheet steel goes into a patriotic panic over preparedness, discount his devotion to the cause of national defense by the price of eggs. And remember as best you can in the heat of argument and the zeal of your cause, that public opinion settles most matters in this age of the passionate pursuit of prosperity with a single question: "What's it got to do with the price of eggs?"

DAYLIGHT SAVING

Emerson wrote of an Indian chief who made reply to some one who complained that he had not enough time. "Well," said the Indian, "I suppose you have all there is." Recognizing the Red Man's wisdom, we conclude that Daylight Saving is poorly named. After several summers of it, we ourselves have no more of the stuff of which eternity is made than we had before. We find that we can lose time, spend time or waste time, but we have no proof that we can save it. If we could, we don't know what we would do with it.

Presumably Daylight Saving is one of the remarkable but uncomfortable advantages of civilization. We live, they say, in an age of science, when the wit of man is busily correcting all the errors and oversights of original creation. Virtually everything else having been disposed of, it occurred to some one that we might, following Pope's advice —

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run;
Correct old time and regulate the sun.

Daylight Saving has been carefully and patiently explained to us by kind persons who understand such things, and we admit there may be something in it. We can see that it may make our electric light bills lower, principally because they can not possibly go any higher without blowing the safety-valve on the check book. But we can not explain it to the children, and if you think our children or anybody's children can be converted to a new bedtime schedule by a city ordinance, then you have forgotten your own childhood and are childless yourself.

We understand that Daylight Saving is not particularly popular with the country districts. In travelling around during the summer this prejudice boils up in local option at its worst, so that it is quite possible to arrive at one place before you have left another. The first question the traveller must ask the native is whether the town clock means what it says or is subject to a Daylight Saving discount. This fundamentalist disposition of the country districts has apparently something to do with the habits of cows. It seems to be as difficult to explain Daylight Saving to a cow as it is to convey the idea to our children.

Daylight Saving has possibly this to its credit; that through its daily gift of evening sunshine two suburban radishes may grow where but one grew before. But you can't prove the point to a farmer, who sets his clock by a cow. City folk may lay down a law to their taste, but country men will do as they please. Shakespeare doubtless had this in mind when he foretold the hazards of any law which takes in too much territory. "Dost thou think," quoth he, "that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

THE PERFECT CHILD

Nothing in our personal experience suggests the remotest possibility of infantile perfection. We are aware of an infinitude of contingencies in childhood, but unadulterated integrity is by no means one of them. The closest which our own children ever come to the pink of perfection is on their original birthday, and they secede from it thereafter with the cumulative pace of an aviator walking home without his parachute.

But there must be such a thing as the perfect child, or Teachers College at Columbia University could not publish his picture. It has done so, in a pamphlet of 1,911 leading questions calculated to cover all possibilities in juvenile behavior and misbehavior. If you can answer each and all of them in favor of your child, then you are the proud possessor of a perfect infant and should also be arrested for perjury.

We suppose this questionnaire must be the most depressing document in all the dismal acreage of educational pontification. It isn't just Teachers College which affects us that way; it's the fundamental fact that the contemplation of perfection is an uncomforting and even irritating occupation. It upsets the

appetite and gets on the nerves. So also do those who counsel it. We are abstractly in favor of perfection, but we despise to have it thrust down our throat. And we don't believe it can be enforced, anyhow.

Dr. Ruth Andrus prepared this preposterous yardstick for determining what sort of infant is totally acceptable to Teachers College, and no doubt she thoroughly enjoyed herself in the process. Nothing else would account for the incredible patience with which she has done the job, for it must be conceded that it takes time to tabulate 1,911 contingencies of childhood and to rate them for better or worse. But we take issue with the lady if she considers the job is done beyond amendment or repair. Out of personal experience we affirm that any child of two to five years of age who can think of only 1,911 ways to behave or misbehave should be taken at once to a doctor, and possibly have his tonsils out. Moreover, we believe it to be a typical piece of pedagogical presumption to suppose that any one can figure in advance what any child is going to do, particularly since he has already decided to do something else. And finally we criticize the questionnaire because it is manifestly and pointedly directed to the inconsiderable family and to the child who has few, if any, brothers and sisters to aid and abet him in expressing his personality. Teachers College persistently ignores the fact that it is biologically possible for a family to include not merely one or two children but six or eight or eleven. And with each addition the possibilities increase as the square of the distance and the cube of the root, until the brain reels at the prospect and turns gratefully back to the single problem of persuading one child at a time to wash behind his ears and leave the cat alone.

The perfect child, in fact, would never stay that way unless he were kept on a cake of ice hermetically sealed in a glass case, in which case he would do very nicely for a museum but would otherwise be a small comfort to his parents. He should also be sternly forbidden the company of his kind, or they would all go rapidly and happily to the bad like a forgotten barrel of apples. And in our most vindictive mood we could wish nothing worse for Dr. Andrus or Teachers College than that they be given the care and custody of a perfect child, with orders to keep him that way under penalty of the Jones Act and the padlock laws. Under such conditions they might soon discover that the care of an intoxicated camel or a bad-tempered boa constrictor would be a comparatively simple responsibility.

We have neither time nor patience to examine each of these 1,911 questions, 207 of which are devoted to emotional matters, 525 to mental qualifications and capacities, 864 to physical activities and the rest to those factors which make a child safe for democracy. But we commend a few of them for their particular charm and touch of gaiety. We find, for example, that the perfect child corrects and amends his parents but does not strike them. It is implied that he does not even bite them. He shows affection for fish, though whether this means that he makes pets of the goldfish or will readily inhale a sardine is not clear. He does not hesitate to knock down little girls when they tease him, being afflicted with none of the artificial inhibitions or dangerous repressions of a civilization which has sought peace in woman's suffrage. He never says "It is me" when he means "It is I," nor eats peas off a knife. And he never speaks, sings or recites the Declaration of Independence with a mouthful of mush.

These qualifications are reasonable, as the most captious or careless parent must admit. So is the suggestion that the perfect child will remove his shoes on going to bed, and will blow his own nose. We have always felt, even without the help of Teachers College, that the blowing of the nose is a peculiarly personal matter and one which it is difficult to delegate to the butler or the hired girl or even a trained nurse. And we will go so far as to admit that a perfect child or any other should be able to look a worm in the eye without flinching.

But our agreement with Teachers College comes a cropper over buttons and side garters. Teachers College wants and expects our children to button and unbutton their garments in the back without hollering for help, to hitch their own garters without strangling themselves, and to tie shoelaces neatly and to the point. We recognize the admirable intentions of these requirements. Buttons and garters are a painful though necessary problem, and it would be nice indeed if the children would take them off our hands. We look forward to old age and an invalid's chair principally because they should deliver us

from infantile buttons and side garters. We admit that the parental time, trouble and temper spent on such matters, together with the related afflictions of galoshes, zippers and safety pins, can only be measured in light years or parsecs. And a parsec is a long, long time, as Dr. Einstein will tell you.

But we don't see that Teachers College has any constructive suggestion on the matter. It's all very well to say that a perfect child should attend to such problems himself, while his parents knock off another fifteen minutes' sleep. We have said so ourselves, or words to that effect. We have made the suggestion so often that the children see it coming and go blind and deaf to our subtle insinuations. So that the normal day still begins beneath a barrage of buttons and a tangle of garters and the perfect child is still a purely theoretical commodity.

Here lies comfort for those parents who take their Teachers College seriously. For the obvious net conclusion of this academic quest for the perfect child is that "there ain't no sich animule." Parents need not reproach themselves or their offspring too severely for falling some parasangs short of this hypothetical one hundred per cent. They should even rejoice in their failure. For one swift glance across this questionnaire reveals beyond dispute that the perfect child would also be a perfect nuisance and a pluperfect prig. He would also bore his parents stiff. Any child who could be counted on to behave consistently according to schedule — anybody's schedule — would be about as interesting and stimulating as a cuckoo clock or the multiplication table.

The apparent trouble with Teachers College is that it has no children of its own. This is enough to account for the fact that it knows so much about children and the raising of them. It is a common complaint, and even parents are not immune to it until they have been painfully inoculated with ignorance and humility born of experience. And it remains one of the most ironic mysteries of creation that Providence does not give us our neighbors' children, these being the only ones we really know how to raise.

We are sympathetic, of course, to teachers, having shared and survived their fate. But we do think they go off too much and often on junkets for which somebody else pays the bill. We think this particular cohort of them is tilting at windmills for lack of something better to do. It is setting up a straw man, or his miniature image, which will ultimately serve no useful purpose except to irritate the neighbors as they go about their business. And we foresee no substantial progress or profit in discussion of the perfect child while similar problems of much less complexity evade and defy solution.

It would be difficult, for instance, to define so simple an entity as a perfect hen's egg so that the description would satisfy the hen, the rooster, the Department of Agriculture and the great American breakfast table. It seems to be troubling the accumulated wisdom of the Senate to write a tariff schedule which will hurt nobody's conscience. We sing sweetly and sentimentally of "the end of a perfect day," but nobody could select a perfect day whose perfection would suit both the iceman and the coal dealer, or the straw hat manufacturers and the umbrella men. And not even Teachers College can chase perfection into a corner and make it stay there.

So the perfect child probably belongs among pedagogical pipe dreams and parental illusions, rather than in the realm of realities. We certainly can't locate him among our own children. We are equally certain that he doesn't live with the neighbors. And though the experts may write his code and qualifications and describe him from topknot to toenails, it won't much worry the average indescribable infant. They may even put him in the Constitution, the city ordinances, the radio programmes and every other modern version of the law and prophets. But we bet a hat they can't enforce him.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Some of us today demand that our travel proceed with a silken smoothness, absolute precision of schedule, and an established sense of comfort and protection. For us the adventurous or unexpected aspects of journeying abroad have been perfectly and painlessly removed. We revel in and rejoice over the adventures of knights, warriors and scoundrels of by-gone ages, but we do not experience any ourselves. In fact, we should scarcely recognize an adventure if it were thrust upon us. We would probably call it an appalling imposition. Then again, there are those of us who venture abroad tiptoe and eager to experience some thin iced adventure, and it never fails to find us. Travellers who think in this métier frequently gravitate towards South Africa. And why not? In this vast land of romance and enchantment the cream is still on the gingerbread, so to speak, and the ports where our own brand of civilization flourishes but stand as portals to a wonderland of adventure that lies beyond. Besides was not the first settlement established at the Cape of Good Hope by that loyal servant of the Dutch East India Company — Jan Anthony Riebeek — in 1652, composed mainly of gallant soldiers of fortune and adventurers? Later came the *voortrekkers* who carried the torch of civilization from the coast to the unknown fastnesses of the hinterland. To follow their trails is to share something of their experiences and to understand a little, perhaps, of their dauntless spirit and their Africa. But fortunately for us South Africa has modernized the approaches to its scenic attractions. Mind you — modernized — not made modern. A distinction which still allows us our adventures, even though the journey of seven thousand miles from Capetown to Cairo is now a regular route for tourists.

The Victoria Falls

Africa is no longer quite as dark as it used to be. Take the Victoria Falls, for instance, once so remote that only a Livingstone might gaze on them, now boasting a hotel quite in accordance with the best modern traditions. But the mighty falls of the Zambesi, a mile and a quarter wide, leaping their four hundred feet into the misty gorge below are as they were "when the morning stars sang together," absolutely unmarred by a single work of man's hand. David Livingstone, who carried in his heart that great understanding love of all peoples which alone makes travel worth while, was the first white man to look on these stupendous works of nature, and that seems quite as it should be. Four features stand out as of particular interest in relation to the falls: the river and islands above the gorge; the palm grove, green and moist as a bit of tropical Ceylon; an enchanting wood in which day and night a light warm spray from the opposite falls descends gently through the brilliant sunshine to refresh the ferns and burnish every leaf and tree trunk with gold, while rainbows tremble above it all day, and even appear in the moonlight; and then the falls themselves — without haste, without pause — majestic, unforgettable.

Africa is like that. Large. Vast. Unforgettable. And it is for this vast sense of freedom that the South African yearns when he leaves his native land. A story is told of an Englishwoman who travelled in a post-cart through the African bush and who, after a long day's drive without sign of human habitation or break in the monotony of the bush, suddenly began to cry. Asked why she wept, she could only reply almost inarticulately, "Oh, it's so terrible. There's so much of it. There's so much." But it is this very breadth, this "muchness" which draws South Africa's lovers to her and holds them. Perhaps it is memories of the Karoo at night when the Milky Way winds a white band across the velvet sky and the silence is so intense that you might dream that you hear the stars move; or maybe it is visions of a water hole in the moonlight when the beasts creep down in stealthy silence to drink; or perchance the dream of a faded picture of an old shrivelled Matabele woman which hangs on the wall of Cecil Rhodes' bedroom at Groote Schurr who is the woman who acted as chief negotiator between Rhodes and the natives. Visions are strange and plentiful in South Africa.

Zimbabwe — South Africa's Unsolved Mystery

Here we find the great Zimbabwe ruins, roofless, walls partly raized, yet little affected by the passage of time, their well chiseled granite blocks cleverly fitted together without mortar. Were they built by the Phœnicians, Chaldeans, or Sabean colonists, sent to procure the gold of ancient Ophir; or were these old workings in Rhodesia the veritable King Solomon's mines of romance, dating back to the time when the fleets of Hiram, King of Tyre, patrolled the East African coast and furnished Solomon with the gold for his temple. Mysteries, all,

which have so far defied the archæologists who have attempted to solve this secret. Certain it seems that these ancients were constantly in fear of attack, and because of this erected the elaborate temple and fortresses, well nigh impregnable in spots. It seems clear, too, that these mysterious miners of antiquity took over one hundred and fifty million pounds of gold from these fields, and sent them somewhere out of Africa on the backs of camels that followed the old trade route of yellow dust down to the coast at Sofala. And, as we are such omniverous readers of detective stories — why not seek a real mystery while we are about it and go to Zimbabwe to muse and "figger out."

In contrast to these solitary ruins, the Kruger National Park, a five million acre game preserve, is alive with all manner of animals and birds, and it is estimated that at least a quarter of a million head of game exist in peace in this vast sanctuary. And all this within twelve hours of Johannesburg. This is the place to adventure with a camera and learn something of the wonders of the beasts and infinite variety of the flora.

A child playing with shiny stones led to the discovery of the Hopetown diamond fields; a poor prospector out for a walk striking the toe of his boot against an outcropping of gold brought to light the great Rand gold reef which saved the Transvaal; a Hottentot parting with a diamond valued at twenty-five thousand pounds innocently gave to the world the famous "Star of South Africa" — these are typical South African adventures, and they are legion. But one way to enjoy adventure yourself is to visit South Africa on one of the new motor vessels now running to South African parts and dig out your own.

Spain's Royal Summer Resort — San Sebastian

SPAIN might appear a very formidable country, surrounded on three sides, as she is, by the sea and on the other by the purple Pyrenees, but the truth is that she is most approachable. If you would have your first glimpse of her from the water, she has many fine ports from which the Spanish conquistadores sailed in regal splendor and into which you may sail with less splendor, perhaps, but much more comfort. If, however, you approach her from the north, it must be along the almost perfect motor roads which honeycomb the Pyrenees, one of the most travelled being that which runs from Biarritz to San Sebastian, that perfect setting for a musical comedy basking in the sun and splashed by the bluest waters, where the Spanish King him-

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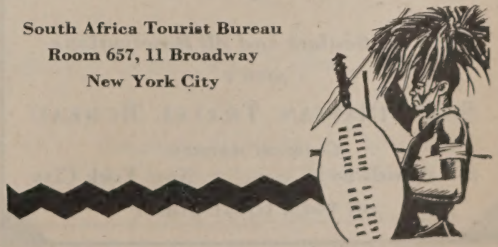

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self elects to pass many of his royal summer days. Over this road when the "Grande Corrida" is to be held in the sun and shade of the bull ring at San Sebastian, many powerful Hispano Suizas speed with hissing smoothness, crowding the patient Basque oxen, plodding along its winding whiteness, to the thick shade of the mimosa trees at the side of the road; and over this same road in the moonlight will steal the dancing feet of the Basque contrabandier, who for hundreds of years has carried on his smuggling with delight. So daring are these mountaineers that the tale is told of a Princess who was smuggled over the border to her Spanish lover by a famous contrabandier named Ganis — but this was many years ago.

One would scarcely mind even having to be smuggled into Spain, just so that he arrived in San Sebastian, for San Sebastian is Spain in its gayest and most inconsequential mood. A perfect half moon beach of silver sand outlines the Pasco de la Concha, and the rest of the moon is made up of a bit of a bay so sparkling that as it pours in through its narrow mouth from the wildness of the Bay of Biscaye, it seems to hold all the bubbles that ever danced on Spanish champagne. On this float yachts of enchanting slimness, dipping and bowing in a gentle breeze, their pennants flying, for all the world like ladies of the old order curtseying with gracious dignity. On the King's side of the beach stiff precision, the coming and going of important, message-bearing motor cycles, Spanish soldiers in their patent leather hats, smart capes and olive colored uniforms posted at frequent intervals where they may be needed, growing thicker as we reach the gates of the Palace, which is not far from the beach with its red and yellow striped bathing carts and parasols. Passing round the curve of the moon we come to the shops, gaudy with shawls of magnificent fineness and fringes where ladies may satisfy their desires for tortoise shell combs so high that one doubts it were possible to find a mantilla long enough to drape over them. But yes. They are to be had in the shop next door, together with fans — such outrageously alluring fans that but to possess one must inspire flirtations, if only from a balcony.

In the Inner Port

A LITTLE farther round the curve of La Concha the scene suddenly changes. We are in the inner port itself, where busy fishing smacks crowd impatiently to the little wharf to discharge their silver cargo. Here the strong reddish brown nets are spread on the quay to grow redder in the sun, while the black-eyed fishermen in tawny clothes work with the nets twisting and untwisting

them in ways so incomprehensible to a mere onlooker as to be quite bewildering. Snatches of song drift lazily in the still air, for the men sing as they work, and in and out among them a slim dark girl daintily picks her way singing, surely about the silvery little fish she balances so neatly on her head in a broad low basket. To this port, too, come the fine Spanish wines, and wines from the Canaries, and here are to be found the most collectable straw covered bottles imaginable. Through narrow streets with latticed overhanging balconies we wander, enchanted to find that Spain is still Spanish to its fingertips, and then suddenly we come upon the entrance to the gorgeous old Church of Santa Maria, whose age may be great but whose gold leaf never wavers in its magnificence. Not every beach can boast a mountain, but San Sebastian can, for up from the King's side of La Concha rises Mont Igueldo, topped by a delightful hotel from whose deep verandas the ocean, the sky and San Sebastian fill the eye with delight and the heart with a sudden pang that so much beauty can crowd into so small a portion of the universe. And at night the soft twang of a guitar drifts on the still air, and the stars dance in the sky and in the gleaming bay. The sky is velvet black, but San Sebastian is sparkling with gaiety. It is the sort of abandon which readily attracts the sophisticated traveller.

France in Spring

To be in France in April and May is to be swept into the sweetness of a gay and delicate spring time that creeps over the countryside with a gentleness that is at once beguiling and irresistable. Fontainbleau in the spring, its matchless forest of tender silver birches glimmering in a veil of green mist and silver, where Corot caught his magic; Malmaison in the spring, that favorite haunt of Napoleon and Josephine, where the faint melodies from her harp banished from the Emperor's mind the tenseness of affairs of state, and the rose trees strew their petals and fill the air with perfume; spring time at Saint Jean de Luz on the Silver Coast where the bright Basque-blue waves wash the sundrenched beach of a Sorolla and the tidy linen-clad oxen amble slowly through avenues of mimosa attentive to every touch from the strong *makhila* of their Basque masters; spring time at Chinon when the grave château that once housed the Maid of Orleans decks its ruined walls with sprigs of rippling willow and mirrors its greatness in the broad waters of the Loire; and of course, spring time in Paris, the height of the season, for the Paris Auteuil Races, Prix du President de la Republic on April 20 — opening of the Spring Salon in the Grand Palais for French artists and

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decorateurs on May first, "muguet day," as it is called when lovers send dainty sprigs of lillies-of-the-valley to their beloveds and all the world is gay; it is spring time on May 4 at Versailles when the fountains play in all their misty rainbow glory, and on the twelfth is the Paris Fair. Anywhere, you may say, in the spring time — but particularly France.

Contrast of French Resorts

How easy it is, if you just start to think about it, to drop all the social cares of winter which have come so thick and fast, and engage your passage through your favorite tourist agent to assure yourself the best available accommodations with the least amount of trouble, and sail off gaily for a touch of French spring time. Perhaps it is just this touch of French verve that you are wanting to set you up. Many Americans are finding it worth while to come and go within the slender limits of a month or six weeks, because of course travel is so simplified and easy going these days. Others are discovering the tranquillity of the French seaside for a summer change — exciting, breath-taking walks along the edge of the monster cliffs of Brittany, the waves wild to catch you, the simplicity of summer life at Beg-Meil, Pont Aven, Belle-Isle-en Mer, Dinard and La Baule; the nearness of Normandy with its many fine beaches at Deauville, Trouville and Etretat; of the substantial Basque touch to the surroundings on the Silver Coast at Hendaye, so near the Spanish border, Guethary, Arachon in the pines, and Biarritz, queen of them all, where on the twentieth of April is held their gay festival on the beach. These French seaside resorts, ever more popular with Americans "in the know" are interesting because, for one thing, they offer such a fascinating contrast, not only to our own tried and true variety of resorts but to each other. For instance, at one resort simplicity is the attraction — dressing is a matter of keeping your face and hands clean, the food will be a marvel of green vegetables and dainty *gateaux*, the bathing hour when you wish. You may also have the leisure to saunter through village shops or loiter over a game of chess in the comfortable chairs of a wee café and listen to the sound of the real French you have always wanted to train your ear to understand. At others dinner is never before nine and is an occasion no less than the saunter across to the casino a few hours later. And resorts such as these are so often neighbors that it is possible to enjoy the simple life as long as you care for it, and then with the least possible trouble, season it with a dash of the *haut monde*. Which, after all, is playing at French life in much the same way that Marie Antoinette played.

Murray Bay

NOT far from the Saguenay River where the St. Lawrence begins to open wide its long mouth to swallow all that it can of the sea, lies Murray Bay, near the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence — that same Murray Bay which took its name from the first British Governor of Quebec, but which has retained the stamp of its earlier French association through the centuries. Was not this the land of Cartier — did he not, as early as 1535 visit the Indian town on the island where now is Montreal, and when he had been led to the summit of the mountain, was it not he who called the vision Mount Royal? Was it not through these waters that the mighty Frontenac, "the Sun Hawk" of his royal master Louis XIV, sailed to establish more firmly in this New World the golden lilies of France? This heritage of bravery and courage could not pass, but has mingled gracefully in the lives of those who followed. In the little villages of Murray Bay and Pointe-au-pic, which formed part of two seigneuries given to two Scotch officers as a reward for gallantry in the capture of Quebec, the French intermarried with the Scotch settlers who came there and the charming habitants, as their descendants call themselves, lend a picturesque background to this part of Canada.

French Tradition at The Manoir Richelieu

FRENCH tradition is accentuated at Murray Bay by what appears at first sight to be almost an apparition, as the towers of the Manoir Richelieu rise against the blue green pines of the Laurentian Mountains. Can it be possible, you ask yourself, that some stately scion of the French nobility has transplanted a portion of the Old World he once knew and loved to the Canadian woods so that he may forget his exile? It seems incredible that it can be a hotel, and yet it is — one of the most perfectly appointed hotels in the world, erected but a stone's throw from Tadoussac, that ancient village which was once the trading post for all the redskins, fur trappers and *courreurs-de-bois* of that wild wilderness. Here the Saguenay pours into the St. Lawrence through what is really a deep glacier-born chasm drowned to a depths of hundreds of feet. It is said the early explorers who entered the mouth of the deep Saguenay thought they had found the Northwest passage to China, which all were so diligently seeking in those days, but that when later on they discovered they were only upon another river, all of them had a good laugh and named the bay Ha Ha! This cheerful

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April 2
Alfonso XIII
April 8
Antonio Lopez
April 19
Buenos Aires
April 27
Cristobal Colon
May 4

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Bay and Chicoutimi, about twenty miles farther on, are well known to sportsmen, for just beyond Chicoutimi where the water from Lake St. John dashes over its precipice in falls, is the hiding place of the gamey ounaniche, descendant through countless generations of the salmon, known to the Indians by a name that means "strong as a horse." Sportsmen will say that the only way to enjoy this part of Canada is in a birch-bark canoe where you may swing your dripping paddle *au large* — and they may be right. But canoeists, such as the Indians were, take more skill and time to develop than we lend to the sport these days, and so for those who can not canoe it is consoling to know that motor roads to and from Montreal and Murray Bay are not only good, but are among the finest roads on the continent. And even the Saguenay River may now be traced by motor as far up as St. Catherine's Bay. That this part of Canada is becoming ever more popular is apparent not only because of the excellent transportation facilities offered by railroads and steamship lines for tourists, but because so many American families whose names stand for substantiality have chosen it for the establishment of their summer homes.

Items of Interest to Travellers

FOREIGN visitors to Berlin this summer will have a brand new museum to attract them. It is to be a permanent aviation exhibition occupying two buildings of the Central Airport on Tempelhof Field and is to be known officially as Die Luftfahrtsammelstelle. But when you have conquered the name, the museum itself will seem simple to those who are air-minded, for it is to present graphically the development of aeronautics from their infancy to the present time. It will include many original models and designs, the first glider, a Wright machine, the first engined planes, as well as models of the latest giants — the DO-X, the Rohrbach Romar, and the latest Zeppelin. A large part of the historical section of the "Ila," the international aero show of a year or two ago, is to be incorporated in the museum which will doubtless prove of immense interest to the travelling public, particularly as flying has become so customary a means of getting about in Europe.

The twin screw electric drive *S.S. Santa Clara* of the Grace Line sails on her maiden voyage for South America, April 19, 1930. The *Santa Clara* is the first vessel built expressly for foreign trade under the provisions of the Jones-White Act.

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played a prominent part in the development of commerce between the United States and South Africa and it is also devoting much time to the development of passenger traffic to that country which promises to become more and more important as time goes on. The *M.V. City of New York*, the newest vessel of this line, has excellent accommodations for sixty-one first class passengers on the upper deck.

Los Angeles Steamship Company announces four personally escorted, specially serviced spring tours to Hawaii leaving Los Angeles harbor during April and May. Each tour will be of twenty days duration.

Traveller's Guide

TRANS-ATLANTIC SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK

Europa, North German Lloyd, Bremen, March 29 and April 29
Berengaria, Cunard, Southampton, April 2
Magallanes, Spanish Mail, Barcelona, April 2
President Roosevelt, United States Lines, Hamburg, April 2
Albert Ballin, Hamburg American, Hamburg, April 3
Dresden, North German Lloyd, Bremen, April 3
Gripsholm, Swedish American Line, Gothenburg, April 4
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, April 4
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, April 5
New Amsterdam, Holland American, Rotterdam, April 5
Alfonso XIII, Spanish Royal Mail, Bilbao, April 8
America, United States Lines, Hamburg, April 9
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, April 9
Roma, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, April 9
Seydletz, North German Lloyd, Bremen, April 12
Vulcania, Cosulich, Trieste, April 10
Homeric, White Star, Southampton, April 11
Paris, French Line, Havre, April 11
Bergensjord, Norwegian American Line, Oslo, April 12
Hellig Olav, Scandinavian American Line, Copenhagen, April 12
Kungsholm, Swedish American Line, Gothenburg, April 12
Leviathan, United States Lines, Southampton, April 12
St. Louis, Hamburg American, Hamburg, April 12

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Isle de France, French Line, Havre, April 18
Berlin, North German Lloyd, Bremen, April 24
City of New York, American South African Line, Capetown, May 31

SOUTH AFRICA: SAILINGS FROM SOUTHAMPTON

Carnavon Castle, Union Castle Line, Natal, April 4
Edinburgh Castle, Union Castle Line, Natal, April 11

(*Sailings continued on next page*)

Saxon, Union Castle Line, Natal, April 17
Arundel Castle, Union Castle Line, Natal, April 25

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Malolo, Matson Line, Honolulu, April 5 and 26
Matsonia, Matson Line, Honolulu, April 9
Taiyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, April 10
President Pierce, American Mail Line, Manila, April 11
Makura, Union Royal Mail, Sydney, April 16
Manoa, Matson Line, Honolulu, April 16
Sonoma, Matson Line, Sydney, April 17
Maui, Matson, Honolulu, April 23
President Taft, American Mail, Manila, April 25
Chichibu Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, April 26
President Polk, Dollar Line, Hongkong, April 4
President Pierce, Dollar Line, Hongkong, April 11
President Adams, Dollar Line Hongkong, April 18
President Monroe, Dollar Line, Manila, April 22
President Taft, Dollar Line, Hongkong, April 25

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS FROM SEATTLE

President Madison, American Mail, Manila, April 5
Wilhemina, Matson Line, Honolulu, April 10
President Jackson, American Mail, Manila, April 19
President Madison, Dollar Line, Hongkong, April 5

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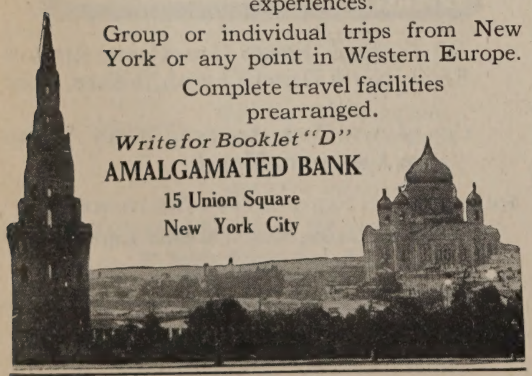

By Way of Introduction

EDWARD A. FILENE (*America's Ten Greatest Business Men*) is a noted merchant and business philosopher of Boston, long active in civic and international affairs.

MARY VAN RENSSELAER COGSWELL (*Two Low Brows in Red Russia*) springs from an old New York family, makes her home in that city, and is numbered among Barnard graduates.

J. C. HUNSAKER (*The Day of the Dirigible*) is a graduate of the Naval Academy, and has spent twenty years in the naval service in connection with construction of ships and aircraft.

MARION GRUBB (*One Grasshopper's Burden*) is a Southern woman, who asserts that she was for years a misfit teacher in Ohio and Pennsylvania industrial towns.

GOVERNOR CLYDE M. REED (*What Kansas Thinks of Prohibition*) was born in Illinois, and began life as a railway mail clerk. He was later secretary to Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas, and has been a newspaper publisher.

GERALD P. NYE (*Speaking of Backward States*) knows three Western states intimately, having been born in Wisconsin, worked on Iowan newspapers, and finally settled in North Dakota, where he was appointed to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Edwin F. Ladd.

MARI SANDOZ (*The Kinkaider Comes and Goes*) is a student at the University of Nebraska. Her father, a remarkable and original man, did pioneering work in the sandhill region of that State, where his daughter also spent her childhood.

W. LANGDON BROWN, M.D. (*Just Nerves*), a Cambridge man, is the eldest son of Rev. Dr. Brown, the biographer of Bunyan, and has a distinguished medical record.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

No Fevered Debates

If normalcy is the Aristotelian golden mean, business as the first quarter of 1930 draws to a close is nearer normal than it was in 1929. In many industries the recovery since the first of the year has been sufficient to justify the assertion that the bottom of the decline has been reached and passed. But there are enough laggards, and maintenance of the rate of expansion is sufficiently questionable, to eliminate expectation of anything like a boom in the near future. Indeed, some of the forecasters believe the leader in the recovery, iron and steel, turned upward somewhat too rapidly, and may find that spring business will not fully support its February rate of production.

Be that as it may, the absence of any marked abnormalities in the business situation is suggested by the lack of those fevered debates which abnormality — which is one definition of "news" — brings with it. Most business problems, and investment problems as well, have become specific rather than general. Discussion of generalities is usually of the *post mortem* variety. The pros and cons of the new era have chiefly historical interest. There is singularly little dispute over Federal Reserve policies. The relative virtues of bonds and stocks are less violently fought over, for the simple reason that plenty of both can be purchased at fair prices, and preferences are governed by individual circumstances. The subsidence of all these causes of disagreement is evidence that business has settled to that median state where opportunity and reason for sharp conflict of theory are markedly less frequent.

But it will not be surprising to find that some aspects of the New Era philosophy again come in for a great deal of discussion. During January and February common stocks were increasingly in demand at steadily rising prices; and in some cases, which to be sure are exceptional, their quotations seemed to accord more with New Era standards than with those which it was so freely predicted would prevail after the autumn collapse. The upward course of stocks, if continued, will not only have an effect upon the money markets which perhaps has not been taken into most calculations, but will certainly revive consideration of that section of the New Era beliefs grouped under the phrase "cult of the common stock."

The man who through his authorship of a book upon the subject about five years ago has been most prominently identified as champion of the common stock, Edgar Lawrence Smith, recently expressed his view of the matter in light of the market break last fall. Dissenting from the extremes of the New Era philosophy as applied to prices at the peak, Mr. Smith is not shaken in his basic beliefs. The break, he says, "affects in no way conclusions with regard to the *long term* investment attributes of a well-diversified holding in carefully selected common stocks. . . . We find that those who have held stocks for a year and a half or more have lost nothing in capital value, while their income from dividends has been somewhat increased. Those who have held good stocks for longer than this brief period still have a definite appreciation in the market value of their holdings, as well as increased dividends. Actual losses in capital account have been suffered principally by those who borrowed heavily against commitments in common stocks, and by a relatively smaller number of timid investors who invested unwisely under the conditions immediately preceding the break and were frightened into selling during the days of the panic."

Belief in Common Stocks

Mr. Smith expects that common stocks will gain increasing favor for conservative long term investment, and will gradually find their way more and more into the holdings of trustees and institutions. He points out that in the major movements of stock prices during the period for which data are available, each major high has been above all preceding major highs, and each major low above all preceding major lows. He believes that the long term trend in the value of a diversified list of common stocks will continue upward as long as

1. A majority of the better-managed corporations of the country operate at a profit.

2. These corporations do not declare in dividends as much as they make annually in profits.

3. These corporations are able to invest their growing surplus accounts in a manner to expand their operations and their profits.

And he concludes that these things are likely to continue as long as the country continues to make industrial progress.

Of course the basic objection to Mr. Smith's theory arises from the difficulty of selection, a difficulty which not even proper diversification can overcome. Granting the validity of that objection, there is still sufficient weight in the "cult of common stock" to impress itself greatly upon investment theory and habit. No fair-minded person would assume that the more reasonable proponents of common stock investing are discredited because speculation took their theory out of their own hands and carried it to such ridiculous extremes, through an inflated credit structure, that the collapse became inevitable.

In a recent study of price-earnings ratios of industrial common stocks since the beginning of 1925, prepared by the Midland Bank of Cleveland, there is evidence of the higher relative valuation that is put upon common stocks today, which undoubtedly is due to a conscious or subconscious recognition of the degree of truth in the "cult's" arguments. Expressing the prices of eighty industrial common stocks in number of times the total of earnings during the preceding four quarters, this study finds a ratio for November, 1929, of 9.5, for December 9.9; obviously the figure was still higher in January and February. The striking fact revealed is that the ratio during those two months, a time of most acute stock market depression, was only a shade below the average ratio for the three years 1925, 1926 and 1927, which were upon the whole years of steadily advancing and strong markets. For purposes of comparison 1928 and the first nine months of 1929 may be eliminated, as they were blown up with speculation. (It is interesting to note in passing that the high point of this ratio was reached not in 1929, but in December, 1928.)

Thus in studying investment trends we are confronted with the fact that even with purchasing power shattered the market would pay on the break as much for stocks in relation to past earnings as it had done during three generally active and prosperous years. This stepping-up of valuations is strong testimony to the importance of the common stock arguments, and indication of their probable permanent effect upon investment practice.

Similarly the rising trend of stock prices during the first two months of the year, in the face of undoubted liquidation of frozen loans upon securities, is evidence of a public acceptance of higher relative levels as an established condition, a current with which the investor may go as long as it does not take him too far from shore.

Investment Shares

ANOTHER controversial subject left over from the new era is the destiny of the investment trusts and the value of their securities. During the boom, as these articles pointed out, many of the shares of the investment companies sold far above their asset or liquidating value, even at the very high quotations which their assets, the shares of other companies, commanded in the markets of that period. In some instances the purchaser of an investment trust share was paying, though he did not always realize it, perhaps 50 per cent more for the General Electric, U. S. Steel and other favorites, in which he obtained a participation through the trust, than he would have had to pay in the open market. If he did realize it, he consoled himself with the belief that he was paying the difference as a premium for diversification and skilled investment management, and in many cases for participation in underwritings and other financial undertakings which he could not otherwise obtain. It is unnecessary to relate the dismal outcome of such adventures in investment.

The market break, which was more prolonged in the shares of investment companies than in most others, brought matters to the other extreme. Instead of selling at a preposterous premium over their liquidating value, many of these shares dropped to wide discounts under that value. Discounts of 20 to 35 per cent — more in a few cases — were not uncommon, until the light of publicity was shed upon the fact in the annual reports of these companies. These reports set a high standard for frankness. More than three-quarters of the investment trusts published not only their net asset value per share but also their complete portfolios. The resultant notice stimulated the market for issues sponsored by managements which enjoy public confidence, and many of these have since recovered all or part of the discount. This is by no means true of all, however.

The experience of the investment companies in weathering the stock market storm was widely varied. Reports of the older companies show as a rule that their portfolios on January 1 were still worth considerably more than they had cost. The statements of the newer companies, organized in 1928 or 1929, were almost uniformly unfavorable, showing a depreciation in liquidating value as compared with cost. Popular opinion has believed that recovery of losses among the latter group would be a long process; yet undoubtedly the gains made by the securities markets in the early part of the year thus early removed some of them from the red.

Where, despite the public notice the discounts have attracted, investment trust shares still sell under their liquidating value, lack of confidence in management or feeble market sponsorship is generally the reason. The only mathematical reason why a trust share should sell at a discount is the failure of management to earn its own compensation, making it necessary to mark down the value of the portfolio to that extent. In the case of the fixed trusts, in which no substitution of investments is permitted, management compensation is always a charge against the portfolio; it is the fee which the buyer of the share pays for diversification which he could not otherwise obtain with his funds. In general management trusts the management can earn its fee and more by skilful trading with the portfolio, constantly substituting low-priced securities for dear ones. In the latter case there is never any reason for a discount under liquidating value except anticipation of loss; if shares sell for a long period at a large discount it is just as well to liquidate the trust and wind up its affairs, for that is the only way in which shareholders who may desire to sell can get their money's worth.

It is not surprising, therefore, to note that many trusts are liquidating and that others whose quotations have dropped severely since last fall are retiring part of their capital stock in order to put more value behind their shares.

Bonds and the Banks

THE bond market has been less colorful than many anticipated. It did not respond to the reductions in money rates both in the United States and abroad as it has done at other times. In fact stock prices responded more vigorously, perhaps another indication that the public has not been weaned from stocks to the extent recently expected. Nevertheless the great increase in new issues of bonds shows their return to favor, as well as the fact that they are marketed without convertibility or stock-buying privileges attached, and that many of them are made callable. Doubtless the listed bond market would be more active and stronger were banks able to buy normally; it is still true, however, that the banks are still concerned with liquidating outstanding credit on securities more than adding to their bond portfolios. Existence of "frozen loans" on securities has continued one of the depressing elements in the business situation, even though the liquidation thus far enforced has not prevented stocks from advancing. Gradually, of course, the saving power of the American people, which is about $700,000,000 a month, is putting capital behind

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the credit employed in these loans, and thawing them out. The position automatically has become sounder as money eased and security prices went up. In a comparatively short time it will cease to be a threat, and as their loans are liquidated the banks will come back into the bond market.

A fact of importance is that emission of foreign securities in this country has not been resumed in volume. In their absence, and with withdrawals of short-term bank credits apparently completed for the present, the debtor position of the European countries to the United States has again asserted itself and despite our lower money rates the exchanges are at this writing so easy that another inflow of gold is feared by some observers. "Feared" is used advisedly, for Europe can use all her gold, and while imports could be managed so as to have little effect on this country (the Reserve Banks could sell bills and acceptances to offset them) they might conceivably reach a volume that would substantially raise the lending power of the banks. In that case many observers, believing that business will need little more bank credit during the next six months, fear another inflation in securities, albeit a mild one. Therefore some urge the Reserve authorities to check any probable gold movement, by international concert, by granting credits, or by forestalling the inevitable with lower rediscount rates here; though as between cheaper money without gold, and with it, there seems little to choose so far as effect upon the stock market is concerned. It is possible that another widespread argument over Reserve policies is in the making, though since November critics of the System have had little to say.

Building Contracts

ONE theoretical effect of easy money which is not yet apparent, and an important one relied upon to contribute to business revival, is the stimulation of building. Contracts awarded have been generally smaller than in the same period of last year, which was not a record breaker. Residentially the country apparently is overbuilt. But in types of business and public construction where the cost of money is an important item easier money should eventually be stimulating.

The most disturbing element in the business news of the first quarter of the year was the decline in staple commodity prices, notably of those two great cash crops of the American farmer, cotton and wheat. These might have been taken somewhat more philosophically, as manifestations of the law of supply and demand which would carry their own corrective, were it not for the politico-economic questions raised by the intervention of organizations sponsored by the Federal Farm Board, and operating with Government money, in the markets. The formation of a wheat "stabilization corporation," employing Government funds to buy and sell wheat with the object of holding the price at a fixed level, the Government to absorb losses if any are incurred, is a milestone in the economic history of the United States, a practice which hitherto has been alien to this country except in time of war. Its adoption seems the more remarkable in view of recent conspicuous failures of other price-fixing plans tried by other countries, and the probable downfall of Brazil's control of coffee unless nature rescues her by sending a few plagues of various kinds to destroy the crop and permit the country to market its accumulated stocks. But the important point about the cotton and wheat decline is that it causes losses, checks buying, and disturbs confidence.

Business in Step

THE most important evidence of industrial improvement is in iron and steel production, which showed astonishing expansion in the first two months of the year. Nevertheless it is reasonable to doubt whether output can be increased or even maintained, for most of the news suggests that not until summer will all of business be moving in step. The automobile factories were much busier in January and February, though below the corresponding 1929 levels, but unless March sales come up to expectations output during the spring months will be held down to disappointing levels, and steel will feel it. The textile industries can not get up to normal production as long as their raw materials are declining in price, but their position has been helped by curtailment for several months past. The tire industry is again increasing production after a period of reduced operations. Copper mines have been freely shut down in the producers' effort to hold up the price.

An extraordinary amount of attention has been paid lately to the economic argument that declining production of gold in the future will cause declining commodity prices and business stagnation for a fairly long period. This is doubtless true as far as it goes, but the world could and will economize in the use of gold far more than it has in the past, and central bankers have it in their power greatly to alleviate the effects of such a deflationary trend.

A Confidential Admission

A good sentence, that last one of Mr. Squire's, and what seems the greatest pity of all to this innocent bystander, is that the traditional moralists, by whom he evidently means the ministers of Christian congregations are not any better shepherds than the philosophers. Confidentially, and while the Landscaper is a safe distance from home, he would not give one volume of Epictetus for all the works of contemporary philosophers. We all have our little idiosyncrasies, and the belief that the wise man should really be able to help people toward the Good Life, not very intelligent people as well as brilliant people, happens to be one of the Landscaper's antiquated notions to which he clings with a curious stubbornness. It is hardly necessary, one supposes, to try to define the Good Life again. It has been lived in every country and in every age, and the people who have practised it have followed every religion or none. Its foundation is something called Wisdom, which philosophers are supposed to love, but they seem to be quite confused in their affections, or perhaps they believe in being promiscuous in their mental affairs as well as their physical.

It was not Sunday when this article was begun, but it is not far from it now, which may explain the somewhat homiletic quality of the foregoing paragraph, a paragraph that may strike some readers as a little out of place in this department. But if the Landscaper had not written about Mr. Russell's ideas for reforming the world, he would probably have written about the Italian Exhibition at Burlington House, or about the thrill he had today in passing William Hazlitt's house off Soho Square, after a luncheon in a restaurant where Elinor Wylie used to eat, and where one still expects to see her, since there is no way to associate death with her, or about a visit to Stratford-on-Avon on the loveliest January day that England has had for a century, or about climbing to the top of St. Paul's on a windy day, and almost freezing because there was so much to see, or about a friendship struck up with the ancient and delightful attendant in St. Paul's library and the invitation to come in and take down all the books when nobody was around; or about the bookshops in Charing Cross Road, and especially Foyle's, which is as near heaven as a bibliomaniac could ever ask to be. . . . Or he might even have written some reflections about the size of English men and women's feet, which would not have been polite, to be sure, but our visitors never spare us, and maybe they wouldn't have minded if they knew how much the Landscaper loved many things about England and its inhabitants. . . . Or about a whole Sunday afternoon at Walter de la Mare's, *en famille*, with Mrs. Harold Monro, wife of the poet, and her Cairn terrier, William, a perfectly delightful personality, as fellow-guests, and the sudden discovery that Mrs. Monro also liked Clerance Day, Jr.'s *The Simian World*, one of the Landscaper's favorite books, which made its appearance some months ago in "The Beddes' Hed Bookshelf". . . . Or about Lytton Strachey's beard, or a certain Moselle wine in a certain restaurant in Soho, which would melt the heart of Pussyfoot Johnson himself. . . . Or about any one of the hundreds of fascinating bits that go to make up busy days abroad, when one works hard, but finds life very full of fascination.

The next Landscape, which may or may not be more literary than this one, will be written, D. V., somewhere not far from the Seine, after a visit to Holland and Belgium. And then there will not be any more Landscapes until the Landscaper has returned to New York from Mallorca, which looms more and more as the nearest approach to Paradise on this earth, particularly one small town, said to be inhabitated entirely by smugglers and anarchists. From all one hears, its residents really understand about the Good Life. . . .

A Librarian Approves

Sir:

Who is H. M. K. Smith? A Chinese student? Whoever he is, I want to tell him how much I enjoyed *The Smile of Buddha* in your March issue. Thank you for publishing it; do one thing more for me: give me his real name.

The story which he calls a fantasy has attracted the attention and admiration of the whole faculty of our college. I read a great deal, both periodical literature and the best modern fiction, and I've thumbed the pages of a good bit of classical literature. In my humble judgment I've never seen anything to compare with the delicate art of Mr. Smith. The language is simply silk lace of rare pattern. Coupled with an astonishing conception so far as the form of the plot, or mechanism of the story goes, it makes a most unusual composition.

Rena C. Harrell,
Queens College, Charlotte, N. C.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Reviewed in Brief by B. S. STANOYEVICH

Heirs. By *Cornelia James Cannon.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

This novel depicts the relationships between old New England and the industrial, present-day régime; it concerns a school teacher who comes into close contact with the Polish factory workers in the rural districts.

Joy Is My Name. By *Sarah Salt.* New York: Payson and Clarke (Brewer and Warner). $2.50.

The plot is concerned with a young girl's search for romance and the imaginative life, in the theatre and out of it.

Madder Music. By *Mildred Cram.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

There is an interesting feeling of reality in the telling of this tale of a musical family in New York — the reader is haunted by the supposition that it is patterned on actuality.

Black Roses. By *Francis Brett Young.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The motif for this book comes from the line, "For sorrow has black petaled roses," and the story concerns the love affair of an artist who was very peculiar.

Carl and Anna. By *Leonhard Frank.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A translation from the German, showing a middle class romance, wherein two men strive for one girl; done in the very modern manner.

False Spring. By *Beatrice Kean Seymour.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

An old theme is worked out in these pages; briefly should a bride tell of her previous indiscretions. The first half of the book has more holding power than the latter half.

"—— & Co." By *Jean-Richard Bloch.* New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.00.

A background of conflict between the machine age and the individual, and between the Jewish and the Gentile races, makes this book of more than passing significance, says Romain Rolland in the introduction.

Strictly Personal. By *Julie Closson Kenly.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

Wholly inconsequential but quite amusing, the book entertains, especially because there are some good similes in it.

Who Killed Cavelotti? By *Audrey Newell.* New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

A story concerned with the mysterious stabbing of a famous opera singer without disturbance even to the clothes which he was wearing.

Wandering Willie's Tale. By *Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* Hartford, Conn.; Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $1.00.

A favorite author of by-gone days is hereby brought to light by the recent publication of this ghost thriller which takes a high rank among the fascinations of the present.

Three Gallant Plays. By *Fernand Nozière.* New York: William Edwin Rudge.

Here are three delicate cameos — one act plays which charm away prejudiced criticism containing lines so tinted with naïveté that they cause the reader to chuckle over their saturation in sophistication.

Turkey and Syria Reborn. By *Harold Armstrong.* London: The Bodley Head. 15 s.

A record of two years of travel and descriptions of experiences and pleasures; frontispiece, photograph of Mustapha Kemal.

The Paris Gun. By *Henry W. Miller.* New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.

The name of the gun is used in a collective sense and the work of devastation caused by this means of warfare, resulting as it did in more than a million people leaving the City of Paris, makes this technical book take on vigorous significance.

Salons. By *Valerian Tornius.* New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.00.

The drawing-rooms of the storied past are recreated in these pages, grouped according to certain period characteristics.

Daughters of Eve. By *Gamaliel Bradford.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

No matter how many times those interesting personalities of the past — like Ninon de Lenclos, Madame de Maintenon, Sarah Bernhardt, etc. — have been described we never weary of meeting them in new dress.

George V. By *Sir George Arthur.* New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.

This is a full-length portrait of the English King, done from infancy to the present day; and the volume is well illustrated with contemporary portraits.

An East Side Epic. By *Harry Rogoff.* New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

The life and work of Meyer London makes vital reading to anyone who knows New York's East Side and developments in the garment industry.

Clemenceau. By *Jean Martet.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.

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Cardinal Newman. By *L. Lewis May.* New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. $3.50.

There resides in the life of this great churchman a great sense of beauty; in all his actions, he was the man of thought, of contemplation and a master of dynamic prose.

Studies in Mediæval Culture. By *Charles Homer Haskins.* New York: The Oxford University Press. $5.00.

A scholarly work which will appeal to those readers whose interest in the Middle Ages leads them willingly into any presentation of the life of those older, pageant-like days. Since the book was published under the Henry Charles Lea professorship at Harvard University, one chapter is devoted to this American scholar.

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North American Review

May

The Coolidge Enigma
By John Pell

The Czar of Shadowland
By Gleb Botkin

On Being a College Hero
A Talk with Barry Wood

Banned in Boston . . . . . Robert T. Bushnell
Ghosts of a Gayer Broadway . . . . . Edwin C. Hill
Pioneers of Peace . . . . . Merle E. Curti
Should Women Vote Wet? . . . . . Ione Nicoll
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We Bow to Mei Lan-fang . . . . . Barbara E. Scott
A Nebraska Childhood: *Part Two* . . . . . Mari Sandoz
Abracadabras in the Law . . . . . John H. Clark, Jr.
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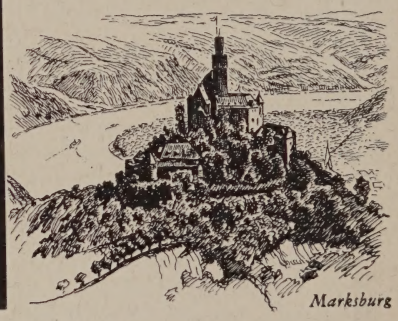

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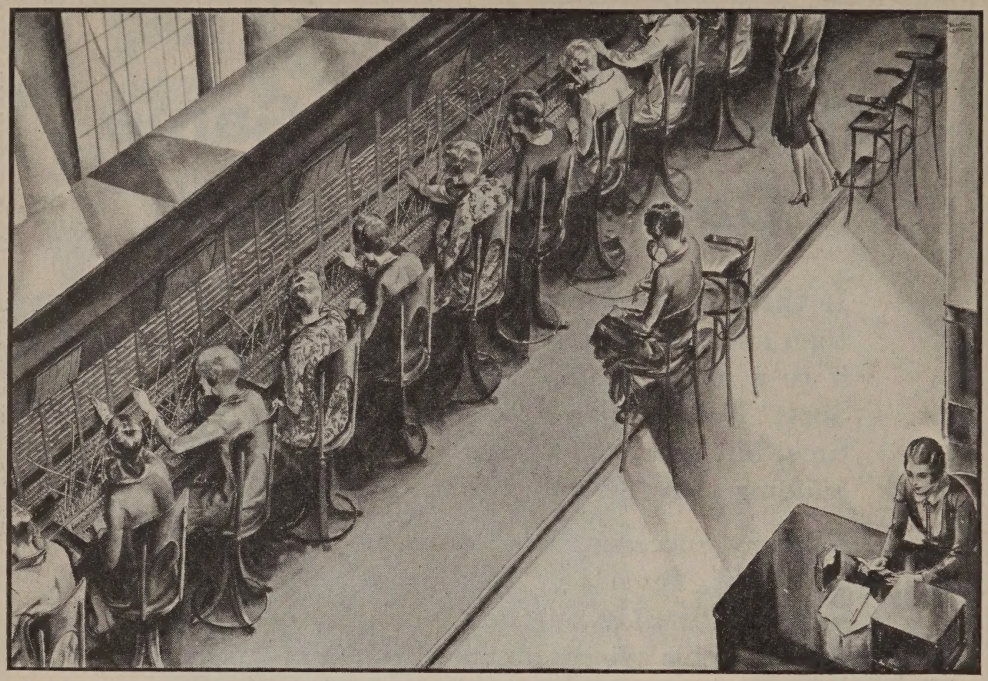

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ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

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The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

Perhaps the wandering Landscaper will be forgiven if this month's department has much more in it of landscapes than of literature. At the moment, his eyes are still filled with the beauty of the Bay of Palma, as seen of a bright blue day from the ancient castle of James II of Mallorca, which was christened Bellver by the son of the great conqueror of the Balearic Isles with an appropriateness that puts the scores of Buena Vistas, Bellevues, and so on, to utter shame. One sees Bellver first on entering the harbor of Palma, after an hour or two of slipping past towering bare headlands in the first light of dawn, the sky a faint rose pink along the horizon and cloudbanks and mountains altogether indistinguishable. It looks, as one writer on Mallorca has put it, almost too apposite; the site must be crowned with a castle; if the good King James II had not built upon it, some contemporary Mallorquin millionaire would certainly have done so, or if not a Mallorquin, some of the English who have made a recent peaceful conquest of the Island and built upon it one of the most hopelessly ugly suburbs in the world — in a world where suburbs seem for some strange reason to be inevitably hideous. This is the suburb of El Terreno, which lies along one arm of the bay and which looks out across a Mediterranean unbelievably blue.

Bellver, the Beautiful

Bellver is set in trees, and it is so well preserved that the visitor who did not have curiosity enough to open a guide book might believe that it was an imitation; that the good Mallorquins in their eagerness to please their visitors had erected a stage setting. But Bellver is not at all an imitation, and those who choose to toil up a rocky road that leads past the new chapel of San Alonso, one of Mallorca's favorites, will find it as richly rewarding of effort as anything to be seen in Mallorca. It is a combination fortress-castle, built in the circular form of the palace that Charles V had his Italian architects start for him inside the Alhambra, but which was never finished. The arches of the lower court are round; those of the upper are pointed, with delightfully simple trefoil ornamentation. The smallish rooms around the gallery are vaulted in the Gothic manner, even to the great kitchen, which boasted among other things a large sink for washing dishes, with a drying board, which might do for any modern household.

All this is very well, but it is from the round flat roof of the palace and more especially from the top of the tower that serves as an outer defense, that one sees the whole panorama of the Bay, with lateen-rigged fishing boats cutting across the blue Mediterranean like children's toys, and with the great cathedral lifting its towers across the water, a cathedral with a setting that is hardly to be equalled in the world. Palma is much less beautiful in many respects than other Spanish towns; it can not compare, for example, with the Galician port of Vigo, whose bay is also very fine, but which has in addition all the colors that ever were imagined in pastel. Color is lacking in Palma; there is the gray gold of the stone from which the town is built, and the dark, somewhat dusty green of the trees on the rocky hillsides around, but of the gaily painted houses that make certain Spanish villages look more like the dream of some artist gone color-mad than reality there is none. What there is is this blue water and this blue sky, and a sun that has warmth, while the wind carries a cool cleanness that makes the most antiquated of English visitors come South to die, but lingering on because of the difficulty of leaving an earthly Paradise for the uncertainties of a heavenly one, regain their ambition and go bounding up and down the mountains like the native sheep.

One may lie stretched out flat on top of James's tower, warmed through with the sun, and hearing no sound save the wind and occasionally the love-talk of pigeons or the far-off crowing of cocks, the world forgetting and by the world forgot. Time very nearly stands still; the polite and friendly guard, as polite and friendly as everyone else in Mallorca, and the more so perhaps because of a few words of Spanish, says: "Stay as long as you like, señor, for we do not close the castle until night." From him one learns that James's palace was built in a very few years, as years went in

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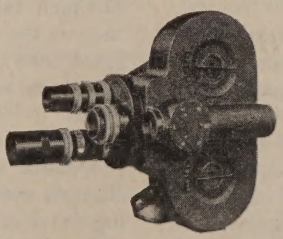

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the Middle Ages, fourteen, or perhaps sixteen, which considering the massiveness of its bastions and the solidity of its entire construction, not to mention what must have been the beauty of its interior in its original state, was not long. The cathedral was much longer building, of course, for the first James, the seven-foot redbeard who snatched Mallorca from the Moors and ever after regarded it as the brightest jewel in his crown, saw it started and it was not finished until well after Mallorca had ceased to be a kingdom and had become only a part of the dominions of various rulers of the nearby mainland.

Perhaps the Landscaper has plunged a little too immediately into the middle of things, and since he has already asked the pardon of his readers for letting literature fend for itself while he tries to write about other matters, he may as well explain that he arrived in Spain a week ago, having finished a tour of duty in London, and stopped off in Paris only long enough to find out what conditions were like. From Paris he rambled on down through the Midi, crossed the border at Fort Bou, and had not the slightest difficulty in getting through the customs and in making his way without any discomfort into the waiting Spanish train.

The customs men themselves were uniformly courteous and the whole task was finished in a few minutes. Far be it from the Landscaper to suggest that everyone in America come straight to Spain; he loves the country too much to wish it to be made overly comfortable for visitors, to put it quite frankly, but a lot has happened in this part of the country in the last few years. One must forget Richard Ford, Ticknor, and George Borrow. Catalonia is up and doing; there are no tips to taxicab drivers in Barcelona, and one may stop off at a little provincial capital such as Gerona and have a room with private bath and delicious meals for about what one meal would cost in Paris.

Into Spain

THIS same Gerona is in its own right one of the most picturesque and interesting small towns in Spain, quite, quite old, and situated along several rivers, so that the houses rise straight from the river-banks, giving the town a distinctly Italian appearance. The Landscaper has mentioned the cathedral already, and in addition to this unusual specimen of Gothic architecture, there are other churches of interest, notably the very fine Romanesque example of architecture in St. Peter of the Cockcrow, a beautiful, small church, with a splendid provincial museum in its cloisters. St. Peter of the Cockcrow has a Virgin unlike any the Landscaper has ever seen, even in Spain. She is dressed exactly as if she were a Watteau shepherdess, beribboned bonnet, crook and all, and the Infant Jesus is in the costume of the period. Across from her is a Christ in robes of solid black, with a black beard and long black hair; the contrast is astonishing and significant of much that is true of the Spanish religion. The sacristan, a highly intelligent old man, dressed in peasant costume, and wrapped in a muffler up to his eyes, saw the Landscaper and his travelling companion gazing at the Virgin, and said: "Is she not beautiful?" in the tone of voice a father might use about a child. We agreed that she was indeed beautiful . . .

Ever since the Landscaper read a book by John Langdon-Davies — books will get into this department in spite of earnest efforts to keep them out — called *Dancing Catalans*, he has wanted to see the Catalans dance La Sardana, of which Mr. Langdon-Davies writes so eloquently and so understandingly. How he came to realize this wish is curious enough; it is one of those things that seem to happen in Spanish towns, as, for example, one day when the Landscaper was standing under an arcade in León, sheltered from a slow, cold rain, a long parade of students from some nearby university passed, dressed in black velvet, with gay knots of ribbons at their shoulders and playing guitars. The Landscaper arrived in Gerona quite late in the afternoon, but Spanish dinners are late, and so he went for a walk in the Rambla, with all the rest of Gerona. There were no signs about of anything exciting, merely the usual crowded Rambla, much coming and going, and the endless buzz of conversation, with an undertone of shuffling feet. All of a sudden, without any warning, a flute-note sounded some way down the Rambla. . . It was as if a magician had waved a wand, for in much less time than it takes to set this down, the entire town of Gerona was dancing the Sardana! It is a very old dance, probably Greek in origin, and came from somewhere around Gerona originally. It begins with the men taking hands and moving in a circle; then as the music continues the girls and women break into the circle until it is made up of alternate men and women, with sometimes an inner circle.

The music is played by a special orchestra, and the dance was given five times; each time the Rambla was converted in a moment from a strolling mass of people into what seemed to be an endless number of whirling circles. The music becomes gayer and gayer and is almost irresistible; one wishes to dance with the Catalans, but the steps are quite complicated and probably have to be learned in childhood to be executed with much success. Everyone dances. There are no class distinctions, and in the summer, which is

the time of La Sardana, it is danced regularly on Sunday mornings after Mass, the priest taking part with his congregation. For a fuller account, one is strongly urged to read Mr. Langdon-Davies's excellent small book. It was published by Harpers, and is probably still to be had, as no vast numbers of people bought it when it was first brought out. La Sardana is definitely Catalan in spirit, and is kept alive as a part of the determination of this small corner of Spain to preserve its original and unique culture. It had not been danced in Gerona for two months before the evening when the Landscaper walked into it, so there was an element of sheer good luck in the matter that made it even more delightful than it might otherwise have been.

On to Barcelona

FROM Gerona, the Landscaper moved on to Barcelona, which he has probably mentioned here before at sometime or other, as one of the finest cities in Europe. Last year he was present when the great Exposition of Barcelona opened its gates; only so short a time ago Primo de Rivera was Dictator, and the Catalans were trying very hard to be polite to a visitor whom they detested, because he was helping to open their Expositition. For three months last autumn and winter there were thousands of people at the Exposition. Now it is no longer international in character and there are only a few people in the grounds or the buildings, but it is still very much worth visiting. The exhibits in the National Palace remain intact, and still make it one of the finest museums in Europe, with a wealth of treasures of architecture, painting, ecclesiastical costume, archæology, and contemporary art that one might spend a lifetime in Spain and Catalonia without seeing. The Exposition will be open until July of this year; at the present time it may be viewed in perfect comfort, and there are many hotels in Barcelona, both permanent and temporary, where it is possible to find food and shelter at the most reasonable prices.

On the literary side, the Landscaper's principal reading since he abandoned books in London, has been that old favorite, Herr Baedeker, together with a life of Ramón Lull, the Catalan mystic, by Professor Allison Peers, and other books about Mallorca, including Ada Harrison's unpretentious, but very readable volume, *A Mallorca Holiday*, which is accurate as well as interesting except for one curious misstatement, which is that Mallorca is without poetry. This is as if one wrote that Elizabethan England had no poets, for almost without exception the Catalan poets of distinction have been natives of this island, or residents thereof.

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Encounter with a Writer

SPEAKING of literature, as we have not been doing, except indirectly, perhaps, the Landscaper met John Dos Passos in the Borne, Palma's Paseo, last evening, and heard from him that his new book was just out, a book of which there were good reports in London. Mr. Dos Passos will go back into Spain for a time after leaving Palma — he is *muy aficionado* of the country and several years ago wrote one of the best short books on the subject the Landscaper has read, *Rosinante to the Road Again*, which does not deserve to be forgotten. After a visit to Spain, Mr. Dos Passos will go to Cuba, and perhaps to Mexico, meeting Ernest Hemingway at Key West somewhere during his wanderings. Whether there are other authors in Mallorca the Landscaper does not know, and his curiosity in that regard is not very great; authors, as the bus conductor once remarked about legs, being no especial treat to him. There can not be many authors here, for all the room is taken up by artists, and no wonder, with something to paint at every hand, and a friendly sun to paint in.

English and American Touches

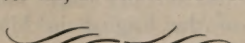
SOMETHING has already been said about the presence of the English in Mallorca. They have been coming here for a good many years, but

it is only recently that they have taken over Palma, and for that matter, the island in general. The Landscaper has considered for some time suggesting that London start an archæological museum for women's hats, since some of the choicest specimens are preserved there right on women's heads; if this is ever done a branch must be opened in Palma, or a section in the main museum devoted to this part of the world. One wonders where they come from — are they still made in queer, little, out-of-the way corners of London by women who have gone on living from the Early Victorian days, or are they heirlooms to which their wearers cling for sentimental reasons? They are remarkable, these English cousins of ours, most remarkable of all in that they never take color from their surroundings, but remain superbly themselves in any setting. The kindly old man who sells tickets to the Lonja here in Palma, one of the noblest Gothic buildings ever erected, said yesterday: "You are North Americans, because you speak Spanish. The English live here for years and never understand a word." There is something fine about this kind of stubbornness, something admirable, just as there is something admirable about the hats, however absurd they may look, especially when their wearers are cruising about in the very latest models of American motor cars, feathers and all.

There is something else American in Mallorca besides motor cars. The motion picture shows have American films, and the more American they are the better the natives seem to like them. They are advertised as often as not under their original titles, which helps the natives with their English. The people start life speaking Catalan, or at least their own dialect of Catalan, and Spanish. Most of them learn French, and dozens know some English, which they practise at every opportunity.

The last sound the Landscaper heard last night was an elevator operator, ten years old and small for his age, counting in English in a loud voice, as he took the car down on its final trip, all the English residents of the hotel having been in bed and sound asleep for hours.

After exploring the more remote parts of Mallorca, and perhaps visiting Ibiza, another of the Balearic Islands, the Landscaper returns to Spain, to make a journey through Aragon and into Madrid, and then back by way of Andalusia. Before very long he will be home again, buried in books, and he promises to write about nothing else for several months, hoping that his readers have not minded the holiday and change. Books are only good, after all, to make life richer . . .



NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. Stanoyevich

Saladin; Prince of Chivalry. By *Charles J. Rosebault.* New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

From the reading of this book one gains an idea of the strength of character of the man who opposed Richard the Lion-Hearted in his contest over the Holy Land.

A Gentleman Rebel. By *John Hyde Preston.* New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc. $5.00.

The exploits of Anthony Wayne are compellingly told in a fine breezy narrative which will win many readers.

Byron. By *André Maurois.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.00.

This is a very full life of that romantic and aristocratic poet about whom much has already been written; it is well illustrated by personal portraits of the ladies who played a part in Byron's life; and is translated from the French by Hamish Miles.

Eroica. By *Samuel Chotzinoff.* New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

An account of Beethoven's life told in fictionized form, which will appeal to lovers of that great composer.

Confucianism. By *Frederick Starr.* New York: Covici, Friede, Inc. $3.00.

Prefaced by a short account of the life of Confucius, this volume goes on to consider his system of ethics which dates back almost two thousand, five hundred years.

Our New Religion. By *H. A. L. Fisher.* New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

Beginning with the career of its founder, this work considers Christian Science and its power.

Social Control of the Mentally Deficient. By *Stanley P. Davies.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.00.

Within the covers of this book are gathered the latest points concerning this very old topic of the feeble-minded.

Labor Problems. By *Gordon S. Watkins.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.50.

A well turned out piece of work, which has especially good portions relating to the labor of women and children.

American City Government. By *Austin F. MacDonald.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.75.

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A story of an adventure which befell a young American mining engineer in Lisbon.

Trumpet in the Dust. By *Gene Fowerl.* New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

A newspaper man and his emotional life which, starting among complications, ends with a plunge into the sea on the part of the hero.

Scoop. By *James S. Hart* and *Garrett D. Brynes.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.00.

Story of a big city newspaper and particularly of a young reporter.

Jump! By *Don Glassman.* New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.00.

Here are thrilling adventures about men and women who have saved their lives by forced jumps from crippled airplanes or balloons.

Gloucestermen. By *James B. Connolly.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

These are stories of the Gloucester fishing fleet.

The North Pole of the Winds. By *William Herbert Hobbs.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

A narrative of scientists at work to study winds and air currents.

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A beautiful picture of that part of Alaska which dropped the standard of the Czar in 1867 and where lawlessness reigned in the first days of the American régime.

The Life Story of Birds. By *Eric Fitch Daglish.* New York: William Morrow and Company.

The first book for general readers from this author whose works for children have been hitherto reviewed in these columns.

The Boy Scout Jamboree. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

In which fifteen Boy Scouts tell the story of their trip last summer to England.

Man Hunting in the Jungle. By *G. M. Dyott.* Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

This is the story of Commander Dyott's expedition in search of Colonel P. H. Fawcett, the British explorer, who went to Brazil in 1925.

Jews Without Money. By *Michael Gold.* New York: Horace Liveright. $3.00.

From an experience of New York's East Side, this human document is written.

Paper Profits. By *Arthur Train.* New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

A novel with a motive which was much in evidence at the end of 1929.

Watch Your Margin. *Anonymous.* New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Letters from an uncle to a nephew telling how to manage investments so as to get good returns without too much risk.

Humanism and America. Edited by *Norman Foerster.* New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

Much can be said in praise of this work which recreates a world where the power of ideals prevails, a world at odds with the excesses and corruptions which followed in the wake of the recent trend of naturalistic philosophy.

Studies in Literature. By *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This is the third in the series which this noted scholar has produced along the line of the art of reading and writing, and the adventures attendant upon criticism.

Year In, You're Out. By *Samuel Hoffenstein.* New York: Horace Liveright. $2.00.

The first volume of poems from Mr. Hoffenstein's pen since his *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*, which appealed to many readers.

Come With Me Through Germany. By *Frank Schoonmaker.* New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.00.

Although this book has been written for the practical end of helping travellers, it has delightful spots.

Down in Flames. By *Ben Ray Redman.* New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $2.00.

A yarn of the flying men which will appeal to many.

It's Never Over. By *Morley Callaghan.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A domestic situation involving lovers.

. . . *The* . . .
Miscellaneous Shelf

In the field of biography, not much new has appeared as this is being written although for those who are interested in Canadian affairs, there is a *Life of Lord Durham*, by Chester V. New, professor of history in McMaster University at Toronto (Oxford University Press, American Branch). Lord Durham is given credit in the book for being the first person to realize the necessity for the Dominion status in the preservation of cordial relations between Canada and the Mother Country. Mr. New has done a thorough piece of work in his fine study.

Among the books of a miscellaneous nature, there will be interest, no doubt, in *The Philosophy of Art* by C. J. Ducasse (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $3.50), in which a member of the faculty of Brown University promulgates some strikingly original ideas upon the subject chosen. He maintains, in brief, that there are no binding canons for beauty, and that art has much more to do with what he calls "the objectification of feeling" than with the realization of beauty, which sounds as if he were a modernist, except that he also takes up a good deal of space quarrelling with the men who, to the layman, seem to be trying to carry out his ideals. This is a distinctly provocative volume, although hardly one that will find any multitude of readers.

The Americanization of Carl Schurz by Chester Verne Easum (University of Chicago Press, $3.50), is a study of the decade in the life of a German immigrant who ended the ten years as Ambassador to Spain from his adopted country. It is well documented, and shows very clearly the growth of affection and admiration in the heart of an alien, who finally became a distinguished American citizen. *A Narrative History of Aviation* by John Goldstrom (Macmillan, $4) is exactly what its title implies, and is one of the best of the recent flood of books on the subject. *A Book of Marionettes* by Helen Harman Joseph (Viking, $3.75), is a revision of the best book available on the subject, handsomely illustrated, and telling in a fascinating manner the whole history of puppets and puppet-plays. Add to these *Poems of Justice*, compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark, with a Foreword by Zona Gale (Willett, Clark and Colby, $2.50), a collection of poems about social justice and the brotherhood of man, and the miscellaneous shelf is complete.

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The North American Review

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The Enigma of Calvin Coolidge

BY JOHN PELL

EVERYBODY has been wondering whether Mr. Coolidge would run again in 1932. A few days ago he answered the question by buying a house. No words could state his intentions more clearly. He will soon be leaving the famous two-family house for The Beeches, with its sixteen rooms, lawns, tennis court and swimming pool. No — Mr. Coolidge does not choose to run again.

Mr. Coolidge is in the insurance business. Having formerly practised law, he retains his old office with his old partner, Mr. Hemingway. The office is in the second story of a three-story building on the main street. The name of the law firm, "Coolidge and Hemingway," is printed on the windows of the office. Though Mr. Coolidge was away from town for some years, the windows remained unchanged. During his absence Mr. Hemingway attended to the business.

Mr. Coolidge is not the usual insurance man. He does not drive from house to house in a bright new Buick cheerily slapping backs. People climb the long dark stairway to the office of Coolidge and Hemingway, bringing their business to him. Apparently they like to possess a policy which contains a photostatic copy of his signature.

Mr. Coolidge usually walks to work and spends long hours at his office. Even on Saturday afternoons he is there until five o'clock. He is not a sociable man; his heart has always been in his work. Evenings he often stays home while his wife, who is fond of people, goes visiting.

AS THE neighbors know (the neighbors always know), Mr. Coolidge is a successful man. He has lived within his means and has invested his savings wisely. He gave his son a good start in life. But he has worked hard and seems a little tired now. When he comes home from the office he likes to sit in his Morris chair before the open fire smoking one of the big rich cigars his friends send him. As he follows neither local

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nor national politics and is not interested in the stock market or baseball, he scarcely glances at the daily papers. Occasionally friends drop in to "visit," but often when his wife is away and the house is ordered and still he is left alone with his dogs, a large white collie and a chow—friendly dogs, evidently accustomed to kindness.

MR. COOLIDGE smokes his cigars through short paper holders. Being, like all Yankee farmers, a philosopher, he can spend a great deal of time with a cigar and his thoughts. He likes to look at the colored enlargement of a photograph of Plymouth Notch which hangs above the mantel. It shows the barns and fields in which he used to work, the hay loft in which he used to play. Beside this picture there is a portrait of himself and beyond that a painting of the *Mayflower*. (It will seem more at home in The Beeches than in Massasoit Street.) Like the picture of Plymouth Notch, the *Mayflower* recalls to Mr. Coolidge many memories. Being a philosopher, he can look at both without regret. He likes to remember them but does not want them back. They were the scenes of a drama which is finished: any new act would be an anti-climax. The career of Calvin Coolidge, the astute and lucky politician, who presided over the country during its years of greatest prosperity, is complete: Mr. Coolidge, of Massasoit Street and The Beeches, is an insurance man.

He clearly intends to make his new home permanent. It is the best which Northampton has to offer. He paid for it in cash. Spring evenings when he comes home from work, he will wander in his garden, watching the progress of the blossoms as he waits for the dogs to finish playing.

Of course he is constantly reminded of the past. His mail is filled with allusions to it. Many people come to look at him. Now that "Coolidge prosperity" is gone, they seem to value it more than when they had it. He is generous to the curious who knock at his door: if he is home he will open it himself and treat his guests with courtesy and kindness. He will tell them about the dogs and show them the picture of Plymouth Notch. He will tell them that he is not interested in politics and that winters in Vermont are very long. And they will leave more mystified than when they came. Why? Because he tells them nothing about himself.

THE typical public man, when interviewed, produces a picture of what he sincerely believes he would like to be. This creation of his intellect, this imaginary man, is the product of his instinct of self-expression combined with the fear of making a bad impression. In a sense it is a picture he is constantly painting on the canvas of his life.

Being an exact replica of the typical public man, the typical private man expects the former to exhibit his imaginary man that it may be judged, like all forms of art, by its ability to please.

But what is Coolidge's imaginary man? What does he give to his interviewers? Silence. What does he talk about in public? Economy and work. What do the investigators find today? A silent man who likes

dogs, walks to his office and works hard. In his autobiography he describes a solitary Vermont farm, poverty and work, sorrows and success, wonder at the ways of Providence.

Obvious — say you — exactly my idea of Coolidge, a silent man who believes in economy and work.

Of course that's your idea of Coolidge. That is just the idea he wants you to have. It's his imaginary man. The two-family house was as much a product of his imagination as the silence.

IF THAT is so, what is the real Coolidge, who has made us believe in the silent worker? If you ask him what he is, he will show you the picture of Plymouth Notch and tell you about his grandfather's grandfather who followed the Number Four road across the hills to this place. Is that a clue? In the autobiography he says, "Vermont is my birthright"; and as the book unfolds the silent worker emerges as the product of the Vermont environment. His silence is the silence of mountain valleys and poverty so real that even words are too precious to waste.

Well, how does the silent worker compare with some of the other products of the Vermont environment? Ethan Allen, for example, is remembered for the picturesque words in which he demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga. Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, two Vermont boys, founded and established Mormonism. Jim Fisk, another Vermonter, became the most colorful of the early railroad speculators. He liked beautiful women, beautiful horses and the beautiful uniform he was entitled to wear as Colonel of the Ninth Regiment. George Harvey, reared in the same environment, became a journalist, and finally Ambassador to England. His career was hardly characterized by silence.

Of course it would be absurd to call these three or four isolated cases the typical product of the Vermont environment, but they serve as examples to refute the theory that people who have escaped from a life of enforced solitude and bareness continue to be silent and simple out of habit. On the contrary, when they get the chance they wear fancy clothes and say fancy things and play fantastic pranks.

THEN what about Coolidge? Elizabeth Jaffrey, the White House housekeeper, noticed that he possessed more clothes than any of the other Presidents under whom she served (Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, and Harding) and took more interest in the observation of Presidential etiquette and in the White House routine (he supplied the White House chef with new recipés for corn muffins and custard pie). It is well known in Washington that his favorite pastime was cruising on the *Mayflower* and that he invariably appeared in a yachting cap while aboard. In the West he dressed up in cowboy chaps and Indian feathers. While in Washington he would sometimes steal out of the White House at dusk accompanied by a secret service man and wander through the streets unnoticed, enjoying their pageantry.

Now what about this silence which Coolidge has led you to believe in? At first his classmates at Amherst believed in it, but they ended by

choosing him for their class humorist. The other suitors for the hand of the charming Grace Goodhue are said to have believed in it, too, but Calvin's words won Grace. And was it economy and work which made him a possible candidate for the Vice-Presidency, or was it a brilliant little proclamation — words — issued on the second day of the Boston Police strike? R. H. Stearns, the Boston department store owner who championed Coolidge, stood in front of "Coolidge Row" at the Chicago convention handing out copies of *Have Faith in Massachusetts*, a book full of Coolidge's words.

His college classmates discovered a vein of humor and so did the White House secret service men. They had placed a bell on the south veranda to be used as an alarm. Once it rang, and they came running only to find that there was no cause for alarm and apparently no bell-ringer. Again and again this happened until one day, after the usual false alarm, they discovered the President peeping from behind a pillar, tickled by their antics. They hid the bell, and the false alarms occurred no more.

One who visited the White House reports that he asked the President how he could shake so many hands. He replied: "When I was a boy I used to milk a herd of cows every day."

After his uniquely dramatic inauguration in the little house at Plymouth Notch, President Coolidge's first words were: "Well, let's go to bed. It's getting pretty late." During the gloomy downpour on the day of Hoover's inauguration, the outgoing President was overheard remarking to his wife: "Well, Grace, it always rains on moving day." Discussing recently the late George Harvey's journalistic genius, Mr. Coolidge remarked: "Harvey had a faculty for dressing a man up like an angel" — a pause — "or for dressing him down like the devil!"

Now why did Coolidge suppress his sense of humor, hide his fondness of color and fun, and exhibit in their place the silent worker? Because he was not a professional humorist, but first a lawyer, later a politician. You voted for the silent worker. Would you have voted for a funny man with red hair? What you wanted was to "keep cool with Coolidge." Like all real artists, Coolidge gave his public what it wanted. To a people tired of war, of "Peace," of ideals, of corruption, he fed such morsels as "The business of America is business."

The silent worker was not invented for a Presidential campaign. It was the attitude of a small town lawyer toward his clients. Through a succession of circumstances, undoubtedly influenced by luck and by the charm of Grace Coolidge, it became the recognized personality of an important politician. In the early years of the third decade of the Twentieth Century it expressed the ideal of the American people, was exactly what they were looking for. War had hurt, theories had fallen; they wanted to get back to work, economy and prosperity.

By 1928, as Coolidge the Yankee philosopher fully realized, the silent worker was no longer the ideal of the American people. Speculation and the boom had taken the place of work and economy. The boom might

last and become an institution or it might, like all other booms, collapse, but in either case the people were not going to be given the chance to discover that they had grown tired of the silent worker.

The art of politics, not the Vermont hills, furnishes the most interesting comparison with Coolidge. Instead of Ethan Allen or Jim Fisk, take Theodore Roosevelt, whose imaginary man — the bluff Colonel, the enthusiastic sportsman, the ardent aphorist, the energetic baby-kisser — so well supplied the demand that it became in a sense the symbol of early Twentieth Century Americanism. He, energetically marching at the head of his Rough Riders (temporarily walkers), charged up San Juan Hill. Coolidge, calmly sitting in his room at the Adams House the night of the Boston Police strike, received a report of the crap game on the Mall. At the time, of course, neither appreciated the significance of these events.

Both reached the Presidency through the Vice-Presidency, both were afterward elected in their own right, both refused renomination, both had a hand in the choice of their successors.

Immediately after leaving the White House, Roosevelt went to Africa to hunt big game, and Coolidge went to Northampton to whittle. Roosevelt wrote some articles for *The Outlook*, and Coolidge wrote some articles for *The Cosmopolitan*. Roosevelt wrote a book, and Coolidge wrote a book. The Governor of Connecticut appointed Roosevelt's son to his staff, and the Governor of Connecticut appointed Coolidge's son to his staff. Taft was beset with tariff difficulties and the aftermath of the Wall Street panic of 1907, and Hoover was beset with tariff difficulties and the aftermath of the Wall Street panic of 1929. Roosevelt's friends urged him to run again and Coolidge's friends are urging him to run again.

Roosevelt, whose mediums of self-expression were energy and action, ran again and was defeated. Coolidge will continue to live quietly, in his new, comfortable home, selling insurance, and spending his evenings with the pictures of Plymouth Notch and the *Mayflower*, and the dogs stretched comfortably before the open fire. One of these days he may write another book about himself, explaining all sorts of things. As he knows, philosophy begins where melodrama ends.

Banned in Boston

By Robert T. Bushnell

When John Marshall was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States it was found necessary, according to Mr. Justice Story, to make a rule that no wine should be consumed during the consultations of the learned judges. To this rule there was an exception. Wine was allowed in bad weather. Sometimes, it is related, the Chief Justice would say to his associate, "Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain." A report that the sun was shining as brightly as at noonday was not necessarily conclusive, for the Chief Justice might say, "Our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that somewhere in this broad land it must be raining. Let us have wine."

The vastness of the continent that the great Chief Justice found so helpful has had one disadvantage. We have not always come to know the other members of our family as well as we might. The Atlantic seaboard, for example, finds it hard to believe that all of the men of the great West are not still wearing chaps and periodically shooting up the town.

The West, on the other hand, appears to be firmly convinced that all Easterners are effete creatures leading dissipated lives on money derived from ill-gotten gains in Wall Street. And certain it is that all Southerners spend a blissful existence lolling about in fields of soft cotton, yellow corn and mint juleps, with ancient colored mammies crooning them to sleep on old familiar tunes.

As for New England! And Massachusetts! Well, what can you expect from the descendants of fanatical Puritans? Did not a clergyman as far back as the Eighteenth Century expose the Blue Laws, which were in force in that benighted country, making it unlawful to kiss one's wife on Sunday? A typical New England law! Now look at them! They have *censors*. Haven't you read in the papers of plays that the rest of the world enjoyed being forbidden to open in Boston? Isn't it a fact that "Banned In Boston" is the best sales slogan for a book on which the publishers have been losing money? Why, certainly!

"A Wondrous Thing is come to pass," wrote the Reverend Cotton Mather, over two hundred years

ago. "My Consort's only Daughter has had an Husband, who has proved one of the Worst of men; a sorry, sordid, froward, and exceedingly wicked Fellow . . . but then I kept Three dayes of prayer, in every one of which, a principal errand unto Heaven was, to putt over this Wicked Creature into the Hands of the Holy God. . . . Well: I had no sooner kept my Third Day but God smote the Wretch, with a Languishing Sickness, which nobody ever knew what to make of. . . . On the last Wednesday, the Glorious God putt a period unto the grievous Wayes of this Wicked Man. Now what remains, is for me to make a very holy Improvement of these Dispensations. . . . '*O my God, I will call upon Thee, as long as I live!*'"

After the country-wide discussion relative to the question of censorship of literature, it is difficult for many to believe that a majority of New Englanders are not descendants of Cotton Mather, praying for the eternal damnation of the unrighteous. We are not nearly so bad as we are painted, however. We have our troubles, and in common with the rest of the country we have vociferous organized minorities whose shrieks are very apt to be taken for the voice of our whole people.

But by and all, we seem to stumble along toward a gradual improvement. We are not downcast. To date we have not waged a bloody war upon the present King George, and Boston is not obliged to appeal to the charities of its rich men to pay hard-working public employees or to discharge its police force because politicians have stolen all of its funds.

While we are still looking for someone to don the toga of Webster, Sumner, Hoar, and Lodge, our Heflins do not get across the street, much less to the Senate of the United States. While we have seen no evidence of wings growing upon the backs of municipal politicians, nevertheless no Tammany Hall has either the City of Boston or the State of Massachusetts by the throat in an unbreakable grip. In passing, we might modestly add that we keep our children in school, instead of sending them to the mills at an early age.

We are accustomed to be fair sport for those literary geniuses who can not see enough to write about in their own communities and are obliged to pick on our faults, real or imagined, with which to give scope to their admitted talents.

First of all, some popular illusions as to the present-day population of Massachusetts must be dispelled before an adequate understanding of our difficulties relative to censorship can be acquired. There are but few of the progeny of Cotton Mather left. Many of them have died off, doubtless with discouraged sighs for the spiritual welfare of a wicked world. Many others have migrated elsewhere.

Yet we all get along very well as neighbors, friends and members of the same community. Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, we form our friendships, our business associations, and not infrequently contract our marriages, entirely regardless of where our fathers came

from. It is generally an admitted and accepted fact that a man's religion, his thoughts and his habits, in so far as the latter do not conflict with the general welfare, are his own business. There is not the slightest doubt not only that the people of Massachusetts today constitute one of the most cosmopolitan populations in the country, but that they have demonstrated time and time again that they are one of the most tolerant as well.

THE idea of a censor is as repugnant to the people of Massachusetts as was the stamp tax of King George. They are absolutely determined, however, and have been for three hundred years, to prevent the corruption of youth by pornographic literature. The fact that in recent years there appears to have been an increase in the output of those writers whose mental abnormalities and desire for gain exceed their literary attainments, has simply intensified the problem.

The general principle, making it a crime to disseminate obscene matter, was recognized by the common law of England before any statute was passed. In 1782 one Curl was brought before the English courts for distributing obscene prints. The defense was that there being no statute covering the matter, no offense had been committed. The court held that the distribution of such literature was analogous in criminal law to the maintenance of a nuisance affecting the public health, and that it was therefore a crime, without a statute.

Some years later, a great English judge dealing with the same subject further developed the common law:

> The work itself was obscene and was therefore indictable. Despite the motive of the appellant, it is quite clear that the publishing of an obscene book is an offense against the law of the land and the test of obscenity is this: whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences.

THERE has been a tendency on the part of American legislatures to tamper with the common law. In some instances legislation has improved the common law; in many others it has resulted in confusion and difficulties worse than the situation which it sought to correct. For instance, in 1711 and 1712, the Provincial Legislature of Massachusetts passed a statute which went further than the common law of England and which was aimed not only at the pornographic literature, but to prevent the wits of the time from ridiculing the ministers. In 1730 protection to the ministers was dropped and a section was added, doubtless at the instigation of self-appointed censors, which *provided that one-half of the fine imposed by the court should be paid to the informers.* This provision was repealed in 1904. If recent newspaper accounts are correct, Illinois still retains it.

The Massachusetts statute of today is as follows:

> Whoever imports, prints, publishes, sells or distributes a book, pamphlet, ballad, printed paper or other thing containing obscene, indecent or impure language, or manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth, or an obscene, indecent or impure print, picture, figure, image or description, manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth, or introduces into a family, school or place of education, or buys, procures, receives or has in his possession any such book, pamphlet, ballad, printed paper, obscene, indecent or

impure print, picture, figure, image or other thing, either for the purpose of sale, exhibition, loan or circulation or with intent to introduce the same into a family, school or place of education, shall be punished by a fine of not less than two hundred nor more than one thousand dollars.

There is no provision in any part of the Massachusetts statute or in the common law for censors. Under the broad provisions of the criminal law, any person may be brought before a court charged with any offense from speeding to murder. He is presumed to be innocent, and before he can be found guilty the prosecution must produce evidence which satisfies the minds of twelve reasonable men beyond a reasonable doubt that he is guilty. Every safeguard is thrown about him. The only censors of his conduct, known to law, are the twelve men drawn from all walks of life who are selected to serve upon the jury, the judgment of which he has a constitutional right to require.

THIS general provision of law applies to the book statute, as well as to all others. The only censors of books recognized by the laws of Massachusetts have been the juries. If a defendant does not care to have a jury, he may now waive that privilege and appoint a single judge as his censor.

"Banned in Boston" did not arise from the verdicts of juries considering the books as entities. The trouble was that the juries, representing cross-sections of the public, seldom had anything to do with the cases. Most of the banned books were outlawed by an informal system of censorship, entirely foreign to the law.

The booksellers complained, with justice, that even if they believed a book was genuine literature, they could not afford to run the risk of a criminal trial, where the judge would be obliged to instruct the jury that they must return a verdict of guilty if the book contained passages which, standing alone, might be considered obscene.

THE booksellers did not desire to handle books which would put them in this danger. They wanted assurance in advance that they would not be prosecuted. As a result a system was devised in the City of Boston whereby a representative of the Prosecutor's Office, the Police Commissioner, and an organization with the benevolent title of "The Watch and Ward Society" were to read any books which the booksellers considered doubtful. If these gentlemen agreed that the books did not violate the statute, then no prosecution would be forthcoming and the booksellers might proceed with safety.

If, however, these informal censors felt that the rest of the community should not be permitted to read the books, the booksellers agreed to remove them from their shelves. Actually, these books were not banned, because no one had the power to ban them. Neither the police, the prosecutor nor the Watch and Ward Society had the slightest right in law either to order a bookseller to cease handling a particular book or to decide that the book violated the statute.

They had the right to express an opinion, as had any one else. But the bookseller, if complained against, also had the right to submit his case

to a court and a jury to decide the question in dispute.

With the "single passage" law in effect, the booksellers could hardly be blamed for reluctance to test the judgment of the informal censors. This system continued for a number of years until the Prosecutor's office, under a new administration, decided to have nothing to do with it.

While it was in effect the public was lulled into a state of inaction, without realizing that arbitrary powers never contemplated or intended by the law were being bestowed by usage upon a small group of individuals.

THE Watch and Ward Society was incorporated in 1884 under the name of "New England Society for the Suppression of Vice," its announced objective being "the promotion of public morality and the removal of corrupting agencies." Similar organizations still exist in many other sections of the country.

This society enters the present discussion because the excesses of its agents focused the attention of the Massachusetts public upon the whole subject of book censorship more effectively than any speeches or articles could have done.

Indirectly, and quite involuntarily, this society has given impetus to public opinion, which eventually, if not this year, will result in liberalization of the book statute, at least to the extent that courts and juries will be obliged to judge the books as entities, instead of by single passages.

There are inherent difficulties in the accomplishment of its ends by a private organization of this nature, which is unsubjected to constant public scrutiny or control by the electorate. Every trial lawyer, for example, knows the unreliability of the average run of private detectives. It is common knowledge that private operatives are more unreliable than the worst police force on the face of the globe.

One large national agency, which has been in existence for two generations and has selected its men with the greatest of care, is able to give them permanent employment, regardless of the success or failure of investigations. It has built up a personnel which has been carefully selected by experienced men and has succeeded.

A few smaller agencies, usually run by retired police officers, who do most of the work themselves instead of trusting to the floating private sleuths employed on one job at a time, have also been found to be reliable. Most of the other operatives are utterly unscrupulous. They are employed to *get* evidence, and they get it, regardless of the truth or of common decency.

THESE are bald facts known, from bitter experience, to prosecuting officers, trial lawyers and police throughout the country. The directors of the Watch and Ward Society have been, for the most part, genuinely sincere men with little practical experience in these lines. Many of them have been high-minded clergymen, possessed of knowledge of criminal investigation as naïve as that of a child of four.

The active superintendence of the work of removing corrupting agencies from the midst of the susceptible public has been left to a salaried of-

ficial called the Secretary. To fill this position the directors have selected clergymen whose success in their calling has been at least open to question. Once appointed, this Secretary apparently has been given blanket authority to proceed to remove "corrupting agencies" and to promote the morals of the wicked public.

The directors have had little or nothing to do with the actual work of the society. One of them, in announcing his resignation, stated that he did not even know that he was a director.

The results were such as might be expected from such a system. The personnel of the investigators of public morality has had a higher per capita record of crimes from rape to bribery than any police force in the United States.

In order to secure funds for salaries and other expenses it was necessary to appeal to the public for contributions. In order to arouse enthusiasm for subscriptions, it was necessary to show results, at least on paper. If the wicked public behaved itself to an extraordinary degree in the course of a year, this fact could scarcely be used as a basis for appeals for additional funds. Needless to say, such a condition was not desired by the paid beneficiaries of these funds. Good public morals did not make good business.

Last summer the Watch and Ward Society received information from a New York correspondent that five copies of a lewd book had been shipped to a bookstore in Cambridge.

As a matter of fact, the average man or woman in Massachusetts had never heard of such a book and would never have gone across the street to procure a copy. The five copies, it seems, were ordered by a number of professors who were studying certain phases of modern literature at Harvard University.

In October an agent was sent to the bookshop to purchase a copy of the book. This gentleman, by the way, was selected with great care. He was a man over fifty years of age. Apparently it was feared that a sale might be refused to a young man. Despite his sedate appearance he was informed that the shop did not carry the book, as it was extremely bad and not safe to handle. The suggestion was ventured, however, that the bookshop might be able to secure a copy for him, and the price would be fifteen dollars.

This unexpected situation necessitated the agent's returning to the headquarters of the Watch and Ward Society for further instructions. If a police officer had been sent on the same errand from any department in Massachusetts or anywhere else, his headquarters would have been satisfied that the law was not being violated, particularly in view of the fact that the bookshop enjoyed an excellent reputation. This did not satisfy the active head of the Watch and Ward. "All quiet on the literary front" is not a slogan calculated to fill up a depleted treasury.

This gentleman, therefore, directed the agent to go back to the store and put in an order for the book. Still the book was not there, so the agent called from day to day until finally he secured a copy which an unknown person, according to the

testimony, had sold to the bookseller the day before. The identity of this man of mystery has not yet been established. Both sides claim ignorance of his identity and his whereabouts. The long-sought volume was sold to the agent of the Watch and Ward, however, a warrant was secured for the bookseller and his clerk, and the fat was in the fire.

REMARKS of the judge in the lower court were widely quoted in the press, and overnight the book received $100,000 worth of advertising. It was a filthy work, and counsel for the defendant readily conceded that it came within the terms of the statute and that it was obscene. The point is, however, that up until this time few people in Massachusetts had ever heard of it. Its name and description have now been broadcast over the country and undoubtedly the presses in Italy, where it was privately printed, have been working overtime.

Feverish demands for it have been made upon booksellers in the United States. There is no means of ascertaining how many have been sold or smuggled into the country. The demand for it has been so great that the District Attorney, whose duty it was to prosecute the case in the Superior Court, has received requests from different sections of the country for copies. One eager gentleman wrote:

> If you have only one copy, will you kindly send me excerpts from the worst portions of the book for a private study which I am making of such literature. Your reply will be considered confidential and you will be well paid for such service.

Under the law the only issues before the court were: (1) Did the defendant sell the book? (2) Did it contain obscene passages or did it manifestly tend to corrupt the morals of youth?

The answers to both of these questions were admitted and a verdict of guilty was the only possible decision that the court could render. The book was obscene, whether judged by parts or as a whole. The prosecution had results, however, never contemplated by its instigators.

THE indirect effect of these proceedings was to marshal public attention upon the whole subject of pornographic literature. What had hitherto been considered a bookseller's and publisher's problem was now viewed as of general concern. The inevitable consequence of this awakened public interest will be the liberalization of the statute to the extent of allowing a book to be considered as a whole in criminal prosecutions.

The Watch and Ward Society apparently opposes such a liberalization, as do the few remaining Cotton Mathers and other quack doctors of public morals.

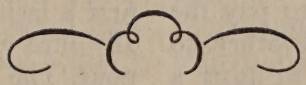
The legislative committee having the matter in charge has reported a bill to this end. What action will be taken in the current year is problematical, but eventually the law of Massachusetts will be brought into accord with common sense, for the simple reason that a majority of people of Massachusetts believe in common sense.

When this change is effected in the law, any bookseller with a genuine interest in literature will be less disposed to accept the dictation of self-appointed censors. Once a jury is

permitted to use its common sense, those booksellers who are sincere in regard to a given book will be content to trust to the judgment of a jury or a judge. The day of informal censors is about over.

The facts of the case above referred to should have results beyond the confines of Massachusetts. The fallacy of reliance upon private organizations to do police work, unconnected with charity, is made clear.

Police forces are far from perfect, but at least the public can control them if it so desires. They are subject to constant scrutiny. They are paid regardless of whether convictions are obtained or not. They can be improved. The worst of them function better than a motley crew of private investigators under the leadership of narrow-minded seekers of evil.



The Cycoon

By Celeste Lucas

In which Celie Discourses on Meteorology, Love and other Subjects

We are old friends, Celie and I, she having been general servant to the family for seven years — ever since we have lived in Louisiana, in fact. She has a gentle, sunny nature which is at times overcast by her various bodily ills, or by family troubles no less complex and varied. Her compassionate heart impels her to pay the fine of her crap shooting brother, to feed his hungry children, to nurse a sick neighbor, and to perform other cardinal acts of mercy. Infrequently one perceives a flash of wildness in contrast to this bland benevolence. And always gaiety flares with scant kindling.

The other afternoon she and I sat on our back gallery capping strawberries for preserving. By the calendar summer had not yet come, but already a drought threatened the cotton crop. Heat from the sky and the earth stifled us. We sorted our berries listlessly and conversation languished.

Suddenly we were conscious of a disturbing quality in the withering heat. Celie peered out at a sky awesome in its greenish light, its hushed, expectant air. "Do you think they is goin' to be a cycoon?" she asked.

We flew to close doors and windows as the wind struck the house, shaking it in its rage, snatching at our trees and shrubs which were quickly blotted out by the dust that closed us in. We were oppressed by the tremendous driving power of the wind, by the choking, blinding dust, and then, thank God, the rain. At first a lashing fury, it turned gradually into a gentle, beneficent downpour. The rain had saved the cotton crop. God was good.

Celie, who a moment before was hiding her eyes, crying, "Oh, Lawd, don't let the cycoon come!" now went about crooning, "Thanky, Jesus! Thanky. Thanky, Jesus!

"This hyear storm is done blowed over, ain't it, Miss Less?" she rejoiced as we returned to our place on the porch and resumed our capping. "I sho' does hate storms, but the Lawd done spared us agin. We is well blessed.

"Didn't you never hyear 'bout the cycoon we had hyear in 1914? Hit blowed down Brimmertown. Yes'm, that little town over the hill where all the colored folks lives. Blowed hit all to pieces. Oo-wee! You couldn't find a splinter!

"Hit tuck up people an' whirle 'em round an' kilt 'em. One woman had her neck broke. Her head wuz lyin' over hyear an' her body wuz floatin' on the water.

"Oo-wee! Mo' peoples wuz kilt. Brimmertown wuz so weeked. The mens wuz all the time gamblin' an' they wuz a skatin' rink an' a dance hall. All the little girls wuz goin' to ruin. I reckon the Lawd had to do somethin'. He sho' sent a big wind.

"EVER'BODY wuz prayin' in that storm. The Lawd spare some uv they houses. He hyeard 'em prayin'. They says, 'Oh, Lawd, You rides on the storm! Spare us, Lawd!' They prayed good. He'd leave they house an' pick up a nuther one.

"Ever'body wuz prayin' but Mama, an' she knowed she'd got to teck ker uv herse'f 'cause she wuz a sinner. She want afeard neither. She tuck an' split the storm wid a axe.

"Yes'm, she throwed a axe at hit. She wuz out in the yard washin' clothes when hit begun to blow. She wuz, you know, standin' by the wash pot puttin' in mo' clothes to boil an', you know, stirrin' 'em. The clothes on the line begun flappin', so she started to teck 'em down — then this hyear green light come over ever'thing, an' right quick, the top uv the chimney blowed off.

"The wind picked up trees an' throwed 'em down. Then Mama seed the black cloud comin', whirlin' right at her. They wuz a axe lyin' by the wash pot an' she grabed that axe an' flung hit right at the storm an' split hit in two. Part uv hit went over hyear, an' part uv hit over there, but hit never teched her house.

"I wuz livin' in town then, an' when the cycoon wuz over I went out to see whut happened to Mama. She wuz safe. She had done split the storm. Then she had tuck the chillun down under the by-a-bank, so the wind couldn't git 'em. When I got there, Mama an' the chillun wuz back in the cabin, settin' round the fire dryin' theyselves. Mama telled me 'bout throwin' the axe. We sho did laf.

"Mama ain't never afeard uv storms, but I is. I tries to put the Lawd in front uv me when I sees a cycoon comin'. Did you hyear me prayin' while ago? Haw, Haw! I sho' wuz skeered, but the Lawd spared me an' I thanked Him good.

"Jesus allus tecks ker uv me in a storm. Wunst when I wuz a chile our house blowed over an the chimney blowed down. Jest one uv the chillun wuz hurt, an' they wuz a gang uv us chillun. Mama had fo'teen head uv chillun. Said she had two a year.

"How many husbuns did she have? She had three. My father wuz her secon' husbun. He were a preacher, but Mama lef' him. He thought he wuz smart, dressin' up on Sunday an' preachin' 'bout the Holy Virgus an' the other apostles, then runnin' 'round wid womens in the week. He wuz too cute, so Mama quit him.

"THEN she married agin. Her an' her husbun wuz all the time dancin' an' drinkin'. They wuz weeked. She wuz livin' wid this husbun when our house blowed over. The Lawd wuz shakin' His switch at Mama 'cause she wuz a sinner, but He didn't skeer her, ner her husbun neither.

"Mama's third husbun sho' wuz

mean. Whar's he now? He's dead. My brother shot him. No'm, they didn't do nothin' to Willie, that's my brother. He went free. Didn't have to go to jail er nothin'. My stepfather wuz so mean — use to beat my brothers all the time. Willie allus say when he growed up he'd kill him.

"This time my stepfather wuz beatin' Mama — had her down an' done broke three uv her ribs. Sayin' he wuz goin' to kill her, an' her beggin' him, 'Please don't!'

"Hit were Christmas Eve, an' they used allus to go huntin' on Christmas Eve. My brother come home jest in time. He'd been huntin' rabbits — had his gun in his hand — an' he let my stepfather have the whole load. But he didn't have to go to jail. The doctor seed how Mama wuz, an' ever'body knowed my stepfather wuz mean.

"Yes'm, he had beat her befo', many a time. But she wouldn't leave him. She love him.

"I tole her, when I growed up an' married, I wouldn't stay wid no man whut beat me. I'd stay wid him as long as Johnny stayed in the army.

"Mama jest say, 'Chile, you don't know whut love is.'"

As a College Hero Sees It

By Bill Cunningham

An interview with Barry Wood, Harvard's famous Sophomore quarterback, who, besides being a star in four sports, is a brilliant student

The conflict between the athletic and the academic side of college life is the major headache of the time in educational circles. It has been raging for at least the last decade, and has been particularly acute since the name of Red Grange became "better known than Cæsar's in the halls where Cæsar is taught." The overemphasis upon athletics, upon football in particular, the "Roman Holiday" aspect of the vast autumnal Saturdays, the boom-boom of the ballyhoo, the great flaming sports stories, the million dollar gate receipts actually achieved at last both at Yale and Notre Dame, the Carnegie Foundation report, the Western Conference's expulsion and reinstatement of Iowa with its incidental mud-slinging, all this and more, oh, much, much more, are the almost terrifying out-croppings of the simple question, "Why does a boy go to college; and what should he do while he's there?"

William Barry Wood, Jr., Harvard, '32, perhaps more strikingly than any other student enrolled in a first class American college, should be of particular interest to those who are praying and pondering over this tangle of theories and conflicting opinions. If the drums could be beaten and the pistols fired off until the entire audience of disputants was assembled and then this young man could be examined in all his various phases, the start toward some sane basic law might possibly be found.

And after the professors, the reformers, the troubled presidents, were through, it wouldn't be a bad plan to lead by the student bodies, the athletes and the alumni of all America for at least a look. I would recommend that this be done especially with the ex-football playing alumni, the heroes of the pristine, "Give-me-the-ball-and-to-hell-with-the-signals" days, when all a guard needed was the body lines of a Percheron, the classroom was merely an incidental but never serious annoyance, and the prime requisite of any first class football coach was an ability to question the legitimacy of the descent of three players at a time without repeating one star-spangled adjective.

For William Barry Wood, Jr., six-foot, nineteen-year-old sophomore, whose exploits have made headlines from coast to coast, represents both sides of the argument and represents each in outstanding fashion.

As an athlete, he is not only a quarterback of All-American rank, but he is also a baseball player of big league promise; he has shone in intercollegiate track meets, was a star performer last winter with Harvard's fine hockey team, and is a tennis player with Davis Cup (which means international) rating.

As a student, he is one of the most successful in Harvard. Consistently maintaining an average of three A's and a B, he rates with the best of the intellectual hermits, for all the fact that every single afternoon from the opening of college until two weeks after its close, he is in active practice or play with some Harvard team.

And a thing to be mentioned right here is his own word for the fact that he maintains his classroom standing only by hard and serious study. He isn't merely a genius to whom studies "come easy." He rates himself as having "only the average student's mind." He plugs out each day's work at his desk the night before.

Thus he would appear to be qualified preëminently to discuss the conflict, of studies and stadiums.

And he *is* qualified, only drawing him out on the matter is like digging *bois d'arc* stumps with a split handled grubbing hoe. A number of people have tried only to fail in a rather large way. The young man isn't afraid to meet strangers. There's no mock modesty about him, nor any particular aversion to answering questions, but he isn't the collegiate, chattering type with a penchant toward the perpendicular pronoun.

He sees nothing unusual about a young fellow's keeping up in his studies while making three or four teams. High marks, he says, are more or less a matter of luck, and such meaningless titles as "All-American quarterback" merely a workout for the superlatives of some perfervid sports writer who probably sees only six or eight games at most and who knows the title means nothing when he drapes it on some player.

Barry Wood isn't cynical. He isn't Smart Alecky. He's just amazingly sensible, incomprehensibly sensible for a sophomore who's had enough praise to turn the heads of a regiment, and that's why both educators and athletic tycoons could well afford to gather around and ponder this youth who distinctly honors them both.

"I think," he was saying on the day we were talking, "that there's as much overemphasis upon studies as there is upon sport—perhaps not upon studies, as such, but certainly upon marks. Students go after high marks. Instructors seem to harp on them. The ranking students of this and that university are duly listed in the newspapers at the end of each term.

"It seems to me that the emphasis might better be applied to what a student really knows, than to what the corrector of an examination paper thinks that he knows. The examination is supposed to be an accurate measure of the student's grasp of the course, to be sure, and

maybe it has to serve because no better measure can be found, but anybody who knows anything about examinations knows that they can be and often are just a matter of luck.

"You can sit in a classroom for a term and let the whole course slide by you, then by a little scientific cramming the night before an exam, if you are lucky enough to read the right paragraphs and then happen to remember them, you can score heavily in the test. Your mark may be an A, and a great fuss made over it, when you really don't know as much about the subject as some other fellow who plugged conscientiously all term and merely happened to have a headache when the time to write the paper came around.

"I've had the thing happen in my own case, both ways. I received an A once by merely chancing to skim through a book and strike the lucky paragraphs before I went into the classroom. The fellow next to me knew the subject backward and forward, had been a faithful and conscientious student all year, yet he got confused, panic stricken or something when the questions were laid before him and the best he was able to get was a C.

"I think considerable emphasis is misapplied right here, and that a lot of people who talk about the overemphasis on football might examine the overemphasis on marks just a little."

"Well, how about the overemphasis upon football?" I asked the young gentleman. "That seems to be the burning question of the higher educational world."

"I'm not sure I know exactly what it means."

"Nor does anyone else . . . but take the usual subjects: glorification of the athlete; the will to win at any price; schedules made with an eye upon the cash register; the proselytizing and subsidizing of players; employment of coaches who can produce winning teams whatever their by-products may be; long and terrific practice sessions; the contribution of the sports pages and the press reaction in general."

"That order's a little too large," the young man objected. "I only know the football we are taught at Harvard, and such of it as Harvard's opponents show on the field. And if I've ever seen any of that, I, at least, didn't recognize it. If we have subsidized athletes at Harvard, I know nothing about them. I don't think the athlete among us is glorified. I know there's no will to win at any price. The will to win's there, but it's the will to win cleanly. I don't know anything about how the schedules are made, but we certainly have no unduly long practice sessions nor slave-driving by coaches.

"We practice only two hours each afternoon. Some other teams drive on into the night, I understand, using white footballs and flood lights. Harvard used to have flood lights, but I believe that one of Bill Bingham's first orders when he took charge a few years ago brought them down and relegated them to the junk heap. (William J. Bingham is Director of Athletics at Harvard.) I personally have never practised football under artificial light nor seen what they call 'a ghost ball.'

"Neither can I imagine Arnie Horween in the rôle of slave driver. (Mr. Horween is the Harvard football coach.) Arnie's more a friend and a companion than a football coach. He's inherently a gentleman with sensibilities as fine as those of any man on his squad or off it either, for that matter. It's impossible to picture him as the loud-mouthed, bull-dozing coach of the movies and magazine stories.

"They say that he and Bill Bingham 'gave the game back to the boys.' They, or at least, somebody has certainly done it at Harvard. Arnie doesn't say, 'You've got to do this,' or 'You must do that.' He makes us feel in some very real way and without sacrificing any of his authority or our confidence in him that we are all partners in the firm and have a definite say-so in its management.

"I REMEMBER, for instance, the afternoon before the last Dartmouth game. The scouts had made their reports and had outlined and explained the theory of the Dartmouth attack in great detail. Arnie had sat there on a bench with the rest of us listening attentively. When the scouts were all through, he got up, slowly drew out some defense diagrams of his own and said, 'Well, fellows, here's what we're facing tomorrow. I think this is the way we should meet it. What do *you* think, Barry?'

"And as we got ready to take the field against Yale, we dressed and went out to warm up without anything other than a friendly nod from the coaches and a question here and there as to how we felt. It wasn't until after the captains had tossed the coin and the eleven of us who were starting were standing there in front of the bench ready to run out on the field that Arnie came up. He pulled us together around him so we could hear above the noise of the cheering and said, 'Now, fellows, it's your game. Go out and play it!'

"That was all the 'fight talk' he gave us before a game that means more than any other to a Harvard man."

"WELL, how about the 'glorification of the athlete'?" I ventured to ask; "the great flaming newspaper stories hymning the deeds of yourself and others?"

"I think they're just a little silly," came the quiet response, "and I very seldom read any of them."

"Don't you get a kick out of seeing your picture and your name in the papers and some play of yours exhaustively and colorfully described?"

"Not in the fashion it's usually done," he said, "football is a team game and there are eleven men in every play. It isn't fair to play one man up to the exclusion of the others."

"But for all that," I demurred, "there *are* individual feats such as the long pass you threw to make Harvard's third touchdown against the Army, that was probably the most thrilling play of all in the stadium last fall, and then the drop kick you made right after it to tie that memorable score. What about that?"

The young man grinned. It was the first time he'd smiled during the interview.

"That's exactly the sort of stuff I'm talking about," he said. "Do you remember the papers after that game?"

I DIDN'T, at the moment, but I took occasion to refresh my memory later in the files of a newspaper office. Across the front page of that particular Sunday newspaper in heavy Railroad Gothic ran the following headline:

HARVARD'S LAST MINUTE PLAY
TIES ARMY, 20–20
50 Yard Forward Pass, Wood to Harding, Snatches Crimson from Defeat

And flipping through the pages to the sports section, I discovered the following account of that thrilling climax — an account I later found to be typical of most of those written:

With but one minute to play (and the score 20 to 13), and the ball on Army's 40 yard line, the dusk already settling down so thickly that the numbers on the players backs were scarcely discernible, Wood took a spiral from his centre, stepped well back of midfield, coolly surveyed the scene and then fired a mighty heave.

Up through the darkness the ball soared and deep across toward the left. Far upward and over and down toward the far left-hand corner of the goal line, it whistled in a whirling spiral. Beneath it raced a lone Harvard receiver. He was Vic Harding, the substitute right end who had gone down and crossed over in the time-honored Dartmouth fashion.

Harding clasped the ball to his bosom and fell across the goal line, while absolute insanity prevailed in the Harvard stands. Such a scene has seldom, if ever, gripped those staid pews before.

That famous saying about it's being so still in the park that you could hear the grass growing, applied here with a vengeance when Barry Wood stepped back to the eight-yard line.

Defeat or moral victory depended upon the drop kick that was about to tumble forward off his toe, but if he were nerve-shaken in the least his looks belied him utterly. He looked as cool as a butcher's vault as he poised tensely out there and then the ball came back — a perfect pass.

Wood took a half-step with his left, dropped the ball and drove it with his right. Up through the murk the ball tumbled truly. The white sleeved arms of the officials shot straight into the air, and the roof all but came off the stadium.

Harvard had tied the score in a great fighting come-back that turned the minds of some of the older spectators back to 1921, when another Harvard team had fought its way out of defeat to tie a mighty Penn State eleven 21–21 in just such thrilling fashion.

"But . . . do you remember the papers after that game?" Barry Wood had asked, and I had said, "Yes, in a general way."

"WELL," said the Harvard sophomore, "the whole truth of the matter is that that pass and that drop kick weren't what the sports writers called them at all. I didn't have the slightest idea I could throw the ball so far, or that anybody could catch it if I did. The game was practically over. It looked as if the Army had won. They had stopped our attack in the middle of the field, I had only one more play and I knew that they'd sit on the ball when they got it and never give us another chance.

"So I called the longest pass we had, took the ball from the centre, and counted off the seconds necessary for the ends to get down there, then I bent as far backward as I possibly could, shut my eyes and threw the thing with every ounce of my strength. Nobody in the Stadium was more astonished than I was when Vic Harding caught it over the

goal line. Most of the credit for that play belonged solely to him. He, at least, had faith in himself, and I didn't even have that."

I GAVE the young man a long level look now, fully expecting to see a smile break through as evidence of the fact that he was funning just a little with that brand of talk, for I saw that pass, and I am firmly convinced that nothing so beautiful, so perfectly timed and so masterfully executed could have been a pure accident, even in football.

But he seemed to be deadly serious and almost oppressively sincere.

"And then came the matter of that drop kick," he was saying. "It was described next day as a feat of cold-blooded skill. But do you want the actual truth about that particular kick? It could just as well have been called 'No Goal.' The Army line came off its mark with a bulge. I had to hurry the ball away. I didn't hit it squarely and it wobbled and weaved, finally veering off to the right and going just exactly over the top of the right-hand goal post. The officials were kind enough to call it a goal, but it was just a matter of their personal opinion.

"Of course," he hastened to add, "I don't mean to pan the sports writers. I presume from where they sat it looked like a perfect goal. The angle is bad from the top of the Stadium. Neither do I blame them too much for laying the stuff on so thickly. After all, they're merely working for a living and they have to write what their subscribers want to read. The whole problem, if any, is bigger than players, coaches and sports writers. It all goes back, perhaps to the alumni and the public. But the only point I'm making is that a fellow's just a little silly to take any of it seriously. After all, it's only a game and the difference between the hero and the dub so far as the public goes is the word of a referee who may be unusually broad-minded, or the paragraphs of some reporter who writes what he *thinks* he sees."

"I TAKE it, then," said I, "that you'd play your football and the rest of it, if the newspapers didn't print a single line."

"I certainly would," he replied, "and probably have a better time, for I wouldn't feel quite so ridiculous when something such as the above comes to pass."

"And does that go for the crowds as well?"

"Yes, I don't think a real athlete ever thinks much about the crowd. He knows it's there, he can hear its roar, and all that, but his mind is concentrated upon the job immediately at hand and it soon fades out into a sort of drumming background."

"You'd play with the same fervor then, and perhaps with even more enjoyment if the two teams were taken out in some back lot without a soul looking on and without a line of publicity?"

"I most assuredly would, and I think most of the fellows feel the same way about it."

"Is that another way of saying that you feel that you've been hurt or that your personal enjoyment of competition is lessened under the present system of staging these autumnal tong wars?"

"No, but I believe that considerable pleasure would be taken out of practice and play if the running of *any* football department were taken out of hands at least as intelligent and as human as those of Bill Bingham and Arnie Horween."

"And in your case, it *is* pleasure?"

"Yes; pleasure and something else, too. Athletics *help* me to study, and I have found that when I'm not physically fit, I'm not mentally fit either. Studying with me is hard work. I have to dig for what I get out of books. A good afternoon's exercise fits me for a good evening's study, and that's one reason why I go out for teams."

"But that doesn't give you much time to yourself, does it? Your schedule must be classes all morning, athletics all afternoon and hard at the books all evening."

"That's right, and that's the one point that I'm not exactly satisfied with. I'm not sure that I'm following the right procedure. A big part of college is the friendships you form, the impromptu 'bull-leagues,' and the pleasant associations of one sort and other. I'm missing all that, and I'm afraid that it's wrong, but I just haven't made up my mind about that matter yet."

"Why don't you give up some of the sports?"

"I wouldn't know which one to give up."

"You mean, you haven't any choice between them."

"No, I enjoy them all, tennis as much as football, baseball as much as tennis."

"Then why don't you plan to make sports your business?"

"I couldn't, for some reason that I can't quite explain. I'll never play any sport professionally. I wouldn't do it even if I needed the money. I'd try to get it some other way. Not that I'm criticizing professional sport, nor those who are in it," he hastened to add.

"There's George Owen, for instance (Owen is now playing professional hockey with the World's Champion Boston Bruins); as a kid he was always my idol. It was the stories of Owen's athletic deeds at Harvard that made me want to play on the same teams some day. I still admire him as much as I ever did. Owen isn't a professional athletic type, and yet in some hard-to-explain fashion he belongs right where he is. He gets such a thrill out of an athletic test of any sort. Hockey is his favorite sport and naturally professional hockey is the fastest and hardest game on any ice. And as a member of the world's champions, he is right in there with the best of them. I watched him in action not long ago, and it was marvellous just to see his face as he played. He was having such a wonderful time.

"After all," sagely concluded this nineteen-year-old scholar and athlete, "it's merely a case of individuals. Every fellow must find things out for himself. I haven't found them all out. Maybe I never will."

"No," thought I, as I wended my way back toward the subway, "maybe you won't; but my wager's on you to find out about as many of 'em as any of your day and generation and to make better use of 'em than most."

The Czar of Shadowland

By Gleb Botkin

An early advocate of Romanov restoration, now blacklisted by all factions, tells the odd story of "His Majesty Cyril I, Emperor of All the Russias"

One day not long ago the bells of Russian churches in New York, Paris, London, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires — in short all the world over (except in Russia) — were set ringing joyously in simultaneous gratitude for a great event. Deacons, priests, bishops, archbishops and metropolitans were celebrating a solemn *Te Deum*, and the faithful stood trembling with happiness, humbly thanking the Lord for His infinite mercy.

And what cause had the Russians to feel so much gratitude to God? Why, they were celebrating five years of the gracious rule of "Our now happily reigning Sire and Emperor, Cyril Vladimirovich."

True, Stalin and the Soviets may not yet have sworn fealty to His Majesty. Nevertheless — and I have it from official proclamations — my former country is ruled by "His Imperial Majesty Cyril Vladimirovich, Emperor of all the Russias, Czar of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, etc." The empire over which he rules is world-embracing, and the number of his loyal subjects is quite incalculable. My own estimate is that there are about 3,000,000 Russian *emigrés* scattered around the world, that of these at least 250,000 are monarchists, and that some ten per cent of the latter acknowledge Cyril as Emperor. If you have any doubts about it, go to Northern France, where resides His Majesty, surrounded by courtiers and members of the Imperial Russian Government.

But then you do not really have to go as far as that. You can find high officials of the Imperial Russian Government in every part of the world, and a great many in New York. Most of them seem to be retired officers and government clerks, the majority of whom are at present engaged in taxi-driving.

Not long ago His Majesty Cyril I appointed an Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. For some reason the American Administration never accepted this Ambassador's credentials. Still worse, Mr. Coolidge, a man notorious for his lack of imagination, failed to discover any such institution as the Russian Empire, and accordingly did not receive Her

Majesty Empress Victoria Feodorovna. Yet Victoria is as real a majesty as there ever was. Not only is she the consort of the "happily reigning Emperor Cyril," but she is also the sister of Queen Marie of Rumania. I may modestly and parenthetically state that I speak with sufficient authority on matters pertaining to the Imperial Family, since exactly sixteen years ago my own brother served for a whole year as Victoria's chamber-page.

BUT, to return to the Emperor's Ambassador, he soon noticed that he would be *persona non grata* in Washington, and so he remained in New York, where he had some legal practice among the Russians and also ran a Russian bookstore. Apparently Emperor Cyril was dissatisfied with this diplomatic *débâcle*. At least the Ambassador resigned and another one (this time a resident of Harlem) was appointed in his place. To my consternation I heard a few days ago that the new Ambassador is about to be appointed Viceroy and Governor General of Finland. I spent a sleepless night. Is it possible that the Russian Empire wants to sever all diplomatic relations with the United States?

However, there is nothing I can do about it, for my influence in Imperial affairs is waning. True, there was a time when I myself was headed straight toward the Premiership of Russia. But that was many years ago — in fact, even before anybody had heard of Emperor Cyril. I was one of the first men in Russia to advocate the establishment of a monarchist party. I look back with amazement at my own daring. Most Russian monarchists were badly scared for a time after the events of 1917, and even in 1919 when the anti-Bolshevist movement was at its height, Admiral Kolchak, himself a monarchist, used to deport and imprison people who openly advocated the restoration of monarchy. It was then that I courageously demanded the organization of a monarchist party and founded the first monarchist newspaper. I stole loads of paper from the Government censor, upon which to print my seditious newspaper, and I did have it printed.

UNFORTUNATELY it never reached its prospective readers. Just when my newspaper was ready to appear, Vladivostok, where I then lived, was captured by the Bolsheviks, and my newspaper was confiscated on the press. I myself was sentenced to six penalties of death, counting one execution for each of the following offences: (1) Personal devotion to the Imperial Family; (2) Monarchistic convictions; (3) Active counter-revolution; (4) Publication of funny verses inciting racial hatred; (5) Sabotage, and (6) Refusal to serve in the Red Army. Feeling that the execution of even one of those six sentences could be rather unpleasant, and that all six would be unendurable, I missed the appointment with the firing squad and, after a month of hiding, escaped to Japan.

Having regained my freedom I immediately resumed my political activities. Soon I succeeded in forming one of the earliest Russian monarchist organizations, called "The Militia of the Holy Cross." I got an impressive membership, including a Bishop, a retired bank president, an

Admiral and a marshal of nobility. The Russian Ambassador in Japan, who was also the dean of the diplomatic corps, gratefully accepted honorary membership. My wife, under the direction of the Bishop, manufactured a beautiful silk banner, showing a white cross on a yellow field in a black frame — the colors of the Romanovs. Whereupon we celebrated a *Te Deum* and I made everybody take a solemn monarchist oath. I still feel proud of that accomplishment, for this happened in 1920 when I was only twenty years old.

SHORTLY afterward we dispatched our delegate, a Colonel of the General Staff, to Reichenhall, Bavaria, where the monarchists held their first official convention. One of the most important questions to be decided then was whether the Romanovs should be restored, or a new dynasty elected. I instructed my delegate to vote for the restoration of the Romanovs, and we won by an overwhelming majority. The Romanovs were restored. However, it was difficult to decide which of the many Romanovs had the best claim for the throne. Therefore political leadership was placed in the hands of a Supreme Monarchist Council, under the chairmanship of Markov, 2nd, a famous Deputy of the old Russian Duma. I became the representative of the Supreme Monarchist Council in Japan. No wonder, then, that I felt sure of making a brilliant career.

Just to show how well I stood at the time with the monarchists, let me quote the conclusion of a letter mailed to me by the chairman of the Supreme Monarchist Council on March 31, 1922:

> On the part of monarchist Russia, I thank you for your readiness to serve in such self-sacrificing manner the cause of the restoration of the Russian monarchy, and beg you to accept the assurances of sincere respect and perfect devotion.
>
> (Signed) N. Markov

However, even at that time my relations with the monarchists were no longer quite untroubled. I had already managed to provoke their suspicion by my reply to a letter (dated June 17, 1921) which came to me from Prince A. Shirinsky-Shihmatov, representing the Supreme Council. He wrote in part:

> Graceful Sir Gleb Evgenievich:
>
> Events are taking such a turn that one can expect a *coup d'état* in Russia and the overthrow of the Soviet régime, at any moment. We must take all measures to be prepared for that moment. . . . The Supreme Council considers it pressingly expedient to start at once the compilation of a list of persons unquestionably reliable as to their monarchist convictions, classifying them according to their specialities, in order that at the moment of our return to Russia, everybody could assume in the Government apparatus a place corresponding to his talents . . .

TO THIS I hastily answered that among our monarchists I knew a lot of people of unquestionable unreliability and of proved incapacity, but that I knew nobody who would be of any earthly use in forming a Government. This answer laid the corner-stone of my subsequent reputation of a dangerous revolutionary.

The question of succession continued to cause much worry to monarchists. Late in 1922, just when I arrived in the United States, Grand Duke Cyril exploded a bomb by proclaiming himself "The Place-Keeper of the Russian Throne." In-

cidentally, the "place" where the Russian throne was kept happened to be in Coburg, Germany, where Cyril lived in a back-yard apartment, next door to King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. As some enthusiastic newspaper correspondent wrote at the time: "In that modest back-yard dwell two of the greatest rulers of Europe — Cyril of Russia and Ferdinand of Bulgaria."

By proclaiming himself the "Throne-Keeper" Cyril so to speak served notice on all monarchists that he considered himself the Heir Apparent to the Russian throne. He did so not without a certain reason. Cyril is the eldest son of Grand Duke Vladimir and grandson of Emperor Alexander II. In other words he is the eldest of the four living first cousins of Emperor Nicholas II (two others being Cyril's younger brothers Andrew and Boris, and the fourth being Grand Duke Dimitry Pavlovich). With the death of Nicholas's son Alexis, and his brother Michael, Cyril became indeed the eldest in line of succession. However, some Russian jurists have insisted that, according to law, the Russian Emperor must be born from Greek Catholic parents, and that Cyril's mother, Grand Duchess Marie, daughter of the Grand Duke Friedrich Franz II of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, embraced Greek Catholicism only after the advent of Cyril, being at the time of his birth a Lutheran. Others have raised the issue of Cyril's marriage to Victoria, former wife of the Empress's brother, Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse-Darmstadt. For that offense Cyril was exiled from Russia and rumor had it that he had also been forced to abdicate all rights to the throne.

On top of all this, Cyril never enjoyed much popularity either in the country at large, nor among his own family. His adherents have tried to make an emotional appeal, reminding the monarchists that he took active part in the Russo-Japanese War and was among the very few rescued from a ship sunk by the Japanese. Thus God Himself, so the Cyrilists urge, indicated long ago His choice of Cyril for the Russian throne, by saving him from drowning. Cyril's opponents discredit this, reminding the Russians of a famous comment made by General Dragomirov. This General had started in life as a peasant boy and, purely by his own efforts, became one of the greatest Russian leaders, a hero of the Turkish campaign of 1878, and a national idol. But his manners forever remained somewhat rustic. When he received the report of Cyril's miraculous rescue, he is said to have sneered: "Grand Dukes never sink."

At any rate, Cyril took destiny into his own hands in 1925 and proclaimed himself "By the Grace of God Cyril I, Emperor of all the Russias." His first manifesto was met with reserve. Even the Dowager-Empress Marie refused to acknowledge the new Emperor. Cyril was distressed. In a letter addressed to the Empress he explained that he wanted nothing but to assume "the crown of martyrdom" of his "beloved late cousin, Emperor Nicholas of radiant memory."

What further increased the monarchists' skepticism in regard to Emperor Cyril was that he had been

among the first to betray his late cousin of radiant memory. Emperor Nicholas hadn't had time to abdicate before Cyril, at the head of his Marines, marched with red banners to the revolutionary headquarters. There he paid an oath of allegiance to the Revolution, proclaiming himself the first free citizen of a free Russia. According to rumors, he hoped that this gracious gesture of his would induce people to make him Emperor then and there. But nothing of the sort happened. Instead, Cyril had soon to seek refuge in Finland, and eventually he proceeded to Western Europe.

While Cyril was taking over the business of Empire, monarchists opposed to him rallied around Grand Duke Nicholas, cousin of Alexander III. This created a complicated situation; especially for me, as I was unable to decide which of the two Grand Dukes was the more objectionable.

IMMEDIATELY upon my arrival in New York I was elected to a secret monarchist organization headed by the same gentleman who later became Cyril's first Ambassador in the United States. I went to one of their meetings. We gathered in a small room behind the Russian book store on Columbus Circle. The chairman, casting at me a significant glance, informed the assembly that Jews and Masons had united in a drive to exterminate all those who had followed the Imperial Family in exile to Siberia. They had already disposed of Pierre Gillard, the Swiss tutor of the Emperor's children. Two Masonic ladies of rare beauty had lured the unfortunate Gillard to the shores of Lake Geneva and drowned him. (Gillard still peacefully resides on the shores of Lake Geneva, but not on its bottom.) I was startled, but the chairman gave me new hope. It appeared that all monarchists and anti-Semites had united in a new organization called "The White Masons" and that we in our room on Columbus Circle represented the secret headquarters of this formidable organization. The chairman further announced that the British Prime Minister, Balfour, had recently joined the organization, and now was begging us for immediate instructions. Whereupon all those present proceeded to write instructions to Balfour. I at the time was struggling hard for a living and had to be up early in the morning. I begged therefore to be excused.

Nevertheless the Cyrilists still tried to obtain my services by offering to make me head of all anti-Semitic organizations in the West, with headquarters in Chicago. I asked them whether this wasn't the sort of occupation which the Americans designated as "monkey business." The Cyrilists didn't think so, and gave me up in disgust.

GRAND Duke Nicholas was more persistent. In 1925 I was visited by his representative, who wanted my advice on the following matter: the Grand Duke needed money, and the Japanese had supposedly offered him eleven million yen, in return for a concession on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. But the Grand Duke felt that he simply couldn't part with the Trans-Siberian. Accordingly he instructed his representative to ask me whether I couldn't arrange a loan

for him in this country, with the fisheries of Kamchatka as security. I didn't feel very enthusiastic about the fisheries, and suggested as an alternative canned cold air from the Arctic. Nicholas must have appreciated my suggestion, for much to my bewilderment I was notified by his Prime Minister, Prince Obolensky, that the Grand Duke had placed me in charge of his Treasury Department in the United States. Afraid to offend the sensibilities of Andrew Mellon, I declined the honor.

As recently as a year ago I received an even more startling appointment. I was informed that a new Russian Government had been formed, with headquarters in Moscow, which acknowledged Anastasia as Empress. Nay, they even canonized her as "Holy Martyr Anastasia." I was offered membership in the Supreme Council which was to control the Government. I was also offered the Ambassadorship to the United States, and a portfolio in the Cabinet. All of which was very flattering, but once more I declined.

By this time monarchists of all shades apparently began to doubt my loyalty. My uncle, who stands high in the councils of Emperor Cyril, informed me as far back as 1927 that one of the monarchist factions had called together a special meeting in Paris to discuss my activities. They found them anti-monarchist, unpatriotic and seditious, and composed a decree informing me that I was placed on the organization's blacklist. For some reason that decree never reached me. Nevertheless it isn't so nice to be placed on a monarchist blacklist, for it means at best immediate exile to Siberia and often death by shooting. Then, one after another, all monarchist organizations proscribed me in a similar fashion, none of them, however, daring to inform me about it directly. Finally Anastasia, who had also offered me the Premiership several times, found me guilty of an independent and revolutionary spirit.

Some skeptics may consider all this a joke, but the fact is that at least Grand Duke Cyril takes the matter quite seriously. Not only has he appointed all the members of his Cabinet, but he has begun to appoint Governors of different Russian Provinces. A friend told me recently of a chance encounter with a Russian General.

"Congratulate me with the Monarch's mercy!" exclaimed the General.

"What's happened?" asked my friend.

"I've just been appointed Governor of the Province of Tula in Central Russia," the General explained.

Unfortunately Cyril's court is not free from the usual court intrigues. Thus, much trouble is said to have happened recently, because one of the Governors was dissatisfied with his Province and started a malicious intrigue against the Governor of another Province which he wanted to get for himself.

Emperor Cyril has also founded a new Order of Saint Nicholas, the Wonder Worker. It is an impressive decoration of several classes, the lowest of which, I am told, costs $3. More than that, the Emperor also distributes titles of nobility. Thus Miss Emory, of Long Island, who

married Grand Duke Dimitry, was given by Cyril the title of Princess Ilyinskaya, and the dancer Kseshinskaya was made by him Princess Krasinskaya. Cyril elevated his own daughter, Princess Kyra, to the dignity of Grand Duchess, and presented her with an enormous crown in which she has been recently photographed.

It must be admitted that Cyril is no mean politician. He gives his adherents what they want. Nor does he forget the lower classes. About a year ago he issued a decree presenting Russian peasants with land.

IN SPITE of his many successes Cyril failed, however, to suppress the organization founded by Grand Duke Nicholas, and the relations between the Cyrilists and the Nicholaists are not exactly cordial. After the death, in January, 1929, of Grand Duke Nicholas, one of his assistants, General Kutepov, was elected to head the organization. But there the situation turned from comedy to real tragedy when General Kutepov was kidnapped a short time since in broad daylight, in the streets of Paris.

Some of the monarchists have hypnotized themselves into believing seriously in their own importance. In numerous publications, read mostly by their own publishers and contributors, they profoundly discuss world politics and tell themselves how portentous is their enterprise. Where they get the money for printing their magazines and pamphlets is a mystery. But the flood of that extraordinary literature never ceases. Only recently I received a whole package of booklets called "The Russian Liberation Movement," published in Paris by "The Secretariat of the Russian Section of the International Entente against the Third International." The text is all in English, but of a rather fantastic variety. To quote as an illustration one impressive criticism of Soviet writers:

> In truth, one can not blame the Soviet writer, or bring an accusation against him. Is not the lie a condition of the appearance of the work? . . . At the same time it can be said that certain of the most gifted among Soviet writers have opened out. . . . At the same time their future is uncertain. If violence, the yoke and the chains remain inexorably, all will quickly fade before there is time to flower.

We shouldn't take this publication lightly. It has been indorsed by many important personages, above all by Professor Marien Zdziechowski, and anything indorsed by Professor Zdziechowski is all right with me.

PERHAPS some readers will think that I have merely been relating silly anecdotes which circulate in the Russian colony. No, I have described nothing but facts, which do not appear in the least funny to thousands of Russian emigrants. Only recently I heard the opinion of a Colonel who enjoys considerable respect among the Russians. As his friends say, the Colonel is engaged in business on Fifth Avenue, his "business" actually consisting in opening the doors of a hotel. Said he:

> Still, you must give credit to Emperor Cyril that he reigns for five years now, and so far his reign has not been marred by the slightest disturbance.

I agree with the gallant Colonel. His Majesty Emperor Cyril of Shadowland has indeed had a reign of

peace and security such as was never enjoyed by any other Russian ruler.

But sometimes I wonder about the security of my own future. The Soviet Government condemned me to six deaths when I was only nineteen years old. And recently it again voiced its strong disapproval of my activities when the Soviet Foreign Office denounced in an official statement Anastasia and all her supporters. Should Emperor Cyril succeed Comrade Stalin as *de facto* ruler of Russia, he will probably have me shot on coronation day. The same, undoubtedly, would happen were the adherents of Grand Duke Nicholas to gain power in Russia. And I certainly would be doomed were Anastasia ever to become Empress.

It appears that, were I to return to Russia, no matter what the Government, I too would be in danger of "quickly fading out before there is time to flower."

Tribute

By Theda Kenyon

I HAVE no crystal toll of ready years
To pay my way past sorrow, and to fling
To casual watchers chance remembering;
Let others weep, who see the empty years
Already filled with little joys and fears,
And today's mourning gone with evening.
For you, my tears would be too small a thing —
And — since you go — too great for other biers.

I bring a song, as ribbon to bind bay
And palm into a wreath of victory:
Tears for your going are for such as they,
Who can not guess the glory that I see.
You, who have conquered life, will tread the way
Of death in triumph, to eternity.

Ghosts of a Gayer Broadway

By Edwin C. Hill

There are some gay old ghosts along the Great White Way, along the Broadway that used to be, in the New York that was. Forever at ease in the restaurants and cafés they gave to fame, their jolly laughter rings above the clinking of their glasses and the popping of their corks.

Wisps of merry music, melodious old tunes, float along the golden-lighted sidewalks from Madison Square to Columbus Circle — *Oh, Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Are There Any More At Home Like You?* — and outside the hansom cabs roll smoothly past, little bells jingling, harness creaking, to the clop-clop-clop of horses' feet.

In the very air of this Broadway there is the ozone of gaiety, a feeling of pleasant excitement, all unharassed, unhurried and uncrowded. In the broad roadway is wheelroom for all the shining carriages, and on the sidewalks elbowroom for strollers in the clean, fresh night. Some are coming out of the restaurants, others entering the theatres. Mr. John Drew is playing at Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire. Mrs. Fiske is snipping her words in *Leah Kleschna* at her husband's Manhattan Theatre. President Roosevelt is in town from Washington to make a speech at George Boldt's Waldorf-Astoria. Miss Lillian Russell, Dave Warfield, Peter Dailey and John T. Kelly are frolicking down the street at Weber and Fields. Diamond Jim Brady has cleaned up another million and is celebrating at Rector's, a glare of diamonds among forests of champagne bottles and mountains of food.

From the Fifth Avenue Hotel in Madison Square to Captain Jim Churchill's new restaurant at Broadway and Forty-ninth Street is the Great White Way of this merry company. From first cocktail time at the Forty-second Street Country Club or at Martin's or Rector's, to the daylight Irish bacon and scrambled eggs breakfast at Jack's, they drift along the hilarious highway. Many stand out in the crowd, for it is their good fortune not to be submerged by overwhelming numbers. They are not silenced and obscured by the din and surge that Fate is reserving for a later New York and a duller, sadder Broadway.

Perhaps they would not be the colorful personalities they are if their New York were bigger and more crowded, these heavy gentlemen and light ladies; these cold-eyed courteous gamblers with a taste for old masters; these full-bosomed, bediamonded ladies of musical comedy

and their Wall Street protectors loud with arrogance and champagne; these heavy-shouldered, good-natured, shrewd-eyed Tammany leaders; these autocratic police inspectors, whose bank accounts are a marvel and a scandal; these shifty-eyed bookmakers and racetrack plungers. They belong to their times and their times fit them like a glove.

In the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the same inn which, in the long ago, gave bed and breakfast to Edward, Prince of Wales, there is a pretty solid crowd draped over the long bar or fingering cocktail glasses at small tables, in big, satisfying, leather chairs. These people count for something in the life of the town — in banking and general business and in politics. Senator Tom Platt, the "Easy Boss," is there with his young lieutenant, Ben Odell, and plump Eddie Riggs, political reporter for *The New York Sun*. Chauncey M. Depew drops in for a champagne cocktail, as does also young Herbert Parsons. Paunchy gentlemen from the deep canyons of the financial district absorb their cocktails or sherry very sedately while they scheme market coups for the morrow. Boss Platt and his aides work out a little device for annoying Boss Murphy of Tammany. Dusk has not yet come on, and Madison Square is lovely in the last slanting rays of the afternoon. The gentlest of breezes caresses the leaves of the great trees which ennoble the fine old square.

Later on in the evening, long after the cocktail hour is gone and dinner done with, Senator Thomas Platt will take his usual repose on a red plush sofa in the rear of the lobby of the hotel and talk more politics with Republican lieutenants who pay court to him. This part of the hotel lobby, with its old-fashioned chairs holding up ambitious gentlemen slated to be Governors, United States Senators and Judges of the high courts, has a name of its own — a name destined to be famous. It is called the "Amen Corner," and for the excellent reason that when Boss Platt has anything to say or makes a decision there is nothing left for others to say except "Amen." The spare, elderly figure on the old-fashioned sofa is making careers here — yes, and making history, too.

It is the Free Lunch Age in which we are so leisurely strolling — the period in which cafés and bars could afford to be generous to patrons in free food. Anywhere along the Great White Way it is possible to wangle a satisfying meal out of five cents invested in the brewing product of Anheuser-Busch, Mr. Moerlein of Cincinnati, or the Messrs. Pabst or Schlitz of Milwaukee. A nickel, the twentieth part of a dollar, goes a long way in this happy age, as the down-and-out ham actors all along the theatrical strand have reason to know. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel the *pièce de résistance* on the free lunch counter is baked ham basted with champagne, practically cured in champagne. The bar chef, fat and benevolent, stands back of this glorious and rapidly diminishing delicacy and a mound of plates and napkins, and slices off luscious bits for gentlemen who want something staying to go with their alcoholic nourishment. Some of these gentlemen who are not supposed to indulge in alcoholic refreshment or

who have overstayed their time will pay five dollars for just such a magnificent ham as is being sliced to a whisper, and will take it home to their wives to square themselves, a practice quite popular in the older married set.

ACROSS Broadway, just north of the square, is the Café Martin, famous Martin's, with one inviting face toward Fifth Avenue, the other toward Broadway, occupying the entire apex of the triangle from Madison Square to Twenty-sixth Street — Martin's with its inimitable French atmosphere and polished suggestion of naughtiness. Oh, quite naughty for now, though the time will come when such goings-on as Martin's knows will be thought slow and dull. Ladies may not smoke and the rule is inflexible. The mere sight of a show girl from the Casino up the street setting fire to a cigarette is enough to throw J. B. Martin into a spasm of indignation. Smoking is something, the Frenchman asserts most positively, that no lady ever does.

No place in this cheerful New York has quite the atmosphere of Martin's — not even the equally French Brevoort and Lafayette farther down town, or the even more famous Mouquin's. All around the most popular room, in the late afternoon and early evening (from five to seven is the shank of the evening at Martin's) are leather divans, in the fashion of the Parisian café, and the marble floor is spotted with small tables of four chairs each.

At six, Martin's is jammed. The big bookmakers have just arrived from Sheepshead Bay, thirsting for a few quarts of that sunshine the peasant girls of France have been so busily bottling for the American trade. Billy Cowan is there and Tom Shaw, big operators; and Circular Joe Vendig and Sol Lichtenstein. John W. Gates and his friend, John A. Drake, are in from the track, a hundred thousand behind on the day, but what difference does that make to "Bet-a-Million" Gates? Not a plugged nickel's worth. Big Tim Sullivan, Lord of the High Justice, the Middle and the Low below Fourteenth Street, the greatest power in Tammany Hall outside of Boss Charlie Murphy, is there with Little Tim and a flock of O'Briens. Murphy himself is there, close-lipped, shrewd-eyed, a cigar clamped in a far corner of his mouth, taking a sip of champagne now and then — letting others do the talking. Stanford White dominates a cornerful of glowing girls, while across the café glowers a young idler from Pittsburgh, Harry Thaw, with a lovely young girl who looks as innocent as a lily. There's everything in this place that goes into the compound of life, even tragedy in the making.

NORTHWARD drifts the evening tide to old Shanley's at Thirtieth Street, almost opposite the music hall of Weber and Fields. John T. Kelly is preparing to surround an impossible heap of corn beef and cabbage, and half of the lovely ladies of the Weber and Fields chorus are letting kind gentlemen friends administer strengthening solids and liquids. Plain and simple is this down town Shanley's, going in for good, filling food that holds a man's ribs together and keeps a

lady's corsets properly filled. The time will come when these ladies, God bless 'em! will get rid of the pinched-in waists they have copied from Anna Held up at the Casino Theatre, and the billowing curves they have borrowed from the plumply pulchritudinous Miss Russell over at Weber and Fields, and will do their best to starve themselves to lath-like lankiness. But that time, thank Allah the Compassionate, is not yet. The ladies still have an appetite, and, with any luck, the means to satisfy it.

Some of the drifters veer west a block to Mouquin's in Sixth Avenue, priceless Mouquin's, where every bite of food is a delight and every drop of wine a benediction. Absolutely French in every article of its furniture and every breath of its atmosphere, it is, in its unpretentiousness, the best-loved restaurant in all our New York. Even for the times its prices are remarkably moderate — a first rate dinner and a bottle of excellent claret or sauterne for no more than a dollar and a half or maybe two. It is possible, for that matter, to take the girl friend almost anywhere in New York and give her a good time without absolutely ruining a ten-dollar bill, and that takes in the theatre, Rector's and even a hansom cab home.

It has been many a year, more than fifty in fact, since Henri Mouquin established his first restaurant in a basement in Nassau Street, and Marie Grandjean, his Swiss sweetheart, came over to New York to marry him and show him how to make a fortune. It is Mother Mouquin's onion soup *au gratin* that almost makes the reputation of the place — an inimitable soup, a soup that can not be successfully counterfeited. Most of New York's well known citizens — politicians, artists, lawyers, newspapermen, preachers — have praised it to the skies, and that is going pretty high for a soup, you will admit. And the *bouillabaisse!* Mother Mouquin taught New York what *bouillabaisse* really is. Charles A. Dana of *The Sun* used to be a frequent customer, a light eater, but a mighty particular one, fond of his brown bread and salad and his glass of light red wine. Horace Greeley and William Cullen Bryant were patrons also and frequently met in the place Whitelaw Reid and John Hay. Artists and newspapermen are numerous to this day. Over in one corner, where Dubois, the fattest waiter in human captivity, serves with miraculous agility, is a group including Joseph Pennell, Paul Bartlett, the sculptor, and John Flanagan. The Dirks brothers, Rudy and Gus, are here with George Luks and Henry Reuterdahl.

Off the Great White Way to the east, at Thirty-fourth Street, is that wonder hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria, pride of the town. Wall Street gathers in its magnificent bar in the late afternoon and millions are tossed about in the idle chat. James R. Keene is the centre of a group, with his relation, Major Daingerfield of Kentucky. George Gould and one of his brothers are there. The great Oscar, *maître d'hotel*, comes bustling through the bar accepting the salutations of millionaires with the nod of an equal. Well, why not? He is becoming a millionaire himself from

such market tips as come to him from men like Jim Keene and Charles M. Schwab. Later George Boldt, the owner, appears, prim, precise, affable, keen; the greatest hotel man New York has ever known. Peacock Alley, that long, ornate corridor which parallels Thirty-fourth Street, is jammed with glittering ladies dressed for dinner and waiting for their escorts. Sinfully rich persons are arriving and registering from Pittsburgh and half a hundred other burgs. The office is a turmoil of activity, but an ordered one.

Back to the Great White Way and to the Marlborough bar with its incomparable free lunch — every sort of food that sea and land provide, tastefully set forth on long tables attractively displaying snowy linen and polished silver — all free for the taking. Not the linen and silver, of course, though that does happen now and then. Oscar at the Waldorf says his hotel loses $20,000 a year in spoons and other silver odds and ends purloined by souvenir fiends. Every hotel and café in town suffers loss from that cause in some degree.

The lights are coming on and Broadway shows its cheeriest face. Across Fortieth Street from the Metropolitan Opera House the Delavan Hotel and Sam Martin's restaurant are feeding hundreds of Broadwayites. Eddie Foy and the nine little Foys are dining there and a score of other actors and actresses. A stone's throw away is Browne's Chop House where Mr. De Wolf Hopper, celebrated interpreter of Gilbert and Sullivan, is absorbing lamb chops elbow to elbow with Digby Bell and George C. Tyler. Passing the Saranac and Rossmore, whose unimposing façades near the southwest corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway are draped with well known confidence men and wireless wire tappers, the drifters look in at George Considine's Metropole on the corner, hang-out of the sporting crowd, the gamblers and bookmakers and racketeers of the day. Here, the story goes, a sight-seeing bus lumbered past the Rossmore one evening and an excited gentleman riding on top leaned over the side, pointed an accusing finger and yelled: "There's the guy who got my watch!" In exactly five seconds by anybody's watch there wasn't a loafer left along the whole front of the hotel.

Night deepens slowly and pleasantly in this little Old New York where one may dine luxuriously for a two dollar bill and have the best of champagne for four dollars a quart if he wants to blow himself; where cocktails as fine as ever were mixed by the hand of man retail at fifteen cents a copy or two for two bits; and you can buy yourself a quart of the best bourbon or rye whiskey that ever came from the distilleries of Kentucky or Pennsylvania for one dollar and a quarter; where the best seats in the best theatres are two dollars, and only a dollar or maybe seventy-five cents at matinées, and often only a dollar and a half in the evening when the show hasn't been going so well. A dollar isn't merely a piece of paper in this man's town. It is important money containing one hundred useful cents.

On the southeast corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street is Jim Regan's Hotel Knickerbocker, with

its famous bar and Maxfield Parrish's even more famous painting, "Old King Cole," hanging over the bar. Here the Forty-second Street Country Club is meeting — newspapermen, show people, a few politicians who belong. Florenz Ziegfeld is there and Dan Frohman, and William A. Brady and Charles B. Dillingham, along with Enrico Caruso, A. E. Thomas and Frank Ward O'Malley of *The Sun*.

From the Knickerbocker, the Rubicon of the Tenderloin is crossed at Forty-second Street, and the drifters enter even gayer territory. In Shanley's at Forty-third Street on Broadway's east side there is Bat Masterson, the old Western gun fighter, and a United States Marshal. There are the Lewis brothers — William E., editor of *The Morning Telegraph;* Alfred Henry, author of *Wolfville*, and Irving, managing editor of the paper. And with them is Boston Jack McDonald, trainer for Vanderbilt, and young Val O'Farrell of the Detective Bureau. . . . Song, laughter, hum of good talk, aroma of rich rum. . . . Comfortable spot in this comfortable New York.

COMES Rector's now, most famous of all, with a name for itself all over the world — French in some ways, yet thoroughly American. Over its wide, gilded doorway swings an heraldic griffin set forth in green, red and yellow electric lights — sign of the House of Rector. Charles Rector was once a street car conductor on the Second Avenue line which runs through the Bowery. Later he was steward of the first Pullman dining car that ever ran on rails. Finally he started a little restaurant in Chicago and specialized in sea food. He ran an oyster stew into a million dollars and then came to New York to triple the million. Some of his friends told him he was more likely to run the million back into the stew, but he took a chance and won out — for years. In Rector's one sees, first and last, about everybody who is anybody in business, politics, journalism, sports, the theatre or the professions.

THEY all come to Rector's. Here one sees Berry Wall, King of the Dudes, wearing a cuff for a collar; James J. Corbett, formerly heavyweight champion of the universe; George M. Cohan, emperor of all hoofers; Willie Collier, James Buchanan Brady, "Diamond Jim" himself, with Edna McAuley; Harry Payne Whitney with some racing and polo men; Wilton Lackaye and John Drew, with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe; Edna May, the "Belle of New York," and three lovely girls from her show, along with some gentlemen who seem thoroughly to appreciate their good luck; George Ade and Booth Tarkington; also George Kessler, White Seal wine agent, buying quarts of his own brand with magnificent abandon and sending them to friends here and there in the restaurant — prospective customers, of course. Over in a special corner, dining by himself, in sombre dignity, is Mr. Richard Canfield, the gambler and art connoisseur. Everybody goes to Rector's. It is a show no visitor could afford to miss.

Certainly Diamond Jim is a show no visitor could afford to miss. When it comes to eating he is the champion of the world. Not drinking, for Brady

is extraordinarily temperate in that respect. It is his capacity for food that amazes the natives and imported observers. George Rector has testified — George being the son of Charles, head of the house — a plump little man with a black mustache like a haughty eyebrow — that Diamond Jim was the best twenty-five customers Rector's ever had, and George wasn't altogether joking when he said it. Brady loves orange juice and is accustomed to down an enormous carafe of it just before he dines. He starts with two or three dozen Lynnhaven oysters, the big fellows, and maybe orders more.

Wilson Mizner enters Rector's one day, sees Diamond Jim ruining whole platters of bivalves and remarks solemnly: "Jim likes his oysters sprinkled with clams." After the oysters, soup; but there was never any truth in Mizner's statement that Brady is accustomed to fan his soup with his hat. For all his gargantuan appetite, Mr. Brady is a gentleman and civilized in his manners. If he has lobster after the oysters, that means at least two of the large variety, and after the lobsters he takes a whole porterhouse steak, with the usual vegetable trimmings. And after this light refreshment Mr. Brady winds up on pastry and coffee. But when he asks for French pastry, he doesn't mean that he wants a piece of the delectable stuff. What he is seeking to indicate is that he wants the whole tray.

Diamond Jim is the very embodiment of the brilliance, lavishness and material luxury of Rector's. He has a passion for gems, and wears complete sets, whether they are diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, moonstones or topazes. Everything has to match, whatever the stone happens to be — shirt studs, cuff buttons, waistcoat buttons, all the little gadgets that go with evening dress. This glittering colossus holds court in Rector's every night and is known for his generosity to needy friends, or to persons pretending to be his friends.

Dinner is the great hour in this heart of hearts of Little Old New York. Almost any night one sees people that make talk in the world — Joseph Jefferson, Sir Henry Irving, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and his brother, Reggie; John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Sarah Bernhardt, when she happens to be in the United States; Hamilton Fish; Brian G. Hughes, the auctioneer and practical joker; John Kendrick Bangs, Fred Stone and Dave Montgomery — hundreds besides, almost equally celebrated or well known.

The place is beautiful and spacious. There are a hundred tables downstairs and seventy-five on the second floor, not to mention four private dining rooms. The walls of the main dining room are lined with mirrors from floor to ceiling. There is a distinct difference between the two rooms which constitute the restaurant on the first floor. It is the right hand or south room which has the vogue. That is the evening dress room at the dinner hour — though few people ever go to Rector's without donning this formal mode. Usually Charles Rector stands near the entrance separating the sheep from the goats, diverting into the left-

hand, or north, room the people he thinks may not quite match up with the regulars in the south room.

Over to the east, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-third Street is Jack's, also famous for its sea foods and the excellence of its steaks, chops and Irish bacon. Over it reigns John Dunstan, who looks far more like an English earl than most English earls ever look. He is the very picture of Little Lord Fauntleroy's grandfather. He is not only an artist in his business but is probably the greatest authority in New York on Irish history and literature, and, if in just the right mood, will sit down with you and reel off old sagas by the hour. Pretty much everybody goes to Jack's, as they do to Rector's — but with a difference.

THE time to see Jack's is after midnight. By day the place is quiet, sedate, almost entirely free from the aroma of alcohol. It is patronized by the quietest and nicest people up through the dinner hour because its food is so good and its prices are so reasonable. But by supper time — oh, boy, what a change! Then the red hot sports come piling in: rowdy actors, college boys with their tender insides all stirred up by rum, roistering young millionaires throwing dad's hard-earned money to the bowwows, visiting celebrities, prizefighters, wrestlers, outright bunco steerers and every variety of sure-thing man and grafter that the city knows. And in the midst of this strange lot you are apt to see some night the District Attorney and members of his staff, as well as from one to six judges of the high courts, and all manner of other important folk.

Jack's is the home of the Flying Wedge, a device used to deal with Yale, Harvard and Princeton football teams, or with the followers of those teams after a big game. The college boys, fond of Jack's and its carefree atmosphere and eager to scrape acquaintance with the ladies that frequent the place, often overstep the limits of what the Earl of Dunstan considers the proper thing. If polite remonstrance fails (there is always one preliminary warning) and the boys get real rowdy and a fight starts and a glass pitcher goes crashing into a mirror, the waiters, all ready, like any well disciplined force, wrap big napkins around their right fists and dive into action with a sweeping movement like a scythe going through grass. One by one the college boys sail through the revolving door, so fast and hard that they bounce clear over the elevated railway and plop against the Hippodrome. You ask, naturally, why the waiters of the Flying Wedge wrap large napkins around their right hands. To protect their knuckles, of course.

THERE is never any music at Jack's. The Earl doesn't want his patrons' appetite dulled by noises dinning in their ears. A fellow can eat in peace in Jack's, undistracted by horn or fiddle and unbothered by these new-fangled shows they call cabarets, where the gals dance right past the tables and trail a ballet skirt in the soup. Not everything in Jack's is for the boys or for the girls either. On the walls of one of the principal rooms are mural paintings put there to delight the hearts of children. The whole story of Little Red Riding Hood is painted on those walls by the hand of Edward S. Simmons, a

cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson's, and an artist whose work may be seen in many great public buildings.

Up Broadway to the farthest north of our Little Old New York is Captain Jim Churchill's restaurant at the southwest corner of Forty-ninth Street. Jim was in the Police Department until 1902 or thereabout. He rose to be full sergeant and acting captain. Then he got into a row with Inspector Adam Cross and Cross broke him. He started a little café in Broadway, opened a restaurant at Forty-sixth Street, and finally splurged forth with this new place at Forty-ninth. There was a great flutter the opening night. Jim had spent $300,000 to give Broadway something to talk about and they certainly talked. There were only 300 tables to satisfy 1,500 applications, and by midnight 2,000 were jammed into the place. A great night! William Travers Jerome was there, with Magistrates Corrigan, Kernochan and Dan Murphy. Three or four judges were in the festive gathering. George M. Cohan, Sam H. Harris, Sam Bernard, Lew Fields, little Joe Weber, A. L. Erlanger, David Belasco, Marie Dressler, Louise Dresser, Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Lorraine and a raft of stage folk were on hand. Rudolph Valentino, obscure then, was a paid dancer at the party. Lem Quigg, Boss Platt's right-hand man, came in with a flock of politicians, including Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall. The racing and polo crowds were well represented, and Jim Churchill counted twelve known millionaires in the house, a fair average.

Along about midnight when Maurice Levy's band was going strong with *The Reuben and the Maid*, Kid Betts, lightweight prizefighter, sidled up to Barney Connolly, burly ex-cop, Captain Jim's doorman and bouncer.

"Hey, Barney," said the Kid, confidentially, "I gotta idea. If you would like to have Jack Johnson in here for the opening I kin git him, Barney. It'd be a good plug for the house."

Captain Jim's sharp ears got the drift of Mr. Betts's noble notion. He walked over to the lightweight, towering above him, and fixed him with a singularly cold gaze.

"You bring Johnson in here and there'll be a new champion," said Captain Jim.

Still farther north is Reisenweber's in Eighth Avenue at Fifty-eighth Street, and Pabst's, with grand beer, in Columbus Circle; and Tom Healy has a lively place in the neighborhood. But these — now vanished like the others — are outside the White Way radiance of the Little Old New York that was.

Pioneers of Peace

By Merle Eugene Curti

Far from being recent ideals, the World Court, a League of Nations and pacts renouncing war have had famous advocates for decades and even centuries

These recent years in which statesmen have seriously concerned themselves with the problem of inventing and manipulating machinery for securing peace to the world represent a mere fragment of recorded history in which war has been perhaps the major interest. Little more than three decades have passed since the Czar of Russia convoked the first Hague Conference. Since that day, public men have said much about peace — but they have made many wars. In other words, until almost yesterday world peace has been, from the political point of view, a negative idea. Yet it is apparent to the most casual reader of newspaper headlines that statesmen, in response to a new peace consciousness, now regard the problem of reducing armaments and preventing war as not only a positive idea but also as a major task. Doubtless in considerable measure this change of front has come about as a direct response to conditions following the World War. Yet indirectly it is a logical result, also, of the efforts of pioneers of peace who laid the foundations for the present work before statesmen in general saw its necessity.

For centuries these pioneers have been anticipating the statesmen. At first the anticipations were little more than dreams and prophecies. Weary of struggle and war, men dreamed of peace. But dreams alone are not enough to satisfy a deep-felt need, and gradually the dreams of peace led men to try to achieve it through action. At first it was only isolated individuals who denounced the evils of war and designed projects for its abolition. During the last hundred years, however, advocates of peace have banded together in an increasingly effective fellowship, and have developed these projects into more realistic plans for achieving their goal.

The early peace workers came from many walks of life. Among them were monks and ex-soldiers, philosophers and inventors, jurists and novelists, captains of industry and Socialists, artists and scientists, savants and statesmen. In temperament some were worldly and prosaic, others highly idealistic and imagina-

tive. Some were unusually serious and ascetic, many joyous and life-loving. Some were optimists, many were keen and practical realists. But all alike were pioneers. They were explorers and warriors against an unfriendly environment; they were endeavoring to build a new and better order. They were all courageous in that they were devoted to an unpopular doctrine; some were indeed heroes.

We may distinguish several groups among the great body of peace pioneers. First of all there were the critics of the war system; then there were the architects of peace. After that came the organizers, and finally the statesmen who were pioneers in endeavoring to translate into political action the creed and programme of pacifism. Naturally there was much over-lapping; many labored in all these fields, and made contributions to each. Out of their collective efforts there developed the peace movement.

Perhaps the most thorough-going critics of the war system have derived their inspiration from the Christian Scriptures. The anti-militarism of the early church fathers was not entirely forgotten during the Middle Ages. In the Sixteenth Century the great Christian humanist, Erasmus, condemned war in the name of religion and morality in words that still live. He examined, with ample erudition, the relation between war and Christianity, and with a pen dipped in irony and melancholy satirized the follies of war and of Christians who engaged in it.

While Erasmus was testifying against war by his words, leaders of humble Christian sects were testifying against it by deed. In the Seventeenth Century George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, carried the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount to its logical conclusion. Above all, his followers refused to bear arms or in any way to participate in war. While in times of actual conflict many Quakers renounced their pacifism, the great majority have preferred opprobrium and severe suffering to a surrender of their faith.

Other Christians insisted that war was entirely incompatible with the teachings of Christ. It was this conviction which led a New York merchant, David Low Dodge, to found in 1815 the first peace society in the world. From another part of the earth, some fifty years later, Count Leo Tolstoy asserted the absolute doctrine of non-resistance, to which he reduced all of Christ's teachings. Disciples from all over the world sought him out at Yasnaya Polyana; and many of his adherents paid dearly for their faith during the years which followed the catastrophe of 1914.

Christianity was not the only system of thought and programme of action which inspired pioneers of peace to condemn war. The founder of Utopian Socialism, Saint-Simon, approached the criticism of war from the sociological point of view. In 1867 Karl Marx acted as the secretary of an international peace congress in Geneva. But it was Karl Liebknecht and Gustav Hervé especially who developed the anti-militarist implications of Socialism. They regarded war and militarism as

the weapons of capitalist nations in competing with each other for empire. In their eyes the proletarian who fought his brother proletarian in the cause of a common enemy, paid in blood and in taxes for a system which in turn provided armed forces to break up strikes. Believing that Socialism alone was a remedy for the evils of war, these pioneers still felt it worth their while to oppose military budgets in parliaments, to organize demonstrations when war threatened — as during the Moroccan crisis — and to debate, in their international congresses, the advisability of declaring a general strike when war seemed imminent.

"Refuse the rifles offered you," Hervé told recruits, "or take them and smash them; insult your gold-laced commanders. Let us cry, Down with the Army! Away with Country! Long live internationalism!" No wonder that both he and Liebknecht were imprisoned for their activities! When the World War came, Hervé proved to be an ardent patriot, but Liebknecht was once more imprisoned for his outspoken criticism of the war and of militarism.

HUMANITARIANISM, like Christianity and Socialism, has also been a potent force in the criticism of war. Perhaps no one represents this type of peace pioneer so well as the Baroness Bertha von Suttner; certainly none was more influential. Although many women had worked for peace before she began her activity in 1890, none had devoted to the cause so much ability or so much zeal. The daughter of an Austrian Field-Marshal, she preferred a romantic marriage to parental support, and was forced to earn her living by her pen. Her rich spiritual nature had been ripened by a youth full of sorrows; and part of this experience she put into her novel *Lay Down Your Arms!*

First published in 1890, the book ran through thirty German editions and was translated into fourteen languages. It described the wartime experiences of a youthful officer and his bride, and it introduced hundreds of thousands of readers to the humanitarian condemnation of war — to the ambiguity of its aims and purposes, its bitter propaganda of lies and hatred, and its terrible aftermath of suffering and grief.

THIS work was the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the peace movement. If militarists poked fun at it, an Austrian minister of finance advised his colleagues in parliament to read it; and Andrew D. White, the chairman of the American delegation at the first Hague Conference, thought its author of sufficient influence to ask her help in his efforts to diminish German opposition to the principle of arbitration. In the work of organizing the peace movement in central Europe, the Baroness von Suttner played a leading part. She devoted her means, her time, her unquestioned ability, to lectures, to writing for newspapers and reviews, to the whole work of organization and propaganda. Although her first approach to the cause of peace had been a humanitarian one, she developed an acute and realistic insight into the tangled questions of international politics.

What Bertha von Suttner did with her novels, Vasili Vereshchagin did with his pictures. This painter of

war in its naked reality believed, as he wrote to a friend, that "facts laid upon the canvas without embellishment must speak eloquently for themselves." Von Moltke forbade his troops to view the paintings! Another Prussian general urged the Czar to buy and destroy them. Certainly these pictures stripped war of its romance and, by their depiction of its gruesome hideousness, aroused disgust with the whole institution in many who saw them.

THE criticism of war arising from Christianity, Socialism, and Humanitarianism was reënforced by the development of the natural and social sciences. As early as 1871 Darwin suggested that war, by eliminating those who were the most physically fit, left weaklings to perpetuate the race. David Starr Jordan, in a series of studies which he popularized, developed this thesis and concluded that the physical devastation of the human breed by the reverse selection of war was one of its most lamentable consequences. In the field of sociology the Russian scholar Novikov refuted the arguments of those who claimed that war was an inevitable aspect of social evolution. Economists like Ivan Bloch in ponderous studies demonstrated that war had become so deadly as a result of the application of science to its technique, and so costly, that as an institution it was doomed. Norman Angell showed with acumen and brilliance that the idea was an illusion that war could, in modern society, profit the victor.

While these pioneers of peace were developing criticisms of war, others were charting plans for its abolition. As early as the beginning of the Fourteenth Century a young Norman lawyer, Pierre Dubois, proposed a European federation with a court of arbitration. In 1623 Emeric Crucé, a Parisian monk, developed a much more definite and realistic plan for the federation of the entire world. His plan, the first to reconcile the principle of national sovereignty with that of federation, provided for a permanent council for the conciliation of disputes. It was the first, moreover, to recognize the relation between economic problems and war; it even went so far as to advocate the abolition of protective tariffs and all that hindered the freedom of trade.

IN THIS same Seventeenth Century other architects of peace were elaborating their projects. The chief importance of that of the Duc de Sully was to give prestige to peace plans by associating them with the name of a great statesman and monarch, Henry the Fourth. Likewise the project of William Penn, who had demonstrated in the new world the practicability of founding a state on Quaker principles, lessened the purely speculative character of peace plans. Penn's *Essay Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe* (1693) proposed a federation with a Diet and an international police to carry out, if need be, its decisions.

More influential than any of these Seventeenth Century pioneers of peace was the founder of modern international law, Grotius. Although he admitted the legitimacy of war, he described at length in his great book, *On the Law of War and Peace* (1625)

the practical means of avoiding it. He assumed an international society of states in which conferences and arbitration might prevent many wars.

THE Eighteenth Century plans for peace were, for the most part, more detailed and realistic than those of the preceding century. By the draft-treaty of the Abbé Saint-Pierre (1712) the Powers would have "renounced forever, for themselves and their successors, resort to arms." More comprehensive was the work of Jeremy Bentham (1786–1789). Bentham contended that states were actually living in anarchy, and that their particular interests must be weighed by the general good. Hence he proposed the abolition of colonies, which he regarded as one of the chief causes for war; the renunciation of secret diplomacy; the proportional and simultaneous reduction of armaments; and the establishment of a tribunal of arbitration which, in general, was to rely on public opinion for the execution of its decisions. That this tribunal might function properly, Bentham urged the codification of international law, and described how this might be achieved. This work, which was not published until 1843, is remarkably modern and positive in its analysis of the causes of war and in its comprehensive, realistic suggestions for preventing it.

It was in the midst of the French Revolution that the great German philosopher, Emanuel Kant, wrote *To Eternal Peace* (1795). His plan marks a great advance over those of his predecessors because he insisted that a federation, if it was really to guarantee peace, must be composed, not of absolute monarchies, but of democratic republics. His association of militarism with autocracies and peace with democracies has, like Bentham's ideas, a familiarly modern ring.

In the Nineteenth Century all these projects were developed and refined. Of the architects of peace who made the most notable contributions, perhaps none so clearly anticipated subsequent international organization as the American, William Ladd. His *Essay on a Congress and Court of Nations* (1840) was a definite, practical plan which, in its essential respects, was realized in the Hague Conferences and the Hague Tribunal. Mention should also be made of his fellow-American, William Jay, whose immediate influence was greater. In 1842 this lawyer, judge, and reformer proposed, in his *War and Peace, the Evils of the First and a Plan for Preserving the Last*, that the United States and France solemnly engage to arbitrate without exception all future disputes. When politicians began to try to translate into political action the programme of the peace movement, it was Jay's plan which most seriously engaged their attention.

WHILE some friends of peace were thus elaborating ever more scientific and comprehensive arguments against war, and perfecting ever more practicable plans for arbitration treaties, world courts and leagues of nations, others were devoting themselves to the important work of organizing the peace movement. The early founders of the peace societies, both in England and Amer-

ica, put great emphasis on winning public opinion to their own position. Hence the movement took on the aspects of a crusade. Limited as it was in financial support, difficult as were its tasks, it slowly, and with many reverses, established an efficient, world-wide organization which, just before the World War, numbered between one and two million formal adherents. In this work of organization many figures stand out prominently. In the first half of the Nineteenth Century the most notable organizers were William Ladd and Elihu Burritt; in the second half of the century the leadership in organization passed to England and the Continent.

When William Ladd died in 1841, he had devoted twenty years of arduous yet joyous labor to the struggling cause of peace. Prior to that time, this bluff, florid, robust man, whose humor was irresistible, had commanded a ship and even considered entering the navy. Once interested in peace — the result of a sheer accident — he gave it his time, his means, his very life. He brought to the cause, in addition to a positive and forward-looking programme, an incredible capacity for work, a genius for organization, unfailing tact, a clear mind, and a winning tongue. He founded new peace societies; he brought to life those that had died. He enlisted able lieutenants; he edited peace periodicals, and paid the costs; he lectured in season and out of season. A deeply religious man, he entered the ministry to carry the work of peace more effectively into the churches, seminaries, and synods. Against great obstacles he founded the American Peace Society, which has recently celebrated its centennial. His incessant activity was "meat and drink" to him; he regretted every moment that he did not give to the cause. "It requires no small degree of perseverance," he wrote to a friend, "to bear up against all the discouragements I meet with, but I do not and I never will despair of its final success." He regretted nothing more, he said, than the fact that he had but one life to give to the cause. Partially paralyzed, with legs so badly ulcered that he was forced often to speak from his knees, he held out, giving a lecture the very night before his death.

Ladd's work was carried on and extended by one of the most picturesque figures in American history, Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith." Unlike Ladd, he did not enjoy the advantages of wealth, a Harvard degree, and social position. As a boy, working over a forge in New Britain, Connecticut, he learned Greek verbs; before he was thirty he knew all the European languages and many Asiatic tongues. A great idealist, he had many of the qualities of an organizer. With wretched health, the result of over-work and deprivation, and often with scarcely a dollar that he could call his own, he campaigned for peace by editing newspapers, tracts and periodicals, by lecturing, and by organizing peace demonstrations. In 1846 he went to England, where he won a place in the affection of thousands of persons.

In 1848 Burritt organized the first international peace congress on the continent of Europe, and he was

largely responsible for other great peace congresses. He carried propaganda into the heart of Europe by originating and executing a plan by which brief and arresting bits of propaganda were inserted in leading continental newspapers. A thoroughgoing pacifist, he was unable wholeheartedly to support the Civil War; yet Lincoln made him consul at Birmingham. After the war, broken in body but not in spirit, he labored for the establishment of a society of jurists to plan for the codification of international law. His whole life adequately justified a sentiment which he once expressed in his diary — a remarkably interesting document which is still, for the most part, in manuscript: "The greatest value I attach to life is the capacity and space for laboring for humanity."

The Crimean War and the Civil War proved a great set-back for the organized peace movement. New pioneers, however, took up the task of organization. Henry Richard, a Welsh clergyman and parliamentarian, who had labored with Burritt, continued the work of peace organization not only in England but on the Continent, which he visited at least twenty times as "a sort of wandering missionary."

ONE of the most attractive, as well as one of the most effective, pioneers of organization was Hodgson Pratt. A man of lofty ethical ideals and broad, philanthropical principles, he believed that the religious emphasis of the peace work in England hindered the advance of the cause on the continent. In 1880, after a long service in India and in the British labor and coöperative movements, Pratt formed a new peace and arbitration society. As editor of *Concord* he emphasized the juridical character of organization for peace and acutely analyzed contemporary questions from the pacific point of view. But it was as an organizer of peace societies on the continent that he made his greatest contribution. This disinterested, retiring yet indefatigable organizer practically founded the peace movement in central Europe and in Italy.

STILL another English pioneer organizer was Sir William Randal Cremer. At the age of twelve he was working in a shipyard; at twenty-five he founded the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners. More than anyone else, Cremer was responsible for organizing British labor in support of a policy of international arbitration. Beginning in 1875, and ending only with his death in 1908, he spared no effort to effect a *rapprochement*, first with France, and then with Germany, through the medium of labor delegations and demonstrations. A member of the House of Commons during most of this period, he obtained, in 1887, the support of more than a third of his colleagues for a petition to the British and American Governments for a permanent arbitration treaty. That which was signed in 1897 was as much his work as that of anyone else. With Frédéric Passy he founded, in 1889, the Interparliamentary Union, a notable event in the history of the peace movement.

Frédéric Passy was largely responsible for the organization of the peace movement in France. During the latter years of the second em-

pire, the Franco-Prussian War and the first years of the Republic, his work was that of a true pioneer. For fifty years he devoted his talents and his time, in and out of Parliament, to the cause. Noble in appearance, sympathetic yet logical, eloquent in debate, prolific with his pen, this "Nestor of the peace movement" was, and rightly, the first recipient of the Nobel peace prize.

In Germany and Austria Alfred H. Fried did similar pioneer work. Nowhere was the task of organizing peace work more difficult and more discouraging. Fried was an able and resourceful tactician, an admirable synthesizer of the new sociological and juridical bases of pacifism, and perhaps the ablest and most reasonable exponent of "the new peace movement." Unlike von Suttner, Pratt and Passy, he lived through the World War, suffering poverty, calumny, and exile, and dying as his life work seemed most hopeless.

THERE were, of course, many other important organizers of peace. Those capitalists who first gave generous sums of money for the work of peace organization, Nobel, Bloch, Ginn and Carnegie, were in a sense pioneers. Certainly those statesmen who first attempted, in the face of skepticism and even derision, to put into effect in some small part the programme of the early thinkers, should be grouped with them as pioneers. One thinks of Richard Cobden, introducing as early as 1849 a resolution into Parliament asking the Government to negotiate permanent treaties of arbitration; of Henry Richard, Passy, Cremer, the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, and, in America, of Sumner, Richard Bartholdt and others.

BUT the story of political action carries us beyond pioneer days. It is a story of how, gradually, permanent arbitration treaties came to be talked about in parliaments and congresses; of how lukewarm treaties were finally negotiated, and of how, after many failures, they were adopted. It is a story of courageous parliamentarians who dared to talk about an arbitral court, and then to work for one; to see it established, and to work for its improvement. Finally, it is a story of how some, more daring than others, ventured at last to talk seriously, in the years before 1914, of a league of nations. Thus these statesmen were slowly, hesitatingly, as it were, taking up the work of earlier peace pioneers, who had advanced arguments and projects which, by laborious organization, they had brought to the attention of indifferent peoples and skeptical politicians. It is of course true that powerful economic and political forces played their part in winning a favorable ear for the peace cause. But to illuminate and to interpret these forces, to focus public attention on them, to chart blue prints for their control and to convince hundreds of thousands that they could and should be controlled, this was the work of the pioneers of peace. And that work, from the intellectual and spiritual point of view, perhaps also from a practical one, was of far-reaching importance.

Should Women Vote Wet?

By Ione Nicoll
Secretary, Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform

A leading opponent of the Eighteenth Amendment explains her side of the case

It has been repeatedly stated that women are responsible for the enactment of the Prohibition Amendment. Since the amendment granting suffrage to women had not been ratified at the time, and since, furthermore, there never was a popular vote cast on the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, this is a debatable statement. It is, however, a fact that many politicians believed and some still believe that the women's vote favors Prohibition.

Those of us who have been working with the Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform have, however, good reason to doubt whether the voters of our sex are unanimously Prohibitionists. We remember that as far back as 1925 the Women's National Republican Club sent a questionnaire to three thousand members in thirty-eight States, and that of the thousand replies received nearly ninety per cent were in favor of changing the Prohibition law. Again, in our organization meeting less than a year ago we heard women representatives from fifteen States outspokenly deplore the conditions that have arisen under Prohibition. And now that our organization is getting into full stride under the chairmanship of Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, who for seven years had been New York member of the Republican National Committee, we have in daily reports and correspondence evidence that a growing body of intelligent women earnestly desire repeal or modification of the Prohibition law.

Indeed, we know that such change is imperative for reasons that are close to all women's hearts. The very reasons for which the Eighteenth Amendment was urged upon the nation are those which we now see call for its repeal. Ten years ago it was said that under Prohibition the saloon would disappear; second, that drinking would cease; third, that crime would be reduced by one-half and that the jails would be empty; fourth, that a generation would grow up to whom the taste of liquor would be unknown.

It is precisely because Prohibition, instead of eradicating the evils, has made them worse, that I believe the women voters of the nation will

rally in opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment. I am convinced they will make Prohibition a clean-cut issue in future political campaigns.

How have the prophecies of ten years ago been fulfilled? The saloon by that name has disappeared, but its place has been taken by the speakeasy, many times more vicious because it works under cover and without regulation. This modern equivalent of the saloon can not be regulated, for the only law on the statute book relating to its regulation merely forbids the selling of any intoxicant containing over one-half of one per cent of alcohol. The law can not revoke the license of a man who runs a speakeasy, for he has no license; it can not penalize him if he does not close at certain hours, for, not recognizing his existence, the law does not specify when he shall close. It can not forbid his selling to minors, for it gives him no right to sell to anyone. If the old saloon was the poor man's club, the modern speakeasy is the club, alike, of the rich and the poor, and welcomes to its bar not only men and women, but young girls and boys.

Furthermore, the night club and the speakeasy are important factors in the noted increase in prostitution. The Committee of Fourteen, which was organized in New York, in 1905, to secure the suppression of disorderly resorts, has recently published its report for 1928, in which it states that a total of three hundred and ninety-two night clubs and speakeasies were investigated during the course of the year, and of that number three hundred and eight were found to be definitely identified with prostitution. The investigation further discloses the fact that of fourteen hundred and forty-three prostitution violations, eleven hundred and thirty-four were found in night clubs and speakeasies. These night clubs, incorporated under the club membership law, are exempt from the restrictions applying to cabarets. In them some of the features of the old time Bowery resorts have been revived; among them, that of the hostess, or "hustler" of former days, whose duty it is to increase the drink sales. In some of these night clubs the hostesses are permitted to drink soft drinks, but in the majority of them they are required to drink liquor in order that the customer may be assured that what is sold him is not poisonous. So, free from taxation, free from regulation, the speakeasy goes on its way rejoicing, thankful for the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

The second prophecy, namely, that drinking would cease, seems almost ludicrous in view of what has happened. According to Police records it is estimated that there were one million arrests for drunkenness in the United States in 1928; in New York there were twenty-two arrests for drunkenness for every ten thousand persons; in Parsons, Kansas, there were one hundred; in Des Moines, Iowa, one hundred and fifty-five; in Dallas, Texas, two hundred and twenty-four; in Spokane, Washington, two hundred and forty-two; in Portland, Maine, two hundred and fifty-four, and in Atlanta, Georgia, three hundred and eighty-eight.

The report of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, based on a survey of industrial policies in that Company, shows that in nine years of Federal Prohibition the alcoholic death rate among 17,750,000 industrial policy-holders in the United States has increased by almost six hundred per cent over the figure for 1920, and that in the wage-earning populations, at least, the alcoholic death rate, during the past eight years, has been six times as high in the United States as in Canada.

The superintendent of the Keeley Cure in his annual report published in July, 1929, states that four times as many patients were treated in 1928 as in 1920, and that it has been necessary to erect a building to treat drink addicts among women.

THE claim that crime would be reduced by one half and that jails would be emptied sounds strange today, when President Hoover in his Inaugural Address stated that crime was increasing and thereupon appointed a Commission to inquire into the best method of enforcing all laws. And far from jails being emptied, they are so crowded that the President has just asked for a $5,000,000 appropriation to build new Federal penitentiaries, and Governor Roosevelt has asked for $30,000,000 to build State prisons in New York. The same is true throughout the country, where the jails are all overcrowded.

A striking contrast is afforded by Great Britain where, according to Mr. Winston Churchill, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, "British drinking is diminishing. During my five years as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I had to write off 3,000,000 pounds sterling a year from this source. As a result our criminal convictions have been cut in half. There has been an immense decrease in drunkenness and we actually had to shut down some of our prisons."

And fourthly, not only is the taste of liquor well known to the generation growing up, but, alas, it is the taste of hard liquor to which they are becoming accustomed and not the beer or wines known to their parents.

BEFORE the Eighteenth Amendment came into effect, 90 per cent of all the liquor consumed in this country was beer; 93 per cent beer and light wines. These figures I have on the authority of Mrs. B. Leigh Colvin, President of the New York Branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who made the statement at a meeting held in New York on January 26, 1930. She did not say what the proportion is today, but I would hazard a guess, based on considerable observation, that the percentages are almost reversed and that 93 per cent of all the liquor consumed in the country today is spirits and not light wines and beer.

The Italian population, of course, is making its wines, and there is some home brewing of beer, but the bulk of liquor consumed is gin, and the whiskey made in home stills.

Colonel William L. Barker, head of the Northern Division of the Salvation Army, said:

> Prohibition has diverted the energies of the Salvation Army from the drunkard in the gutter to the boys and girls in their teens.

The work of the Army has completely changed since Prohibition came. We now have girls in our Rescue Homes fourteen and fifteen years of age, while ten years ago the youngest was in the early twenties.

The Reverend Randolph Ray, Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, one of the oldest parishes in New York, on February 16, stated:

I believe that Prohibition, as we have it today, is debasing public and private life. I unhesitatingly assert, from my own experience in a parish that is known the world over for its philanthropic and humanitarian work, where doors are open at all hours to the needs of all classes, that the rapid increase of drinking among our boys and girls, the number of girls under sixteen years of age in our Rescue Homes, the increase of deaths from alcoholism, not only among the rich, but in every class, is appalling.

THE dry organizations have put out several insidious bits of propaganda. Perhaps the most dangerous is the oft-repeated statement that the Eighteenth Amendment can not be repealed or materially changed. There is such a final ring to that argument, it paints such a hopeless outlook, that many people lost heart at once. In the War this type of argument was called defeatist propaganda, and for a time did deadly work. But the people advancing it apparently have no knowledge of the history of the United States and its Constitution. They do not seem to know that four times have provisions of the Constitution been so amended as, in effect, to repeal them. Article IV, Section 2, Paragraph 3, of the Constitution, providing for the return to their owners of slaves escaped into non-slave holding States, was repealed by the Thirteenth Amendment forbidding slavery and involuntary servitude in the United States. Article II, Section 1, Paragraph 2, providing the method for the election of a President and Vice-President was superseded by the Twelfth Amendment. And in our own day, the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Amendments, providing for a Federal income tax and the direct election of Senators, were enacted to repeal prior provisions.

THE Eighteenth Amendment can be repealed or so amended as, in effect, to repeal it, and it is significant of the change in public sentiment that recent proposals are along this line rather than along the line of such temporary amelioration as modification of the Volstead Act would insure.

The proponent for the Prohibition Law often argues that since many laws are disregarded and still remain on the statute books, there is no necessity for making an undue effort to bring about a change in this particular one. He or she overlooks one important fact, namely, that these laws are as dead to the Government which passed them as they are to the individual who ignores them. For instance, the State of New York forbids a man to fish on Sunday. Probably not one out of one hundred fishermen even knows of the existence of this law. The State does not order out the militia to back it up, or place tempting bait in the way of the fisherman to lure him into breaking the law, in order that evidence may be gathered against him. No Federal agents are scouring the country securing evidence through stool pigeons and *agents provocateurs* to

convict the man who breaks the blue laws; no coast guard is shooting to kill him, and the Sunday motorist returning home in the evening is not being shot at on the suspicion that he may be exceeding the speed limit.

THE Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution provides that the "right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." The South decreed that in spite of this amendment the Negro should not vote, and since President Hayes, recognizing the South's decision, withdrew the Federal troops from their territory, no attempt has ever been made by the United States Government to carry out this provision.

The liquor traffic must be controlled, and if we allow the Eighteenth Amendment to go by default and not be changed by lawful method, we shall have the situation which we are rapidly approaching today, that of an uncontrolled and unrestricted traffic in intoxicants. This must always be borne in mind and is, in my opinion, the most important reason why immediate action must be taken on this subject. An uncontrolled liquor traffic would mean no closing hours; no inspection; unrestrained selling to minors; no license; and no penalties for violation. Chaos would surely follow in the footsteps of such a contingency, and it is toward that condition that we are rapidly drifting.

The statement is frequently made that industrial leaders are in favor of the law, believing that the workman has been benefited and that he comes to work more regularly on Monday morning.

The American Federation of Labor does not share this opinion. Three times it has gone on record as opposed to Prohibition. More than likely, the employer will make his statement with a cocktail in his hand, or while sipping his champagne, and I know of no argument more indicative of the materialism and hypocrisy prevalent today. It is class legislation and discrimination of the worst type. If the head of a corporation is free to drink intoxicants in his leisure hours, as and when he sees fit, what right has he to determine what his employee shall do in his leisure hours for his own enjoyment? Such employers are doing their best to make the world "safe for hypocrisy."

A HEAVY responsibility rests today on American women. The time has come when they must face conditions as they are and not as a few fanatics would have us believe they are. At the plebiscite submitted in 1922 to the people of Sweden (where Prohibition was in effect at the close of the World War), it was stated that the women's vote definitely turned the tide against that movement. What Swedish women can do, American women can likewise do.

If they will express their opposition to the law and devote their energy to working for a change in the interests of real temperance, morality and respect for the statutes of the land, they can turn the tide. Women have had suffrage for ten years; what more magnificent opportunity will ever present itself for an intelligent, constructive and patriotic use of this power?

Retreat from Suburbia

By Margaret Lee Woodbury

To whom the old-fashioned small town proves a haven of happiness after life in a typically standardized Paradise of commuters and realtors

Velvet lawns and trim flower beds, starched and immaculate children parading forth on kiddie-cars — these pleasant sights greeted us on our first morning in Suburbia. A place outdoors where the children could play without danger from automobiles; sea and woods and hills within walking distance — we rejoiced that we had moved away from the dirty, crowded city. Our three-year-old boy would now have associates of his own age to play with, and we hoped through his contacts with them to become acquainted with their parents. Even our dog had a prospective playfellow in a collie next door. So we settled ourselves and awaited the establishment of relations with our neighbors.

Robert was ecstatic at having children to play with — friends, he trustingly called them — and rode out on his wheel to make their acquaintance. Their response was as much of a surprise to him as to us. Declaring common cause against the newcomer, they pushed him down, threw stones at him, and chased him home, screaming, with sticks and shovels. It was nothing in particular that he did or failed to do that excited their animosity. They were merely expressing with their fists what their parents and the street generally felt about outsiders. The mothers, who saw their children tormenting him, remonstrated only in the mildest terms.

"You have to expect that for a while," the mother of the main persecutor told me not unkindly. "They're picking on your boy just as they picked on my Jackie when we moved here a year ago. So now Jackie's taking it out on your little fellow to get even. See?"

When, the following day, Robert came home crying with his pursuers at his heels, another woman proffered the same explanation — they were a closed corporation and he was the newcomer. Although this was in the heart of civilization, the old primitive hostility toward the outsider was as strong in these people as in their tribal ancestors.

Our dog fared no better than our son. During the first week of our sojourn, the man next door called, to represent the neighborhood, he

informed us, in issuing a complaint against our dog, because he had frightened his son — the same Jackie who acted as ringleader in the tormenting of our boy. He said that if he ever saw our dog out again without a leash he would shoot him. He had told Mrs. Harris across the way the same thing in regard to hers, so we need not think it anything personal. With this meagre crumb of comfort, he left us with a discontented animal to add to our other burdens in the Land of Canaan.

For a few weeks we hoped for other and friendlier attentions from our neighbors, but they were not forthcoming. In an entire year this man was our only caller.

WHEN we had been there a month, Robert came in one morning to tell me that the Thomases, who lived in back of us, were moving away.

"We simply couldn't stand it any longer," said Mrs. Thomas, when I went over with him to watch the truck being loaded. "We came here two years ago from the city because we thought it would be healthier for the children, but — well, I don't want to discourage you."

"We're pretty discouraged already."

"It's so lonely," she explained. "We've made no friends and we have no prospect of making any. And then the schools. They're so over-crowded that one of my boys has to go at seven-thirty in the morning, and the other just goes in the afternoon. You see nobody takes the slightest interest in them."

"Are you going to try your luck in another suburb?"

She laughed. "Suburbs! They're all alike! We're going right back to the city."

With natural skepticism we looked about us for other than neighborhood facilities for becoming acquainted, but found none. There was no church of our affiliation there, the country club was so expensive we could not afford to join it, there were no literary, musical, or educational clubs whatsoever. The town had as much public spirit as a hotel; nobody wanted to know anybody else, or to take any part in town affairs.

HAVING no available friends there, I beguiled many minutes in observing the lives of our immediate neighbors. To give every dog his due, I have never seen people work so hard and so ceaselessly. The man across the street spent every Saturday afternoon, Sunday, and every evening as long as daylight lasted, mowing his lawn, painting his house, taking awnings on and off, sweeping the sidewalk. His wife, who was busy all morning with the housework, spent the afternoon cleaning the outside of the house, scouring doors, window sills, and porch. The old lady next door to us used to take down and wash the window draperies every Monday morning; and whether the draperies showed it or not, her disposition certainly did. Naturally, we, who let our grass grow to prairie length, were not popular. By way of reminding us of our negligence, our neighbors used to apologize for the condition of their own velveteen greenswards, hoping to bring the blush of contrition to our cheeks.

In the matter of cleanliness the children were as well-kept as the

houses; but when it came to the godliness supposed by some to be even more important, their training did not go far. They were kept out of doors as much as possible, not so much for their sake as because they dirtied up the house and interrupted their mothers in their household labors. One woman, who had an only child and a full-time maid, told me that she had decided long ago that her son's friends should not be allowed to enter the house unless especially invited for a party. She simply could not pick up after them. As this was the prevailing sentiment on the street, our house, where no such rule existed, became the gathering place for all the young fry. No moment of the day or corner of the house was free of them.

THE fact that we had three children was regarded with a sort of horrified sympathy — a "How do you stand it? No wonder you keep thin!" attitude. Although these people belonged to the class where children are voluntary contributions to the race, no mother of six or nine could have spoken more feelingly than they of their burdens. Such a thing as an intelligent interest in the problems of education or of child psychology did not exist among them. They were as bound mentally as they were physically by the demands of keeping up appearances, and their conversation went neither higher nor lower than the activities entailed thereby.

If we had vaguely expected to find dissipation or high living in Suburbia we were sadly disappointed. There was one woman who liked to smoke in the recesses of her home, but could not be seen to smoke because it shocked the old lady opposite. That was the nearest approach to debauchery that our experience touched upon. It was Main Street, but Main Street without its genuine if misdirected enthusiasm, its intense social competition. Other than door-to-door gossip, our neighbors appeared to have no social life whatever, except for an occasional caller on Sunday afternoons who came from a similar suburb and led a similar life.

AFTER a year of our Suburbia, we moved to another State, and bought a house in a small community which was also near a large city and made up principally of commuters. In spite of this fact, it was not a suburb — it was a small town. While Suburbia was within the city limits, this place was a democracy in its purest form with a town meeting government. It was one of the earliest settlements in America, proud of the part it had played in the Revolution and in the Civil War, delighting in its beauty of sea and wood, too proud to boast or to boost. And far too proud to lose its own integrity and allow itself to be absorbed by the neighboring metropolis. It has too much self-respect to yield to the modern demand for standardization, or to let any promoter dictate its manner of architecture or its manner of life. It will not sell its soul for any such bauble as rapid transit to the city. This we gathered from the real estate man, also feed and grain merchant, contractor, and member of the finance committee, who drove us over the town to choose a house.

Several weeks afterward we moved in and wondered what our fortunes

would be. As soon as we had arrived at our house, which we found clean and in perfect order, the little boy from across the street appeared with ice water and glasses. Presently his older brother came to ask whether he could get our groceries for us; that evening his father called; and the next day his mother apologized to me for not having been more neighborly. Then she went on to say that she had asked her children to be especially nice to Robert because he was new, and that they welcomed newcomers because they kept them awake to new ideas. The friendliness of such sentiments after the veiled hostility we had seen in every face for the past year made me wonder whether I was standing on the earth or treading the airy road of some fairer world than ours. We are still wondering, after six months, when the dream is going to end.

Whenever I went into the street hunting for Robert, I would be met by smiling faces, and a friendly voice would call out, "I saw your little boy just a minute ago. He was playing with so-and-so." One night when I could not find him anywhere, one of the neighbors got out his car and told me to get in and we'd go and look for him.

NOTHING impressed me as showing more clearly the difference between this and our former residence than the attitude toward children. There we were pitied because we had so many; here we were congratulated. Here every child is treated with kindness and consideration by his parents and by the neighbors generally; there they were "bawled out" and threatened with the "cop" if they so much as walked on the grass. In both places the children responded in kind.

In Suburbia nobody took even a mild interest in the public schools. Here parents and even grandparents take a vital interest in them. They know the superintendent; they know the children's teachers, and what they are trying to teach and how; and are, in their turn, met more than half way by the school in making individual adjustments. Here, there is an active parent-teacher association; Suburbia, which was three times its size, had none.

WE HAVE been continually struck by the humaneness of people here. One lady told us that when her house caught on fire, the chief of the department, after risking his life to save a number of valuable etchings, apologized to her because there was a thumb mark on one of them. Imagine anyone in Suburbia having such manners! When I took Robert to visit the Fire Department there, the men would tell him to get out. Here, he is shown about with the greatest courtesy.

The postmaster here acts as a general information bureau who can tell you where and how to get any service or commodity. The only information offered us by any of the inhabitants of Suburbia was that seventy-eight trains ran from there to the city every day, unconsciously admitting that its one advantage was the ease of getting away from it.

If the inhabitants of our former abode had any cultural interests, they pursued them elsewhere. Here there is a players' club where the members write their own plays from which the best are chosen and acted,

an orchestra, a nature study club, and an historical society. There are three churches of our denomination here, and nobody asks which one you attend.

If a classic is a book which a great many people have loved for many years, the streets of our town arched by stately elms with old, white houses, flanked by lawns that follow the beautiful curves of the land, give the impression of a place which a great many people have loved for a long time. They admire it far too well to boom it, or to call it a burg, or to urge go-getters or one-hundred percenters to make it their home. They would no more think of selling their town than of selling their daughters. At the same time, it has enough newcomers to offer the challenge and stimulus of new ideas and fresh ways of thought and action. In Suburbia, some neighbors of ours sold their house because they got a good offer on it, and bought another in the next street.

You see extraordinary characters here such as can be found in New England and nowhere else; outlandishly dressed spinsters who devote their lives and later bequeath fortunes to lonely causes; a retired sea captain who gives violin lessons free to gifted children who can not pay for them; a crusty farmer who refused to go for his mail because he had to pass the new community house which would corrupt the morals of the young, but who later became such a zealous convert that he cut down his tree so that he could look at it all the time.

Nowhere do you see so many eccentric people, so many individuals, as in a small town, because nowhere else are people given so much time, space, and freedom from pressure to be themselves. Nowhere are people judged so much as a whole, and not from any one thing such as wealth or occupation. In a small town, persons tend, in fact, to be more than one thing. A man, let us say, is a grocer by calling. But he is also a deacon in the church, treewarden, a horticulturist. Another man, who clerks in a store, is also a collector of first editions, a singer in the choir. In Suburbia the only things that distinguish one commuter from another are the make of his car and the train he takes to the city.

Delightful as our present abode is, it is nevertheless quite typical of the residential town within commuting distance of a large city. I have come as an outsider to several such, and have found in them the same qualities of self-respect and of courtesy toward the stranger. The small towns of which this picture is not true are those to which some industrial development has attracted large numbers of foreign laborers, with the consequent separation of the inhabitants along racial and religious lines. These industrial communities often grow into cities and hatch their own brand of suburbs. But in the other kind of town, there is in the citizens a love and pride in something that is theirs which confers on them a dignity and a sense of belonging. This tradition of civic pride and civic responsibility and the fact that there are many jobs of an extra-curricular sort, such as leading the Boy Scout troop or the choral society, account, in part, for the large

number of distinguished Americans who have grown up in small towns.

Because our suburb and our small town are alike in so many ways, the differences stand out the more strikingly. Both are equally distant from a powerful metropolis, both combine city conveniences with country scenery; both have a population made up principally of commuters; both are essentially middle-class communities with few rich and few poor.

THE inhabitants differ to a great extent because the two places, similar in so many respects, serve purposes in our civilization as different as those served by a hotel and a home. Suburbia is a suburb and nothing else; nobody lives there for any reason other than its convenience as a commuting place. The families moving out from the city have evolved no community life. They merely use it as a place to eat and sleep in, and to commute from. Most of the people on our street had come there within the last two or three years, and were likely at any time to move again. Because of the transient character of the population, contacts are superficial and casual. The one requirement exacted by the neighbors is that you do nothing to lower real estate values. And in order to keep up real estate values, every man is a slave to his lawn mower and every housewife is a slave to white painted surfaces. I will never again look with pleasure upon a street of freshly painted houses with smooth lawns and trim flower beds, for I know their price not only in terms of human strength, but of human decency.

Our neighbors here mow their lawns occasionally, but not because their social or spiritual salvation depends upon it. Many people raise flowers because they like flowers, not so that they can get a good price on their houses when they want to move down the street. And when it comes to those qualities that are the flower of civilization, a friendliness that goes hand in hand with self-respect; liberality and independence of thought; and a humanity that recognizes and protects the rights of the individual — but I will stop here lest I damage by overpraise.

THE character of American civilization is changing. Faster and faster the metropolitan population is moving out of the cities, either into those communities which have grown up to meet this particular demand, or into the adjacent small towns, many of which have already become completely suburbanized. There is an unfortunate tendency in these newcomers from the city to form into groups and sets independent of the town, having their own amusements and activities, sometimes even setting up their own schools; creating, in short, a sort of all-the-year round summer population. When such a colony gets sufficiently large, it overshadows the life of the town, engendering a very natural feeling of resentment among the old inhabitants. On the other hand, there are small towns to which settlers have come with such a spirit as to blend with the older elements. These communities are able to retain their personality, and their American traditions, where the only aristocracy is that of character, and where the independence of individuality is valued above the cowardice of conformity.

We Bow to Mei Lan-fang

By Barbara E. Scott

The American Triumph of China's Matinée Idol

Auspicious was that evening some weeks ago when Mei Lan-fang stepped from behind his gorgeous Chinese red curtain into the white light of Broadway and looked into the faces of his first American audience. Before him was one of those enthusiastic, cosmopolitan gatherings only too rare, which may do more than treaties or diplomatic confabs to further the cause of peace among nations. Doubtless the audience came primarily out of mere curiosity, to see China's "King of Actors" — the unsurpassed *tan*, or woman impersonator, of his day. But while this graceful young man postured and sang in his high-pitched falsetto and managed his unmanageable sleeves better than any bishop, it became evident that here was more than a theatrical sensation; it was a gala meeting of East and West — a spontaneous tribute by the Occident not only to a fascinating exponent of Chinese art but also to China herself.

Certainly much credit is due the China Institute of America for sponsoring Mei Lan-fang's visit and thus arousing among us a sudden appreciation of the ancient tradition of Chinese drama. It has been said that "to know their theatre is to know, in no small degree, the Chinese people." If this is true, Mei Lan-fang has surely become a Goodwill Ambassador from the Orient.

At first a two weeks' engagement in New York was cautiously arranged for Mr. Mei, but when he played to capacity houses day after day and it was noised abroad that this was one of the artistic triumphs of the theatrical year, Mei Lan-fang was prevailed upon to change his plans and extend his engagement. Even the staid Metropolitan Museum of Art succumbed to the irresistible artistry of China's matinée idol and devoted one of its spacious rooms to a display of paintings depicting the sumptuous and colorful costumes worn by Mei Lan-fang in his plays, drawings of ancient and modern Chinese theatres, ancient scrolls showing the manner in which Chinese music is written, and many of the odd Chinese instruments that are used in his orchestra.

When I called upon Mr. Mei at tea-time the afternoon following his première, his room was piled high with baskets of flowers — those flowers he had so tenderly rescued from the havoc of the descending

curtain the night before and of which, I learned, he is tremendously fond. Nothing else in the room betokened a great actor, unless its wild untidiness could be taken as a sign. I had hoped to see a few, at least, of the actor's many trunks standing about half unpacked so that I might gaze at close range on some of his rare costumes and elaborate head-dresses, but they were nowhere to be seen. Dignified Chinese gentlemen passed through the room continually while I waited, looking in my direction and giving curt little bows, preoccupied and intent on whatever they were engaged upon. Presently I was rescued by a very tall Chinese who spoke English. He was Mr. Mei's interpreter. Now I have always been accustomed to having an interpreter translate what someone else says, but this interpreter went on interpreting for Mr. Mei without asking Mr. Mei anything, for Mr. Mei wasn't there at all. I felt annoyed.

AFTER the interpreter had revealed all Mr. Mei's innermost thoughts, I boldly asked if I might not talk with Mr. Mei in person. And in a moment the incomparable star of the Chinese stage came floating in. Everything about him made me wish I had been trained as are the Chinese in the art of polite poetry. His hands. His attitudes. The oval of his face. No Chinese would attempt to describe him save in poetry. But one thing I can say in prose. He is genuine; his eyes are kindly and keen; and his gown was of fine silk, that color of soft blue you sometimes see lining an old and rare tea bowl. He shook hands cordially and sat down to talk.

Now language, or lack of it, is no barrier when you are talking with Mr. Mei. You ask him a question in English and his genial smile signifies that he understands English much better than he appears to, but he turns to his interpreter and after exchanging a few words in Chinese, the latter lets me know, in quite a haughty manner, that Mr. Mei thinks just exactly what his faithful interpreter has been telling me for the last half hour. And he looks slightly bored. But Mr. Mei is neither bored nor haughty. He smiles winningly and I forgive the interpreter and understand why it is that, in spite of his fantastic repertoire, Mr. Mei has won the affections of the American public.

HE TELLS me that he was quite overcome with stage fright that first evening, and that he trembled from head to foot for fear something would go wrong. Besides, his audience was so quiet! Their very stillness terrified him. And no wonder. I recalled my experience in attending a play in China. Vendors of tea and sweetmeats passed up and down among the tables and benches where the auditors — as lively and noisy as the actors — were having a wonderful time drinking many bowls of piping hot tea and nibbling enormous quantities of watermelon and pumpkin seeds, nicely candied. Every now and then somebody would get hot or too sticky, and would signal an attendant, whereupon a steaming hot bath towel, tightly wrung out so as not to drip, would be thrown skilfully across the room to the sufferer, who would refresh himself mightily by wiping his face and hands, mean-

while keeping his eye on the drama. Dodging those flying towels was part of the excitement.

No wonder Mei Lan-fang felt a trifle strange over the behavior of his audience in New York on the night of his première. The quiet must have been startling. His audience sat in rapt silence during the three acts, not wishing to miss a single nuance of this exotic performance, and enthralled by the magic of him who bears the proud title, "Foremost of the Pear Orchard." Poor Mei Lan-fang! It was like the night before Christmas to him — "not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

EVEN the encouraging noises that issue from the great drum, the friendly squeaking of the *hu-ch'in*, the Chinese violin, and the whanging of the guitar, had been toned down from their accustomed cheery notes in deference to American ears. The clang of the cup-shaped bell, used exclusively in keeping time, was modified, and the additional tappings to delight the ear were left out entirely. Indeed, it must have seemed uncanny to the Oriental actors. But, as Mei Lan-fang said, when he looked into the friendly eyes of his audience his courage gradually crept back. His legs grew strong. Joy awoke in his heart.

Chinese actors strive to perfect themselves in one special conventionalized stage type, such as, for instance, an old woman, a warrior, or an operatic hero, and it is significant that the greatest actor in China should have chosen as his peculiar *métier* the impersonation of women. Sex has made a deep impression on the Chinese theatre in spite of the fact that actresses were banished from the stage by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung at some time during his reign in the early Eighteenth Century, and are only now timidly returning to take their places. Even as part of the audience, women's activities have been restricted and today there is but one theatre in all China which allows women to sit wherever they may wish, and that is at the Kaiming in Peiping, the most up-to-date theatre in the old Flowery Kingdom. Some theatres do not admit women; others allow them to sit only in specially designated boxes, usually in the balcony and always reached by a private passage. Puppet shows in the seclusion of their gardens were thought quite strong enough meat in the way of entertainment for women; but the stage itself could not do without them, so the *tans* (those men who impersonate women) are always in demand and women are portrayed in nearly all the plays given.

In the Occident we have grown accustomed to hearing the word "stylized" applied to women's costumes and accessories, but to themselves — never! Yet the Chinese stage woman is cut according to pattern, albeit she is divided into six types for dramatic purposes.

LET us have a look at these six types. Inevitably they begin with the good woman, faithful wife or filial daughter, known as *ching-tan*. Her footsteps are even and carefully taken, her hands often crossed; singing is her principal mode of expression, with little to vary the pious monotony. Then comes the ever popular demi-monde, or perhaps a maid servant, *hua-tan*, seductive and airy to a degree, swaying across

the stage, her left hand on her waist, her right gaily holding a red handkerchief; and, to quote Mr. Mei, "In order to charm the spectator to the very last, on leaving the stage, she turns her head alluringly toward the audience with a smile that begins at the eyes and spreads down to the luscious curves of her lips, or she may lift her right foot to reveal a tiny flash of her red satin trousers." Fancy anything so daring!

OTHER varieties of women include the *kuei-men-tan*, an unmarried girl, elegant, attractive and graceful; the *wu-tan*, or military maiden, heroic, strong, vibrant with action and capable of performing the most intricate gymnastic and acrobatic feats; the *lao-tan*, an aged woman or mother; and the *tsai-tan*, who is usually evilly inclined, or a matchmaker. These characters compose the women in Chinese drama, and to a startling degree of perfection Mei Lan-fang depicts them all.

This supreme favorite of the Chinese stage comes naturally by his art. His grandfather, Mei Ch'iao-ling, was a renowned impersonator of female rôles in the 1850's, and was also the head of the Ssu-hsi Training School for Actors in Peiping, considered the leading institution of its day. Under the tutelage of his paternal uncle, Yu-ti'en, one of the most renowned musicians of China, young Mei Lan-fang's skill in the playing of many Chinese instruments progressed so rapidly that at the age of seven he had mastered music and song; and in 1905, when only twelve, he made his professional début as *tan*. His peculiarly Oriental title, "Foremost of the Pear Orchard," which designation implies that he is the first actor of the land, was bestowed on him by the ex-Emperor, Hsuan-tung, in the picturesque surroundings of the Yang Hsin Palace in the grim Forbidden City.

Mei Lan-fang carries his many honors lightly. His versatility is inspiring. He is gentle and artistic, yet he can turn in a flash to do as neat a bit of Chinese boxing as you would care to see. He is noted as a painter and play writer, being author or co-author of many of the plays in his *repertoire*, yet he is just as keen on machinery and the wily ways of electricity; his love of flowers and gardening, and his famous rock garden in the compound of his home in Peiping — which by the way, is a European house in Oriental setting — are well known to his friends.

HERE, indeed is a star on whom the affections and admiration of a people may well be lavished. Perhaps he is best summed up in the phrases of his countrymen. His facial expressions are "like running waters which, placed in a square receptacle are square; when poured into a basin are round." His attitudes seem like this: "Through the severed clouds comes the moon; the startled heavens weep rain." And his sleeve, which seems truly a part of him, "flutters like a frightened swan."

Though they do noisily eat their melon seeds while their idol postures on the stage, it would seem that the Chinese people bring to his art a more poetic appreciation than we Occidentals offer to our own heroes of Broadway and Hollywood.

The Kinkaider Comes and Goes

Part II

By Mari Sandoz

Further Recollections of an Adventurous Childhood in Nebraska's Sandhills

When the time for residence establishment on Father's homestead in the sandhills arrived, James, my second brother, and I were delegated to spend the summer and fall in the new shack. We were to live alone in the terrible hills with only a twenty-two rifle for protection. But I was glad. Perhaps the hills seemed a worthy antagonist. Perhaps I was already one with that strange land.

To Jules Sandoz, living alone like that was nothing, and we tried to imitate him. But when the buckskin team disappeared through the west pass toward our old home on the Niobrara, twenty-five miles away, we looked at each other a little frightened. And in our ears rang Father's last command:

"Watch your fires, or you'll be burning the country out. Ranchers don't plow the guards like they used to. Remember those kids that burned in the Osborn — and look out."

We had nodded soberly, appreciating the danger. Our homestead was cut by the old dividing line between the Spade and the Springlake ranches. North of our frame shack the line guards, two strips of plowing approximately eight or ten feet wide and sixteen feet apart, trailed over knolls and through draws. They were weedy, neglected. South of our little strip of breaking the reddening bunchgrass waved unbroken. We roamed about these knolls, hunting rabbits and young grouse for our frying pan, seeing almost no one, and losing our vigilance about fires.

Then one morning a vague, iridescent veil hung along the horizon — a prairie fire.

"But it's far away," I consoled James, and myself.

The veil changed to piling billows of sulphurous yellow. The southeast wind freshened. Three heavy wagons filled with men rattled past, the Springlake hay crew going to fight the fire. Now and then a horsebacker galloped over the hills. One stopped at our shack.

"You kids better stay clost to the breaking. Let the house and stuff burn. Lay face down on the plowing and you'll be all right."

So it was coming our way! The

wind blew harder, trailing the pungent smoke in long, blue-black rolls over our heads. We tried to eat our dinner but, despite myself, I kept talking about the three-month fire old timers still recall. Only a heavy snowstorm had stopped that one. James, his blue eyes round, kept mentioning the two boys who had left their guard-protected sod house and ran into the swamp while their father and mother were away fighting the fire. They were burned to death in the tall rushes, and only a mile north of our little shack!

By two o'clock the smoke streamed along like a gray blanket just a few feet over our heads. We imagined red flames in the dark depths. Suddenly the strain of waiting was too much. We ran to the top of a hill, to another, and another. Only endless dunes and smoke. Even our little strip of breaking was lost.

While we stood, dumbfounded, a coyote tore past, not five feet away. Cattle bawled. We saw their flying feet below the smoke, heard the thunder of their hoofs. Now shouts cut the dull roar of wind and flames.

A gang plow broke from the smoke, almost upon us. A man was riding a horse in the lead, another was on the seat, hanging to the levers as the sod rolled out in ribbons. Behind them ran the "backfirers" scattering flames along the southeast side of the new guard. These little fires burned back into the wind very slowly, spreading along the guard and widening it materially. Singed men swung sacks and old chaps upon any backfire that got too vigorous. All worked frantically against time.

A curtain of flame shot up from the earth on a grassy knoll, crackling, leaping. The fire was upon us. We fled, as the cattle and the coyote had fled.

On a bare knoll we stopped, panting. The fire now was almost out. Cautiously we stole back to listen to the exploits of the day. Men were plodding wearily along the guard, beating out smoldering spots. Two groups closed in from the sides. They had tapered the fire and finally headed it, after contesting every step of the sixty miles between the starting spot near the railroad tracks and here. Then two women drove up with a cream can full of hot coffee. One of them, the music teacher, was vastly interested in the many settlers left homeless in that sixty mile strip. Grateful that the fire had been turned from her "Pleasant Home," she asked us who we were, and gave us cookies.

Thrillingly the memory of all this came back to me as I stood before the ruins of her old house and rubbed the velvety surface of the sign. I had almost forgotten the little woman, yet she had helped make the long months before Mother moved into the district less lonesome by sending me little notes and verses about the "purpled hills" and the "baptismal silences." And she had loaned me the novels of Conrad. How could I have forgotten that!

But she represented only one type of the strange folk we found in the sandhills. Coming from every corner and blind alley of the world, the settlers were sure to differ in their conception of a fitting mode of life and habitation. Some lived in their wagons or in the open, until the winter's early march forced them to

dig into the ground. Hay from a rancher's meadow formed the roof of their dugouts and the pallets in the corners, and even filled the round barrel of the hay burners that smoked furiously and reddened the eyes. An occasional foreigner and his wife, refugees from a more bitter foe than cold or loneliness, lived content in a dugout for several years. Many an erratic bachelor, lacking the proddings of ambitious women folk, lived in the ground until a wandering range cow or his own horse fell unheralded into the dark and damp interior. Then there was the drifter who built himself a winter lodge of old rushes held together with barbed wire and posts pilfered from a rancher's hay corral. The penniless ate veal, stealthily but surely. And the cattlemen, suddenly "on the wrong side of the fence," could do nothing.

THE music teacher, a little afraid of the rough-appearing men who rode past or stopped for a drink at her well, continued to live alone. Contrary to all predictions by the rougher women, she grew ruddy of skin; she liked the wind-ruffled grass about her door, the whistling curlew on a knoll, the yellow-breasted meadow-lark singing his morning song on her plank pump, and the purples and yellows of the hills. The women who had sniffed at her ideas welcomed her when there was sickness or when a new baby came to a mother who needed coaxing to take up the weary burden once more.

Another kind of settler was the prosperous one who "shipped in" from Tulsa or Elmhill, or Cotter's Corners. Livery freighters planted dressers, incubators, cream separators and rocking chairs on the bare prairie and went away. With the awkward breaking plow the man turned up smooth ribbons of gray earth in a low spot where the sod was densely rooted. With the help of the entire family a soddy was put up in two or three days. Plastered with gray mud from an alkali lake bed, it was cosy. Let the winter winds howl; the summer sun bake.

DIFFERENT as these Kinkaiders were we found them united by a common bond. Two of them, in fact. All these settlers wanted a railroad; held meetings, consumed enormous amounts of chewing tobacco, and went home optimistic. Nothing came of it. The other was, as most bonds are, a common need. Fuel. With no tree closer than the Niobrara River or the brush of the Snake, with little money and wretched roads over twenty to forty miles of sun-drenched or snow-glazed hills to the nearest railroad, wood and coal were out of the question. Cow-chips were the solution. Most of the settlers had lost all the qualms that curse the fastidious long before they reached the hills. Barehanded they took up the battle, braving rattlesnakes which, upon acquaintance, failed to live up to their reputation for aggressiveness. City women incased their still-white hands in huge gloves and, with a repugnance no extremity could completely erase, endured the first few weeks somehow. The music teacher wore gloves to the very last.

The first winter always brought the most squeamish to a proper appreciation of this cheap and practical solution to the heating problem.

We forgot that we could not saw down a tree if our fuel ran short in midwinter, and after only two months of moderately cold weather our house was so frigid that we wore old coats in the kitchen and the baby was swathed like an Eskimo. The winter was unusually open and warm, as some wag said everyone's first winter in a new country always is. The cattle that were to pay off the $1,700 mortgage, coming due in the fall, had survived fairly well on nothing except a bit of corn fodder and range. Now the faint green of spring was on the hills. The last day of April brought a warm rain; it turned to snow by night.

"Three foot of snow by morning," Father predicted, voicing a standing exaggeration joke of the hills, but one just a bit too near the truth for unadulterated humor. The next morning Mother tunneled out of the door with the fire shovel and followed the yard fence to the windmill, as invisible in the flying snow as if it were in the Antarctic instead of fifteen yards from the house. The wind screeched and howled. Mother didn't return. Had she taken the wrong fence from the tank, the one that led off into the pasture? Just when I was mustering the courage to awaken the family, she came back, white, snow-covered from head to foot, her eyelashes grizzled with ice.

"THE cattle are gone!" she announced, exploding her bomb with characteristic abruptness. She had been to the shed and they had evidently drifted with the storm, to stumble into snow banks, to chill into pneumonia, to smother, to freeze. With them went our home on the Niobrara, our start in cattle in the hills, even our team, successors to the buckskins, mortgaged for the interest.

That May day was a gloomy one. We foraged along the fence, tearing out alternate posts to chop up on the kitchen floor with the hatchet. No one was permitted out of the door without being tied to a rope. The lamp burned all day.

THE next morning, long before daylight, Mother awakened Jules and me. The wind was dead; the stars were out; and the shed was empty of everything except Blackie and Brownie, nickering for feed. They were saddle broken and on them we were to trace our cattle, dig out and save what we could. After gulping a hot breakfast we were bundled into most of the clothing the family possessed. Mother wrapped an endless fascinator about my tender head. Climbing upon the old horses, we set out, equipped with a spade and a hammer.

Daylight stalked cold and gray over the knolls as we crunched into the frozen snow. About two hundred yards from the house we found a cow, up to her neck in a drift, her eyes already white — mad. Mother waved us on. She would salvage that one. From the top of a wind-cleared knoll, we looked across the valley, lightening into a pure sheet of white. Not quite pure, for here and there were dark heads, moving or still, along the dim snow trail. With true horse sense, Brownie smelled out the drifts that held her up. If she or Blackie broke through into the bottomless drifts, there was nothing to do but scoop a path to a knoll or

another crusted drift. The first few "critters" we reached were range cattle — Herefords, evidently from the Springlake herd that had drifted past our shed and tolled our cows away.

By the time we were on the hill half a mile from home, the sun shimmered on the endless field of spotless white. Mother had dug the cow out; her blackish hulk lay free in the glare. Over the ridge of hills toward the south the trail was blown clearer; here and there a track was visible, the crusted snow carved into fantastic sculpture or trailing white behind the soapweeds. We found several range cows, thin and exhausted, lying flat, and one of our calves, only his starred forehead out of a drift, dead.

The sun began to burn our faces. Perspiration, aroused by the shoveling, chilled us when we stopped on a hilltop to plan. There must be a trail for the return of whatever we might save.

The Strasburger homestead was scarcely discernible, house and barn little more than hummocks of snow. At least three hours gone to travel a mile and a half! In the next valley we found one of our cows up to her neck in snow and "on the prod" as the sandhiller would say. We dug her out, changing off on the spade and keeping a sharp eye out for the long horns. The snow was softening. We were wet to our hips. And when the cow was free and could stumble about a little on her frost numbed legs, she rushed headlong at Jules and was stuck again. In disgust we left her and rode on.

The next one we found was dead. And still we climbed on and off our horses, digging, sweating, our feet clumpy and wooden with cold. Noon came. My face burned; my lips were blistering in the unprotecting fascinator. I wished vaguely for the smoked glasses at home in Mother's trunk. Jules, more protected by natural skin tone and a huge cap, was hungry. But there was little time for physical discomforts. A neighbor who was digging out a saddle horse caught in a draw shouted to us.

"You kids better get for home!" He said more but it was lost in the snow echo. We couldn't stop. Cattle that stayed in the snow much longer would be hopelessly chilled, probably be dead by morning. So we whipped the tired, sore-kneed horses on; threw snow left and right when the need arose. Our shoulders were numb now. They had ceased aching long ago.

About four o'clock, in a choppy range, we found the cattle. First three head, then five, other small bunches, jammed together by high drifts, unable to move. They bawled as we approached. At last, about six o'clock, we had them all free and had lost only the two cows along the way and the dead calf. The animals were gaunt; their skins jerked like palsied hands from cold, but they could walk, which was more than most of the range cattle could do.

Slowly we started homeward, not daring to push the cows for fear of their plunging into drifts or slipping and being unable to rise. I carried a new little calf, still damp and curly, across my saddle. Thanks to our day of pain, the trip home was short.

Darkness came on gradually and there was joy in our yard when the bawling string trailed, single file, up to the shed. But we were beyond praise. We literally fell from our horses and were taken into the house with a solicitude entirely new to us. My head ached; we were starved; chilled; and the house was dark.

"Why don't you light the lamp?" I demanded.

Mother made a funny, gurgling noise. "Ah-h," her voice choked. "The lamp is lit. You are blind!"

BEFORE morning I was delirious with pain and sunburn fever. Scorching pinwheels whirled in my head. Father gave me a small dose of morphine to quiet my screams, and when that wore off, another. But he dared not give me any more. My eyes burned like seething, bubbling lead. My head seemed tremendously large, bursting. My face itched. I tore at my skin, so burned that it peeled off in strips like tissue paper. I could not eat nor sleep. And when the pain began to die down into a dull, monotonous ache, I, who was never still without a book, was a most impossible patient. The few people who found time to come in suggested all sorts of neglected precautions. I should have worn a black veil or smudged my cheek bones with soot. They talked of crippling cattle losses. Whole herds scattered like ours had died because they became chilled. One rancher lost over two hundred head piled into draws and smothered. Another lost five hundred head of stock in one lake. We, evidently, were fortunate.

At last I could find my way about to peel potatoes, carry water from the well, and do odd jobs about the house. The slightest infiltration of light under my bandage maddened me with pain. And when I finally took my bandage off, I found I could aim a gun without closing my left eye. It was blind.

THE settlers suffered little from the late blizzard. Few of them had the money to stock their sections; they leased their land to the ranchers. Father tried to get them to farm. He argued that where sunflowers grow man-high, corn will also grow; that land which grows well-rooted sod only five to fifteen feet above ground-water with no intervening rock strata will grow alfalfa; that the northern slopes covered with chokecherries and wild plum thickets would grow tame fruit. Rye and corn proved reasonably successful. Crops brought better homes, more space, deep window seats with red geraniums, and perhaps tinted walls to suit the fancy of the girls becoming educated through the mail order catalogues, the Kinkaiders' "bible." But the homes like music boxes remained as they were, for the $100 annual rent permitted no luxuries.

Prosperity, unless it becomes too great, brings neighborliness. Where once each little shack curled pungent blue smoke from its stovepipe, now wagons, buggies and saddle horses were grouped about a home on Sundays for a community dinner. Pure democracy excluded only the fat old widows who were afraid of horses and could not "hoof it." The music teacher was always remembered by someone who "could just as well swing 'round that way."

Out of the growing prosperity

came the cattlemen's decision that these people actually intended to stay. No one seemed to starve. Father had a fifty-acre field of Turkistan alfalfa, and his orchard was doggedly growing in the white sand. The rising price of grass-fed stock on the Omaha market brought an offer for a good hay flat here and there. The offers became general. Kinkaiders who had never seen so much money before took their thousand dollars and wrote glowing letters to us. The grass grew wonderfully green in Cotter's Corners or in Hutton's Bottoms. Here and there a music box stood empty, the ruffly curtains gone, the owner glad, for the moment, that she was no longer compelled to live by herself. But our music teacher was loyal. With an old organ bought at Rushville, she gave music lessons. Her house should not be moved to a ranch for a tool shed! Boldly Father withstood the buyer when he came with an offer remarkably generous then, but not so generous now when I can appreciate the significance of his experiments. Yet our hearts beat just a little faster at the wonderful stories the letters told.

THEN came the Bad Winter; unrivaled, old timers told us, by any ever seen in the hills. On Election Day the first white flakes began to fall, fell every day until Thanksgiving, until Christmas. Disappointed children were told that Santa Claus was snowbound, but that Easter would be green and lovely and perhaps the Easter rabbit . . . . By Easter there was desperation in many homes. The usual January thaw, with frozen roads for coal hauling, did not materialize. Old hay burners were dug up and smoked the tinted walls, the oatmeal paper. Starving cattle bawled and then were still. No horse could plow far through the valleys. Illness, caused by long confinement, restricted diet, and discouragement over mortgaged cattle dying, was present in almost every home.

THE first week in May brought the sun and summer winds. Snow water filled the valleys and the cellars, drowning out the alfalfa. This was the buyer's opportune moment. The music teacher, weak from a severe cold, was one of the first to sell. The shrewder, the more courageous, sensed the promise of the latent hills and mortgaged their claims to buy out their neighbors. Sod walls gaped open to the sun, making good rubbing places for the cattle, lousy from lowered vitality. But we scarcely noticed the Kinkaiders go, so busy were we with the extra work of Father's new orchard. To us it was not a general movement, an exodus; only the Wests, the Tuckers and the Wyants went. I missed them, especially the music teacher. I missed her books. She had cried, just a little, the day she went away.

"But it's four miles to the Zimmers' — and six to the next neighbor's — and I — " she choked a sob into a fine, old, lace handkerchief. "It's no use. — I'm afraid of dying alone."

Quickly she put her arms about my shoulders, kissed my unaccustomed cheek, and then climbed into the mail wagon.

The years piled up and I went away, too, and now, after ten years of

absence, there are only the weeds and the stove. As the mail truck moved on, we passed old cylinder holes, almost filled, often with a piece of galvanized pipe still sticking up. All that is left of an optimistic venture. Long grayish streaks, grassed over, show where corn, rye, and alfalfa once grew and will grow again. For there is Father's orchard, the most talked-about spot in the State, to show the skeptic what can be done.

And there are the prosperous ones who stayed, ranchers now, their range deeded, safe from homesteaders and fence-cutting troops. Where once each valley held its own peculiar little home, now ten, fifteen miles reveal nothing except fat cattle, windmills, and hay-stack dotted meadows. There are few fences and the truck does not stop for these, bumping over pipe and cement contraptions called "corduroy bridges." Families who started twenty years ago in dugouts, today have huge homes of fifteen rooms, high-powered family cars, Fords for hack driving, and radios. Sons and daughters are home from college, or abroad for the summer. Their parents can choose between Florida and California for wintering. The terrors of stalking man and beast, of cold and of loneliness, are gone — for those who stayed. Who can say how those who are gone have fared?

Each year finds the old home sites more nearly obliterated. The next storm will tear down from the rusty nail the little teacher's sign with its brave legend. It will fall into the sand and become a part of the hills, as will also the memory of the dear woman who so carefully lettered it, wherever she may be.

Abracadabras in the Law

By John Holley Clark, Jr.

How the scales of Justice are weighted with strange phrases that work wonders but mean nothing

Abracadabra, we are told, was a deity of the Assyrians about whom not much is now known beyond his marvellous name. But in the good old days when magicians and philosophers really did wonderful things, their charms would never work unless they said "Abracadabra" at just the proper time. One of them solemnly asserted that if the name were written on three sides of a triangle, on paper in the form of a cross, hung around the neck by a linen tape for nine days, and then before sunrise thrown over the shoulder into a stream running east, it would prevent all sickness.

The philosophers, the magicians, are gone. We have come to an age that prides itself on hard facts, that is fond of thinking that everything is debunked. Yet we are still full of abracadabras. Very few things will work unless the right thing is said — or written — at the right time. The business man must put "Dear Sir" at the beginning of his letters, or he will lose business. The great executive can not maintain his stance without being "in conference" a certain proportion of the day. Religion won't work without whole mouthfuls of what the skeptic would call abracadabras. The doctors could not practice without writing prescriptions in Latin. If they simply wrote "bread pills" on the prescription blank when they were puzzled, they would soon lose out.

Barring religion, whose abracadabras vary inversely with the faith of the auditor, the law probably has more than any other business or profession. It needs them more, perhaps. Some of them are amusing. Some may be, and often are, tragic.

One of the most puzzling is "SS." If an affidavit is to be drawn, you must put at the top the place where it is signed. It must read, "State of New York, County of New York, SS."

For several hundred years the profoundest students of the law have puzzled and explored to find out what it ever meant, if anything. The result is very meagre. There are several impressive guesses, of course. The Lord Chief Justice of England wears a collar with SS, SS, SS all around it. No one knows why. "The signification is obscure," say the lexicographers. Perhaps "SS." on

affidavits comes from the same source. Some say it is a corruption of the section mark "f.f." Others say it is "supposed" to stand for the Latin *scilicet*, "it may be known" or "to wit." They say that prior to 1726 in England it was customary to write, "London, SS., Ward of Cheape," which meant "London, to wit, Ward of Cheape"; that after 1726 a statute made it unnecessary to put more than London, but that the lawyers continued the "SS." regardless of the fact that it no longer had even a guessable meaning. How "SS." ever came to stand for *scilicet*, if it ever did, no one can explain. It could obviously stand, as well, for Santa Claus.

At any rate, and if it stands for *scilicet* ever so much, or Santa Claus either, it means nothing now. Nor is there any reason why the dainty digits of tens of thousands of tender typists should be daily damaged by writing "SS." at the top of numberless affidavits.

Yet day after day "SS." appears in every law office. Several hundreds of thousands of affidavits, acknowledgments, verifications, are drawn monthly. None will work unless "SS." appears at the top. Pure abracadabra.

THEN there is the distant cousin of "SS.," the impressive "L.S." While "SS." is a harmless abracadabra, its cousin "L.S.," is not so harmless.

We know that "L.S." originally stood for "Place of the Seal," or the Latin of it. A sealed instrument, in the days when this abracadabra was invented, was a solemn instrument, executed with more or less stately ritual, ponderous seals, dripping wax, and all the rest. But like most solemn rituals the solemnity dropped out first and the ritual followed. All that is legally necessary to make an instrument a sealed instrument is to put "L.S." after the signatures. Some legal stationers print "L.S." on their forms. Some do not. Some business firms put it on their contracts; others do not. The result is most confusing, frequently disturbing.

THE tricks of this particular abracadabra are numerous. Its chief charm is that it makes an instrument live for twenty years, where otherwise it would die in six. Sort of spring of eternal youth, it is. What it may mean to the business man was illustrated in the case of a firm which had elaborate contracts of sale for its product when sold on time. It did not print "L.S." at the end of the dotted lines. One of its customers who had bought a machine for several thousand dollars got behind in his payments. The two firms were doing a continuous business in small things, with the result that the gentleman with the machine managed successfully to put off consideration of pleas for payment on various excuses. "There was some mistake." The "bookkeeper was looking it up." He would "take it up when he got back from vacation," etc. Finally six years had gone by. Then the manufacturer lost patience, all in vain. To demands and threats of suit the debtor merely reminded them that the contract was outlawed.

If "L.S." had been written or printed on the agreements, they could have waited nineteen years and still sued. Without it they were out of luck in six. This abracadabra cost

this firm several thousand dollars. How much it loses business people in a year it is hard to tell.

Of course there is no sense in it. There is no reason why a contract with "L.S." on it should last a minute longer than one without. If a contract minus "L.S." ought to die in six years, so ought its abracadabraed brother. If one with "L.S." on it can last twenty years, so ought its unenchanted brother. But there it is, in most of the modern codes of law.

Nor does this abracadabra end with this power. It frequently raises hob in real estate deals. Many contracts to sell real estate are made on printed forms, some of which bear "L.S.," and some of which do not. Many are drawn by laymen who do not notice and some by lawyers who do not know the difference. Yet there is quite a difference.

Many contracts are signed by agents — or dummies — for one party or another. It is often convenient. Some times it saves the contract when things are booming. If there is no "L.S." on the contract, it will bind the real parties. If an "L.S." is on it, it will not.

I REMEMBER a case in which a man contracted to sell a piece of property for his mother, with her approval and authorization. She was an invalid, living a thousand miles away. When it came time to take title, the seller found that on an advancing market she could get twenty thousand more for the property. Being well advised, she refused to deliver. The courts said she did not have to. If there had been no "L.S." on the instrument she could have been forced to convey. As long as the "L.S." was there, it imported that the son was acting for himself and no one else. As the son did not own the property, he could not be made to deliver any more than if he had contracted to deliver the Woolworth Building. This particular abracadabra cost the disappointed purchasers $20,000 or more. And all because the form they happened to use had "L.S." on it.

There is no sense in this, either. But both the lawyer who advised the mother not to deliver and the lawyer who broke the news to the other side made something out of friend "L.S." The skeptic will say that is why it stays.

CLOSELY connected with "L.S." and the rigmarole that used to go with it are the many abracadabras connected with real estate conveyancing. They originated back in the days when real estate titles were complicated, when conveyancers were paid by the word, and when it was already highly necessary to impress the laymen with the importance of legal phraseology and the excruciating learning of the legal fraternity. Most of them are musical. "Lot, piece, or parcel" is prettier than "lot." "Hath letten and by these presents doth let, remise and release" an apartment is more beautiful than just "rent" it. "This Indenture made the third day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine" is a pleasant and impressive beginning. Nicknaming John Jones "party of the first part" and calling him thereafter by his nickname is an odd but mouth-filling conceit. The final flourish, "In Witness whereof the party of the first part has hereunto set his hand and seal the day and year first

above written," could be sung effectively to any common chant.

One hundred years ago Chancellor Kent in his *Commentaries* said that all that was necessary to convey a piece of land was to say, "I, A. B., in consideration of one dollar to me paid by C. D., do bargain and sell to C. D. and his heirs the lot of land described." Many courts have agreed with him. Yet our older States, where most of our people live, still cling to some of the abracadabras of feudal conveyancing. It quite needlessly increases the cost of white paper, and with other outworn technicalities contributes its share to the unnecessary complexity of real estate conveyancing. It takes two lawyers a month to help one person transfer a $5,000 house to another. One hundred thousand dollars in bonds, which are ultimately based on real estate values, pass from hand to hand without a word.

THEN there are the innumerable abracadabras that have to do with wills. No lawyer with the proper bringing up would think of drawing a will which did not start, "In the name of God, Amen, I John Jones, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament, to wit:" Nor would he ever have John Jones "leave" anything to anybody. He would have him "give, devise and bequeath" it. Nor would he ever let him leave "everything" to anybody. He would have to leave "all my property, real, personal and mixed, of whatsoever kind and character and wheresoever situated." And so on through a great deal of rigmarole. The whole legal profession was scandalized when they read that the late Edward Harriman left a hundred million dollars or so to his wife in a will of just ninety-one words.

THE magic that clusters about wills is pretty serious for the ordinary citizen. He is afraid to draw one himself. He is often more afraid to go to a lawyer. The outcome is that many young men die without wills, to the great expense of their widows and minor children. If there is a will, everything is simple. If there is none, the little house which is too often all of the estate, goes directly to the children with a life interest in one-third to the widow. The complications and expense attendant on transferring a house so left are a serious burden. Frequently the chance to sell is lost before all the guardians are appointed, the court proceedings gone through and all of the necessary requirements complied with.

I remember the case of one young widow who went with her children to her parents when her husband was suddenly killed. All she had was a small equity in her house which she saw gradually disappear — what with interest charges and all — while the lawyers were trying to get it sold.

It no doubt is treason and my confrères can make the most of it, but the fact is that no one needs a lawyer for a simple will. If young men have both children and real estate and are distrustful of lawyers, they will do well to go to the nearest stationers, get a form of will, write on it "I leave everything to my wife," comply with the simple requirements as to witnesses that are indicated on the form, and sleep soundly. It will save a good

many hundreds to their widows and children, if they should happen to try conclusions with an automobile.

Then there is the abracadabra of the oath. When you become a witness your testimony is no good unless the clerk jumbles off something ending with "s'help you God — name and address." This particular abracadabra has its roots back so many centuries, is so entangled with religious and political controversy, that perhaps it still has a charm. Most lawyers, however, think it has very little. Its purpose, of frightening the prospective witness with the penalties of a future life, seems not to be particularly effective in this age and generation, if it ever was. But the abracadabra remains. No case can proceed without it.

It is perhaps harmless. And it has its comforting, as well as its exasperating, side.

So firm is the official belief of the law in this abracadabra that it will not punish a liar unless the mystic phrase has been pronounced. Anyone can lie his head off in the ordinary affidavit without fear of perjury indictment. Only if the swearer knew his affidavit was to be used in a legal proceeding where abracadabra could be pronounced — often a hard thing to prove — or in case a particular statute makes false swearing in the particular affidavit perjury — as in the case of marriage license applications — is false swearing punishable.

This is comforting to the free swearer, of course, but it is quite wrong. The Ten Commandments hedge a little about lying. Only "bearing false witness against thy neighbor" is condemned. But Moses delivered some other Commandments which are recorded in Leviticus, that do not hedge a bit. Lying, especially to another's hurt, is about as wrong as anything can be. Why the law should throw a mantle of protection around unenchanted false swearers is hard to see. But such is the force of abracadabra in the law.

I have seen Title Companies take affidavits as to the married state of the owners of property without a quiver. Yet if a man swore he was unmarried when he had a wife tucked away somewhere, it might well mean the loss of thirty or forty thousand dollars to take care of the wife's dower rights. A man who would do such a thing ought to go to jail. But he wouldn't. It is not enchanted lying.

Then I knew of a case in which a political gang got a ward heeler to sign a false affidavit that he had seen a man, whom the gang wanted to discredit, commit forgery. The affidavit was sent to the District Attorney so that the news that the victim was under investigation might leak out at the psychological moment. The ward heeler promptly admitted that the affidavit was totally false. But nothing could be done. He did not know what the affidavit was to be used for, said he.

Yes, very comforting to the loose swearer, and most exasperating to his victim is this abracadabra — "s'help you God — name and address."

Also there are many charms used in the trial of a case. Some lawyers are jacks in boxes. They are always popping up with "I object on the ground that it is incompetent, ir-

relevant and immaterial." Few trials go long without this abracadabra. "Incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial." When something damaging is about to come out, or when it is advisable to disconcert opposing counsel, and when the lawyer can not think of any particular reason for objecting, he pronounces his charm with more or less orotundity. It may work and it may not. It means that the witness is not the one to say what he is about to say, that it has nothing to do with the case anyway, and that even if it did it would not matter. Testimony is seldom all these things at once. Lawyers ought to be made to say why testimony should not be allowed. But it is a charm used so long, is so useful in a battle of wits, that it clings on and on. And the appellate courts rather encourage it.

THERE are many reported cases which were lost on appeal because a lawyer said "incompetent and irrelevant" but not "immaterial," or vice versa. The courts said the particular testimony was "immaterial" but not "incompetent or irrelevant." So lawyers stick to the ritual. When it may be fatal to say "abra" and not "cadabra," it is safest to repeat the whole charm.

The chief beneficiaries of this charm are the criminals. Many a criminal case has been lost because a judge, perhaps wrongly, ruled out evidence for the State. There is no remedy, as the State has no appeal. Perhaps as many cases are lost after they are won, because a judge admitted testimony that should have been excluded.

In the old days, if abracadabra did not work it did not work, and there you were. But the criminal's friend may be resuscitated after months and years of suspended animation.

Neither prosecutor, defense counsel nor judge can remember all the rules of evidence. The studious appearance is more common than the studious habit. Beribboned eyeglasses do not always betoken eyes weakened by research. Also it is quite impossible for the best intentioned to know it all. The basic rules are found in reported cases which, if placed end to end, would reach to California. The most succinct complete digests fill two or three large volumes. Again you never can be quite sure what the law is on any given point. A Lord High Chancellor of England, when it was pointed out to him that his construction had never been the law before, stated impressively, "Since I have spoken it has become the law." Until the last returns are in from the highest court, no one can be quite sure. So the lawyers and judges at trials can at best rely only on a few rules of thumb plus common sense educated by experience.

How beautifully the abracadabra "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial" may work for the criminal was illustrated in a recent case in New York.

IN 1921 there was a great to-do in a suburban county about the number of autos being stolen. Finally five men of the gang were arrested. They implicated a politician who, they said, had promised them protection. He was indicted for giving a county detective $200 to get one of the gang off before a magistrate.

In due time the politician came to trial. The evidence as to the $200

bribe was conclusive. The gang who collected it for the politician told about giving it to him. The man who took it from the politician to the county detective told about that. The county detective told about getting the man off and receiving the $200. The politician kept his seat. His only evidence was as to his good character. The story was thus uncontradicted. The jury convicted.

But in the course of the trial the politician's counsel had an opportunity to use his charm. The prosecutor brought out that the politician had got off other people charged with other offenses. "Abracadabra," croaked the defense counsel. "Overruled," said the judge. "Exception," said defense counsel. Two or three other bits of evidence were abracadabraed.

The learned judge who tried the case thought them all competent, relevant and material. But the politician appealed and walked free on bail. After a year the next court decided, three to two, that the trial judge was right. The politician appealed again. The first appellate court was, after all, as one of my law school professors used to say, but a court of "intermediate conjecture." There was still another court. After another year four judges in the highest court said it was a good charm and should have worked. Two said it was no good. The score of judges was a tie, six learned judges for abracadabra and six against. But as four of the six for the charm sat on the highest bench, the case was sent back for a new trial. By this time, however, the witnesses had disappeared, everyone had forgotten about the business, and the politician was never tried again. Abracadabra had saved him. He went unpunished, except by his lawyers.

In spite of such strange results, there is of course some sense in this abracadabra. Evidence has to be limited to a certain extent.

But the efficacy of the abracadabra "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial" is one of the things that make the criminal's path lie through a magic wood. From the time he is arrested to the time the judge charges the jury there are numberless opportunities for his counsel to pronounce this charm or that. All may fail when pronounced. If any is found good in the last appellate court, his sins are washed away. These abracadabras account largely for the fact found by the Baumes Commission that of each 100 men arrested for felonies in New York in 1925, only 20 went to trial and only 15 were jailed or fined. Criminals will take a chance on a trial with so many charms available. Prosecutors are glad to get all but the strongest cases out of the way.

There are many more abracadabras that could be mentioned — strange and useless rigmaroles that make pleadings in civil cases things of musical wonder; quirks and turns in corporation law that make it bristle with difficulties; a stupendous jargon in patents that limits practice in them to the knowing ones; a hundred other examples of the continued power of abracadabra.

Improvements are made from time to time. Abracadabras are exorcised here and there. In a dozen or more

States out west, "L.S." has lost its charm. Each half-century or so real estate conveyances get a little shorter. There is a healthy movement on foot to make false swearing a crime, whether enchanted or not. There is a good deal of thought given to doing something about our cumbrous criminal procedure. Bail has already been made a little hard to get.

This is all in the direction of efficiency. But there is a lot to do yet. Abracadabraism is a vested interest. Lawyers, title companies, criminals, live well by the thousands on their knowledge of the dark science. Then there are the white paper manufacturers, the law book makers, the printers and the semicolon designers to be considered.

It will be long before we get rid of the old Assyrian god altogether. It is slow work, improving both the law and the profits.

Loneliness

By Dorothea Prall Radin

I'm not alone, for Loneliness is with me in the room,
Soft as a rainy day,
And she has brought
From here and there and far away
The six or seven that I love the best
And put them close around me.
I see them shining, their bright beauty all undimmed
By any interplay
Of light on light, as in an outside world.
When they meet there
They somehow shade their lamps, that all may see,
Unblinded by a flash, the neutral road,
Obeying the common traffic laws of courtesy;
Yet inwardly
They feel defeated, hidden, not themselves.
But now each burns as if alone, full strength,
Each with his own and individual ray,
A gay blue twinkle,
Or a warm red glow,
And one clear, white and steady ideal flame,
Till all their colored gleams
Have lit a shadowy wonderland with starry loves.

But oh, dear Loneliness, am I an ingrate then?
That I'd so gladly leave
You and your gentle company of gathered friends,
For a warm swift carouse
With one of them, with one of them,
In a laughing, lighted house.

Very Old McAdam

By Nelson Lloyd

Mr. Pendleton Samples a Bottle and Becomes Involved in a Case

Harmon J. Pendleton is one of the best known men in New York. In fact, he has frequently been called the city's most useful citizen. He has long been in the forefront of every movement for civic betterment, an important figure in philanthropic enterprises, and a leader in the battles for political reform. His name appears on the directing boards of several hospitals and museums. He is active in the church. In fact, one might think his whole life to be given to doing good. But he has other large interests. As a lawyer, he stands among the leaders of the bar. His firm, Packer, Handy, Hooker and Pendleton, is one of the oldest and most respected in Gotham. Packer and Handy have long since died; Hooker, in his eightieth year, is merely the titular head, and it is Pendleton, the sixty-year-old Junior, who directs the partnership's vast legal activities.

To men of less importance, becoming involved in the Parchesi Club scandal would have been a matter of little moment. To one with his reputation for benevolence, for uprightness and influence, to be enmeshed in that affair meant almost disaster. Yet involved in it he was; which goes to prove the old adage that great oaks from little acorns grow, and that small events can lead to cataclysms.

In the case of Mr. Pendleton, the small event occurred on an April afternoon. He had been working in the Bar Association for hours on his argument in the great case of Potisoff *versus* The Eureka Steel Company for commissions on war material sold to the Imperial Russian Government. It was an important cause involving nearly a million dollars, the Pendleton firm, of course, representing the great corporation. By three o'clock the lawyer had finished his labors. He was tired, but he was satisfied. The lateness of the hour gave him an excuse for not going to Wall Street to his office. So he was pleased. Stepping jauntily forth into the street, he entered his car and directed his chauffeur to drive him home. Home that day meant his country house at Roslyn.

The car had not gone far up Fifth Avenue before Mr. Pendleton realized that he was hungry. In his interest in his work he had forgotten

his luncheon. Ordinarily, in such a case, he would have dropped in at the dignified Diluvian Club, but he had passed it by a block, and rather than turn back in the heavy traffic he ordered his man to drive on to the Parchesi. Anyway, he thought, it would not be a bad idea to stop at the Parchesi, for he would have an opportunity to inspect the new building, which as yet he had not seen. Mr. Pendleton, as we have said, as an older man, ordinarily frequented the Diluvian, but he had been a member of the Parchesi almost from its inception, and had followed it in its migrations from the Washington Square region to the Park. The Diluvian was the place for good food and pleasant naps in the deep chairs of the library; the Parchesi was the place for younger men with a passion for indoor sports from racquets and squash to bridge and poker for high stakes.

So it was almost as a stranger that the lawyer passed through the new building's doorway. The old hall man recognized him and bowed politely, for he, too, had followed the club for years in its migrations. Mr. Pendleton went on into the great hallway, passing a half dozen young men who were unknown to him. He felt almost an intruder when he had to call a servant to direct him to the bar. But here he was more at home, for he recognized at once the familiar, smiling face of James Fogerty, the bartender, another of those who had clung to the club through the years.

"You're quite a stranger, Mr. Pendleton," said Fogerty genially, holding out a damp hand.

"Yes — yes, James," returned the lawyer. "First time I've been in the new house. Had no luncheon — didn't want to drive to Roslyn on an empty stomach. I suppose you can let me have some buttermilk."

"And that's about all — that and vichy water," Fogerty replied mournfully. The genial smile was gone. "Times have changed, Mr. Pendleton. To think that a gentleman, like you, can't have what you want!" The bartender made a feint of producing the buttermilk, but he was furtively peering through the door. Seeing no one in sight, he produced instead of the bucolic beverage ordered, a promising looking black bottle. As he pulled the cork, the smile returned to his face.

"It's some of my own," he said. "Pre-war. I save it for my friends — special friends. Try it."

He placed glasses on the bar. Mr. Pendleton smiled too. He grasped the bottle, adjusted his horn spectacles, and read the label — "Very Old McAdam. Bottled in Killieloch, Scotland. 1913."

"This is awfully nice of you, James," he said genially, pouring a generous drink. As he took a sip of the amber liquid, his smile grew broader. "It's just what I really needed. I was greatly fatigued and have a long drive before me." He finished his glass. "Now, what do I owe you?"

"Nothing for that little bit." Fogerty leaned over the bar and added in a lower voice, "You can have the whole bottle for eleven dollars."

"Well, as long as you've opened it, I'll take it, James," said Mr. Pendleton with condescension. "Just

wrap it up and I'll carry it in my pocket," he added, after he had poured himself a second generous portion.

"Now if you like it, sir," Fogerty went on cautiously, "I can let you have a case — or several cases. You can put them right in your car. You see it's pre-war — my own — and I only let my special friends have it. Just yesterday Mr. Bilton, the club's president, took two cases, and Mr. Wanser three, and Mr. —"

"No, no! Not today, James. Some other time, maybe, but not today. It's fine, all right," Mr. Pendleton returned, stuffing the package into his pocket. "Here's your eleven —" His face fell. He had no money, but opening his wallet he found a blank check, which he filled in to the order of his benevolent friend.

MR. PENDLETON felt so much better when he left the bar that he forgot his first intention of inspecting the new house, and instead started for home at once. So little an impression had the incident at the club made on his mind that when he reached home he forgot, too, the very expensive and Very Old McAdam. The butler found it in his overcoat pocket, poured out half of it for his own use, made up the deficit with water, and put the bottle in the sideboard.

Mr. Pendleton is an abstemious man, but he is also broad-minded. While not favoring the compelling of morality by law, he has long been an advocate of strict enforcement of laws, once they are on the books. It is a subject on which he has written and spoken at length, which makes it rather surprising that the incident of the Very Old McAdam troubled him so little. Had he given it any thought at all, he must have seen that he, as a sworn officer of the court, was not only conniving at an infraction of a statute, but was himself guilty of a misdemeanor in transporting contraband goods from New York to Roslyn.

A FEW days later, on a Saturday morning, Mr. Pendleton's dereliction was recalled to him with a shock. That morning he was to play in a foursome at Ripping Rock, and he was looking forward with pleasure to an exciting contest with three cronies who made a practice of meeting on the links once a month, battling for small stakes with high scores, and topping off the contest with a good luncheon. He was at peace with all the world when he sat down to his breakfast. Then he picked up his paper. Great black headlines stared at him: Parchesi Club Scandal! James Fogerty, the bartender of that exclusive organization, arrested with two principals for dispensing illicit liquors to the members. Officers of the club and members to be called before the Grand Jury. No one to be spared. Full list of the buyers in the agents' hands.

When Mr. Pendleton finished his reading and laid down his paper, there swept over him a chill of uneasiness. He remembered his check. Had that been found, too? He saw at once that he, Harmon J. Pendleton, the reformer, the staunch advocate of law enforcement, would be a fine target for the District Attorney to shoot at. Prominent men in the list of witnesses to be called, the paper said! Harmon J. Pendleton

would be a dainty morsel for the enforcement officers to chew. He would be made ridiculous, and he was not a man who could stand before ridicule. So greatly was he disturbed that he could not eat his eggs, but sat silently staring at that paper, pondering over his predicament. Of course, there was a chance that his check had not been found among Fogerty's papers. In that chance he was seeing hope, when Jackson his butler addressed him, holding out a card.

"A man to see you, sir," he said.

"At this time of day! What does he want?" the lawyer asked, taking the card and reading: "Stanislaus Slavotsky, 1392 Grand Street."

"He won't say," the butler replied. "He only says it's important, and he must see you in private." He waved a hand toward the hall to indicate that the caller was waiting there.

MR. PENDLETON peered cautiously through the glass doors that divided the hall from the dining-room, and saw standing at the great fireplace a short, stout person, who had, to the lawyer's perception, the appearance of a petty ward politician. The man's black hair was oiled, carefully parted in the middle, and curled back over the ears with geometrical accuracy. He had a large black mustache of the type known as the walrus. His clothes were unobtrusive, but it was the shoes that sent a chill down the spine of the lawyer. They were the heavy, square-toed shoes, so commonly worn by policemen and court attendants. This man, thought Pendleton, is a process server. He made his decision quickly.

"Tell him to wait, Jackson," he ordered. "I shall see him presently."

Then he slipped through the pantry and made his way to his room by the back stairs. His wife was quickly apprised of the danger. She had never heard of the Very Old McAdam, but when the story had been hurriedly told, she was quick to realize the peril in which the family name stood, and was, if anything, more perturbed than her husband. Like him, she saw but one solution of the problem, and that a complete disappearance until the storm had passed. She agreed to keep the uncouth visitor waiting, while Mr. Pendleton made his escape. So Mr. Slavotsky was wandering impatiently around the hall while the lawyer, a heavily laden bag in his hand, was making his stealthy way to the garage.

NOON found the fugitive safe for a time behind the sacred portals of the Diluvian Club, in conference with Henry Prosser, one of his many partners. Mr. Prosser was alarmed, for he realized what a blow it would be to the firm's prestige to have its head dragged before the courts as a material witness in a liquor case. He, too, advised a disappearance. It was hard at a time when the Potisoff-Eureka argument was due to come before the courts, but they would simply have to secure an adjournment until the principal counsel had recovered from his illness.

Ostensibly Mr. Pendleton was on a sick bed in a California sanatorium. In reality he was quietly living at the Marlmore Hotel in Atlantic City, and known there as Thomas Johnson, of Bangor, Me. Mr. Pendleton objected to sailing under false colors, but his partner insisted on it, otherwise it would soon be known that so

prominent a man was within a few hours of New York. Then the papers made evident to him the wisdom of Prosser's advice. They were filled with the Parchesi scandal. Many of the club's members were being kept cooling their heels at the door of the Grand Jury room. Bilton, the president, had been called and questioned about his two cases of Very Old McAdam. Wanser had been up to explain about his three. No one was being spared, nor would be, the District Attorney declared. That official's own reputation was at stake. He had been accused of interesting himself previously only in the small fry of law violators. Now he had his chance at the big ones, and he was making use of it to prove his impartiality.

The fugitive's alarm was further increased when in a cautious telephone conversation with his office he learned that Slavotsky had been calling there for him daily. The man, said Prosser, was mysterious and insistent. He seemed suspicious and dissatisfied, and after every call went away shaking his head as though he doubted the story of Pendleton's illness.

FOUR tiresome days went by. Between the intervals of much newspaper study, Mr. Pendleton passed the hours with such mild entertainment as the resort afforded in the early winter. Nearly all day he was on the boardwalk, in a chair or afoot, impatiently passing the time until the investigation was finished and he could return to New York with his dignity unimpaired. Then on the fifth morning he had a fright. He was ambling easily along the boardwalk, almost enjoying the sunshine, when he spied his Nemesis. The man was leaning languidly with his back against the rail, watching the passing crowd. He was unmistakable. There were the walrus mustache and the square-toed shoes to identify him.

Mr. Pendleton could not tell whether or not he was recognized, though the man had been staring at him curiously. He gave a start and then resumed his walk with a quickened pace. He wanted to look back, but dared not. He was almost trotting by the time he reached the Marlmore entrance. There he plunged in and paused to get his breath and take a view of the field. Peeping out cautiously he was shocked to see Slavotsky tramping sturdily toward the same door.

THIS time, Mr. Pendleton fairly fled to the elevator and the safety of his room. Convinced that the subpœna was at his heels and that there was no safety for him in Atlantic City, he called for his bill, settled it, packed his bag and made his way down a remote stairway to a side entrance and a taxi-cab.

That evening found him in the library of his venerable partner, Eben Hooker.

"The fellow is certainly after you," said Mr. Hooker. "He was hanging around the office yesterday afternoon. The boys could hardly get him to go away." The old lawyer took a long pull at his cigar. Then suddenly he asked, "Harmon, how much of that Very Old McAdam did you really buy?"

"Just one bottle," cried Pendleton, bringing an angry fist down on the table. "But under the law

that is just as bad as a case or ten cases."

"And to have you up before the Grand Jury on one bottle would make you look more ridiculous than if you had bought twenty cases. There is something grand about crime on a large scale."

"Of course there is always a chance they did not find my check in Fogerty's papers," returned Pendleton hopefully.

"I know — I know," said the old lawyer. "We thought of making inquiries, but it would have been too dangerous — might have given you away entirely." He paused a moment, considering. "That fellow is on your trail and if you hang around here he'll get you — they always do. How about going to Canada?"

Mr. Pendleton made a grimace and a gesture of dissent.

"You've got to go," cried Hooker. "How is it going to look to have the real head of our firm, the great Pendleton, going meekly before the Grand Jury to explain a petty violation of the law and as a witness against Fogerty? Why the pettier it is the more absurb you will look. The papers would just chew you up. No, Harmon, it's Canada for you — the night train to Montreal."

IF THERE was one man of whom Pendleton stood in awe, it was the venerable Hooker, whose reputation was greater than his own. For years he had been accustomed to bow to the old man's will, and he did so now, much as it irked him to continue his flight. Morning found him in Montreal, and there he was infinitely more bored than in Atlantic City. Having quickly exhausted the few sights, his principal occupation was searching the papers for news of the Parchesi case. Gradually that investigation receded to the back pages and then there were some days of silence. This gave him hope, and he appealed to his office for information.

THE answer was not encouraging. Indictments had been found, those of Fogerty and his two principals, and the case was being hurried to trial. Fortunately his own name had not appeared in the scandal, but Slavotsky was still on his trail. And worse — his town house was being watched. A strange man had been calling there frequently, inquiring of the caretaker as to his employer's whereabouts. Hearing this, the fugitive became more reconciled to his inactivity, but nevertheless it was irksome, and he cursed the day when he had fallen a victim of the benevolence of James Fogerty.

Mr. Pendleton, even at his age, was a man of considerable energy. He prided himself on always keeping physically fit, and, lest his month's absence from the golf fields undermine his health, he made it a practice to take a long daily walk. In this lonely exercise he could, at least, work off the spleen that was consuming him. Daily his steps turned to the Mount. Each afternoon he climbed the wooded hillside, stood for a time by the parapet on the crest, and gazed southward over the Quebec plain to the homeland from which he had been self-exiled.

It was in the third week that he came suddenly on his Nemesis again. He almost touched him. Conscious of some one at his side, as he leaned over the wall, gazing longingly toward

home, he turned his eyes, and they rested on Slavotsky. He, too, was standing, half entranced, as he looked over the wide panorama to the distant mountains. He seemed unconscious that he was so near his prey.

In a flash Pendleton's back was to him. First he tiptoed away; then he broke into a long stride, and fled down the mountain. He knew that he was safe. He could not be extradited. But he had no mind to have Slavotsky inform New York of his flight to Canada. Yet gratified as he was by his narrow escape from detection, he was in a fury to think that he would now have to move on or keep to his hotel room. Safe there, pondering over his course, he decided to get a motor and make for Quebec, and he would have carried out his plan, had not a telegram come to relieve him of all his troubles: "Case settled. Fogerty and principals fined $1,000 each. Come home. — Hooker."

Pendleton was very tired when he sat down to dinner at his own table, the next night.

"If you don't mind, my dear," he said to his wife, "I think I'll try a little of that Very Old McAdam. It will brace me up, and I am sure that I am entitled to it."

"I think you are," said his wife grimly; for she was not a woman with a sense of humor.

But Pendleton, unaware of his butler's chemical experiments, was disappointed when the beverage was brought. "It's queer; it doesn't taste like it did," he said. "How did I ever get in such a mess for that stuff?"

"How did you? That's what I've asked myself for a month," his wife returned.

"A man named Slavotsky, to see you, sir," said the unobtrusive Jackson, coming in with a card in his hand.

Pendleton slumped down in his chair, and for a moment was silent. Had all that month of flight gone for nothing? What did Hooker mean by saying the case was over? Any way he would end all this doubt. He would surrender.

He arose and stepped briskly into the hall, advancing toward the stolid figure by the fire-place.

"But this case is finished," he said sharply.

"Is it?" Slavotsky replied. "Then we will give you more."

He sat down with deliberation and drew from his pocket a portentous paper, which he held toward the lawyer. "We can give you all the cases you want. We have a fine large shipment in Montreal."

"What in the world are you talking about!" cried the lawyer. "What kind of cases?"

"Cases of Very Old McAdam," the other said blandly pushing forward the paper. "James Fogerty said you have been in line for some, and I have been trying to get in touch with you for a month. And that is our price list."

Mr. Pendleton sat down and stared blankly at his visitor. In a moment he was on his feet calling to the butler. "Jackson, bring this gentleman some cigars!"

Baseball's Best

By Hugh S. Fullerton

Babe Ruth figures with Ty Cobb, Nap Lajoie, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson and other stars in an expert's choice of the All-Time, All-American Team

Which was the greatest team in the annals of baseball? Or, putting it otherwise, who among the most famous stars of the game would make up a theoretical All-Time, All-American nine?

Hoary questions these, and still unsettled after countless arguments in bleachers and bar-rooms. So often have they been proposed to me for an opinion that I'm offering in what follows my best considered judgment. It has not been lightly come by. I have made a study of the teams of the National League since 1880 (most of which I have watched) and of the American League since its inception thirty years ago, as well as of the old American Association and the short lived Federal League.

The survey reveals the fact that never, excepting in one brief interval, have there been enough first class ball players to supply the demand. That was when the twelve-club National League was reduced to eight teams and the best material of the twelve condensed into eight. Then, with a player limit of eighteen, there was a sufficient number of superlatively good men to make eight teams.

The problem of selecting an All-Time, All-American team is comparatively an easy one if a student of the game picks the outstanding men in each position since 1880, because in every decade there arises some Cobb, some Ruth, some Chase or some Jimmy Collins; but even then one is certain to encounter arguments regarding at least four positions. Nor is it at all certain that, if anyone could pick the twenty greatest players of all time and assemble them into one team, that team would prove a winner. There probably have been twenty teams since 1880 that could beat out in any regular season the best "all-time" team ever chosen, because (notoriously in the past) it has been found that "all stars" do not play well as teams.

Before proceeding in the effort to pick the greatest of all teams, it seemed reasonable to study teams that have played *as* teams to see whether one of them may not have been All-American in fact. And, after studying every team that has played since 1880, I find there are just seventeen which deserve consideration as

claimants. They are the Providence team of 1884, Anson's old Chicago White Stockings, the Detroit team of 1887, Comiskey's four time championship St. Louis Browns, the New York team of 1889, Cleveland of 1892, Boston of 1897–98, Baltimore's famous Orioles, Boston of 1903, the Chicago Cubs under Frank Chance, Hughie Jennings's Detroit Tigers, Chicago's "Hitless Wonders" led by Fielder Jones, the Philadelphia Athletics of 1910 to 1914, the Boston Red Sox of 1912, the same organization in 1915, Chicago's infamous Black Sox, and the New York Yankees assembled by Miller Huggins.

Some magnificent teams are omitted for cause: the Boston Braves of 1914, two Pittsburgh teams, the famous slugging aggregation collected by Ed Delehanty of Philadelphia, and others. These teams were strong in some departments but so flawed by weaknesses in vital positions as to rule them out of comparison with any of the seventeen teams named.

WHEN a critic takes the line-ups of the seventeen teams and hunts through them for the names of famous individual stars, he is astonished to discover that the names of Mike Powers, Hal Chase, Amos Rusie, Nap Lajoie, Ed Delehanty, Honus Wagner, Big Bill Lange, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Grover Alexander, Rube Waddell, Frank Baker, Frankie Frisch, Tris Speaker, Fred Clark, Billy Keeler, Ross Young and many others rated among the best of all time are missing. They never played on teams strong in all positions. It is odd, too, to find that the one which (with the possible exception of the New York Yankees) was the hardest hitting team ever assembled, does not rate among the first seventeen. That was Delehanty's Philadelphia team which, with Orth pitching, presented eight .300 hitters at once and the ninth (Monte Cross) sometimes in that same class; yet could never win.

HAVING, after a study of some 784 teams in the National, American and Federal Leagues and the American Association, narrowed the field down to seventeen superlatively strong teams, I proceeded to a closer analysis and eliminated a number of others for cause or causes. Providence was ruled out quickly because it was mediocre in catching and had but one pitcher — "Old Hoss" Radbourne — who finished the season alone and then pitched the entire post-season series against the Metropolitans. Radbourne was a remarkable man. He came originally from Bloomington, Ill., and developed a system of slow and fast pitching with a "fadeaway." He taught his methods to Clark Griffith, now owner of the Washington team, and as a result Griffith became one of the best of pitchers in his day. The Detroit team of the "Big Four" era had one mediocre and one weak infielder, and was only average in pitchers, Getzein, of the famous "Pretzel battery" (Getzein and Ganzel), being the star.

The St. Louis Browns, studied in the light of later developments, never were a great team, winning rather by aggressiveness and brains. In spite of their fame neither Robinson, Arlie Latham nor Foutz was great, according to accepted standards, nor was

Nat Hudson even an average pitcher. They were smart, especially Charlie Comiskey, the manager, who revolutionized the manner of playing first base, and made his pitchers cover the bag, allowing the first and second basemen to roam and cover much more ground. Latham was a clown, a hustler, and disturber of pitchers. He is still going strong. He went to London as a "Y" secretary in the World War, became a "Y" worker there, and is still keeping the pace.

THE New York team of 1889, which, in its day was considered the finest ever assembled, had one weak infielder and one below average outfielder. It possessed terrific hitting power in Gore, Roger Connor, Tiernan and O'Rourke, and one of the best catchers of all time in Buck Ewing, beside strong pitchers, among them Hank O'Day, dean of the umpires of the country.

The Cleveland team of 1892 must be eliminated, although it was the most colorful and notorious of all teams. It had three great pitchers in Cy Young, Nig Cuppy and John Clarkson. Cuppy was the slowest pitcher in history, requiring three hours or more to pitch a game, and "Uncle Cy" still rates as one of the most magnificent pitchers of all time. On that team were "Cupid" Childs, a roly-poly little man almost as wide as he was high, yet a master second baseman with a surprising burst of speed. He, Pat Tebeau, Jess Burkett and Jimmy McAleer were fighters, and almost every game meant a battle when that team was in it.

I remember once the Chicago White Stockings were playing Cleveland a Sunday game with a great crowd. Ropes had been stretched to hold the crowd back from the field and Tim Hurst, the most famous of all umpires, was in charge. The Cleveland team was losing and was fighting the umpire on every play, until in the middle of the game Tebeau rushed at him, mouth drawn down at the corner, and said: "You blank blanked Irish blank blank, if you make another decision like that I'll cut the ropes and let the crowd in on you."

Tim made no reply, but bowed his legs behind the plate as Jimmy Ryan came to bat. Ryan had a habit of "cricketing" a ball, hitting the low pitches with terrific force and "pulling" them past third base. A ball struck in that manner curves quickly as a "pulled" golf ball does. Ryan hit one past third base and, glancing down, saw it would curve foul by many feet, so stood still until Hurst, jumping up and down behind him, shouted: "Run, Jim, run! Fair ball! Fair ball!" Then, turning to shake his fist at Tebeau, he yelled: "Cut the ropes, ye spalpeen! Cut the ropes!"

A GREAT team to watch, if one fancied excitement and scrapping, but even after Scrappy Bill Joyce and the great Indian athlete Sockalexis joined it, not to be considered as one of the greatest. The Boston team of 1903 had great catchers in Criger, a slender, light bundle of nerves and courage, and "Duke" Farrell, one of the Adonises of the game; fine pitchers in Bill Dineen and Long Tom Hughes; great hitting power with Pat Dougherty, Chick Stahl and Bucky Freeman, who was

the Babe Ruth of that era, in the outfield; but was mediocre at first, where the big Frenchman "Candy" LaChance played, and at second where Hobe Ferris reigned. Ferris was sulky and unreliable and Freddy Parent, at short, was just above average. Those two played together for three years without speaking to each other.

No South Sider in Chicago ever will admit it, but Fielder Jones's championship team was not a great team — excepting for superb defense and airtight pitching. The infield was erratic. Rohe, at third, was a minor league player who rose to superb heights in one world's series, and then was discarded. Eddie Hahn, one of the gamest of players, was not up to league standards. It was Hahn who, making a wild leap into the circus seats in left centre field, crashed through them, smashed his nose flat, but hung on to the ball and saved one world's series game; but neither he, nor Rohe, nor Frank Isbell, was a super-player. The strength of the team was in Jones's leadership and team play and the pitching of Walsh, White and Altrock.

IT MAY astonish the old timers that I eliminate two teams which have been considered in baseball tradition among the best. These are the famous Baltimore Orioles and the Detroit Tigers. The Orioles won by fighting aggressiveness. Jack Doyle was a slow and physically unfitted first baseman — not one first baseman of that team was good. "Scoops" Carey was mediocre; Dan Brouthers, the powerful hitter, was unwieldy and past his prime when he reached Baltimore; Doyle was a transformed short stop and, like Hughie Jennings, his successor, played first base because in those days the first baseman was not supposed to do much throwing.

JOHN MCGRAW, also of the Orioles, was, in spite of his great reputation, a poor fielding third baseman. His strength was in his speed, daring and skill at bat. Keeler and Kelley were among the greatest of players, but Jennings was the one really inspired man of the aggregation, and Keeler, the marvel player, one of the greatest of all time. Wilbert Robinson, now manager of Brooklyn, and "Chicken Bill" Clarke, who for many years coached Princeton, were fine catchers, but the pitching staff never was good and was changed constantly. Everyone on that team excepting the catchers fought. They fought umpires, opposing players, spectators, and when not otherwise engaged fought each other.

The Tigers in their championship days were something like the old Orioles, depending upon dash and aggressiveness. They were led by Cobb and Crawford for scoring but, unlike the Baltimore team, they had great pitching and a variety of styles of it: Mullen being one of the finest curve ball pitchers, Wild Bill Donovan a great speed ball pitcher, and Sommers a knuckle ball hurler. Oddly enough (he confessed it to me many times), Hughie Jennings was a poor judge of pitchers. He said he could not tell, unless batting, whether a pitcher was good or bad. His team had a flawed infield and Bush, the best of them, came late in the championship era.

The combination of Crawford and

Cobb made the team. Cobb, beyond doubt, was the greatest of all greats in baseball, and Crawford (who looked like Mr. Pickwick) one of the best hitters of all time. Crawford was right behind Cobb in the batting order, and, without signals, hit the ball to protect the runner, adding much to Cobb's base running.

A comparison of the strong teams of Boston (which has had more super-teams than any other city) eliminates those of 1912 and 1915. The strength of these teams was largely in the attacking power of the outfielders — Duffy Lewis, Tris Speaker and Harry Hooper — and in the pitching, with Babe Ruth the leading left-hander in 1915.

By this process of elimination I reduced the number of teams with fair claims to being greatest to six: Anson's old White Stockings, the Boston team of 1897–98 under Frank Selee, the Chicago Cubs under Frank Chance, the Athletics in their previous championship days, the now infamous Chicago Black Sox, and the New York Yankees. It became necessary then to decide which of these six was the strongest. I studied the records of the men in each position and rated them from 1 to 6, concluding that the team which added up the lowest total because of strength in each position must have been the strongest.

Students of the game will have little trouble in agreeing on this rating in the majority of cases. Hal Chase undoubtedly was the best first baseman of all time, but he does not figure in this, as he never played on one of these super-teams. Fred Tenney, the Brown University catcher who became a first baseman, rates next and first among those six teams we are studying. Chance, because of his hitting, leadership and base running, rates second.

Few will dispute the fact that Lajoie, Evers, Eddie Collins, Link Lowe, Fred Pfeffer, and Rogers Hornsby have been the outstanding second basemen, which means that, in this study, we must rate Evers or Collins first. Evers was better than Collins when Collins was with the Athletics, and Collins the leader when he joined the White Sox, so I scored each a first.

Thus comparing the six men in each position, I reached the decision that the Boston team of 1897–1898 was the greatest ever to wear the same uniform at the same time. They ranked first in four positions, second in three, fourth in one and fifth in one. The Chicago Cubs rate second, the Chicago Black Sox third, the Athletics fourth, Yankees fifth, and Anson's team sixth.

The Boston team, ranking highest, was made up of Fred Tenney, first base; Robert Lincoln Lowe, second; Jimmy Collins, third; Herman Long, short; Hugh Duffy, Billy Hamilton and Chick Stahl, outfield; Marty Bergen and Charlie Ganzel, catchers; Kid Nichols, Jack Stivitts, Klobedanz and Hickman, pitchers. If we could add Cy Young and Louis Criger, who joined the team in its later development, there would be no argument at all.

But whether that team could beat the theoretical All-Time, All-American team is another problem. The All-Time team chosen by Spaldings years ago was based entirely on aver-

ages, which are misleading in many cases. In choosing for myself such a team, to compare with that Boston aggregation, I was forced to make a study of the work, in every department of the game, of more than three hundred players, gradually eliminating to get the most perfect men in each position. Among catchers I had to decide among Kelly, Ewing, Kling, Criger, Powers and Micky Cochrane, of the present Athletics. There was a long list of pitchers; Walsh, Johnson, Reulbach. Then there were Chief Bender, the Indian who was the best "money" pitcher of them all: that is, who pitched best when most depended upon it; Cicotte, Rusie, Joss Mordecai Brown, Cy Young and others. This does not include Waddell, Plank, Doc White, Rube Marquardt and other great left-handed pitchers. First and third base were comparatively easy with Chase, Chance, Tenney, Comiskey and Gehrig for first; and Jimmy Collins, Buck Weaver, Jere Denny, Bill Bradley and Harry Steinfeldt for third. After studying countless figures and consulting with dozens of players and managers, I decided that the All-Time, All-American team was:

First base, Hal Chase; second base, Napoleon Lajoie; short stop, Honus Wagner; third base, James Collins; left field, Babe Ruth; centre field, Bill Lange; right field, Tyrus Cobb; catchers, John Kling and Micky Cochrane; pitchers, (right-handed) Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson (left-handed), Rube Waddell.

I said it was doubtful whether that team could beat the Boston outfit because of the temperaments and characters of the players. Chase, for instance, was a reckless, gambling fellow who finally was dropped for crooked work. A left-handed thrower, he had extreme speed and ease of movement, making plays to second and third bases with lightning swiftness and matchless accuracy.

Lajoie was placid, easy going, and unaggressive. He was the most graceful player in history, making miraculous stops without an apparent effort. If he had possessed the fighting spirit and aggressiveness of Evers, he would have been without a rival. Jimmy Collins was a swaggering, rather handsome youth whose every move was as easy and natural as if it rather bored him to make plays, while Wagner, a ponderous, long armed, awkward appearing fellow, seemed as if he never would make a stop, yet always did.

Honus was one of the finest characters the game ever knew, slow to make friends but ever loyal; and how he loved his beer! But he always warned the youngsters against drinking. His favorite sport was fishing and it seemed as if he had half the deserted quarry holes in Western Pennsylvania stocked with bass. After a hard game he would be first to get dressed and would rush out, grab me and say: "Time for a few bass?"

I knew Honus when he first came into baseball as a pitcher. His brother was playing on the team. There was a salary limit and the manager needed another player, but could pay only $75 a month. The elder Wagner said his kid brother could play and the manager telegraphed an order for a ticket from Homestead, Pennsylvania, to Youngstown, Ohio. Just

after breakfast the next morning, four hours before the passenger train arrived, Honus appeared, covered with cinders and soot. He hadn't waited for the ticket, but had come by freight. He could throw and hit, but his terrific speed, without skill, killed off catchers. He tried other positions and, at Louisville after playing the outfield, became a short stop. The reason was that he made a throw from centre field to catch a runner at the plate and threw so hard that the force of the ball knocked the catcher, Charlie Dexter, a small man, back from the plate so far he couldn't touch the runner who scored. He was one of those players who help managers in handling youngsters and in teaching them.

RUTH, the best advertised of all players, is much misunderstood. He is a kindly, lovable, big boy, reckless and irresponsible until a few years ago. I think he is the most obliging big fellow the game ever knew, always willing to do anything for or with a friend.

Lange, the Ruth of his day, was jolly, reckless and irresponsible; one of those good-natured, happy fellows who drive managers wild. Weighing 230, standing six feet three, he possessed tremendous speed, and was one of the most daring and skilful base runners in the history of the sport, and, possibly excepting Speaker, the finest fielder it ever has known. Cobb was the fiery, fighting Southern type, a very likable man with a wild temper, and undoubtedly the greatest player of all time. Beside being the best base runner and hitter he was a magnificent fielder and a fine thrower until he hurt his arm, but it was his indomitable spirit that made him the leader. He fought for every point and fought his fellows if they did not battle as hard for victory as he did. I sat behind Cobb on the club house porch once with Germany Schaefer, watching him instead of the game. He moved before each pitch, and leaped in one or another direction each time a ball was thrown, never still for an instant and always tensely observant of every move made on the field.

MATHEWSON was perhaps the greatest pitcher we ever have had. Quiet, studious, slow to reach a conclusion but quick to act when he did, he would have succeeded at anything he attempted. He came from college at Bucknell into the major league as a fast curve ball pitcher. In the third year the strain of pitching fast curves weakened his arm. He studied a new system and commenced pitching slow balls and slow curves. Later, when the arm seemed entirely gone, he worked hour after hour for weeks until he mastered his "fadeaway," which kept him at the head of the pitchers for four more years.

Johnson, a big, quiet, steady-eyed fellow, was the king of speed pitchers. When he was using his "swift" he was unbeatable; but he really was a better pitcher after he lost his great speed and became a skilful slow curve and "mixup" pitcher, than when he relied upon speed alone.

I wanted once to see how fast Walter threw a ball, and warmed up with him. He warmed up slowly, and when I demanded to see his "swift" he grinned and threw a fast one, saying that was all he had. It was fast,

but not faster than others. Then, when he was ready to stop, he tilted back his broad shoulders a trifle and the ball knocked the mitt off my hands and rolled on. He threw it so fast I hardly managed to get the mitt in front of it.

Waddell was an eccentric, a giant with the mind of a ten-year old boy, perfectly tractable when not influenced by bad advice. I roomed with him one season on the road and we became great chums, because, I think, I always called him "Eddie" instead of Rube. He would come to the room about midnight, take a dollar from my pocket, send a boy for two oranges, a lemon pie and a bottle of beer, sit on the edge of the bed in his nightshirt while he consumed the supplies, and then sleep as an infant is supposed to sleep. He had terrific speed, a fast-breaking curve, and when he was interested (which he sometimes was not), he was unbeatable.

Kling was the most finished catcher I ever saw until this lad Cochrane came into the game to spoil the theory of us veterans that there are no great players being developed. He has everything Kling had excepting cunning; hits better, and is faster on the bases.

It would be a difficult team for managers and umpires to handle, and it is doubtful whether it would be a pennant winner if all of them, at their best, could be assembled; and, as a matter of opinion, I would wager a hat the old Boston team, with Herman Long spurring it on, would beat it out in a long series.

Miss Loop

By Edith Orr

Portrait of a Good Soul

She was not comparable in all respects to a camel; no not exactly; yet every year when June came around and the family visit to Barnum's circus was in order, when we stood, father, mother, Ted and I, before the enclosure where the camels munched with swinging jaws their endless cuds, I thought of Miss Loop, and wondered (though the question seemed too indecent ever to be asked) if the rest of them were not thinking of her, too.

The camel's head, smallish for the vast size of the creature, was a long way from the ground, and so was Miss Loop's; it terminated a curving, gangling neck, and so did Miss Loop's; it lifted its long and brittle legs with concentration, with circumspection, as if all its spiritual dignity but just sufficed to keep its undulating bulk in equilibrium, and just so moved Miss Loop; as if, for both of them, the external order to which they were subject pressed so close, that it must be, from moment to moment, kept at bay by an attitude of conscious self-sufficiency.

The camel's upper lip drew back uneasily, and its expression was of peevishness, anger, contempt. Miss Loop's upper lip trembled and bared her teeth (which were long, like the camel's, and yellowish), but the expression on her lips, even when her glazy eyes confessed anguish or irritation, was bland, timid, conciliating.

The camel, an exotic animal, once a beast of burden, now a show for a children's holiday, was a thrilling sight to see, an agreeable subject for meditation. Miss Loop was a nightmare. She hung like a cloud-wrapped mountain frowning over years and years of my infancy.

I really had wanted, before I knew Miss Loop, to go to Sunday School. Other children came back from the Infant Class bearing picture cards decorated with doves and lilies above a printed Golden Text. But when I attained to it, Sunday School was without glamour; a vapid spectacle merely, in which Miss Loop took all the parts. Myself and two or three dozen other infants functioned as chorus, huddled in the front pews of the church, which, the service over and the congregation departed, swelled out vast and cavernous, full of strange echoes, smelling of plush and withering flowers.

We recited "The Lord is my shepherd," led by Miss Loop. She played

Onward, Christian Soldiers, and sang so loud in a shrieking soprano that our treble pipings were quite drowned out, like the modest fiddling of crickets in the grass when a white-throat sings in a neighboring tree. We were too young to be entitled to Sunday School leaflets, but from one of her own Miss Loop expounded in words of one syllable, painfully, conscientiously, plucked and assembled, the lessons to be learned from Abraham's projected sacrifice of Isaac. In the end we did receive a card apiece with "Suffer little children to come unto Me" upon it, but there was no rapture in its acquisition, for Miss Loop was busy herding us out in seemly order, and in rebuking the little boys who tried to get possession of two cards.

NOBODY liked the Infant Class; we only pretended we did to those who were not yet eligible. Nobody liked Miss Loop; we never spoke of her but as "She." When she spoke to us we dropped our eyes, not in humility, but invaded with a dislike for the expression of which experience had as yet provided no technique.

But we kept on going to the Infant Class. There was something imperative and official about it, and about Miss Loop; once we had been committed to them, they could no more be evaded than day school or the process of growing up. To grow as fast as possible was indeed our only hope. Some day we should escape to the regular Sunday School; and the musty, red-plush pews that smelled like sweet potatoes, the light through stained-glass windows, would become associated with church-going exclusively; under the same hierarchy, to be sure, for the minister was Miss Loop's brother-in-law, and it was partly that relationship which lent her authority.

Miss Loop lived in Mr. Moffat's house, but they were never seen together, any more than the sun and the moon.

THERE was nothing really objectionable about Mr. Moffat. He was pale and slight, with a broad, shiny brow from which the sandy hair was receding; the lower part of his face as he stood in the pulpit was always in shadow, but when you met him on the street there was a pleasant light, quite colorless, in his eyes, and a kindly smile, presented to you surreptitiously under cover from your elders. He had two voices: an everyday voice, and a rolling, pulpit voice that fell into lower and ever more resounding depths, extricated itself with a grating sound, and in the middle register expanded in astounding crescendos. In church he pronounced worship *wahship* and hearts *her-r-rts*, but though I listened for his week-day version I never heard it: they seemed to be altogether Sunday words.

Mrs. Moffat was difficult to conceive as Miss Loop's sister, and yet did faintly resemble her. She was younger, straighter, not so tall, and if she had been a little different would have been almost pretty. She had three little girls, and a baby who looked like a girl but was named Thomas after his father. The little girls were all very good, and it was a trial to be asked to play with them.

The big Sunday School we did attain at last, the classes held in the vestry and presided over as a whole

by Mr. Spinney in mutton-chop whiskers and a black frock coat. Mr. Spinney, with a prayer, a hymn and a few inspiring words, would pilot us on our way and then retire from the platform to the northeast corner of the room, where he conducted clandestinely a Bible Class of people who looked old enough to be fathers and mothers or even teachers, and so beyond the need of any instruction whatsoever. We remained in the southwest corner, two facing benches full, in charge of Mrs. Maple, who lisped and did not, like an ordinary day school teacher, regard whispering as a misdemeanor; in due course, unless our parents moved to another town or embraced another denomination, we should ourselves make port in the Bible Class, now far, far away.

We had escaped Miss Loop, seemingly forever.

But the exigencies of education were vaster and more severe than ever one had imagined. The dominion of Miss Loop was vaster.

MY EIGHTH birthday arrived and it became incumbent upon me to learn to play the piano. To play the piano it was necessary to "take" either of Mrs. Harlow or Miss Loop. Mrs. Harlow had studied in Germany and, in marrying, abandoned a career. She would be bothered with no child who did not show evidence of being a prodigy, unless that child had been sufficiently grounded by some other teacher. There was no royal road to Mrs. Harlow, and the common one led through Miss Loop.

Miss Loop descended upon us; attacked us in our very home. Twice every week, peering through the window, I caught sight of her approaching in her swaying, ill-balanced gait, climbing the steps, ringing the bell. My turn came first. I sat upon one end of the bench, she upon the other, her head reaching the top of the upright piano, mine scarcely above the keyboard, while I demonstrated how little progress in fingering the scale I had made from Tuesday to Friday.

After she was through with me, I escaped and tried to forget her, while my brother Ted was deposited upon the bench for his half-hour of torture.

We hated her. Nobody but Ted knew how much I hated Miss Loop; nobody knew as I did how he hated her. It never occurred to me to tell any one else. One had, of course, to play the piano; one had to learn from Miss Loop. We did not conceal from our parents that music had no charms for us; but only tried to explain our objection to practising.

IT HAD been told us that Miss Loop, if displeased by too many false notes, would rap upon our knuckles with her own bony fingers; but this she never did. Her attitude, to be just, was always mild, even propitiatory. She only droned: *one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .* or *one . . . two . . . three* in a voice that was intended to be as impersonal as a metronome, but that, unconsciously to herself, followed the tune. Rapping on the knuckles would have been on the whole easier to bear, for it would have justified reprisals.

Miss Loop had been teaching me for a year; my bi-weekly music lessons no longer consisted of scales and exercises only; the second of each was dedicated to the execution of a "piece" to which I was expected to

look forward with joy. But pieces, though not so excruciating, moment by moment, as scales, had in them a latent horror; in that, once you had mastered them, you might be lawfully called upon to perform them in public, in the family circle or for the entertainment of callers. There was no object, therefore, in getting those little black spots off the page and out, by way of your fingers, as sounds.

THE name of the current piece was *Minuet*, and it was written by one whom Miss Loop insisted on your calling, in defiance of its spelling, "Motesart." My father professed to have agreeable though mysterious associations with this composition, and looked forward to my being able to present it in a form answerable to his own expectations. This evidence of culture on the part of a mere parent was pleasing to Miss Loop; she shared with my father the secret of *Minuet's* having a more than intrinsic charm.

Though she shook her head sadly over my feeling none, of technical perfection she refused to despair: she was really quite unreasonable about something she called *legato*. She had left on a Tuesday with the parting word that she would expect a perfect performance of the *Minuet* on Friday.

On Friday Miss Loop was a little late, and the wild hope sprang up in me that perhaps something might happen which never had happened before — Miss Loop might not come at all.

But at ten minutes past the hour Miss Loop arrived, and not alone; with her was the second of her sister's children. I was expected to shake hands with this child and say that I was glad to see her. I did so, sulkily, noting that Miss Loop's bonnet was awry, and her face flushed and blotchy.

MISS LOOP'S niece was already known to me and was in every way objectionable. She was an object of contempt, in the first place, by being three whole years younger than myself, and out of my world altogether with respect to studies and games. She was a good child: when other children were noisy and rude, mothers would say to them: "See how good Sophronia is!" Her very name was a barrier to intimacy; there were Graces and Louises, Ruths and Ethels; but there simply were no Sophronias. I avoided pronouncing her name at all, for mollifying nicknames were unknown among the Moffats and the Loops. She was a pale child with a high forehead like her father's; her flaxen hair was drawn tight back and braided into two skinny braids. She wore that day a plaid dress whose dominant color was maroon, and over it a stiffly starched white "tier."

Miss Loop vouchsafed no explanation of the presence of Sophronia; like most external events in my experience it remained inexplicable and causeless. She placed her tenderly in a large plush rocker and turned at once to the business of putting me through my scales and exercises. I stumbled through them, conscious, though I could not see her, in every stubborn finger, of Sophronia hearing me corrected for running my thumb under prematurely, or for ending a scale on the third finger.

"That will do for the scales," pro-

nounced Miss Loop at last, and turned to smile reassuringly at her niece.

Sophronia did not respond. From the depths of the red plush rocker arose a despairing snuffle.

"Darling!" cried Miss Loop aghast; and Sophronia burst into loud sobs. Miss Loop deserted the bench, bent in an arc above Sophronia, crooning over her. Then she lifted her in her arms, brought her limp and unprotesting to the bench, seated her, protected by an encircling arm, upon it, at the other end from me. I was not obliged to look at Sophronia, but I was unpleasantly conscious of the nearness of Miss Loop.

I BEGAN the *Minuet*. My right elbow struck into Miss Loop as I played:

"Tum tum-ti tum-ti *tum*-ti-tum."

Sophronia drew in her breath in ascending sniffs.

"*Tum* tum-ti tum-ti tum-ti-tum-ti-tum . . ."

"Oh . . . Oh . . . Oh! . . ." moaned Sophronia.

"Don't pay any attention to her," admonished Miss Loop in an aside to me.

"Tum tum-ti tum-ti tum-ti-*tum* . . . ti-tum-ti tum-tum tum-tee."

"I want to go ho-o-ome!" wailed Sophronia.

Miss Loop regarded her not. She beat time: "*One, two-and, three-and, one-and two . . . three . . .*" intoning, as usual; and when Sophronia's sobs waxed louder, bidding me parenthetically not to notice.

"Tum tum-ti tum-ti *tum*-ti-tum."

"*One, two-and, three-and, one-and, two, three,*" went Miss Loop, louder and louder, till it was as if she were singing and I playing a feeble accompaniment.

After all, half an hour can not last forever.

My mother was in the room. She was talking to Miss Loop anxiously, sympathetically. Her sympathy was all with Miss Loop and with Sophronia. She gave Sophronia a chocolate cooky and paid no attention whatever to me.

"All day," whispered Miss Loop. "She has been with me like this all day, poor child. The others are with their grandmother; but after all . . . at her age . . . four of them, you know . . . we couldn't expect it."

A tear, proportionate to the size of Miss Loop, rolled down her long cheek. My mother reached up (she was a small woman) and patted Miss Loop's shoulder.

After Sophronia and Miss Loop were gone she did not speak; she looked as if she were going to cry herself.

Ted had all the luck; his lesson was forgotten altogether.

THE next day it somehow reached me that the Moffats had another baby — a girl — and that Mrs. Moffat was dead. My idea was that this was all of a piece with the emotional instability of the family; but as an event the death of Mrs. Moffat was a thing apart, and the sobs of Sophronia and the misplaced bonnet of Miss Loop were things apart.

A delicious period, as if in answer to all my prayers, now set in. No more music lessons, at least for the present. It was spring; flannels were discarded and gingham frocks put on. The buttercups and daisies were up.

We were digging in the garden and planting pansies out of boxes from the grocer's. Miss Loop was only a memory.

But it was the nature of school and music lessons to go on forever; you could only escape them for a little while. Vacation was over and Miss Loop began her rounds again. Once a week was all she had time for now; she was busy at home, looking after Mr. Moffat and the five little Moffats. She had no time even for the Infant Class at Sunday School, and it had passed to the hands of Miss Mervin, who had curly hair and dimples, and was recognized by me as almost young.

But for two long years more I must suffer Miss Loop, and wrestle with minor scales, the sonatine of Clementi and the *Songs Without Words*. I played them till I could bear it no longer. I broke forth and told my mother that I hated music, and please couldn't I stop "taking."

I DO stop taking music lessons. But by no special dispensation; Miss Loop has quite ceased to give them. She has retired altogether into private life, which somehow seems as indecorous for a woman so large and so accustomed to being in the public eye as for the average housewife to emerge from it.

I am occupied with my own life, to the exclusion of all thoughts of Miss Loop. Before long I shall be entering my teens, and already the sentimental shadow of adolescence is over me. Music no longer being connected in any way with Miss Loop, my gymnastics upon the keyboard no longer obligatory, they take on the seduction of the forbidden. From my mother's portfolio I extract *The Dying Poet* and play it to myself toward nightfall. I borrow the waltzes of Chopin from a more accomplished friend, and lose myself in those sounds by which the nameless yearnings of adolescence are both excited and assuaged.

I AM sorry now that I used to say I hated music. I play the waltz in C-sharp minor quite loud, hoping that some one will hear me, be amazed at the sudden flowering of my genius, and insist that it must at all costs be developed.

I have pictured myself in the music room of Mrs. Harlow, or perhaps in the studio of Mr. Watching, who has recently returned from Vienna with his hair worn like Mr. Paderewski's and a flowing Windsor tie. On the whole I rather incline to Mr. Watching.

A hint to my mother, artfully offhand, raises a little ripple in the cautious blankness of her countenance, a ripple that reaches the surface before my tone can have reached the depths. I am uneasy; she looks persuadable too soon.

Nor does the conversation I presently overhear seem to me of good omen. My mother is talking with my grandmother and my youngest unmarried aunt. A name is uttered which calls me up into everyday life out of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*.

"As good a soul as ever lived, Maria Loop!" maintains my grandmother with what seems to me a quite inappropriate indignation.

"Turned out after all these years to live in that one miserable little room!" adds my aunt. She also

seems indignant. I have noticed before this that grown people, especially women, are always indulging in conversational part songs, in which the emotional tone given by the first voice is echoed by the others, rather by way of compliment than from a common intellectual conviction.

"It's a shame!" says my mother. "And those children all she had to live for!"

IT TAKES careful listening to make out why my grandmother is indignant at the goodness of Miss Loop, and why Miss Loop is to be turned out, and why she has no longer Sophronia and the other little Moffats to live for. And even when the major fact is plain it seems both uninteresting in itself and quite without bearing on my own concerns. Mr. Moffat is about to be married to Miss Mervin, that is all; to Miss Mervin of the curls and dimples, lingering till now unculled in the Infant Class. I return to my book.

My mother is speaking again. Again I hear the bodeful name of Loop.

"She was!" maintains my mother. "She was, she was, she was!"

Her tone is low and mysterious. It's very quiet, and her shameless use of a word that has begun for me to tingle with strange overtones, arouses me. I feel it expedient to keep my eyes still upon the page.

"No!" cries my aunt. Incredulity is now the note.

"In love with him," repeats my mother, firmly. "He was always around the house . . . and he liked her well enough, too. It's my belief he'd have married her if Rachel hadn't come back from school about the time he got his first charge."

"Oh, no!" protests my aunt. She has not emerged from the romantic age into which I am entering. Doubtless these alleged indiscretions of Miss Loop's seem as indecent to her as they do to me. Miss Loop presuming to have been in love! It is not pathetic; it is not funny; it is simply to be forgotten lest the idea shatter one's world to fragments.

LATER in the day my mother says, without looking at me: "Miss Loop could come tomorrow for your first lesson."

"But I don't want to take lessons of Miss Loop!"

"Ellen!" begins my mother, experimenting with sternness. . . .

"All over again — as if I were a baby!"

The sternness has not quite come off; she decides to be pleading. She has an object other than discipline, an object that has nothing whatever to do with my desires or my welfare. "Please be a good girl, and do as mother wishes. If you work hard and practise as you should, it may not be for long. Miss Loop . . . isn't very well."

This is a euphemism for childish ears, as I know; I understand it perfectly and I scorn it.

The shadow is falling. I look out of the window. There she is, her high shoulders stooping as she gathers her skirts around her to ascend the steps; her vast bulk swaying, her upper lip drawn back, tremulous, apologetic, though her eyes see nothing but an unopened front door.

I frown and stamp my foot. I want to cry. It is no use . . . I hate her.

The Passing of the Liberal College

By Raymond J. Gray

An educator discusses a problem upon the solution of which, he says, depends the future of American culture and, perhaps, of the nation itself

A former Harvard professor of philosophy expresses the fear that certain tendencies in our educational system will, if unchecked, destroy that unique feature of American education — the four year liberal college. It is to be regretted that the professor's warning comes too late. Unmistakable evidence indicates that what was formerly the liberal college has everywhere either entirely disappeared or is fast disappearing. The disintegration, it is true, has been gradual, often imperceptible; yet the decline has roots that reach far into the past.

Half a century ago, a number of American educators began to ridicule the old-fashioned classical course, to which the liberal college from time immemorial has been committed, as unsuitable to our time and country. These critics pointed out that there was not enough science in the curriculum and insisted that the education received in this type of institution was narrow and impractical. As a result a movement was started to reform the college, this reformation usually taking the shape of a revamped curriculum in which a large place was devoted to the sciences and to what were ambitiously termed the newer humanities, history, economics, political science, and sociology. With the introduction of the elective system the transformation of the college seemed assured. Despite changes so radical, many colleges for a while retained the old spirit of discipline and culture, and as an aid to these continued to lay emphasis on the study of the ancient languages, but the original unity and purpose of the institution had been broken. Practical ideals had replaced literary and cultural ideals. Thenceforth the disintegration of the liberal college was a mere matter of time.

As early as 1898 Harry Thurston Peck, writing of these changes in the college, could state: "By throwing its doors wide open to every one and for every purpose, and by losing all perception of its original

design, its chief importance and its noblest influence are vanishing away — lost in the well-nigh universal reign of the commonplace." Even more striking are the words of President Schurman of Cornell, who in his Report of 1907 declared: "The college is without clear-cut notions of what a liberal education is and how it is to be secured, . . . and the pity of it is that this is not a local or special disability, but a paralysis affecting every college of arts in America." Not long after this admission Professors Kelsey, West, Paul Shorey, and others made a brilliant but unsuccessful attack upon the innovators and attempted to arouse a nation-wide interest in training in the classics, but the effort was too late, and the nation refused to listen.

By 1915 the transformation of the college had made great advances. That year happened to mark the hundredth anniversary of Allegheny College. The president of the institution, Dr. William H. Crawford, took occasion of the event to invite a distinguished group of educators to discuss the present status and probable future of the American college. The results were very significant of the trend of the times.

Dean Charles H. Haskins of Harvard sounded the keynote of the conference when he said: "The time has come when we might as well admit frankly, however much we may deplore the fact, that for the great body of our college students the classics have lost their hold as the basis of general education."

Professor Shorey, after insisting upon the cultural value of literature, called attention to "the hostility to serious literary study as a part of the college curriculum sometimes manifested by the system-mongers, the prophets of pseudo-science, the pedagogical psychologists, the men of one trademark idea, who are seeking to dominate the education and the intellectual life of our time."

Professor Conklin of Princeton affirmed that "In not a few institutions scientific studies overshadow all others and we have passed from the condition of a generation ago, when science was merely tolerated in the curriculum, to one in which the question is frequently asked whether we are not in danger of losing our classics and humanities."

An accurate analysis of the changes going on was given by Alexander Meiklejohn, then President of Amherst: "We are just emerging from a period in which the college has been regarded as a part of the university and has been identified with the whole in essential attitude and spirit. But the day of that confusion is rapidly closing. The one confusion which does today threaten our understanding of the function of the college is that which identifies it with the professional school, which declares that there is no genuine education which is not really professional which characterizes the belief in a 'liberal education,' separate from and independent of vocational and professional study, as an idle creation of dream and fancy."

From 1915 to 1918 interest in liberal studies further gave way to interest in the sciences and in subjects of immediate practical service to the individual. This period, like

the years immediately preceding it, is marked by a growing movement in favor of the technical, the commercial, and the cosmopolitan high school as opposed to the former type — the academic or college preparatory school. Even in the East, where private secondary establishments had ever been most flourishing, the tendency toward a practical as contrasted with a cultural education was very noticeable. But it was especially in the West and Middle West that the rapid multiplication of cosmopolitan public high schools definitely decided the struggle in favor of a complete separation of the high school from the college. The former was to be the people's university — an institution complete in itself which prepared one for life rather than for college. During this same period the remarkable growth of state universities offering a wide curriculum and including departments devoted to agriculture, commerce and finance, pharmacy, home-economics — subjects not requiring a cultural background — contributed much to the decline of the liberal college.

Above all, it was after the World War, when in a few years the attendance at secondary and higher educational institutions doubled and tripled, that the collegiate ideals of culture and scholarship suffered their rudest shock. By this time Greek had disappeared from the courses of study of almost all public high schools and Latin, English, and the humanistic branches were declining more than ever. Entrance examinations had given way in most places to a system of standardized credits which allowed students to remove with ease from one institution to another. It was at this juncture that, to supply deficiencies caused by lack of proper training in high schools, the first two years of college definitely assumed a secondary character. Everywhere pre-medical, pre-legal, and other pre-professional courses were introduced, and these began to exert a powerful and derogatory influence on the curriculum of the liberal college. Nor must one overlook the confusion caused by the operation of the elective system. Even the somewhat later expedient of group majors and minors had not much remedied matters. But especially it had not contributed to making the college a more liberal institution; rather by introducing early specialization, it had helped more than anything else to assure the domination of the professional school over the college.

The actual situation of the college was perhaps best outlined by Dean Kelly, of Minnesota, who in 1925 with the aid of a subvention from the Commonwealth Fund of New York made a scientific investigation into the current problems of the American Arts College. Dr. Kelly found the aim of the college of arts and sciences to be three-fold: (1) preparatory, supplementing the work of the lower schools; (2) cultural, in preparation for a non-vocational life; (3) vocational, looking toward a career in business, or in the professions.

That an institution having such different purposes can not be a unified institution is evident. That an institution which at the same time admits of a vocational and a non-

vocational aim is not the traditional liberal college is also evident. And this opinion is confirmed by modern educators when, in referring to what appears to be the same institution, they speak of the junior college and the senior college.

Dr. Kelly makes use of this terminology and believes that the first two aims, namely the preparatory and the cultural, should be confined — as in reality they usually are confined — to the first two years of the college, that vocational and specialized training should occupy, by preference, the second two years. He discovers that great harm has resulted from the separation of the high school from the college, and no less than three times in his study insists on the need of a closer correlation between the two, appealing to the general sentiment among educators that unity between the high school and especially the first two years of college must be brought about. This unity, he says, is so essential that it seems likely the junior college will grow as an upward extension of the high school, thus bringing under one organization the entire period of general cultural education.

OTHERS beside Dr. Kelly have drawn attention to the great difference that at present exists between the upper and lower divisions of the college. In his 1927 Report President Lowell of Harvard finds the distinction particularly true of state universities: "There, as elsewhere, the first two years are in the main a continuation of secondary education, the more so as they are obliged to admit the product of the public schools with comparatively little discrimination. . . . After the first two years of college in these universities the student habitually, though not always, begins his professional studies in law, medicine, or business; or if he aims to be a college teacher, in the subjects that he is to carry farther in the graduate school. In short, the first two years in the college are secondary, the last two commonly professional." President Lowell then outlines the system in vogue at Harvard, where the division occurs at the end of the freshman year; the three following years being devoted to some particular department of study, called a field of concentration.

IN *School and Society* for September 3, 1927, Professor J. B. Johnston of the University of Minnesota writes a lengthy explanation of what constitutes the junior and senior colleges in a college of liberal arts, based upon actual experience in that institution. The details are largely the same as those advocated by Dr. Kelly. Previously in the same publication Professors Carl Holliday of the University of Toledo and Frederick M. Tisdel of the University of Missouri discussed the question of the encroachment of the professional school upon the college. Professor Holliday, after affirming that probably three-fourths of the energy and time in the average college of liberal arts is devoted to being a mere *feeder* to medical schools, dental schools, law schools, business schools, etc., suggests that the only way of keeping the liberal arts college from disappearing entirely is to set up a training college for the professions which will relieve it of work

not its own. Professor Tisdel declares this plan impractical and urges the division of the college into a junior and senior section; and the trend of the times and the practice of the majority of institutions strongly incline toward this solution.

Thus we see that no matter how one views the situation the fact remains that wherever the liberal arts college has not actually disappeared its existence is gravely imperiled. Those who are responsible for the dismemberment of the college appear to have destroyed a traditional institution with definite aims and methods without substituting anything very definite in its place. Such, at least, is the conviction of that large body of educators who look with alarm at the rapid decline of culture so conspicuous on every hand. We are here reminded of a prophecy made some twelve years ago: "One of the slight compensations for the World War which is now raging [it was said] is that we are likely to hear less in the future of that much abused word 'Culture.'"

SELDOM have words been more literally fulfilled. And though the professor admitted at the time that the expression stood for "something real and good," like many others he seems to have believed that science would somehow or other take the place of culture and supply mankind with all that culture had so long supplied. Time has disabused most of us of this notion.

In one of his recent annual Reports, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, after bewailing the evils of the narrow specialization to which our universities have everywhere devoted themselves, exclaims: "One is forced to raise the very far-reaching question whether we have not destroyed the ideal of the liberally educated man and with it the liberally educated man himself."

AS IN 1915 Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn was one of the first to realize the gravity of the dangers that threatened the college, so now he is one of the most earnest in endeavoring to find a solution to the perplexities of the present situation. At the invitation of President Frank of the University of Wisconsin he has set up an experimental college in that institution in which he hopes to develop a new type of liberal college better adapted to our times than the old classical school. By reason of his eminent attainments and large experience, Dr. Meiklejohn is perhaps the most competent person in the educational world to undertake such an experiment. Should he fail (the possibility in a matter so difficult and important must be envisaged), it would appear that nothing remains but either to bring back the four year liberal college, or to join the first two years of college to the high school and attempt to make the latter a liberal institution — undoubtedly a herculean task. Never has higher education in the United States been confronted with a graver and more disturbing problem — a problem upon the solution of which depends not only the future of American culture and scholarship but, mayhap, the future of the Nation itself; for the ideals of a country are largely determined by the sentiments of its liberal minded and liberally educated citizens.

Six Flags in the Rigging

By Winfred Rhoades

In Praise of Unrecorded Gallantry

When that strange mixture of greatness and littleness, Admiral Nelson, hoisted six flags into the rigging of his flagship at the beginning of the Battle of the Nile, he did one of the greater things of his career, and made his valor sufficient for an entire fleet.

In ships and guns the odds were against him. Very well, then; spirit shall be mightier than brute matter. What he had done for his own body, he who had already had one arm shot away in battle, and one eye put out, and at the outset had started life with the handicap of small stature and a frail constitution, that he would do for the body of men who looked to him for leadership. Up with the ensign into the rigging! Up with another, there! And another, yonder! And another, and another, and another! Flaunt six of them before the eyes of the enemy! If shot and shell strike with deadly aim, let no one think the Admiral has lowered his flag. Though his ship be sunk beneath him, he will at any rate go down showing still some sign of courage and non-surrender.

The struggler who will not give up the fight though the odds are heavy against him, challenges always the admiration of the ages. Let him be one who leads a battle fleet unfaltering when conditions are ominous, or one who forces himself to go where never man has gone before on mountain top or in ice, or one who leaps forth an eager champion of the oppressed in the face of a hostile nation, or one who stands with back to the wall and persists to an unconquered death in the struggle for a better earth — the world loves the man who puts up a plucky fight.

But there are multitudes fighting lustily who can never lead hosts, nor go far afield on great adventure, nor be the far-famed champions of brave causes, who also flaunt through thick and thin the banners of the unvanquishable spirit, and keep high the symbols of the transcendent worth of heroic struggle against whatever odds confront the human soul.

On a city hilltop, in a quiet room, a man who had done valuable service for his fellows found his life slowly and painfully wasting away. During his sickness he invented an engine of a new type, laboring sorely over the drawings. The interview about putting it upon the market came at a

time when disease had taken away his power of speech. But not his resolved spirit. "We were at it hammer and tongs from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. . . . But you sure would have smiled to see me talking with a typewriter." (I do not alter a word or a punctuation mark; he knew better, but the style is the frolic waving of the flags that this man had hoisted into his rigging.)

"I DON'T know whether or not I told you," said he, "that I haven't been able to speak for a couple of months. If the cancer clears up, my speech will probably come back. If it don't, I won't need any. It *was* funny trying to do business answering questions and hammering home points with the typewriter. However, being dumb is certainly not as bad as being blind or deaf, for if you're deaf you put the other fellow to the task of doing the writing." In another letter written during this period he said, to a correspondent who had expressed sympathy for his troubles: "The idea of anybody having troubles. Bunk! Course, in the old days I used to go to a vaudeville show sometimes and then — well, of course, then one couldn't help feeling sorry for the performers till one remembered they didn't know any better. But the idea of sorrow in the real world! Tush! man! tush! And a couple of pish-pishes! Say, a real fellow hasn't time to be sorry except for the people that are sorry, and most of them only think they are."

Thus he made his spirit mightier than brute matter. And though the language can scarcely be accused of being Miltonic, is not the spirit one with that of the poet who accepted his new affliction of blindness with the gallant words:

> . . . I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward.

The man of engines and mines, — the man of books and the study both are in the same great fellowship of those who make limitation lead to the ampler freedom, and from hindrance compel the greater enlargement, and force perversity of lot to lead only to the finer achievement. Milton, finding "wisdome at one entrance quite shut out," resolves:

> So much the rather then celestial light
> Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
> Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
> Of things invisible to mortal sight.

WHEN a man is able to be in the thick of things, the world demands, "What are you accomplishing with your powers?" But when affliction grips him with inexorable hand, then the world looks with penetrating eyes to see how some more important questions are being answered. What are you proclaiming as your answer to the meaning of life? Are you letting yourself, because you have troubles, become crushed, embittered, faithless, and a plague to those you meet, because of your complainings? Are you putting on the face of one who looks at life grimly, resentfully, sullenly? Are you betraying the soul of man, flinching, declining the opportunity life has given, with your own hands hauling down the flag from the masthead? Or are you running up more

flags, and then still more, in the midst of the woes of life, banners brave with the spirit of high resolve? And are you standing gloriously for the honor and dignity of the soul of man, a steadfast witness to triumphant faith in Life and its movement toward some "far-off Divine event"? Are you so taking the hard experiences as they fall upon you, that your heart becomes ever more warm to all earth's fellowship of need, and your face turns ever more eagerly and resolvedly toward the Ineffable and Eternal Life through which alone can any life find true meaning and a satisfying goal?

He who had been avid of accomplishment, and had chosen the hard things of life as his preferred task, can find that, deprived of the opportunities he had longed for, he still faces Opportunity. His bed becomes a battle-field. Portentous shapes draw near out of the dark, and line themselves up before him. Then must be waged fights for the empire of spirit over body, for the triumph of trust over sullen despondency, for willingness to accept life, for inner peace, for outward show of high affiance, for trust in God as really Love and Light, for utter confidence in a just and satisfying outcome of life.

The martyr to heartache who insists on burning his own smoke and scorns to let his speech become a poisoned smudge of complainings, who wins the battle for the possession of his soul and refuses to be the craven slave of the dismals, who enlarges his confidence in life and binds his soul to the conception of a greater God — is not he, no less than the man who flaunts six banners in the rigging of his ship in a physical battle, to be accounted among the world's victors? There is no greater triumph than that of living with victorious spirit in the midst of all that makes for defeat.

James Russell Lowell got close to the heart of the matter in the words he wrote about the author of the *Divine Comedy*. "Looked at outwardly," he says, "the life of Dante seems to have been an utter and disastrous failure"; but in reality it was "that rarest earthly phenomenon, a man of genius who could hold heartbreak at bay for twenty years, and would not let himself die till he had done his task."

But I come back to the thought I love to dwell upon. However fine the inspiration from the Dantes and such as they, and those who celebrate their fame, the world is also being lifted to higher levels of living continually by the numbers who, animated by no spark of genius, but obscure, nameless strugglers in lowly places, nevertheless likewise catch the vision of a life of conquest, and learn somewhat of the glory of being stout-hearted and gallant, however great the odds. Theirs not to tread quarter-decks, nor to write words of lustrous gleam. In humble shop, or patient kitchen, or bed of pain, or path of daily disappointment, they wage their unrecorded battles. Yet they, too, are part of the world's strength, and are not without importance in helping it onward toward its slow-coming, transcendent consummation.

In all ages men love the stories of those who have stood with back to

the wall and, rejoicing in their strength, faced the foe stoutly. Let there be also a song for those I speak of, whose battle is not with things the arm of flesh can reach, but who, prone and sore beset, staunchly fight the antagonists of the soul, and fight to win. Shorn of the things the world holds dearest, they make the very pangs of suffering teach them to lay hold on joys yet greater and more dear. Shut into a world of unbroken silence, deprived of the light of the eyes, bed-bound by invincible disease, deprived of heart's desire, dogged through the years by adverse fortune and seeing no deliverance — whatever the condition, they take life still as a precious gift from God and keep faith in its final issues. In the darkness they feel their way forward to a light which they never cease to believe will greet them somewhere in the future, and go through their days with souls unconquered. And others who see their banners flying walk the braver because of them.

A MAN longs for success; and that is success. Success lies in showing to the world that the condition of the body is only an incident, and that the life of the spirit can be brave and happy and effective, no matter what comes to the flesh.

"Away with the idea that we are waiting between trains!" So says a letter that reached me, by one of the fortuities that add spice to life, from one who had spent ten years in the sick chamber, and many more enduring keen physical anguish while trying to work. The letter goes on: "Extensive horizons meet our eyes, alluring and beautiful though mist-concealed. Our minds catch vistas of a spiritual universe before which we stand in breathless awe and wonder. . . . The former ideas I held of 'patient waiting,' 'enforced vacations,' 'passive endurance,' etc., are all flown away by now. The experience is not one to be endured with as good grace as possible, but to be *used* as a developer and educator."

THAT which Brown, Jones and Robinson look upon as a calamitous frustration of life, may be the clear way to Life — "life in fuller measure in every way save one, the physical," as my letter has it. Satisfactions that once appeared preëminent sink now in the scale of estimates, and things that in the mad onrush of other days were passed by with heed too small are hugged as among life's greatest boons. The hard and compelling providences which at first appear to drive joy and beauty out of life may in splendid truth become, as this struggler at last found, a source of beauty. One who is not able even to explore the house in which he lives, may yet learn to turn keys in his own inner self that had long rusted in the locks; and may at last, after many years in which he thought he had no time, throw open windows all encrusted with dirt and cobwebs, and give his eyes a sweep and stretch of vision from which in days past they had been disastrously shut off.

The struggles that life forces upon a man proclaim one thing of capital importance. The real business of life, they say, is with the soul, and its triumph is the one thing that finally matters. If a man can not control outward circumstances, he

can at any rate resolve to keep them from controlling his spirit and making it their slave. He can swallow his own pills and not force their bitterness upon other people. He can be tremendously interested in things outside of himself, and to the feverish, undisciplined world manifest a high heart and a triumphing spirit.

Few can do deeds of the kind that history delights to acclaim. But it is also service to greaten and sweeten and enlighten the world's spirit in ways that will never be heard of, so that those whom one meets shall be more inclined to seek and follow truth, to speak and act from thought and not from passion, and to live in relations of great-heartedness to all with whom they have to do.

Domremy

By Mary Lindsley

I said to her, "Jehanne, the lark gives tongue
On the Burgundians' flower-grown redoubt.
Your eyes are like the tide that ebbs among
The shifting shells, and draws the seaweed out
With a soft sighing; and the year is young,
And a long whispering blows the grass about."
I said, "Jehanne, the vines and wild weeds creep
About your sabots and your slumbering sheep
Whose silver bells ring merrily and low."
She said, "Do you hear trumpets by the Keep?"
And I turned paler; but I answered, "No."

I said, "Jehanne, the old wives sit all day,
Stooped in their doorways, winding scarlet yarn,
While the brown-footed urchins send the hay
Cascading from the rafters of the barn,
Until their mothers call them from their play,
And kiss the little coats they brush and darn."
I said, "Jehanne, enough for you and me,
Sweet milk, bright pewter, peace in Domremy.
That blinding light will soften on your face."
She said, "It beats from flames you can not see."
And I said, "No," but grieved a little space.

I said, "Jehanne, ours is a God of love,
Cradling the broken sparrows in His breast.
He dwells in church and cottage. Lamb and dove
Are His; and His the happy bridegroom, blessed
In his fair bride. The candles burn above
Your wreath, awry, and my embroidered vest."
I said, "Jehanne —" But, lo, Saint Michael spread
His wings between us; bowed his haloed head
In silent benediction over hers;
Yet looked on me with sorrowing eyes. I fled
Down the dim sheep-path to my villagers.

The Essence of the English

By Desmond Harmsworth

Who can describe a Britisher? Product of a walled-in garden and adventurer to the Seven Seas, is he a protestant, a snob, an eccentric or a sensitive plant?

"One Englishman a fool; two Englishmen a football match; three Englishmen an empire," said an acute Spaniard who seems to have known us well.

Decidedly, that is one way of seeing us; but I should like to look further. My aim shall not be to boil us down to an epigram: first, because I can not hope to achieve as pretty a one as that I have quoted above; and second, because *bons mots* about nations are seldom quite satisfactory. They are pot shots. Perhaps they hit the mark the moment one lets them fly, but instead of stopping there they go on flying. And stray bullets are dangerous things; sometimes they ricochet. Napoleon was supposed to have called us a nation of shopkeepers; but it has since occurred to some impudent minds that the description attributed to Napoleon may fall with hardly less pertinence upon the French themselves. Indeed, having struck England and grazed France, that old bullet might now be said to have travelled right across the Atlantic.

Assuredly we are bound to generalize, but do not let our generalization be confined to half a dozen words. At the same time we will discard the national effigy that appears in political cartoons; it invariably presents a dead type. In America you rarely see an Uncle Sam, but you see hundreds of Hoovers. Likewise, in England, John Bull, that heavy combination of farmer, country squire and family butler, is a very rare bird indeed. But take Austen Chamberlain and Philip Snowden, roll them together, and you will get a more likely image of England. Yet as figureheads, Hoover and Chamberlain-Snowden must necessarily exclude a hundred characteristics respectively American and English. So let us leave them alone.

Casting aside the superficial appearances, the rabbit teeth and the haw-haw manner, and going a little deeper — going, for instance, into the past, and giving a glance at literature and history — can we not somehow arrive at a large and comprehensive sense of what is collectively and incurably English? From all the psychological situations and social phenomena that have cropped

up, from all the characters and impulses, the ideals and gestures that have drifted down the rapid current of time and lodged on its cluttered banks, can we not pick out a fair selection, and line them up together, and say "How English!"

PERHAPS we can pick up the English Prayer Book, that ultimate monument to English Protestantism, that great concession to English Catholicism, rich with the supple spirit and the masterful prose of Archbishop Cranmer, and say that nothing could be more English. Sensible, yet not definite; reasonable, yet without logic; never extreme; authoritative, but strangely ambiguous; strong, powerful even, yet somehow always a compromise; Catholic, undeniably, yet — after all — Protestant! Like the English heavens: exquisitely clouded, *nuancé*, gentle, subtly veiled, delicately light, and how maddeningly undecided! Can anyone say what exactly is our attitude towards transubstantiation? Can anyone say whether it is going to rain or not? Should we take our umbrellas?

Nevertheless, we can not accept the Prayer Book as anything more than one of many windows through which to catch a glimpse of sheer Englishness. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, must we not have certain reservations in accepting it at all? The English Prayer Book was the product of an age very different from every other in Europe, before and since — as distinct as the age of Victoria. More precisely, it was the product of the English Renaissance mind; a mind of great sinuosity and resilience, a mind which had inherited generations of theological expertness, a mind compared with which our own of the present day is undisciplined and clumsy. And the Prayer Book, moreover, was projected by the pressure of a none too comfortable moment, a moment of eruption, of schism — the Reformation. It is the main document relating to the intrinsically English expression of a permanent moral and psychological attitude — that of Protestantism. Religious protestantism is no small thing in itself; but there are protestantisms of the national and the individual character, of the national and the individual soul, which, while still retaining a constant umbilical connection with the politics of religion, reach altogether beyond this, and pervade all the habits, all the attitudes of English life.

IT IS commonly futile to search for the internal cause of a national tendency or feeling. One may playfully argue that our protestantism is the same as our "insularity," and think to find in our geographical detachment the explanation of this ancient self-protective and self-surrounding attitude of the English; but seriously one can only accept the fact and leave the cause a mystery. Insularity is a name which means nothing: if one insists on using it, then one must admit that the French are ten times as "insular" as the English. Which is absurd.

One may examine this desire for privacy and non-interference, this extreme individualism. It has always seemed to me that the present anti-American prejudice among English people is no more than that miserable

and most human emotion, jealousy. And indeed it is hard to sit and watch yourself being superseded, supplanted — to watch your neighbor, whose presence you had once merely taken for granted, calmly approach and establish himself in the very position which you had long (and of course unreasonably) considered your own by right of worth, and turn towards you with a, perhaps ever so slightly, patronizing smile — it is hard to observe all this, or something unpleasantly like it, without that contemptible and contumacious turning of the stomach which we call jealousy. But I have since thought that this anti-American greenness of the English gills may have also another and less obvious cause.

ANOTHER but perhaps secondary emotion may well be a form of this English protestantism: an instinctive and unsearchably actuated recalcitrance against — how describe something so indefinite? — an impalpable yet sensible invasion of what is English. This insidious (and involuntary) siege is referred to in Europe as "Americanism." Some have assimilated it to Bolshevism, and some have feared it more. It comes with friendly and pacific banners: it undoubtedly means well. Yet it is profoundly suspected. What does it consist of? It is impossible to say with any precision; to approach it at all one must launch into vagueness. To call it the irresistible pervasiveness of American things and American ideas, of an American attitude and an American way of seeing, is a feeble and inadequate way of describing it; to call it the infiltration of American ideals is hardly more satisfactory: yet Americanism (and in France *l'Americanisme*) does certainly partake of all these. Then, also, America's sense of her own superiority leads her (as doubtless our own has often enough led us) to assume a missionary spirit towards her backward brothers; and this does not go down smoothly. We do not want to be *saved* — not at least, by America. And then that horrible word "standardization" is invoked; and many of us feel, somewhere inside us, that that word is nothing but an euphemism for sterility and the death of the soul. In short, once again we protest.

WITH these particular manifestations of protestantism (against Papal and American interference) one may, not altogether fancifully, associate the universal English habit of walling-in our gardens and of cultivating high hedges. We do not fear robbers or thugs; the social intruder is far more horrifying. We wish to keep ourselves to ourselves, we wish to keep ourselves intact — to preserve a personal existence above all things; we instinctively tend to retain, through all our outward contacts and elbow-brushings with the world, a kind of jealous and virginal Englishness — an immaculate state of the individual (and unconsciously of the race), which is not blood-intactness but spiritual independence. To the foreign observer this often seems an intolerable priggishness, but that is a false impression. Even (indeed, especially) when an Englishman meets another Englishman for the first time, he is conscious of that ancient shyness, that primæval instinct of self-de-

fense: "Is he going to intrude on me? Is there any danger of his disturbing the sweet isolation of my spirit, with his superficial touch? Will he try to *attach* himself to me, and break in against my will, and steal my treasure — my independence of soul?" It is the one thing we must not lose. We must retain the sole right to dispose of it: we may *give* it away, we may give it many times, but to the person we choose. We will not let it be taken — filched.

THIS rabbit-warren instinct may be traced throughout the whole of English life. The institution of the modern club is one of the products of English social life. Its origin in the Seventeenth Century as a convivial clique which met in taverns and coffee-houses for the discussion of literature and politics, precisely as modern literary coteries assemble in Paris cafés, scarcely anticipated its development into the retreat which it is today. The English club does still exist for social intercourse, but how much more as an escape, a city of refuge. The house, in England, is still a spiritual entity, as well as a tangible thing. The house is the family microcosm, the centre of reference, the ultimate nucleus beyond which all life radiates out to the macrocosm; which explains, though it does not excuse, that annoying English habit of saying "out" in the United States, "out" in the Sudan — even "out" in Italy.

As we figuratively express our sense of the individuality of a family, the distinctness of a name, the continuity of a blood, by the word "house" ("the House of Stuart"), so in actual fact a strong prejudice retains the house as the only reasonable kind of shelter. Occupy a flat (apartment) if one absolutely must, or an hotel if one is a downright crank — these are purely anomalous habitations: a house is the only thing one can live in. One can still call one's soul one's own, in a house. The Englishman's home is his castle — but it is much more than that, it is his fortress. He must be able to control the ingress of others; his life must not be invaded from outside, he must be let live it according to his own individual desire. He would rather die than be interfered with.

SOME attempt has been made in the preceding paragraphs to discover what is the nature of the English social growth, how it is constituted, and what are its habits of life. I have tried to keep the promise implied in my title, and to dig into the psychological *terra firma* of the English character with the hope of coming away with some kind of essential ore, composition, or whatever one likes to call it, which might serve as a tolerable definition. But my mining efforts have been slight, and the result has on the whole been vague and limited. It seems somehow to have got confined to a discussion of English protestantism and its ramifications: our passionate individualism and leave-me-alone-ness, our fears and dislikes, and our "detachment." It has tended to represent us as a people who desire nothing better than to be let cultivate our gardens, a people intensely centripetal, and a nation of xenophobes. It has said nothing about our expansiveness — about the centrifugal English — and that powerful urge which has sent us

all over this globe. It has presented the passive part of our natures, not the dynamic, the creative; and it has left out what I may perhaps be permitted to call our humorous and passional selves — I mean, that aspect of the composition of any national character which one would naturally look to find crystallized in that nation's literature and art. In fact, my evidence has been lopsided.

IN THE first place, we are, as everyone knows, an aggressive people; but aggressive in a somewhat hidden and complicated way. I think that on the whole our personal manners (which I mention for whatever they may be worth as indices to our souls) are no more aggressive than they are mild; and likewise I think there are no more aggressively mannered English people than there are gentle. Yet collectively it has been our nature to get, to hold, and to control; and I am inclined to think that this native acquisitiveness of ours has been, as much as anything else, a form of *in*quisitiveness — a desire to know, to know tangibly. Let me call it an aggressive curiosity.

Living on a very small bit of land, we have in the course of centuries become a nation of collectors, but not just collectors of things: we have tried to collect the earth. And we have been well equipped for this pursuit: we are uncommonly law-abiding. The Irish could never have gone out and collected pieces of the world, because, though they have the necessary pugnacity, it is a kind of pugnacity which can not be readily organized, for it always breaks down into a squabblesome fierceness which turns inward. It is always bitter and factious, never large. Other races have been handicapped for other reasons — bellicose neighbors, or an ungrateful climate or soil: but the Romans and ourselves have had a special degree of immunity from these, and, as I have said, an aptitude for control.

The English are often accused of considering themselves the greatest people on earth. And so they do. But so do the Americans; so do the French; so does every great race. It is natural: we should rather belong to the nation we belong to; but we should rather belong to the greatest nation: therefore the one we belong to is the greatest — so long as it is not obviously in the background. And which really is the greatest? But that is a hopeless question. We are all of a different mind about the word "great."

I THINK it is also true that we have a way of making everybody else *feel* that we consider ourselves and our institutions superior. We often have rather a "superior" manner. It is not very pleasant, and I have no way of explaining it. However, the American also has a way of making you feel that he considers it to be taken for granted that he and his institutions are superior to the rest. He also has his "superior" manner. I will not try to explain that, either.

Perhaps our particular manner, where it exists, is partly the unconscious expression of a feeling of moral superiority. Let me hasten to add that I do not myself consider the English to be able to boast any moral superiority over the others: we are morally — because temperamentally — different; that is all. But I do

believe us to be generally more honest — with a certain kind of honesty — than many people. We are not frank, or plain-spoken, except when we want to be; but we are extremely honest — with a certain kind of honesty. The honesty that is desirable in business relations.

WE ARE not frank or plain-spoken. We do not confess our sins. It is what is called English hypocrisy; and I think that old gibe against us is largely true. In this respect we are not half as honest as, say, the French. And the difference between us is this: the Mediterranean peoples are mostly inclined to acknowledge human weakness; they not only know that humanity is very far from perfect, but they assume that it always will be so — they wisely accept their frailties as an essential part of themselves, to be helped, to be laughed at, to be pitied and to be pardoned. But the Anglo-Saxons have not this ready acceptance and pardon in their blood; they see more ambitiously, more optimistically, and with a more fallible vision; they confront human frailty with a stony negation — as if it were not there — because it should not be there. They tend to deny the flesh; or at least to regard it as something which, ultimately, it is not; and in denying the flesh they sometimes run very near to denying the spirit also. I need not say that they believe in their denial.

So we are apt to call the French cynical or lax; and the French are apt to call us hypocrites. It is a constitutional difference — rather than a moral shallowness on the one hand and a pretense on the other.

While I am about the English vices, I may as well mention the word snob — an English word — and first give a definition. "Snob, a person whose conduct or opinions are influenced by the acceptance of social position or wealth or success in place of merit as a criterion." I provide this definition because "snob" seems often to be a word of very loose application which includes all sorts of *pride*, legitimate and illegitimate, actual mental or cultural superiority, style, and other assets which have nothing whatever to do with snobbery. For instance, the press recently reported an American university professor as having asserted that young men should learn to be snobs, and that their snobbishness should take the form of being careful about their appearance — they should have their trousers pressed every so often, their clothes should be clean and smart, and their wardrobe should (if I remember rightly) comprise a dinner suit. This mild advice would seem to indicate that the professor (innocent man) was unaware of the true meaning of snob.

NOW, the greatest and most fantastic snobs in the world, so far as I know, are the Anglo-Irish. But there are plenty of snobs in England, and a fair provision in America. Perhaps in our case snobbery even amounts to a national weakness — I am not quite sure. I do know that the French, who have adopted our word — and found it very useful, having enumerated a whole range of *snobismes*, literary, artistic, and the like — seem to run us very close in the matter of being snobs.

It seems that the English soul abhors symmetry; it is, one may say, consistently inconsistent. (This makes it extraordinarily difficult to collect the essential factors of what is English and reduce them to a satisfactory common denominator.) The finest essays of its creativeness have not proceeded along logical tracks to a logical conclusion; they have preferred devious and sometimes unheard-of paths. The blossoms of its imagination have shot up, not orderly, in a formal garden, but haphazard, uncontrolled, out of a land fertile of incongruities. The final perfection of form is very rarely achieved; it seems to be alien to the English spirit — one is almost tempted to say repugnant. Shakespeare himself was capable of displaying a strange disregard for form (*e. g.*, *A Winter's Tale*); Spenser chose for his greatest work a scheme of rhymes deplorably ill suited to its length, and preferred a length outrageously too long; even Milton, with all his discipline, in a poem as short as *Lycidas* was unable to attain this ultimate beauty. One looks at the masters from this point of view, the writers of the Restoration comedies: how brilliant, how capable, and how shapeless! — and the best plays are the most deficient in form.

One turns to other English creations: London, for instance. London, for which Sir Christopher Wren attempted to plan intelligently, does most decidedly speak for the English, as Paris, product of Baron Haussmann's ideas, speaks for the French. And what is the difference? Paris is a rational construction, like a piece of architecture, in which all the salient points are at once visible. Although the city has grown through many centuries, it has grown in such a way as to make one feel that it has been designed by a single brain. Every fine building stands in its proper surroundings and may be seen in its proper perspective — the Palais Bourbon; the Louvre; Notre Dame de Paris; the Palais Mazarin; the Place Vendôme; even such a little known treasure as the Hotel Guise-Soubise, which now contains the National Archives, in the middle of a slum.

But London, a thrilling complexity of streets almost without a heart and arterial system; a mass of low-built brick houses — perfect Eighteenth Century decorum and the worst Victorian vulgarity jumbled together — London, a confusing maze in which even St. Paul's is difficult to see and in which some of Wren's finest churches are not visible at all except from the air — London attains its subtle beauty by its very negation of Parisian qualities, by its absence of definite lines, by the very incongruity of its parts and the perversity of its total composition. Like English gardens, its charm is in its seeming lack of intention; its soul is in its very unobviousness; it captures the mind, and the admiration, by a slow siege.

What is it, what is the meaning of this disinclination — or incapacity — to make a logical, homogeneous shape which will appeal to the eye at first sight? Why this utter casualness of development, so leisurely that it seems as if there could be no coherent result at all? And how is it that the result, a hopeless jumble of incon-

gruities and opposed forces, should hold together after all, in a kind of proportion, and unexplainably, when you look back at it afterward and remember its cumulative effect, produce what is, undeniably, a whole?

And the Englishman himself — what is he really like? Is he like Hamlet, is he like Sir John Falstaff, is he like General Gordon? I have chosen these three characters because I think they are all extraordinarily English. I will not be so foolish as to say that Englishmen are Hamlets; but Hamlet *is* English — not French, or Spanish, or, for that matter, a Dane. He does contain a number of psychical essences which one feels to be, however modestly, however primitively and minutely, secreted in oneself. But Hamlet could never stand alone; the qualities that are Falstaff must be added, for he is of the same stuff — he is the reverse of the English medal which bears on its obverse the Prince of Denmark. These, I admit, are the universal creations of a universal brain; and to take universals to oneself, so to speak, is a presumptuous and futile thing to do; yet there is an unmistakable Englishness about Shakespeare's two characters: they have a local habitation and a name, and these at least are English. They could never have emerged from another country.

As for Gordon, that inspired idiot, that blundering heroic extravagance, he is not one whit less English than the others. Only he is somewhat of a special case: he is the "mad Englishman" *par excellence*. And he represents a vast tribe — whose individual members differ, to be sure, as completely as Lord Byron and Sir Walter Raleigh, or William Beckford of Fonthill and Colonel Thomas Lawrence, all of whom belong to it — yet which has a general character sufficiently definite to be called that of astonishing eccentricity.

There are perhaps thousands more that have no name, but have gone off in their strange English madness, solitary, incorrigible, anarchic (yet always, one notices, incurably conservative, with their Public School vocabulary and their cup of strong tea at four-thirty or not later than five, and their manner of addressing you for the first time in some God-forsaken place for all the world as if it were to ask you the time on the top of a 'bus between Oxford Circus and Trafalgar Square), have followed their restless and inscrutable star through its varied antic, lived their little act, and vanished in some foreign city or desert waste with no obituary notice in *The Times*. They are always lonely and far away, yet they are always at home: we all belong to their blood — so completely do we belong that we hardly find it surprising that they should exist and do the fantastic things they do; we simply recognize them as those of ourselves who, instead of taking Holy Orders or going into law or medicine, or chartered accountancy, have become "mad Englishmen."

And they are frequently women. There must be few small towns in Italy and France that do not shelter a weather-beaten, heart-of-gold, leathery old Englishwoman dressed in tweeds, carrying a large bag embroidered in wool by the peasants, a water color box and an amazing hat,

who knows all about the place, adores, scolds, and stands no nonsense with the "natives" — and treats them exactly as if they were villagers in Surrey. She will do anything for you, grumble about the country she lives in, and snub you sharply if you hazard a word against it. You will find that she lives in a villa or a "cottage" just outside the town, knows everybody, and does good — or at least provides local color. Nowadays she is often to be found in charge of an English tea shop which, whatever the difficulties, however great the savagery and remoteness of the place, maintains an impeccably genteel atmosphere of the English counties.

The critical will without difficulty count on their fingers — and indeed, on their toes — my glaring omissions (what about the English sense of humor, for instance? And how religious are we?), and pick out a moment from history and exclaim: "How would he reconcile *this* with his interpretation?"

One enters a great library with a feeling of buoyant expectation; one is rich — beyond the dreams of avarice; one strolls serenely, glancing at titles and names, pulling a book out here and there, passing by many hundreds one has never heard of before, lingering over a few one has read, a few one has always wished to read, a few more one knows by name; then one sits down a little bewildered; one's feeling of expectation has ebbed away and a sense of resignation has taken its place: "I could spend the rest of my life in this library," one says, "and never hope to read half the books of which it is composed." It is like trying to discuss the soul of a nation: one can make a few random remarks which one feels to be relevant, but there will always remain ten thousand other remarks, all relevant, which one can never hope to make.

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ARITHMETIC

I PROFESS no particular prejudice against arithmetic. The ghastly stuff probably belongs somewhere in the civilized scene, and I was once a sabre-toothed shark at it. I could assimilate a staggering column of figures, multiply it by a cock-eyed decimal fraction, divide it by a least common denominator or anything else that was handy, and carve it neatly into fractions and cube roots, until the cows came home. Thence I went further into higher and wilder mathematics, while at the same time fighting it out with geometry, plain and fancy, ground and lofty. On top of all this came trigonometry, which is devilishly delightful stuff if you can do it and sheer horror if you can't. I was one of those who could do parlor tricks with cosines and cotangents and make 'em like it. I could also rope and throw a logarithm and make it say "uncle." In spite of which, I now confess that I can't open my own mail-box with anything less than prayer and a can-opener, nor lay a slice of linoleum beneath the kitchen sink without a paper pattern cut out by my wife's loving hands.

The net residue of some twelve years of arithmetic and its related studies amounts to this: that I can usually remember my own telephone number and know that the change from a five dollar bill is never more than a dollar and eighty-five cents. All the rest is gone off into smoke and empyreal space, and is now somewhere beyond the constellation Hercules. Algebra, binomial theorems, solid geometry, projection, calculus and the theory of limits have vanished or become a sort of arithmetical mixed pickles. My education in them all was once complete and is now a total loss.

I would willingly forget all this, except that the curse of my youth is now fallen upon my innocent children. The oldest son, for instance and example, is periodically paged by one or another of his young friends on the family telephone. The young gentleman on the other end has forgotten the assignment or lost his book, which ought to be reason enough for treating homework with the indifference it deserves, but isn't. He wants to know what the "problems" or "examples" for tomorrow may be.

My son says incredible things to him, which are apparently arithmetic. He knows they are incredible, and his irreverent and flippant tone betrays it. I quote him verbatim.

"Listen, now, and I'll tell you. Are you listening? Well, listen, then! Find the angles of a triangle if the first angle is twice the second and the third is fifteen degrees less than two times the first . . . That's what I said . . . I know it's cuckoo, but that's what it says . . . The first is twice the second and the third is fifteen degrees less than twice the first . . . It sounds like bologny over the telephone, but that's what it says in the book . . . It does, too . . . I don't know the answer . . . How should I know? . . . Ask your dad, and call me up later."

That is arithmetic or something, and that is not all.

I have just recently boiled with indignation. This does not happen too often and never over anything important, or I should not mention it. Apparently I do not boil easily at this altitude, and it is only when the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune hit me in a very sensitive spot that I go up in steam and bubbles. But I have a comely young daughter, and for her sake I am vulnerable.

She is standing, as the poet says, with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet. That in itself is perfectly all right and quite customary. But she is standing, I find, for reasons known only to pedagogues and the State Board of Education, up to her knobby kneecaps in arithmetic. Thirteen years of fond hopes and watchful care have brought her at last to this: that she must befuddle her curly head with the bad language of textbooks in mathematics. She must spend her evenings looking cross-eyed at a book whose principal intention is to be as unintelligible as possible. And it is no wonder that most of the good fairies have deserted her, scared off by bogies of percentage and fractions and discounts and divers other inventions of the devil.

I concede that it may be important that a thirteen-year-old blonde should understand a modicum of mathematics, particularly in these days of the emancipation of her grandmother. She should probably be able to count and make change, in case she should elect to become a street-car conductor or should marry a widower with nineteen children. She should be able to divide a pie into reasonably equal segments, and to multiply two yards of *crêpe de chine* or pink chiffonier into a party dress with all necessary trimmings. But I can not understand why she should bother with brokerage, or dally with deferred discounts, or worry over the rates of international exchange and insurance premiums on a shipment of cotton bales from Louisiana. And that's the sort of raw material which goes by the ton into arithmetic books, which is one reason why there is hardly a stenographer in America who can count up a column of figures without including the date and her telephone number and getting the wrong total.

Nor is this all. The jargoneers who write the textbooks have no real intention of being comprehensible. They take a fairly simple problem and tie it in a knot, break it in the middle and tangle it in fly paper before they spring it on the budding mind of young America. This is presumably intended to compel the youngsters to think. It is more likely to give them St. Vitus's Dance.

So it irritates me much more than it surprises me that this daughter of mine can not overpower such arithmetic. It enrages me even more to suspect that her teacher can not either. And it makes me simply boil to discover that I can not.

This sort of thing is frightfully hard on parents. Father comes home from the

office or the factory or the newspaper shop or the store, where he has dealt all day with price changes or market fluctuations or graphs or scales or statistics and such simple things, and the children descend upon him with the arithmetical ravings of a maniac, written in Jabberwocky and illustrated by hieroglyphic diagrams in the key of B flat. And he can't solve them. Nobody can but a mathematics teacher, and he has nothing else to do.

I CONCEDE that mathematics is probably a highly moral subject, and one that has never yet sent a boy to jail or a girlto perdition, though it may have sent a number of people to the county asylums and a few to the United States Senate. But its demonstrable usefulness is too tragically trifling compared to the trouble it takes. An unsuccessful man will rarely have occasion to make use of arithmetic, because he will never have anything to count. A successful man can buy a calculating machine or hire a bookkeeper, and do without it. Schopenhauer discovered this obvious fact a century ago when he wrote: "That arithmetic is the basest of all the mental activities is proved by the fact that it is the only one that can be accomplished by a machine."

All this, you will understand, is in fact a brief parable of protest. The momentary grievance is arithmetic, but a dozen other educational absurdities would do nearly as well to get my steam up. The trouble with me is not that I don't any longer know my differential calculus, but that the magnificent farce of modern education has suddenly got on my nerves. These are but one inconsiderable set of nerves but probably similar to a great many others. Wherefore I speak my mind.

The years of youth are nearly a third of our allotted three score and ten. By consent of all poets and cheerful philosophers, they are the gracious and generous years, when our capacities for life are way ahead of its responsibilities, and hopeful energy has not been discouraged by experience. And they are short and go swiftly.

So it might be supposed that we would agree above all things not to waste a moment of them. We would give our children joy of them, or know the reason why. Particularly we would examine all the ways and means whereby we impose on youth any burdens of long labor, and insist that these shall be justified of their results. And if we got so far, we should inevitably and cheerfully agree to hang, quarter and boil in oil, all those who waste a schoolboy's time and strength and energies on things that don't really matter.

We don't do anything of the sort, because our educational customs are entrenched in tradition, fortified by pedagogical obstinacy, and stoutly defended on all sides by a very natural human habit of hanging on to rubbish lest the house should seem too empty when it is gone. We perpetuate absurdities because we don't know how to replace them with something reasonable. We even manage to make out an argument for doing so, just as the average housekeeper can muster a reason for keeping a little longer all the dusty trash which occupies the family attic. And we hate to face the fact that a single one of our institutions has become useless.

STEPHEN LEACOCK discovered at the height of his reasonable years that the entire remains of an average education could be carried in a pocket notebook. Any one of us can do the same, except in respect to the narrow road in all the world which we have chosen or been compelled to travel. I once knew by rote and rule, for example, all the Kings of England, and it was possibly a nice thing to know. I don't know them now, but I do know where the Encyclopædia stands on the library shelf. I could once name

the available elements, and bandy chemical formulae with my innocent playmates. I couldn't do it now and don't want to. Once I could call by name about two hundred bones in my own anatomy, and an assortment of nerves and muscles. All I know now is that I have rheumatism in one of them. There was a time when I could date the Cavalier poets, trace the trail of the Beowulf legend, and distinguish Roger Bacon from Francis and Ben Jonson from Samuel. It took me eight years to learn such things and much less time to forget them. And once I knew that 1066 was the date of the Battle of Waterloo, when Hannibal broke down at last and wept for more worlds to conquer. If I want to prove it today I have to look it up.

It is a simple fact that an appalling amount of time is spent in childhood in learning things which don't matter, remembering things which will never be needed, and doing silly tricks which an intelligent man need never waste his time upon. Nobody knows why. If knowledge must needs be handed on by living testimony alone, there might be some point in engraving it by refined brutality on the living tissues of the younger generation. If there were just so much of it and would never be more, there might be some reason in taking all knowledge for a province, as Bacon once rashly suggested. But surely we know by now that knowledge is not good sense, and that memory is no approximate substitute for intelligence. So why do we waste our time?

THERE are measurable evils that attend on this tragic waste of youth. There is homework, which is commonly a less decent and instructive occupation for a growing boy than the removal of the ashes or the care of a patch of potatoes. There is the glutting of the curriculum, which is everlastingly reaching out for more territory but rarely surrenders an old one. There is the manifest perplexity of pedagogues, each of whom can prove the paramount importance of his own subject and the impossibility of doing anything with it in competition with his colleagues for the pupils' adequate attention. And there is the grievous spectacle of what has come of all this — a generation that knows nothing because it was taught everything, except to know how to use its tools and talents for health and happiness.

I am not running for Congress or the Presidency, though I present a doctrine and programme which every potential voter of the coming generation will approve. I urge the right of every child to plenty of play and to useful work. When education steals these birthrights, education is in danger of becoming a fantasy and a fearful imposition of adult stupidity on the world's sole hope and chief treasure — the children of our time. Work and play are important; learning is only what you make of it.

Ode to a Spring Mattress

The sun is gentle and benign,
  The air is sweet and bland;
The wash is hanging on the line,
  O, isn't nature grand!
The budlets bud like everything,
  The little lambkins leap;
How very lovely is the spring,
  And how I need a sleep!

Spring whispers in the swaying trees
  In hopeful bloom arrayed;
And far and wide the rousing sneeze
  Attends the smiling maid.
Yon mocking bird that teases so
  Might make an anvil weep;
But what care I if breezes blow?
  Get out, and let me sleep!

Let others metrically sing
  In anapestic numbers;
But in the gay and gladsome spring
  Don't interrupt my slumbers.
The birdies may be thick about,
  The flowers ankle deep;
But close the door as you go out,
  And leave me here to sleep.

The Vernal Vegetative Urge

Our dumb friends the vegetables have been rather shabbily treated by the thoughtful mind of mankind. Whole volumes have been written on rocks and snails and spiders, romances have been wrought around dogs and horses, histories have dealt with industries and mechanical devices, even vanities and vices have had their eulogists. Quite a bit has been written at one time and another concerning man. But little indeed that is profound, inspiring or sympathetic has been dedicated to vegetables.

Even in lighter and lesser literature vegetables are nearly unknown. Charles Lamb, who scratched everywhere in human nature and its habits for something to write about, found interest in newspapers and old china and bad temper but had no space or patience to spare for turnips. Montaigne wrote on books and liars, Addison on plays, pictures and politics. Cicero, Emerson and possibly a couple of other fellows considered carefully the moral virtues, but practically ignored the sweet potato. Almost we suspect a conspiracy of indifference toward these humble commodities which have no voice with which to plead their own case.

For where in all the world is the adequate ode to the onion? Where is the needful panegyric on the parsnip, or the tender elegy to a departed cabbage? And where, even in the homespun literature of America, is a fitting tribute to her crowning glory — sweet corn and fresh lima beans?

It may be — it must be — that there is insufficient affinity between the human and the vegetable mind, no common ground of experience or emotion. Men write appropriately of animals or fish, for animal and fishy dispositions are not foreign to us. They may divine the sentiments of an angle worm or imagine how an amorous oyster feels on a warm spring evening. But which of us knows or can guess the secret yearnings of a carrot?

I claim no special understanding of vegetable emotions, ambitions or sensations. The vegetable heart is, even to me, a sealed book. But when the succulent stuff of summer overspreads the dining table, fresh from the fruitful earth and innocent of any intermediary can, I look with new and thoughtful eyes on vegetables. Humble and downtrodden seeds of spring that have struggled painfully to the light of day, lived briefly, loved a little, and at last bowed cheerfully to the plucking hand and kitchen knife! How may we deny to you the privileges of pain or pleasure, pride or passion?

These thoughts are spring thoughts, for when "man's first disobedience" led the original suburbanite to start a garden there was inaugurated an inheritance that makes spring gardeners of us all. The evolution of cities has overlaid this impulse, but not destroyed it. Many a modern apartment harbors a secret rubber plant, which gets a more tender washing when the spring sun shines again. Many a man-about-town goes home just now to commune with a pet cactus. Many a frustrated female heart opens in spring to a blushing geranium, rooted precariously in a city window-box.

The real spring urge is the vegetable urge. Poets may sing and splutter over love's vernal efflorescence, but theirs is a circumscribed vision, blinded by tradition and tempted from truth by romantic rhyme. They write for lovers, who rarely need their help; they should write for gardeners, who need all the help they can get. They write for bachelors and spinsters, half-portions of humanity, unfinished and unsatisfied, and unbalanced by the ailments of youth; they should write for the great majority which has achieved matrimony and a kitchen garden. They should write for those who sally forth when the sun of spring begins to warm the earth and contemplate the

scrap of land they call their own. For these are the true poets, and transfiguration is in their eye.

Their thoughts are vegetable thoughts. They look beyond reality to rows of beets and carrots, to bursting pods of peas, to the glowing corpulence of squash or pumpkin. They have become children of nature again; the artificial refinements of winter have given way to considerations of fertilizer; they suddenly despise the ways of civilization and desire calloused hands and sweat on the brow. And their optimism is undimmed by disillusion. This year, they swear, this year they will surely have a garden.

IT MAY be that something should be done about this. Possibly the government should publish statistics. Governments are at their best and happiest when publishing statistics, and in the sweet spirit of service have given forth figures on imports and exports, on occupational risks, aviation mileage and gasoline production, on congenital insanity and the mortality of kittens in Kamchatka. They might very well give attention to the economic coefficient of amateur gardening. If they could prove, once for all, that every watermelon or cauliflower grown in the home garden absorbs enough labor, expense, and mental pain and anxiety to elect a wet Senator in Kansas, some of us might reform our ways and be able to pay more taxes. If they would reckon and report the aggregate disillusions and disappointments of amateur gardening, some of us might resist temptation and find better things to do. If they would preach plainly enough the dangers of this summer complaint of gardening, I might throw my seed catalogues in the ashcan and become a useful citizen.

For I have been a gardener, and may yet be one again. It happened to me after some years of stalwart independence of suburban custom, and when I fell I fell grievously. I went seriously and systematically about it. First I threw away all the seed catalogues. They were obviously not scientific documents, but highly imaginative romances which were probably bad for the children. Then I went to the local library and asked for all available books on gardening. The librarians were very helpful, and gave me *The Garden of Allah* by Robert Hichens, *In Queens' Gardens* by Ruskin, *The Garden of Love* — a collection of passionate poetry — and a nice volume on growing mushrooms.

THEN I bought some seeds. I did not dictate to the salesman; he was supposed to know his vegetables better than I did. I told him I wanted everything and he gave me everything. If I had gone no further, but had put the stuff into the pantry to be cooked as required, the family would have needed no garden.

But I started my planting, opening the campaign with beets for alphabetical reasons. And since I am a symmetrical sort of person and had been often pained by the irregular and haphazard gardens of the neighbors, I borrowed a sextant and steel tape and planted my beets in a really straight line. When they came up they were in a perfectly straight line but there were only two of them. So I tried string beans, sowing them liberally and lavishly. And they all came up.

I was overwhelmed with delight, and later with beans. We ate beans for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and sometimes for afternoon tea; we sold them to the neighbors; we gave them away. I took at last to wrapping them in packages and leaving them in trains and subways; I mailed them to hospitals and to addresses taken at random from the telephone directory. And to this day I can scarcely look a string bean in the eye without wincing.

I had little luck with potatoes. The plants came up, grew and flourished and burst into flower. But though I watched them like a mother-in-law, no potatoes

appeared on the branches, and the plants died down and away before I could cut a single potato chip from their bark. My lima beans, on the contrary, showed early ambition and lived up to it. I planted them around ten-foot poles and they shot clear to the top and went on. I was enormously proud of those beans until I tried to pick them, but I am easily embarrassed, and when visitors began to come from miles around to watch me leaping and pole-vaulting after my beans I gave them up for lost.

I WAS consistently unfortunate with the weather. Cold killed my corn, heat killed my cauliflowers, wet destroyed my celery. There were worms everywhere and aphis on the Brussels sprouts; also small boys in the watermelon patch. I worked hard and sometimes prayed. I read Government Bulletins and weather reports. If the kohlrabi suffered from heat, I watered it; if the cabbages suffered from the rain, I dried them. I fenced the potatoes to keep off blight and beetles, and when the string beans developed spots I sprayed them with the homeopathic remedy for measles. I toiled over the tomatoes, I labored over the lettuce. I crowed over my egg-plant, I wept over my onions, I sneezed over my peppers. And there were many snails and slugs in my garden, so I collected them and killed them with kerosene, but my next-door neighbor was a Communist and continually threw over more snails.

And at last I surrendered to defeat. There was nothing left but squash vines, which overran my garden, hid all my tools, and wiped out all party lines and landmarks. They were luxurious and prodigal; a half acre of shimmering green like the Sargasso Sea on a fine Sunday. But, alas, there were no squashes. We sent out expeditions armed to the teeth with rubber boots, kitchen knives, grappling irons and market baskets; we offered rewards and bounties. But there were no squashes.

Finally, in early September came the unusual and untimely frost which always comes in early September. My squash vines curled and crumpled before it; it left them broken, withered and sere. Sadly I surveyed the devastation, picking up rakes and hoes and children's rubbers and the family silver from among the wreckage. Suddenly I saw a squash — *the* squash — *my* squash. Here at last, long sought and earnestly desired, voluptuously curved and stylishly stout, and faintly blushing at its own ripe maturity. I picked it with thanksgiving and bore it home with song — tenderly, for it was an orphan and alone in the world. And I gathered friends, relatives and neighbors to the feast, and all ate of it with rejoicing and in the spirit of brotherly love.

At the end of the season we still had enough assorted seeds to provide nourishing soups throughout the winter, and since then the huckster has called regularly every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

OUR MORNING MAIL

WE DON'T insist that we get the most preposterous collection of morning mail inflicted on anyone in the civilized world. But we do insist that it seems so. Business men with apparently nothing better to do seem to spend most of their time and money in writing and wrapping letters and literature for us without giving a moment's consideration to our tastes, needs, interests, prejudices or pocketbook. In consequence of which our mail-box bulges and groans every morning, but yields so little real nourishment that it is hardly worth sifting.

We don't for a minute suppose that protest will make any difference or that criticism will discourage such correspondence or relieve the postman's back. But in a purely scientific spirit we are disposed to examine into this phenomenon,

selecting now and then a typical communication to see what can be done about it.

Lately, for instance, the normal dreariness of the morning's offerings was shattered by a special offer of unusual and intriguing charm. We are, of course, thoroughly accustomed to special offers in our morning mail. We get special offers on cures for epilepsy, neckties, magazine subscriptions and house paints. We have been offered special opportunities to get in on the cheaper levels of new country clubs, and to raise rabbits for the better-class fur trade. But lately we received a special offer on ancestors.

The suggestion was that for some merely nominal fee somebody would run our family tree into the ground, noting on the way all branches, grafts and suckers, and presenting all the ancestral evidence as to how we got this way. A coat-of-arms, with or without two pairs of trousers, would be provided at a slight additional charge.

WE WAVERED a while over our morning coffee, but at last turned down the alluring prospect. In the first place, the wife wasn't interested. We have learned that a wife's interest in her husband's relatives and particularly in his ancestors decreases inversely as the square of the distance.

In the second place, we already have ancestors, and we have our own ideas about a coat-of-arms. It will consist, we think, of a safety-pin *rampant*, a check-book *dormant* and a sheriff *regardant*, on a shield of black and blue supported by two store-keepers and a typewriter. There will also be gules, fesses and chevrons, provided we can find out what they are and can get some.

And as for ancestors, we can already trace our ancestry to the very heart of Burke's *Peerage*, though it takes us a couple of centuries and a few detours to get there. At the roots of our family we are all mixed up with royalty and things like that, and there may be dukes and baronets to this very day who are our cousins, thousands of dollars removed. Someday we shall call and cement the relationship, provided they don't see us coming.

Our pride in ancestors focuses particularly on Laurence, fourth Earl of Ferrers, who lived about the middle of the Eighteenth Century but is since deceased under somewhat unusual circumstances. As a matter of fact he was hanged. His man-servant blundered shockingly in laying out a dress shirt or whatever it was that the well-dressed man of the times wore in its place, and there was nothing to do but shoot him. So Laurence, Fourth Earl of Ferrers, was tried by his peers, and on May 5, 1760, was hanged at Tyburn. Since he was an Earl, though an excitable one, his own horses drew his own carriage to their owner's execution and he met his end with a silken rope instead of the customary hemp. It must have been a great comfort to him to be treated with such consideration, and it is certainly appreciated by his surviving relatives.

The Song of the Spade

Come, comrades, a song to the steel that is strong,
And the edge that is burnished and bright;
A song to the blade that is cunningly made,
As it flashes and gleams in the light!
Loud let us sing to the weapons of spring,
Shovels and pitchforks and that sort of thing,
With a ho for the hoe and a heigh for the spade,
Here's to the weapon Sears Roebuck has made!

Come, comrades, your cheers for the scythe and the shears,
And the lawn mower's rattling song!
The shovel and rake and the string and the stake,
And the wheelbarrow, sturdy and strong!
The trowel for seeds and the sickle for weeds,
And everything else that a gardener needs,
With a ho for the hoe and a heigh for the spade,
Here's to the weapon Sears Roebuck has made!

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

When I think of trying to find a word that describes Japan more than any other, and there are many from which to choose, I always come back to "intimate." Globe trotters get into a habit of classifying people and countries, parcelling off whole groups and sections and labelling them, and either because there are getting to be so many globe trotters or because their classifications are somewhat appropriate, the first thing you know you and I and all the rest of us begin accepting their ideas. Perhaps that is because the travellers really do cover a great deal of ground these days. But their adjectives have an uncanny way of sticking. If you were to see the word "darkest" used in connection with a country whose name you were to supply, you would know without a moment's hesitation that you would fill in with "Africa"; "sunny" is always either Spain or Italy; "foggy" was never any other place save London. To me, Japan expresses the delightful quality of intimacy to a marked degree. That is one reason why it is so satisfying a country in which to travel.

You can come very close to things in Japan. Even her mountains are not austere. Fuji San, lifting her perfect outline into the violet of an evening sky above the teetering junks of Yokahama harbor looks quite close enough to caress, and that is somewhat the way you feel about almost everything you come across in Japan. The children, like so many gay butterflies in their colorful flapping kimonos, are all quite engaging; shops are small, their contents daintily displayed, and the shop-keepers invariably courteous; and the rickshaw coolies win your sympathy at once with their unflagging spirits and eagerness to please. Behind artistic bamboo fences the houses, low and approachable, seem to nestle down in the midst of their miniature gardens, inviting you to linger in their loveliness. Here goldfish with bulgy eyes and waving fins dart swiftly back and forth in mirror-like little pools of cool water, and blue herons plume their soft wings; flaming azaleas mass their glory against the dark shadows of twisted pines, age-old and proud to have grown no higher than a few feet from the ground. You wander in such a garden like some misplaced giant, desiring with all your heart to shrink, Alice-like, to some more confidential size, and step gingerly on the smooth worn stepping stones, as your eyes follow wonderingly down a path of moss-covered stone lanterns. Yet you like this garden. It is a jewel to hold in the hollow of your hand and greatly admire. You wish to understand the artistry of it all and come close to its intimate meanings.

"Kekko Nikko"

Nikko is like this too. Just a few hours from Tokyo and two thousand feet above the sea it stands under cover of a dense forest like a glorified garden filled with lacquered temples, strangely benign gods of gold or bronze, gray stone lanterns grown green with lichen, and *torii*, haunted by a silent grandeur which is broken occasionally by the dull, heavy sound of blows on an enormous prayer drum, the chirp of grasshoppers, or the cry of falcons in the air. Here in these extraordinary temples of red, yellow and green gold we find the quintessence of Japanese art. They are masterpieces of intricate carving, color and design. Days might be spent admiring the detail of the pillars and elaborate ceilings, but there is one bit of carving above the entrance to one of the temples which is familiar to people all over the world because it depicts something they all understand — the three little monkeys, "Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil." Do you not recall them? What a powerful little trio they are. It is at Nikko, too, that the Shogun's red lacquer bridge spans a dashing mountain stream — a bridge over which no one is allowed to pass save members of the Imperial family. No one ever wants to leave Nikko — "Kekko Nikko" — but if you must, have your rickshaw coolie or your chauffeur turn into the great cryptomeria avenue, travelled by the shoguns and their daimios about three hundred years ago, and be drawn beneath these noble trees for about five miles, as far as Imaichi, where you can board the train for Tokyo or Yokahama. A good coolie makes the trip within an hour — and it is a never-to-be-forgotten hour.

By Rickshaw to Miyanoshita

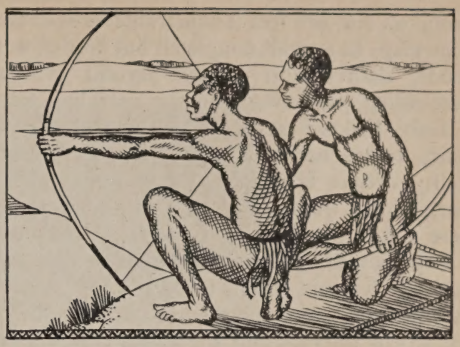
Other rickshaw rides of great beauty come crowding into mind when you remember your stay in Japan. Take, for instance, the one that brings you straight up a picturesque mountain road from Yumoto to "that green and pleasant glen," as Sir Edwin Arnold calls it — Miyanoshita. It is late afternoon as we bump along through the village of Kodzu in a tram car. Straight down the main street it travels in a leisurely fashion while we look eagerly into the open fronts of the village houses and see life as it is lived in this thriving village — mothers feeding

their babies, old men sitting smoking their tiny pipes, women busily sewing on sewing machines so familiar to us, save that they are just set on the floor and run by hand. Slim, yellow lanterns cast a pale light over these interiors and shadows dance fitfully on the pearl-colored *shoji*. Finally we reach Yumoto and transfer ourselves and our luggage to swiftly pulled rickshaws — for going up through the mountains we each have three coolies, one to pull and two to push, panting, from behind. Darkness has just swallowed the last crust of mountains, jagged against the sky, as we reach the hotel, but in the bright light from the spacious veranda we find ourselves being quite royally welcomed.

Miyanoshita plays hostess to many travellers, and all agree unhesitatingly that it is an incredibly delightful resort. Immediately behind the hotel, a waterfall tumbles accommodatingly into a mysterious cavern and the sound of it is forever droning through your recollections of Miyanoshita. To inhale the invigorating air, take walks, and to bathe in the soft mineral waters heated for you in the subterranean furnaces of nature, are the main activities of life here. Such bathtubs!! You step down into marble tubs that would have done credit to Imperial Rome herself — and only your conscience takes you out.

Over the Hills to Hakoné

OF COURSE you will want to have some walks over the mountain paths and come home laden with countless wild flowers that grow in profusion and endless variety here, besides planning to take a trip in chairs lashed on bamboo poles and swung from the brown shoulders of four sturdy hill men of the district, through the mountains to Lake Hakoné, where the Emperor has a summer palace. This Hakoné trip is a thrilling experience, particularly if it is the first time you have been carried in a chair, for while the stocky *ninsoku* trudge along up hill and down dale in their sandals of rope and thin blue calico coats, seemingly quite insensible of fatigue, you gaze across vast sweeps of mountains and see your coolies skirt the edges of deep abysses with your heart more in your mouth than in the adventure. However, as they trot along, chattering gaily, you begin to feel less apprehensive, in fact quite secure. Then all of a sudden they call out in chorus "*Go-issho*," which may be translated as meaning "at the same honorable time," and promptly shift your chair to the other shoulder, and you are almost certain that your "honorable time" has come. But after a few *Go-issho's* you settle down to enjoy the scene. Soon we come to a vista of rare beauty and are deposited in a wilderness of bamboos and pines and allowed to



South African Bushmen

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ascend on our own feet innumerable moss-covered stone steps to a small temple all but hidden in the woods, dainty and lovely beyond compare. Descending, we come upon the sparkling waters of Lake Hakoné across which we are ferried, chairs, coolies and all, to the village of Hakoné itself. Fortune favors us. Layer upon layer of pearly mists whirl away in a light breeze, and there before our eyes rises the fairy-like outline of Fuji San. On the way home we remember, in gratitude for this vision, to drop a few stones in the generous lap of the great rock image of Jizo that sits by the roadside, the god of travellers and protector of little children. And when you grow intimate with the gods of a country, you really do begin to feel that you know it.

Alaska Under Her Russian Governor

ALASKA was still under the paw of the Russian bear where from 1790 it had been capably held for many years at Sitka by that first Governor of the Russian-American Fur Colonies, Alexander Andreevitch Baranov, that fiery, flaxen-haired little nobleman who could drown the sternest hardships in seas of Russian brandy in midnight carousals, had a passion for music and a love of reading, led the hunting brigades of a thousand men over the sea in skin canoes, braved a village of three hundred Thlinget warriors, who were about to attack him, with but twenty-two men, obtained the apology he demanded from the warriors, and dominated with the hand of a supreme autocrat the wilderness out of which he was carving an empire for his Czar. It is illuminating to read the account given by one Captain Golovin of the sloop of war, Diana, of Baranov's own log castle as it appeared six years after the founding of Sitka, which, by the way, was first known as Fort Archangel Gabriel: "The furniture and finishings were of the finest workmanship and very costly, having been brought from St. Petersburg and England. But what astonished me most was the large library (2,600 volumes) in nearly all the European languages, and the collection of fine paintings — this in a country where probably only Baranov can appreciate a picture, and no travellers are apt to call except skippers of American trading vessels."

Our Own Alaska

LET the tourist of today as he strolls off his comfortable steamer at the Sitka dock and up the old Governor's Walk over which Russian nobles, Thlinget chiefs in paint and feathers, squat Aleut sea-otter hunters, black-robed priests, gay creole beauties and swaggering fur traders, have passed in the not-so-long-ago, be glad that we have added this country with its picturesque past to our own. The Alaska Transfer was made in 1867 on the site where Baranov's Castle used to stand, and it is there that the Stars and Stripes first floated over the country.

Alaska played rough hostess to thousands of our own adventurers in the Klondike gold rush in '98, and you and I can picture the thin black line of reckless men who poured by thousands over the steep slopes of the snow-clad wastes of Chilkoot Pass. Every section of the United States has its background of exploration and adventure, but only Alaska of all her domain holds the thrill of the frozen North. She is a more gracious hostess today; and excellent steamers, comfortable hotels, good roads, and carefully planned tours, as long or short as your requirements may demand, make Alaska thoroughly accessible.

We Run a Clue to Cover

FITTED neatly into the northwest corner of Wyoming, its borders extending slightly into Idaho and Montana, we come upon Yellowstone National Park, "formed by fire and finished by ice, wind and water." Its volcanoes are comfortingly extinct now, though the earth still hisses through a thousand vents to remind us of its past glories. In this extraordinary corner of the world bubbling pools, glittering lakes, steaming geysers, and lofty mountain peaks share our interest with countless varieties of wild flowers, bear, deer, buffalo and birds. The first white man to see any part of the territory we now know as the Yellowstone was John Colter, one of the frontiersmen who accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition. Wounded in a battle between some of the Crow and Blackfoot Indians, he journeyed across the Park and carried back to civilization the first news of its astonishing character and beauty. Other fur traders and miners explored the region later, but the tales of its wonders sounded so fantastic that they were utterly discredited. Rumors persisted, however, and an expedition was sent to make definite inquiry. So decisive was its report that in 1872 it was established as a National Park by Act of Congress. Gardiner Gateway, the northern and original entrance to the Park, was dedicated by President Roosevelt in 1903.

Yellowstone — Our Picture-Book Park

PERHAPS no wonderment of nature in that whole picture-book park is so startling as its geysers, for it has more than a hundred of them; some leap suddenly up "from the nowhere into

Grand Canyon and Great Fall

Yellowstone Park

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the here," others purr and spit and spout, then soar gracefully into the air in spirals of steam. Old Faithful Geyser, the most celebrated and dependable geyser in the world, combines power, volume and beauty with that dependability that is so satisfying when you are looking through a tourist's eyes. You know that sinking feeling you experience when you have travelled several thousand miles to see a geyser spout, or an old château and you are solemnly told that the geyser isn't spouting that day or that the château is closed for its weekly cleaning! There is something very dependable about everything in Yellowstone. The petrified remains of a prehistoric forest composed of agate, carnelian, jasper and amethyst, stands solidly on its mountain side, and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and the Great Falls which roar from a magnificent height into the canyon blazing with color below are of those changeless things that lend stability to life.

Your Vacation in Yellowstone Park

NOTHING is lacking in the splendid service offered by the railroads in reaching this summertime paradise which is open from June 20 until well into September. Hotels and lodges within the Park are supervised by the Government, and are usually located in the vicinity of the chief attractions, though even those are hard to single out for there are so many. The National Park Service furnishes without cost what is known as a Nature Guide Service to the principal phenomena of the Park, and their lectures are both entertaining and instructive. What happier hunting ground than this for your vacation? Just take your camera, a few comfortable clothes, a friend, and the zest of living close to nature urges you over these trails of ancient beauty without effort.

Have You Visited the Yosemite?

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK is another of our special treasures of nature, prodigal of its beauty and alive with romance. When white men flocked into the foothills of the Sierra Nevada in their everlasting search for gold, they trespassed here on the home of the California Indians who, though not successful in defending their heritage, put up a fight known as the Mariposa Indian War. But in spite of these bold advances by the white men, Yosemite Valley was little disturbed by them for some years, for it is well known that the Californians who were the "Forty-niners" were not interested in scenery. It was those who followed later who came to know this "mountain mansion," as John Muir called the Yosemite. They it was who found the "Big Tree" or Giant Sequoia, one of the most wonderful and lovable of

tree species. Yosemite National Park contains three precious groves of Sequoia and many of them are individually named—General Lafayette, Mark Twain, Grizzly Giant, Forest Queen, General Sherman, and so on in patriotic or whimsical strain. You marvel at their height, their enormous diameters, their tremendous age. Why, "Father of the Forest" is said to be over six thousand years old, and it is not the oldest. Flowers in great variety and a profusion of loveliness are everywhere. Some of the plants which grow in the foothills have developed a hardiness that enables them to flourish above the timber line, and while most of the flowers are typical of the entire Sierra Nevada region, many are exceedingly rare. Wine Bush, Deer Brush, Monkey Flower, the delicate white Mariposa Lily, Pussy Paws, and the curious Snow Plant, which is fiery red and one of the most curious species in the Park, are among them.

Inspiring and majestic is the granite height called "Half Dome" and the rugged "Three Brothers," but perhaps more cherished even than these is your first glimpse of the Yosemite Falls, spilling endlessly over the edge of its mountain down its well-worn groove into the valley.

Yosemite Always in Season

You can plan your visit for any time of the year when you want to go to Yosemite, for there you are always "in season." Summertime, however, is particularly attractive as there is an endless variety of motor, hiking, or horseback trips, fine fishing, swimming, tennis and all manner of camp-fire entertainment. Yosemite National Park is quickly and conveniently reached by rail, motor coach, or private automobile every day in the year, and its hotels, which are up to date and comfortable, offer a wide range of accommodations.

Good Golf in Germany

There was a time when golf courses in Germany were as scarce as hen's teeth. Americans and Britishers, who went there on holidays, had to spend their superfluous energy mountain climbing, taking mineral baths, or long walks with no opportunity, however great the longing, "to swat the pill," for before the birth of the German Republic, golf was little played anywhere in Germany.

Today a nation-wide interest in athletics has gained tremendous impetus and the crest of enthusiasm has carried golf to the forefront of sports in Germany. Golf courses are being laid out by experienced foreign and German golf architects to satisfy the most exacting requirements, and the number of first class courses has more than doubled. The German Golf Association includes in its membership all the German and Austrian Clubs, and visiting golfers are always welcome at any of the German courses.

This spring the Berlin Golf and Country Club will inaugurate its new 18-hole course a few miles outside Berlin, the Hamburg Golf Club now boasts a full 18-hole course, and Cologne's former 9-hole course, which was enlarged during the British occupation to 18 holes, is now one of the finest courses in Europe. These will naturally attract many seasoned golfers, and a number of International Golf Tournaments are scheduled for the summer. Tournaments will also be held during July and August at Partenkirchen while the Passion Play is in progress. In fact, if you want to spend your time in Germany this summer playing golf, you may do so — and enjoyably.

Germany offers opportunities for sports of all kinds. Polo is in the midst of a most gratifying revival, while hunt races, driving contests, glider competitions and, of course, automobile races are continuing to attract ever increasing groups of enthusiasts.

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you have achieved all the good the gods could possibly provide. This is the way you feel when you see your bags deposited in one of the charming rooms of the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay and, throwing open the long French casement window as you might have done in some château of the long ago, take a long whiff of the salt breeze mingled with the tang of the pine and balsam, and a long, long look into the blue-green depths of the Laurentian Mountains. You can not wait to be off on a good saddle horse over those bridle paths that lace an intricate pattern through the pines on the hills, or to trail stealthily down to those still, clear trout pools where the gamest old trout in the world give valiant battle for their lives. Then there is that 18-hole mountain golf course, praised by America's foremost golfers for its picturesqueness and perfection, that nearly drives you off your head until you have had a chance to try it out for yourself. So flows the time which is spent in the hospitable environment of the Manoir Richelieu.

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By Way of Introduction

JOHN RELL (*The Enigma of Calvin Coolidge*) is a young Vermonter who has spent two years at Ticonderoga writing his recently published biography of Ethan Allen.

ROBERT T. BUSHNELL (*Banned in Boston*) is District Attorney for the Northern District of Massachusetts.

CELESTE LUCAS (*The Cycoon*) is a Kentuckian by birth who has lived for many years in Louisiana.

MERLE E. CURTI (*Pioneers of Peace*), who teaches at Smith College, is now abroad studying relations between the United States and foreign countries.

IONE NICOLL (*Should Women Vote Wet?*) is the talented wife of former Senator Courtlandt Nicoll.

EDWIN C. HILL (*Ghosts of a Gayer Broadway*), born in Indiana in the lilac 'Eighties, is with *The New York Sun*.

MARGARET LEE WOODBURY (*Retreat from Suburbia*) is a housewife and mother of the American middle class with sociological bent and training.

NELSON LLOYD (*Very Old McAdam*) is a Philadelphian who is making his home at Lawrenceville, N. J.

HUGH FULLERTON (*Baseball's Best*) and BILL CUNNINGHAM (*As a College Hero Sees It*) are two of the best known sports writers in the United States.

EDITH ORR (*Miss Loop*) is a "typical Bostonian who breathes freely only in New York."

RAYMOND J. GRAY (*The Passing of the Liberal College*) acknowledges as his Alma Mater, St. Louis University — the oldest university west of the Mississippi.

WINFRED RHOADES (*Six Flags in the Rigging*) speaks from an experience of twenty years with his own fight against physical difficulty.

DESMOND HARMSWORTH (*The Essence of the English*), a Londoner, is married to an American and lives in France.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

Traveller's Guide

Trans-Atlantic Sailings from New York

Albert Ballin, Hamburg American, Hamburg, May 1 and 29
Dresden, North German Lloyd, Bremen, May 1 and 29
Homeric, White Star, Southampton, May 2 and 23
Gripsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, May 2 and 30
Stavangerfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, May 2 and 30
Paris, French Line, Havre, May 2 and 23
Bremen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, May 3 and 21
Augustus, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, May 3
Rotterdam, Holland America, Rotterdam, May 3 and 31
Leviathan, United States, Southampton, May 3 and 24
Belgenland, Red Star, Antwerp, May 3 and 31
Christobal Colon, Spanish Royal Mail, Bilbao, May 4
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, May 7 and 28
Columbus, North German Lloyd, Bremen, May 7
New York, Hamburg American, Hamburg, May 8
Olympic, White Star, Southampton, May 9 and 30
United States, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, May 10
Kungsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, May 10
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, May 10
Volendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, May 10
Europa, North German Lloyd, Bremen, May 14 and 30
Berengaria, Cunard, Southampton, May 14
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, May 15
New Amsterdam, Holland America, Rotterdam, May 15
Vulcania, Cosulich, Trieste, May 15
Ile de France, French, Havre, May 15
Juan Sebastian Elcano, Spanish Royal Mail, Barcelona, May 24
Bergensfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, May 16
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, May 21
President Roosevelt, United States, Hamburg, May 28
Alfonso XIII, Spanish Royal Mail, Bilbao, May 30

Trans-Pacific Sailings from San Francisco

President Harrison, Dollar Line, Manila, May 2
Tenyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hong-Kong, May 3
Matsonia, Matson, Honolulu, May 7
President Jefferson, American Mail, Manila, May 9
Malolo, Matson, Honolulu, May 10 and 24
Tahiti, Union Royal Mail, Sydney, May 14
President Johnson, Dollar, Manila, May 16
Maui, Matson, Honolulu, May 21
President Lincoln, American Mail, Manila, May 23
President Hayes, Dollar, Manila, May 27
Asama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hong-Kong, May 31

Trans-Pacific Sailings from Seattle

President McKinley, American Mail, Manila, May 3
President Grant, American Mail, Manila, May 17
Arizona Maru, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Shanghai, May 19
Siberia Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hong-Kong, May 28
President Cleveland, American Mail, Manila, May 31
Arabia Maru, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Shanghai, May 4

Trans-Pacific Sailings from Vancouver

Empress of Russia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, May 8
London Maru, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Kobe, May 9
Empress of Asia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, May 29

Trans-Pacific Sailings from Los Angeles

City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, May 3 and 31
Calawaii, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, May 10
City of Honolulu, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, May 17

Sailing to South Africa from New York

City of New York, American South African Line, Capetown, May 31

The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

Money Rates

In 1924 money in the United States became so cheap for a time that the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank was dropped briefly to 3 per cent. That episode marked the beginning of the "Coolidge boom" in the stock market, of which the final chapter was not written until last fall.

In 1927 money again became cheap — it would be more accurate to say that it was made cheap by Federal Reserve policies — and the rediscount rate in New York was dropped to 3½ per cent. More than any other factor, that rate cut put new life into the boom, which had shown signs of slowing down; and justifiable though the reduction may have been in its relation to business and the international money markets, it undoubtedly was the largest major contribution to building up the great stock market advance and the speculative excesses that thereafter occurred.

And now money rates have dropped back to the 1924 level. Call loans on collateral have been available in New York as low as 1½ per cent; acceptances have sold at only 2½ per cent discount; foreign bank rates have been cut one after the other until the Bank of England rate stands at 3½; and the New York Reserve Bank rate has been reduced to 3½. And all the world wonders — not that this has happened, but what its effects will be.

The causes are all too evident: first the liquidation in the stock market which cut brokers' loans in half in a phenomenally short time, and second the recession in business. Commerce has not only failed to take up the slack released from the stock market; it has used even less credit itself. Our combined imports and exports, for example, in February totaled only about two-thirds their dollar volume at their peak last fall, and foreign trade is a heavy user of short term bank credit. Furthermore, trade between other countries, of which an increasing amount had been financed in New York, has fallen off. Loanable funds have accumulated in the banks.

A bank's first step, when such accumulation occurs, is to pay itself out of debt to the Federal Reserve Banks. After that, when its business customers are fully accommodated, the only outlet for its funds is in securities, and to them in one way or another the country's banking resources gravitate. Whether the banks buy bonds for their own portfolios, whether they lend to their investor customers who buy securities, or whether they make their loans directly to brokers and dealers through the call and time money markets on the Stock Exchange, the effect is the same. Like an intravenous injection, the stimulant is carried through the securities markets; and it marks up prices and marks down yields.

The beginnings of that process were visible at the end of March. Practically speaking, the member banks were almost out of debt to the Reserve Banks. In the New York district they were borrowing only $30,000,000; in all districts only about $200,000,000, approximately a fifth of the total a year earlier. Gold was coming in; this time, for a novelty, mostly to the San Francisco Bank, to which it had been shipped by Japan. Capital was accumulating through the natural processes of saving, and savings banks deposits once more were climbing, after the nightmare episode in which they were actually drawn down for the purchase of stocks at New Era prices. And as the banks gradually paid off their Reserve Bank indebtedness they began to lend more on the Stock Exchange. Talk of "frozen loans" on securities ceased. Brokers' loans in New York began to rise again, at first slowly, then by a hundred millions or more a week. The banks began to add to their own bond holdings. The securities markets everywhere began to show the widening effects of easy money; there was little else, generally speaking, upon which their prices might be marked up, but they rose nevertheless.

Buoyancy

These then were the characteristics of business at the opening of the second quarter: little trade, relatively speaking, and much money. The money had no outlet for its use in business or in the commodity markets, which persistently refuse to inflate because of an almost general condition of over-supply and because it is a characteristic of modern times that buyers have ceased to speculate in commodities, preferring to speculate in securities or, in other words, "in everybody's business except their own."

Thus the stock markets have been buoyant without much reason in the business news, and

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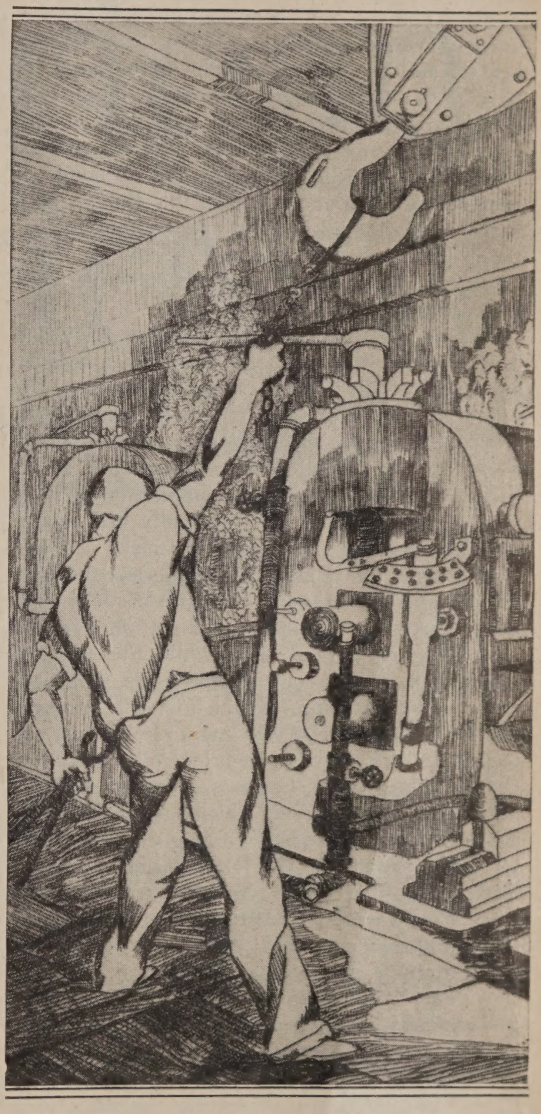

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the bond markets have been boiling. Bond dealers find real joy in life for their first time since bond prices began to decline in 1928. Issues brought out in January have advanced as much as 5 per cent in price, and high grade municipal bonds for the first time in more than a year have sold to yield less than 4 per cent. New issues, in steadily increasing volume, have been sold quickly and frequently oversubscribed. Institutions have bought heavily and the floating supply in the hands of New York dealers has been greatly reduced. Foreign buying has been much in evidence. Foreign government sinking funds as well as private investors have been taking the dollar bonds of their respective countries out of this market. And with money abroad more abundant and cheaper there has been little foreign borrowing here. Foreign funds in the United States have been increasing again.

And money seems likely to continue relatively easy for some time. Usually there is a moderate spring expansion in business demands for credit, followed by summer recession and dullness, which is succeeded by the active fall crop-moving season during which commercial requirements reach their peak. Not until the late summer or fall does money seem likely to become really firm again. There is nothing forced or "artificial" about present money easiness; Federal Reserve policy is not responsible, although of course it could have been exerted in the opposite direction had the authorities so elected. But while the Reserve Board looks with favor upon low rates, and Governor Young has expressed the hope that business will take advantage of easy money to initiate enterprises, the Reserve System has followed rather than led the market. For example, it is certainly not Reserve Bank buying which has made acceptances so cheap; it is the dwindling supply created by trade, set off by the large power to absorb them. In acquiescing in the trend toward easier rates, the Reserve authorities once more demonstrate that their concern is for business, not for the stock market; just as for the sake of business, they were so hesitant in attacking the stock speculation by raising rediscount rates last year.

Bond and Stock Values

THE leading factor in setting the price of a bond, excepting convertibles or those with stock purchase features, is of course the price of money. It has also become a much larger factor than formerly, if we are to judge by present facts, in setting the price of stocks. For corporation earnings, the other factor in the price equation, undoubtedly suffer in many of the primary industries by comparison with the past two years. The industries affected include the railroads. Nevertheless the stock market has been buoyant; the averages made successive new highs during March at a time when the industrial news, from building, steel and automobiles, was distinctly disappointing. As a result the ratio of price to earnings, if it were possible to know exactly what present earnings are, undoubtedly would be shown to be increasing. On the other hand the ratio of yields (either earnings or dividends) to the cost of money is probably more favorable, so sharply has money declined. One may take his choice between these two ratios, in deciding whether the first makes stocks a sale, or the second makes them a purchase. At present, however, the second is clearly in the saddle. Conservative investors are calculating that they can carry dividend-paying common stocks, preferred stocks and bonds at a profit because they yield more than the cost of money borrowed to carry them; for the first time in two years or more such talk is heard in the brokerage houses.

Better Business Next Fall

The difficulty with business is that the balance which was destroyed by the super-activity of 1929 has not yet been restored. In some cases markets are still over-supplied from the excessive production of that year; in others the lack of consumer purchasing power caused by unemployment, by a renewed adherence to the maxims of economy, or by loss of savings in the stock crash, is the critical factor. The difficulties of all are complicated by declining prices which cause distributors to postpone purchases in primary markets, and by the loss of purchasing power in countries which derive a large part of their income from those agricultural products whose prices have declined so violently. This lack of balance is something that time will correct, and undoubtedly the corrective process has gone a long way since the end of last summer, when it was started. With the exception of 1920 to 1922, when a far more drastic deflation occurred than we have had to go through this time, business recessions have not, in our more recent experience, lasted more than nine months to a year, and there is every reason to believe that a satisfactory peak of activity will again be reached next autumn, if not before. To that the stock market already is consciously looking forward.

The effects of cheap money in aiding business recovery are always slow; it does not of itself create a demand where an oversupply exists, but in the long run it operates through devious ways to help things; and while at present it is a sign of unsatisfactory conditions it is really of constructive assistance in restoring good times. By publication date these lines may be nearer fulfilment.

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North American Review

June

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Gerald W. Johnson

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As We See It in Reno
Swift Paine

Grist of the Musical Mills . . . . . Sigmund Spaeth
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The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

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The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

PERSONALLY I believe that essential religion is one of the world's supremest needs, and I believe that one of the greatest contributions that the United States ever can, or ever will, make to world progress — greater by far than any contribution which we have ever made to the science of government — will consist *in furnishing an example to the world of how the religious life of a nation can evolve intelligently, wholesomely, inspiringly, reverently, completely divorced from all unreason, all superstition, and all unwholesome emotionalism.* — From *Science and the New Civilization*, by Robert A. Millikan.

IMAGINATION, informed by the known laws of nature, but unbound and free to experiment and dare, combined with the spirit of rationality, lives and flowers in the engineering age and will swing new planets into the ken of those who watch the heavens for signs of the future. — From *Toward Civilization*, a symposium edited by Charles A. Beard.

THESE two quotations are placed at the beginning of the first Landscape written on this side the Atlantic in three months, because they seem to the Landscaper to have considerable bearing upon at least one of the questions that is now disturbing the minds of American leaders of thought. This question has been crystallized to a degree in the current discussion of The New Humanism. It is a question of many facets, but the core is: whither are we drifting, or is our machine-made civilization, born of the laboratory, living up to its earlier promises? In other words, we seem to be in the midst of stock-taking, and one is free to suspect that the somewhat skeptical attitude of the present moment is related, in a measure, at least, to certain events that took place in Wall street last autumn. So long as the stock market was turning out millionaires about as Mr. Ford produces flivvers, there was little chance for serious discussion of anything any more remote than the decorations of the new Hispano-Suiza, but those days seem oddly remote just now.

The Landscaper has found most of his friends discussing one other question, which is called, in brief, Amos 'n' Andy. The New Humanism is not so new that the Landscaper had not heard rumors of it long before sailing in January; indeed, he still remembers a review of one of Paul Elmer More's pronouncements by Henry Hazlitt as one of the most diverting bits of critical writing of the times, and it is pleasant to note that in his new capacity as literary editor of *The Nation* Mr. Hazlitt has not forgotten how to have his little joke with the Humanists. But Amos 'n' Andy is another matter. The Landscaper finds himself in a rather embarrassing position on both these questions; after two weeks of reading most of the articles and reviews that have been written on the Humanistic controversy, he feels wholly unable to take a definite stand, and doesn't really know whether he is a New Humanist or not, although he has a strong suspicion that his sympathies are rather divided, as usual. As for Amos 'n' Andy, who seem to have brought a touch of kindly humor to what the sociologists call the American Scene, the newspapers having recorded the fact that one New York judge released a taxicab driver who had given a woman a sound beating, after he had heard Amos 'n' Andy discuss the difficulties of the life of a public chauffeur, the Landscaper has no opinion, because he has never heard the two gentlemen. The radio is not simply out of commission in the Landscaper's apartment, the plain truth is that he does not own one, and aside from certain lacunae in his conversation, due to this lack, has not suffered especially. In principle, however, he endorses Amos 'n' Andy. We can do with as much comedy as we can get at the present moment. . . .

Humanists or Not?

OF COURSE, it is much more necessary to declare one's self on the subject of Humanism. A whole school of criticism is coming along that is based upon Humanistic principles. Therefore, the Landscaper is, as he said before, properly embarrassed. The plain truth of the matter is that he has some sort of deeply rooted complex about belonging to any sort of movement, and so prefers to remain on the outside of the present row, although quite willing to toss an occasional brick at either side. This matter of knowing quite surely what one wants and believes came up during the Landscaper's recent stay in Spain. He was very much impressed with the cathedrals, especially with the beauty of the services at Palma de

Mallorca. This and other matters had made a deep impression upon the somewhat susceptible mind of your reporter, which lasted until he was back among the intellectuals of Madrid and Barcelona and listening to their dreadful tales of the church's opposition to social reforms, or if not opposition, at least apathy. This seems to go to the root of the matter: what church offers emotional and intellectual satisfaction, or is it possible for these two elements to be reconciled? More than one person, one suspects, would like to know the answer.

Optimistic Dr. Millikan

THESE divagations now lead us back to the optimistic quotation from Dr. Robert A. Millikan, to be found at the beginning of the Landscape. Dr. Millikan's small book from which the paragraph is taken, is published by Scribner, and it is one of the best of the recent works on the subject. Dr. Millikan is also a contributor to the Beard Symposium (*Toward Civilization*, Longmans, Green, $3) along with Lee de Forest, Michael Pupin, Lillian M. Gilbreth, Elmer A. Sperry and a number of other scientists in various fields. These are two optimistic books; the scientists themselves are quite confident that our civilization is moving steadily ahead, and that whatever its deficiencies at the present moment, they may easily be made up in future when we are past the transition period. Of course, one would hardly expect to find the leaders of this group suspicious of their own civilization; the criticism and uneasiness come from without, and as in the case of the Humanists, more often than not from college campuses.

Dr. Millikan's statement about "essential religion" strikes this reader as extremely interesting. The difficulty in every controversy of the sort that is raging between the Scientists and the Humanists, upon which the Millikan prophecy has a direct bearing, is, of course, one of definition of terms; just what is meant by "essential religion?" Does Dr. Millikan mean faith in mankind to continue its upward climb: if so, he must be careful or he will find himself in the camp of the New Humanists. But upon what facts in the past of our glorious country can he base his optimism? From a fair degree of familiarity with the history of religion in America, the Landscaper can recall little enough that is either intelligent, wholesome, or reverent, and certainly even less that is "divorced from unreason, superstition, and unwholesome emotionalism." This, of course, touches the much deeper question of whether or not religion — unless we count as religion man's innate duty to his fellow man — can be free from unreason, superstition, and what might seem to be unwholesome emotionalism to a sufficiently detached observer. The New Humanists break with the Scientists at this point, and some of them, namely T. S. Eliot, have returned to Catholicism, although Mr. Eliot has gone no further than the Anglo branch, a sort of safe middle ground, although a compromise with which this observer has very little sympathy.

What Started the Trouble

IT IS well enough known by this time that the book which brought the Humanist controversy to a head was *Humanism and America*, a symposium edited by Norman Foerster (Farrar and Rinehart), a collection of dull and pedantic essays that is quite enough to drive one directly to the other camp. Other recent books on Humanism are *The New Humanism* by Leon Samson (Washburn, $3), which is so badly written that one reads it with pain; and *Humanism the New Religion* by Charles Francis Potter (Simon and Schuster), which is upon another phase of Humanism entirely from the Babbitt-More type. Some of the most illuminating comment upon the controversy has come from Burton Rascoe in *Plain Talk* and *The New York World*, from Elmer Davis, Walter Lippman and Dr. Henry Seidel Canby in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and from Henry Hazlitt in *The Nation*. It is a good row, altogether, and a pleasant relief from the by-now tiresome discussion of Prohibition. A fat and ruddy Spaniard said to the Landscaper on his recent visit to Spain: "But you have nothing to drink in your country! How is it possible? If alcohol were taken from the Spaniards they would die like flies on the first day of winter." He was assured that Americans had not yet been subjected to this terrible test, although a good many of them had died from the presence, rather than the absence, of alcohol. But there is a promise, made by the Landscaper to himself, that this subject is not to be discussed any further here for the present, and he will pause only long enough to mention one book on the subject. Rheta Childe Dorr's *Drink: Coercion or Control* (Stokes, $2.50), which is a reasonable, unemotional study of the whole problem, the answer to which in Mrs. Dorr's mind is not to be found in the Eighteenth Amendment.

The Machine Is Questioned

THERE are a number of books lying about that bear more or less directly upon the questions raised by the discussion of the New Humanism, among the most interesting of the lot, Silas Bent's *Machine-Made Man*, which is illustrated with woodcuts by H. Glitencamp (Farrar and Rinehart, $3), and which shows something of what the machine has done to us — Mr. Bent is less

cheerful of the future than Dr. Millikan and his fellow-scientists —; *Indecency and the Seven Arts* by Horace M. Kallen (Liveright, $2.50), a collection of thoughtful essays upon a wide variety of contemporary topics; *The Frontiers of Physics* by Paul R. Heyl, physicist of the United States Bureau of Standards (Appleton, $2), a small book which opens some of the romantic vistas of modern physics; *Modern Science* by J. Arthur Thompson (Putnam), a general introduction to many wonders, written in the clear, simple style of this author's popular works on scientific subjects; *The Unrealists* by Harvey Wickham (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $3.50), an attack upon the philosophical theories of James, Bergson, Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Alexander and Whitehead by the author of *The Misbehaviourists*, and *The Impuritans*, which with the two earlier volumes, forms a sort of trilogy of protest, Mr. Wickham representing the traditional and orthodox point of view against our gallant experimenters; *The Dangers of Obedience* by Harold J. Laski (Harper, $3), in which the brilliant teacher in the University of London counsels Americans to consider conditions under which they live, and try to do something to better them; *The Twilight of Empire* by Scott Nearing (Vanguard, $2.50), in which the noted radical economist makes some predictions of the future of this country based upon the theory that other world-empires have failed because their expansion brought about unsound economic conditions, a theory he has worked out most interestingly; and last, but not least in importance or interest, H. I. Brock's *Meddlers: Uplifting Moral Uplifters* (Washburn, $3), in which an intelligent American of the old stock takes a look about him at the nation's pests, and wishes, for the sake of personal liberty, that a satisfactory insect powder might be perfected that would wipe out the breed.

A Variety of Books

A CASUAL glance at this oddly diversified list of books may make it seem that the Landscaper has gone far afield in attempting to relate many of them to the present agitation about American civilization, but they all bear directly in one way or another upon the question of values, and this, to be sure, is what the New Humanists are arguing about. One appears to go even further afield, and bring into the discussion such a sound and interesting book on Greek philosophy as John M. Warbeke's *The Searching Mind of Greece* (Crofts, $5), which tells very clearly of the quest for truth made by the Greeks, and which shows that we are coming closer and closer to their concepts — that, in the words of Dr. Warbeke, Greek thought is emerging not only as the beginning, but as the end. The Greeks were searchers, and the New Humanists do not like searching, which is only one of the many amusing contradictions in the controversy. Humanism, as a religion, for example, insists that man is inherently good; Rousseau, who wrote to this theory, is the bugbear of Professor Babbitt, archpriest of the New Humanists.

There are other books of consequence to those interested in the present and future of this country, and an even greater number of consequence to those interested in its past. There is, for example, Paul M. Mazur's *America Looks Abroad: the New Economic Horizons* (Viking, $3.50), in which a brilliant young banker and student of economic conditions attempts to forecast the trend of American business in the next decade. He finds the prospects hopeful, and thinks we shall be able to continue our conquest of world markets, both to the maintenance of our own prosperity and the increased comfort and happiness of the people who buy from us. Mr. Mazur is also the author of *American Prosperity: Its Causes and Its Consequences*. A study of America by a trained observer, who knows all the countries in the world, is bound to be of interest, and there is much good reading in Sisley Huddleston's *What's Right With America* (Lippincott, $2.50), although the Landscaper is a good, long way from sharing Mr. Huddleston's optimism at every point. He is even hopeful of our artistic future — the theory so often expressed is that as soon as we have acquired leisure out of our machines, we shall all set to work producing masterpieces of one sort or another. Thus far, the situation has been one of great hopes and little realizations; many an European city-state of another day produced more good art of every variety than we have managed to turn out in our whole country, and we are not really so young as we might be either. However, we bow in the direction of Mr. Huddleston, and are glad he is pleased with us.

Digging Up Our Past

AS FOR the delving into our past that has been so actively engaged in for the past ten or twenty years, there are no signs of any let-up. The books of the past few weeks that are more or less directly concerned with the history of our country would fill several shelves. Explorations into Indian lore continue, and the conviction seems to be growing in many quarters that we suffered a definite cultural loss when we drove the Indians into reservations and then proceeded to "Americanize" them as quickly as possible. One of the best of this particular class of books is *American: The Life Story of a Great Indian*, which has been written by Frank B. Linderman.

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A Look at the Novels

TO LEAVE, for a time at least, this field of books of non-fiction for a glance at the present crop of novels, one finds that the past few weeks have seen a relatively small number of really outstanding works published. One must go a bit farther back, for example, to find Elizabeth Madox Roberts's *The Great Meadow*, or James Boyd's *Long Hunt*, both stories of American pioneer days; or Claire Spencer's *Gallows Orchard*, a remarkable first novel that has had the goood luck to be taken by one of the book clubs — the author is the wife of Harrison Smith of Cape and Smith, a perfect example of coöperation — or *Cimarron*, by Edna Ferber, another adventure into the nation's past. The most interesting piece of fiction the Landscaper has read for the past several days was a collection of short stories of modern young people called *Grim Youth*. The author is none other than John Held, Jr., and the book has many of his illustrations (Vanguard, $2). One hears that the phase of youth which Mr. Held depicts so accurately is passing, or has passed; if so, his book is worth reading as a piece of history.

Of foreign novels of the moment, none has been more widely discussed than Maxim Gorki's long story *The Bystander* (Cape and Smith, $3), not all of which this observer has had time to read. The book is in the tradition of classical Russian literature; it has everything in it, put together without an especial sense of literary form. It is not steadily exciting reading, in fact, there are times when it is dull, but unless one is free-minded enough to avow in public his distaste for all dull things, it can hardly be overlooked. There is, to be sure, little doubt of its importance when compared with the run of current fiction. Of somewhat the same general order is Robert Neumann's *The Flood* (Covici-Friede, $3), a novel of the disintegration of society as grimly bitter as Gorki's *The Lower Depths*. *Dandelion Days* by Henry Williamson (Dutton, $2.50), is another volume in the tetralogy, called *Flax of Dream*, the story of the life and death of Willie Maddison, already brought to a close in *The Pathway*. The first volume was called *The Beautiful Years*, and brought Maddison through childhood to adolescence; *Dandelion Days* covers the period of adolescence to the late teens; *The Dream of Fair Women*, published some time ago as an independent volume, and probably now to be reissued, is of the period of late youth and early young manhood, and as has been said, *The Pathway*, which is the best-known of the volumes to date, closes the story, except for the pendent, which will be a "celestial fantasy" called *The Star-Born*, from which a good many passages are quoted in *The*

By Way of Introduction

GERALD W. JOHNSON (*White House Hopes in Maryland*), former professor of journalism, University of North Carolina, now editorial writer on *The Baltimore Evening Sun.*

SWIFT PAINE (*As We See It in Reno*) is the author of *Eilley Orrum, Queen of the Comstock*, and has just finished a novel about life in Reno.

KIRKE MECHEM (*The Battle Sonata*) is a writer and editor, living in Wichita, Kansas.

JAMES MONTAGNES (*Canada's Aerial Conquests*) is a former newpaper man of Toronto, now writing for the magazines on Canadian subjects.

THOMAS H. UZZELL (*The Grim Game of Golf*), born in Colorado, educated in Missouri, Minnesota and at Harvard, has had varied experience in magazine editing and feature writing.

L. J. NATIONS (*Business before Culture*), a member of the faculty of the University of Alabama, was born in Mississippi, and educated at the University of Illinois.

LIEUT. MELVIN F. TALBOT, U.S.N. (*The East through a Port Hole*) was graduated at Exeter and Harvard, and entered the regular navy at the beginning of the war.

SIGMUND SPAETH (*Grist of the Musical Mills*), the well known musical critic of New York and Boston, who has contributed widely to the development of his art.

ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK (*Hungry River*), who has been living for six years in a miners' camp in Bolivia, has returned to her home in Baltimore.

CLARE OGDEN DAVIS (*Politicians, Female*) was secretary to Governor Miriam Ferguson of Texas; and has specialized in political writing.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

Pathway. Dandelion Days is hardly so successful, judged as an entity, as the other three volumes in the tetralogy, although it has much of the Williamsonian charm; the prose is good, and there is a great deal of close observation of nature, poetically set forth. But the story is dragged out, and is largely saved at the last moment by the account of Maddison's love-affair, a calfish episode that has just the right blend of comedy and tragedy, and which is handled well and understandingly.

Other Worth-While Fiction

OTHER worth-while novels that are current are Nan Shepherd's *The Weatherhouse* (Dutton, $2.50); another Scotch story by the author of *Quarry Wood; The Knight of the Virgin* by Blasco Ibáñez (Dutton, $2.50) which carries on the historical tale begun in *Unknown Lands* which, as may be recalled, was the story of Columbus, as the new book is the story of a *conquistador; East Wind West Wind* by Pearl S. Buck (Day, $2.50), in which an American woman who has spent all her life in the East depicts the clash of old and new ideals in a Chinese family, and does it very well indeed; *The Woman With One Thousand Children* by Clara Viebig (Appleton, $2.50), which is the story of a Berlin school-teacher that is among the best-known of recent novels in Germany; *Movieland* by Ramon Gomez de la Serna (Macaulay, $2.50), a story of Hollywood by one of Spain's most amusing writing men, translated by Angel Flores. Ramon has never been near Hollywood, but this has not prevented him from writing a highly diverting novel about it.

The deluge of war-novels seems to have passed, although if one may judge from the number published in England this spring, we may be in for another course before the year is out. There are several available at present, including two written from the point of view of women participants, the anonymous *War Nurse* (Cosmopolitan, $2.50) and *Step-Daughters of War* by Helen Zenna Smith (Dutton, $2.50), both of which ought to be read by the stay-at-homes in America, who had such a delightful time during our participation in the struggle. They are grimly realistic, and not exaggerated. *Four Infantrymen* by Ernest Johannsen (King, $2.50), is another story of the war from the point of view of a German private, and quite as moving as most of its predecessors; *The Whistlers' Room* by Paul Alverdes (Covici-Friede, $1.50) is a short account of life among a group of wounded men in a German hospital, one of them an English soldier. They become fast friends in their trouble, and the story moves in an atmosphere of tolerance and affection, which is the exact antithesis of everything that is supposed to come out of war.

Through Blood and Ice by Ferenc Imrey and Lewis Stanton Palen, who will be remembered as the early collaborator with Ossendowski, relates the adventures of a distinguished Austrian artist who was captured by the Russians and who was an eye-witness to the struggles between the Whites and the Reds in the days when there seemed to be some doubt about the outcome of the Revolution. The material is good and Mr. Palen knew how to take care of his part of the task.

Some Other Good Books

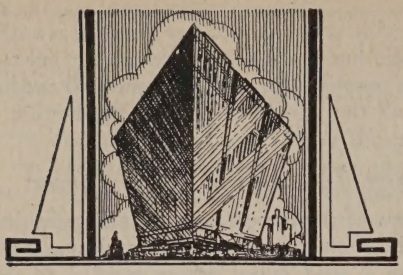
OTHER current novels that are worth examining are *Beauvallet* by Georgette Heyer (Longmans, Green, $2.50), a story of the time of Philip II, with much of the action taking place in Spain; *Pilgrim to the Abyss* by Axel Eggebrecht (King, $2,50), the story of a Russian princess who is still alive, but whose life has out-romanced romance; *Ella* by Elisabeth Wilkins Thomas (Viking, $2.50), one of the best-done first novels that have passed this way in some time, and of especial interest to women; and *The Saint* by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, with a foreword by Thomas Mann (Simon and Schuster, $2), a translation of Meyer's deservedly famous story of the life of Thomas à Becket, and his relations with King Henry. Edward Franklin Hauch is the translator. Among the books by newer authors that remain, the Landscaper has found interest in Aaron Marc Stein's *Spirals* (Covici-Friede, $2.50), a first novel by a young New York newspaperman that shows decided talent; *Doctor's Wives* by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant (Little, Brown, $2.50), a novel of the contemporary scene with an unusual theme which is suggested by its title; and *These Lords' Descendants* by Gloria Goddard, the story of a line of English aristocrats and their offspring in this country that starts in Puritan days and does not fetch up until it reaches last week, or there abouts. It is well and interestingly done. Of the slightly less recent novels by established authors, Wallace Irwin's *The Days of Her Life* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), ought not to be overlooked, especially by anyone who has an interest in San Francisco of the '80s and '90s. Mr. Irwin has written this book from close to his heart, and it is the best thing he has done in the way of long fiction. An interesting fiction début is that of Dorothy Heyward, who is the wife of Du Bose Heyward. Mrs. Heyward had written successfully for the stage before her marriage, and she collaborated in the highly successful dramatization of *Porgy;* her first novel is *Three-a-Day* (Century, $2.50), a story of the vaudeville stage, with three young troupers as the central figures, two boys and a girl. This ready-made triangle takes the expected course. Mrs. Heyward had some earlier experience on the vaudeville stage, so that her material is authentic, and she has written an entertaining light novel, which promises that her husband will not have to bear all the burden of literary production in the future.

Many Interesting Biographies

A FEW of the important recent biographies have been classified here as Americana, but there remain a good many others entitled to separate discussion, among them new lives of George Eliot, Savonarola, Lope de Vega, Captain Cook, and many others. The Eliot life is by J. Lewis May (Bobbs Merrill, $3.50), and is a good example of the modern biography intelligently handled. Mr. May has tried to make a living woman of his subject, and he has succeeded. The *Savonarola* is a translation from the Italian of Piero Misciattelli (Appleton, $3), and while not a long or heavy study, devotes sufficient attention to the infinitely rich background of the times of the Florentine reformer and martyr; the illustrations are from works of art of the period. Angel Flores, well known for his many translations from the Spanish, has done an impressionistic sketch of the Spanish playwright of the Age of Gold in his *Lope de Vega* (Brentano, $3.50). It is a work somewhat marred by the Gongoristic style in which it is written, and by its lack of any really new material that might explain the riddle of how Lope found so much time to play Don Juan while writing hundreds of successful plays, but it has the merit of vividness, and may tempt many of its readers to find out more about its subject and the times in which he lived.

While not strictly biographical, *The Memoirs of Baron Wrangel* (Duffield, $6) belong somewhere in this category, and the book offers about as much exciting reading as anyone could ask. The various novels of this Russian leader, such as *From Double Eagle to Red Flag* have won him many followers in this country, and one suspects that the fat volume of memoirs will find a good many readers.

Other current biographies of importance include Edmond Fleg's highly poetical *Life of Solomon* (Dutton, $3), Mr. Fleg having established himself with a successful life of Moses a year or two ago; *Alexander Pope* by Edith Sitwell (Cosmopolitan, $4), one of the outstanding literary biographies of the year, and, naturally, with one of the Sitwells as its author, well and provocatively written; and for all who are interested in Carlyle, *Froude and Carlyle* by W. H. Dunn (Longmans, Green, $5), a defense of Froude in one of the most famous controversies of recent times. It is a complete survey of this famous row, and goes at length into the question of the sexual relations of the Carlyles, among other matters. To the



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Landscaper, it reads like a bit of special pleading for Froude rather than an attempt to analyze the controversy, but this may be prejudice; it is very hard to overcome the Landscaper's early adoration of Carlyle, and later admiration for Jane Welsh. . . . Those who have a taste for literary rumpuses of this sort will find Mr. Dunn's book thoroughly interesting.

The Book of Clemenceau

THERE are many books by or about Clemenceau out just now, but the most important of the lot is, naturally, *Grandeur and Misery of Victory* (Harcourt, Brace, $5), the uncensored and unabridged observations of the Tiger on the period of the war, including the period of the peace. In the miscellaneous group also belongs Rene Fülöp-Miller's large volume, *The Power and Secret of the Jesuits* (Viking, $5), a well-illustrated book that details one of the most fascinating stories in the world. The first third is devoted to the life of Ignatius Loyola, an amazing person in his own right, and the rest to the whole tale of the spread of Jesuit power through a period of four hundred years. This is one of the most important of recent books, and an admirable piece of bookmaking at the price as well.

Let the lesson end with reference to a new story of *The Devil*, having begun with a few stray thoughts on religion. *The Devil* is by Maurice Garcon and Jean Vinchon (Dutton, $3.50), and is an historical, critical and medical study made by two eminent French psychologists. It is a good book on a bad subject.

TRAVEL BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

Mogreb-El-Acksa: A Journey in Morocco. By *R. B. Cunninghame-Graham.* New York: The Viking Press. $3.50.

A new edition of a classic of our generation.

Tahiti. By *Pierre Loti.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

Although not strictly a travel book, this work of Loti's, which is newly brought out in the Stokes's uniform edition, gives such a delightful rendering of life in the South Seas that it ought not to be neglected by the well informed voyager.

Siam. By *Pierre Loti.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

With the consumate touches of a master artist Cambodia comes to life.

The South Seas. By *Gifford Pinchot.* New York: John W. Winston. $3.50.

A moving account of a scientific visit to sunny and picturesque lands.

The Last Paradise. By *Hickman Powell.* New York: Cape and Smith. $4.00.

The story of the writer's life with a native family in Bali, which is one night east of Java.

The Land of the Pepper Bird. By *Sidney de la Rue.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

A book that tells all one wishes to know about the African Republic of Liberia.

Down the Tiber and Up the Rhone. By *Harold Donaldson Eberlein, Geoffrey J. Marks, Frank A. Wallis.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. $3.00.

A journey down an historic river, made in a black rubber canoe.

The Log of the Coriolanus. By *Norman Matson.* New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.00.

A cruise of forty days to Cape Verde Islands made by a Scandinavian-American is here recorded with more than travel interest.

The Great White Silence. By *Louis-Frédéric Rouquette.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Written by a man, who, though well educated and well placed in French life, vagabonded over four continents and as many seas in his search for peace.

The Worst Journey in the World. By *Apsley-Cherry Gerrard.* New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. $5.00.

An account of Scott's Expedition into the Antarctic in 1910–1913, highly praised by George Bernard Shaw, among others.

The Wilderness of Denali. By *Charles Sheldon.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

A naturalist's explorations in the country around Mt. McKinley, illustrated with excellent photographs.

They Climbed the Alps. By *Edwin Muller, Jr.* Cape and Smith. $3.50.

It answers the question of why men climb mountains, and illuminates the spirit of one of the greatest of sports.

The Lantern Show of Paris. By *F. G. Hurrell.* New York: Cape and Smith. $3.00.

The City of Paris in such moods as when dawn steals up over the forest of chimney pots and the chestnut roasters trundle home.

Finland and Its People. By *Robert Medill.* New York: Robert McBride and Company. $1.50.

So well liked has this slight volume on the new Republic of the North become that a third printing was put through this year.

The Air-Tourist's Guide to Europe. By *Captain Norman Macmillan.* New York: Ives Washburn, Publisher. $3.00.

A comprehensive and useful book giving all the air routes across Europe with tables of fares and other practical details.

America's England. By *M. V. Hughes.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

An intimate little travel book which is especially designed to aid Americans in their desire to visit England — delightfully illustrated and very distinguished in appearance.

So You're Going to Germany and Austria. By *Clara E. Laughlin.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

A valuable addition to a fine series of guide books.

Come With Me Through Germany. By *Frank Schoonmaker.* New York: Robert McBride and Company. $2.00.

A compact and up-to-date guide, convenient in size, and comprehensive.

Blue Rhine and Black Forest. By *Louis Untermyer.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A poet's guide to romantic Germany.

Heroes of the Farthest North. By *Kennedy MacLean* and *Charles Fraser.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.00.

These are records of more difficult travelling feats than the average person is called upon to encounter.

Vagabonding at Fifty. By *Helen C. Wilson* and *Elsie R. Mitchell.* New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. $3.50.

In which is told the story of two middle-aged women, who travelled 7,000 miles across the most dangerous part of Asia.

The Women of Cairo. By *Gerard de Nerval.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes, $7.50.

Translation by Conrad Elphinstone of a great travel book on the Orient, which was written by the founder of the Symbolist Movement in France.

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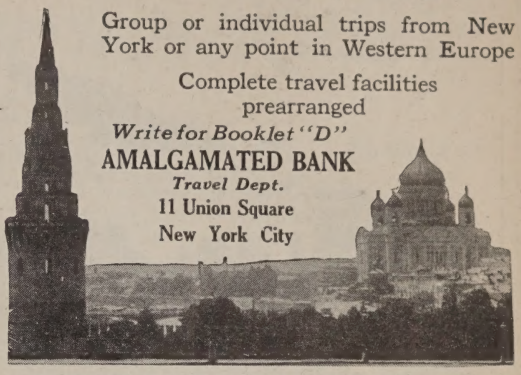

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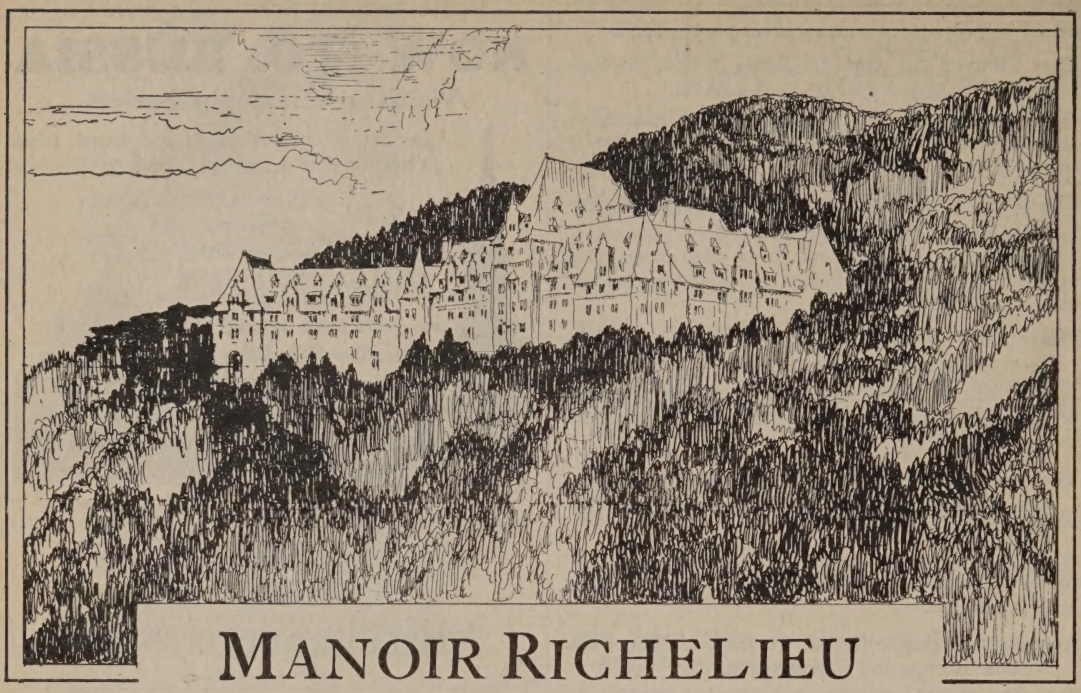

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The North American Review

VOLUME 229 JUNE, 1930 NUMBER 6

White House Hopes in Maryland

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

Governor Ritchie Stands out in an Early Survey of Democracy's Presidential Timber

AS TROUBLES collect around the head of President Hoover, the election of 1932 begins to acquire a strong fascination for the minds of Democratic politicians of national stature. For it is already apparent that the majority party is no longer the tremendously efficient machine that battered down that most formidable fighter, Alfred E. Smith. Even before the stock market crash, the President was involved in difficulties with the Senate, and since the crash these difficulties have multiplied apace, both in numbers and in depth.

At present, the White House can be certain of the votes only of a minority in the Senate. The coalition on the Tariff Bill revealed the weakness of the administration; and although the wily Senator Grundy, of Pennsylvania, eventually overthrew the coalition, he did so to secure his own ends, not to protect the Administration. Grundy warred on the coalition to rescue the tariff, not to rescue the President; and on an issue not involving the protective policy there is no assurance that he would fight successfully, or fight at all.

THE issue of Prohibition, that split the Democratic Party in 1928, has now riven the Republican Party likewise. Smith and McAdoo are no further apart on this issue than are Representative Tinkham and Senator Borah; and there has been no great party success to plaster over the split. Instead of going through with a bang, the London Conference petered out with a fizz. The Commission on Law Enforcement has, to date, evoked more catcalls than cheers. With prosperity temporarily disabled as an absorber of all criticism, the majority party, less than a year and a half after President Hoover's inauguration,

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is making heavy weather of it indeed.

So the Democratic nomination of 1932 bids fair to be worth something. Already it is apparent that it is going to be worth much more than the nomination of 1920, or of 1924, and if Mr. Hoover's difficulties increase, it may be worth everything. Every Democrat of prominence is acutely aware of the fact, and none more so than the Hon. Albert Cabell Ritchie, known to the nobility and gentry of the Maryland Free State as "Our Bert." True, there are shadows, to be described in detail later, across the path to glory of Our Bert; but at that he is, in the language of the academicians, sitting pretty. At worst, he seems to be less heavily handicapped than any of his prominent rivals.

THE Hon. Alfred Emanuel Smith was hit so hard by the embattled Protestants in 1928 that the mere suggestion of nominating a Catholic will freeze the blood of every National Convention for a quarter of a century. The Hon. Joseph T. Robinson, his running-mate, has been side-swiped with almost equally disastrous effect by *The Literary Digest* wet-dry poll. Perhaps that poll is not an accurate reflection of the sentiment of the country; nevertheless, it will make practical politicians in the National Convention of 1932 exceedingly wary of rampant Drys as nominees.

Nor is it likely that the Democratic convention will go back along the list of its former standard bearers. The Hon. John W. Davis has not lately afforded any particular reason why he should be nominated again, and as for the fellow who ran in 1920, who remembers his name? There are, then, the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York, and the Hon. Owen D. Young, financial adviser extraordinary to the civilized world. Mr. Roosevelt is admittedly a formidable contender, but he would be much more formidable if he enjoyed better physical health. It is reported that he is on the mend; but even a suggestion of physical disability operates heavily against the chances of a candidate for a Presidential nomination. As for Mr. Young, he labors under the disadvantage of being entangled with the electric power interests. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he may be able to overcome his handicap, but there is no manner of doubt that it is a handicap.

Our Bert, on the other hand, assuming that he is not torpedoed this fall by the erratic and unpredictable Free State, labors under none of these disabilities. He is, to date, an unbeaten champion. He has never lost a major campaign. He is wet, he enjoys superb physical health, and while he is no pauper he has about as much chance of buying the General Electric Company as he has of flying over the moon.

MOREOVER, he is a man with an idea. It is far from an original idea. On the contrary, it is older than the Government by far; as old, perhaps, as the very institution of government among men; and it has bobbed up in various places at various times under various names. But the essence of it is the belief that this business of government can easily be overdone.

Ritchie has called this the doctrine of States' Rights, and in so doing he has incurred a certain amount of criticism, based on misunderstanding of his position. Deceived by the title, some people have jumped to the conclusion that he must be essentially a romantic fellow, choosing to ignore the massive fact of the Civil War, and engaged in a quixotic endeavor to bring back the irrevocable past.

NOTHING could be further from the fact. Our Bert is anything but a romanticist. He is the sharpest of realists, as far removed as possible from O. Henry's Colonel Telfair, the Confederate officer who devoted his life to an attempt to prove that the South really won the war. Our Bert's argument is not based on an idealist's dream of things as they ought to be, nor even on the compact of 1789, although the latter furnishes him with a good talking point. The bases of his argument are simply an atlas and eleven years' experience in a Governor's chair. His atlas teaches him that this country is three thousand miles wide. His experience teaches him that it is extremely difficult to govern a man three miles away, not to mention three thousand. From these he deduces the conclusion that the bulk of all governing should be done on the spot, and that the greater the distance from which a judgment comes, the greater the chances that it will be a bad judgment.

From this the doctrine of States' Rights arises, not as an ethical abstraction, nor as an historical theory, but as a logical necessity. The State capitals are nearer the people to be governed than is Washington. Even Annapolis is closer than Washington to more than half the inhabitants of the Maryland Free State, although Maryland encloses the District of Columbia on three sides. Therefore, when a difficulty arises, the chances that the State capital can deal with it intelligently are greater than the chances that Washington can do so.

Of course the rule is not absolute. Merely to exist, a government must exercise certain indispensable powers. For example, it must have the right and the power to defend itself, both against invasion from without and against insurrection within. It must have the right and the power to protect its own peace and dignity against individual malefactors. It must of necessity assume the responsibility for whatever operations within its borders are truly national in scope, as coining money, collecting customs duties and its own internal tax levies and, in the case of the United States, regulating interstate relations of all kinds.

BUT Ritchie's theory is that centralization in this country should be confined to those things which are obviously beyond the power of the individual States to accomplish for themselves. To argue otherwise is to argue either that the States are so completely homogeneous that any rule which fits one is equally applicable to all, or that one State, or group of States, is so obviously superior to all the rest that the rules devised by the superior States should be applied to all the others for their own good. In the realistic eyes of Our Bert the first argument is nonsense,

and the second not only nonsensical but also intolerably self-righteous, arrogant and tyrannous.

One of the characteristic stigmata of the idealist is his magnificent capacity for ignoring the obvious. This Governor Ritchie stubbornly refuses to do. He can not forget, and he will not even try to forget that Maine is different from Florida, and that environment exerts a powerful influence upon human conduct. He carries it further — he knows that Garrett County, in the mountains of Western Maryland, is different from Baltimore City, and that conduct which is permissible, even praiseworthy, in one place may be highly blameworthy in the other. For a man to keep a pig behind his house in Garrett County may be not only permissible, but admirable; let a man try it in Baltimore City, however, and the minions of the law will be upon him instantly. But because Garrett encourages the keeping of swine and Baltimore forbids it, does it follow that one must be right and the other wrong? Certainly not. They are both right, for each has acted with a view to local conditions.

THIS would seem to be as plain as a pikestaff, yet the Congress of the United States betrays an increasing tendency to legislate on matters as purely local as the keeping of pigs. Those who approve this tendency are the real romanticists, for they blithely ignore the ineradicable differences that exist between a man who spends his life in the hot swamps of Mississippi and a man who spends his life scrabbling in the stony fields of New Hampshire. They may have come from the same stock, originally; but as their experiences of the world are different, so will their outlooks on life be different. Their ways of conducting their affairs will differ, and so will their governmental needs.

NOW Ritchie observes that Kansans do not customarily think exactly as Marylanders think, and he sees no point in shutting his eyes to the fact and pretending that it isn't so. He goes one step further, and it is here that his ideas begin to rise into the realm of civilized statecraft. Seeing that Kansas differs from Maryland in many ways, he is capable of admitting that the ways of Kansas may be just as good for Kansans as the ways of Maryland are for Marylanders. He therefore renounces all ambition to impose the Free State *kultur* upon the inhabitants of the Sunflower State; and, by the same token, he claims for the Free State a similar forbearance on the part of the Kansans.

A man who holds this philosophy is compelled, under existing circumstances, to be a Wet in national politics, whatever his personal opinion may be regarding the control of liquor in his own community. For such a man must regard as essentially vicious any legislation which seeks to impose any form of social control upon the whole country unless this control is clearly necessary to the defense of the country, or to the protection of life, liberty and property within its borders.

Ritchie, to be sure, is dubious of the value of government as an instrument of social control in any circumstances; but if the people of a specific governmental unit are strongly in favor of a specific measure of social

control, he thinks that the authority of a larger unit should not be invoked to defeat their will. Acting on this theory he, the conspicuously wet Governor of Maryland, has signed no less than fifteen dry bills applicable to Maryland territory. Each was a county measure, and each was clearly desired by a majority of the voters of the county affected; therefore Ritchie gave each of the bills his official approval without hesitation and with the utmost cheerfulness.

THIS capacity to cling to a principle, no matter which way it may work in specific instances, is the only real justification for regarding Ritchie as old-fashioned. For it must be admitted that it is not much in evidence among modern statesmen. Congress is full of high-tariff Democrats and low-tariff Republicans. The Southern States have furnished many Senators and Representatives who profess to be horrified by what they dub nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment, but who regard with great satisfaction an identical process applied to the Fifteenth Amendment. The notion that a man in public life should stick to his principles even when they require action which runs counter to his personal preference, or his personal interest, is decidedly outmoded.

Nevertheless, there is something singularly durable about a man who does cling to this notion. He may be beaten, but somehow it seems next to impossible to kill him off. The persistence of the talk about Ritchie for President is a case in point. There are at least three reasons, each of which has, in the past, been regarded as a conclusive reason, why he should not be considered seriously. The first of these is that he is a Democrat. The second is that he is Governor of one of the smallest of the States. The third is that his State lies south of the Mason and Dixon line. Nevertheless, they continue to talk of him whenever there is a nomination to be made, and the most plausible explanation is that Ritchie is always to be found on the morning after exactly where he was left the night before. He stays put, and it is a quality curiously attractive to a public accustomed to seeing politicians changing their principles, ideas and allegiances with every shift of the political wind.

However, when the talk is of his Presidential chances he takes no part in the conversation; and he resents the imputation that his political course is affected by the national situation.

"I am running for Governor again because I like to be Governor of Maryland," he explained with a wide smile, when this phase of the situation was mentioned to him.

HE SAT in his office on the tenth floor of an office building in the heart of Baltimore. It is a big room, but not an elaborate one. There are no expensive oriental rugs on the floor, and the floor itself is of ordinary wood. There is no walnut or mahogany paneling, and there is hardly a bank president in Baltimore who hasn't a handsomer desk than the Governor's.

Through the wide windows one looks out on the piled-up business buildings of the city, but a crack between them permits a glimpse of the water of the inner harbor, and

beyond it the green grass on the slope of Federal Hill, where Ben Butler's cannon once stood wheel to wheel, their muzzles trained upon the rebellious city that had refused to let Union troops pass through.

THE Governor swung round in his chair and looked out over the city in which more than half of his constituents live. A large part of his domain lay under his eyes, for Baltimore, with more than three-quarters of a million people, is metropolitan in the original sense, in that it is the dominant weight in the State of which it is a part.

"It is a job that one man can handle," he explained. "It is not like being Governor of New York, or Pennsylvania, in which the Governor of necessity must delegate many of his duties to agents. Everybody in Maryland who wants to see me can see me; and I can see everybody I want to see. That makes it nice."

That would be, in the Kiplingesque phrase, "the perfectest hell of it" to many of us; but Our Bert likes to see people, to talk with people, to argue with people. One would not think it, to look at him, for he has the manner and bearing of the aristocrat. He is not a small man, but he gives the impression of being bigger than he is. He has an excellent breadth of shoulder, and he tapers down like an athlete. His hair is gray, but there is plenty of it, and his eyes, behind their rimless *pince-nez* are blue and keen. His features are regular and finely chiseled. When the glasses are mounted on his nose, his face has a rather scholarly aspect. He reminds one a bit of a handsomer Woodrow Wilson.

Nor is this thoroughbred look without genealogical cause. The Ritchies have been people of consequence in Maryland since 1742. The Governor's father was a judge. More than that, he married a Cabell of Virginia, and the Cabells are all mixed up with practically every great Virginian house — the Branches, the Randolphs, the Lees, the Byrds, and what-not. James Branch Cabell, the novelist, is first cousin to Governor Ritchie. In fact, the Governor himself is what might be called an accidental Virginian. Just before his birth his mother returned to her old home and he was actually born in the house of the Cabells. However, his residence in the Old Dominion lasted only a few weeks. Then mother and child came back to Maryland. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in Virginia he was born, and if the lightning should strike, Virginia would be able to claim her ninth President in 1933.

BUT the lightning hasn't struck yet, and before it strikes Ritchie must break the record of all time — he must get himself elected Governor of his State for the fourth successive term. Nor is this election likely to be a mere formality. He has been admittedly the best Governor Maryland ever had. At the very beginning of his long tenure of power, he summoned to his aid a number of the ablest business men the State could produce and to them delegated the task of re-organizing the various State departments on a purely business basis. These men were not politicians, and they effected the re-

organization without reference to politics, strictly in the interest of efficiency. But the move turned out to be a superb political stroke. The business of the Free State has been conducted so well ever since that Ritchie has been unbeatable.

However, his luck broke last year. Certain minor officials of the State Roads Commission began to peculate. When the matter was drawn to the Governor's attention, he made the one serious blunder of his career. He had confidence in the head of the department, and when this head assured him that everything was all right, he accepted the man's word, and dismissed the charges as a political attack. Unfortunately, as the event proved, the head of the department didn't know what he was talking about. Some of the clerks *were* stealing, and before the Governor did investigate, they had gotten away with $400,000. Once started, Ritchie acted with speed and vigor; the thieves went swiftly and unanimously to jail. But the mischief was done. The money was gone, and the Republicans at last had an issue.

For a while it seemed that some Democrats had an issue, too, for not every Maryland Democrat is a supporter of Ritchie. The Free State, like every other, has its due meed of patriots who are willing to sacrifice their personal interests to serve the people as Governor, and to these patriots three terms seem amply sufficient for any man, or at least for any other man. One of them went so far as to announce his candidacy for the Democratic nomination against Ritchie; but as early as April it was perfectly clear that that cock wouldn't fight, so the opposition candidate withdrew.

The Republicans, however, will put up a real fight. They carried Maryland for Hoover. More than that, in the previous year they had carried Baltimore City for a Republican Mayor, which is a far more remarkable achievement than carrying the State. Thus they are flushed with victory, and in addition the roads' scandal gives them their first real argument against Ritchie. Nor are they unaware of the fact that if they can down him in November, they will have done much toward putting him out of the running in 1932. To seize the Governorship and at the same time to wing a prominent Democratic Presidential possibility would be grand — so grand, that they may be counted on to leave no stone unturned next November.

However, they will have to fight for every inch they gain. Our Bert likes to be Governor of Maryland, and he has an enormous capacity for getting what he wants.

Liquor Floods the Campus

By Bill Cunningham

Mr. Volstead's Contribution to Undergraduate Temperance

Into the restless wrangle over the worth of Mr. Volstead's contribution to our civilization, there was infused recently a claim upon which I feel almost expertly qualified to testify. That was a claim to the effect that the college youth of this era is drinking less than his predecessor in pre-war days.

This claim was advanced in Washington before the House Judiciary Committee by two very splendid gentlemen in whose long and honorable lifetimes there has been constant association with the undergraduates of our universities. One of them was Amos Alonzo Stagg, the University of Chicago's beloved "Old Man," who came out from Yale to coach their football team nearly forty years ago, and who has been coaching that team ever since. The other was the equally famous Fielding H. Yost to whose devotion and service the University of Michigan's awe-inspiring recreational plant and her fighting Wolverine teams already stand as an imposing monument.

Mr. Stagg, in person, and Mr. Yost, by telegram, testified that in their opinions Prohibition had lessened drinking among college students. It is not my intention to question the sincerity of Messrs. Stagg and Yost. The clause, "in my opinion," lets them out. Neither is it my desire to paint the modern college as a glorified night club with feebly operating daytime departments. But I don't believe their statement is even half true, and I furthermore believe that I have seen more different sorts of colleges and have met and mingled with more different sorts of college students in more representative parts of the country since the Prohibition law went into effect, than either Mr. Stagg or Mr. Yost, or Mr. Stagg and Mr. Yost combined.

I furthermore believe I have been in a better position to see what college students really do when they're just doing nothing and being themselves, than any university officials such as Mr. Stagg and Mr. Yost, who are known to be rigorous and righteous gentlemen with official faculty ratings and personal leanings toward Puritanism.

The weakness in my case lies in the fact that I lack the years to meet the gentlemen upon their own ground. After all, they merely stated that

there is less drinking now than there used to be in the old days. I don't go back to the old days. I was, in fact, still in college when the Volstead Act was passed. But I feel no hesitancy in bridging that gap with the statement that if it is literally true that the old time students drank more than the collegians of today, I don't see how my generation, or such portion of it, at any rate, as sprang from college-bred parents, escaped being degenerates and lunatics.

MY WORK takes me each year, and especially in the fall of each year, to a succession of college towns and a succession of college football games, which is, of course, when the colleges hold high carnival. Undergraduates and alumni, I see them all, or almost all, at one time or another, in dormitory and hotel room, Pullman smoking room and night club.

And from personal experience, it is my honest opinion that the only two educational institutions in the United States of America where a dram can't be readily raised from the desk drawer of some student within easy walk of where the question is asked, are the two service academies at West Point and Annapolis, where the possession of a pint is a court martial offense, and frequent drastic "inspections of quarters" makes concealment impossible.

Last year, for example, I sat in the room of a boy whose name was ringing from coast to coast at the moment because of his brilliant play on the gridiron. A fine, handsome youngster with a magnificent body and the fan mail of a movie star. Suddenly he halted the talk to say, "Gee, I'm sorry. I meant to buy you a drink and I forgot. Won't you have one now? It's really good stuff."

And he yanked out the bottom drawer of his desk and fished forth a quart of what purported to be Teacher's Scotch.

"You don't hit that stuff, do you?" I asked him.

"Not during the season," he said, "except once in a while I take a good stiff snort after a game. This is really my roommate's. What a booze hound he turned out to be!"

"Where do you get it?"

"Oh, down by the bridge. That fellow down there makes more money than the president of the University. If you want some, go down and tell him I sent you. His stuff's always O. K."

A WEEK or two later, I started for the West to view a climactic contest between two powerful teams. I had never been in this particular college town, and knew nobody in it, but wired ahead to a college official for my press and hotel reservations. When I reached the place, I was met by the official, and the first stop we made before seeing the college, the gym, the team, coaches or anybody, was at a dirty little dive over on the back side of the village where a greasy proprietor silently escorted us into an inner sanctorum, pushed toward us a tureen full of pretzels, and brought a couple of schooners of the most horrible libation that ever scored the tonsils of a terrified toper.

The stuff consisted of near-beer doped with raw alcohol, and it tasted like gasoline a rat had been drowned and decayed in. This place was apparently "Press Headquarters," for other arriving journalists were

escorted thereunto. Investigation proved that it also did a thriving student business.

A week or two after that I went out with the Harvard football team to visit Mr. Yost's own Ann Arbor. I hadn't been in town an hour before the nice young lad who had volunteered to show me around said, "If you'll come over to the room, I can give you a drink of some exceptional gin. Maybe it would take the curse off that train ride."

"Do you have much trouble getting liquor here?" I asked.

"With Detroit only a little roll along the road?" he replied. "I should say not."

And down in Georgia, when the Yale team broke all precedent by touring into Dixie to dedicate Georgia's Sanford Field, and to dedicate it, incidentally, with a most amazing loss, we were escorted around to attend a student dance. Unquestionably the liquid fruit of the corn was copiously present. It was a trifle hard to differentiate between the undergraduates and the townies, because they all mixed in indiscriminately, but at least an inherently collegiate function was redolent with the juice of the juniper, and if at least one Freshman made his classes next day, his recuperative powers were nothing short of miraculous.

In the city of Atlanta, the University of North Carolina eleven arose to unsuspected heights and flattened Georgia Tech on Tech Field. I chanced to be stopping at the Atlanta Biltmore at the moment and that likewise chanced to be the University of North Carolina's headquarters. Hilarious hosts have no doubt held forth before in celebration of some unexpected triumph, but seldom have I ever witnessed such various grades of whoopee as the Tar Heel constituency pulled off upon that occasion.

Of all the liquor available in this era, the "white lightnin'" of the South is perhaps the purest; but so far as potency goes, consider the beverage now popular at a famous New England institution founded by a conscientious minister of the Gospel in the days of England's King George IV, and excessively proud both of its hallowed traditions and its extreme masculinity.

The modern sons of this broad-shouldered mother are so hard-boiled that they have given up any pretenses of drinking "liquor" at all. Straight alcohol is their tipple. Scotch and rye cost too much. Rum is unavailable, and gin is all right but you have to wait too long for it to ripen—sometimes as long as three-quarters of an hour. So, with the speed and decision characteristic of post-war youth, they drive directly and with minimum delay toward the desired result, viz.: to get plastered as completely and as expeditiously as possible, by taking jorums of straight "alky," diluting it with water usually drawn from a bathroom faucet, killing its awful taste to a certain extent with some stuff called "Tom Collins Mixture" they buy at the drug store, holding their noses and swallowing fast.

Such statements and such incidents as the foregoing could be extended to almost any length. They are all of them true and all of them

typical. Because the names of one or two institutions are mentioned, it is not to be inferred that they are being singled out and held up as horrible examples. They are really merely symbols. Similar stories, many of them much more sinister and far reaching in their specific indictments, can be told about almost any college you can name. The Prohibition question in the college today is but the Prohibition question in the nation today plus the benzine of youth and the match of semi-unsupervised freedom.

FOR evidence we need only turn to the now famous poll taken throughout a wide range of representative colleges by *The Harvard Crimson* and affiliated undergraduate newspapers. Through the East and Middle West it embraced at least 25,000 students and at least two-thirds of this number reported themselves wet.

For instance, from the official tabulation we learn that: at Amherst, 375 drink; 139 do not; at Assumption, 83 drink; 30 do not; at Brown, 555 drink; 359 do not; at Colgate, 440 drink; 233 do not; at Cornell, 1,513 drink; 683 do not; at Harvard, 2,646 drink; 914 do not; at Michigan, 3,888 drink; 1,873 do not; at Pennsylvania, 674 drink; 909 do not; at Pittsburgh, 1,535 drink; 1,036 do not; at Princeton, 1,493 drink, and 395 do not.

There are some amazing figures in *The Crimson's* statistics, even after they are discounted to some extent on the possibility that some of the voters were bragging, or even fooling.

In the matter of percentages, for instance, we discover 79 per cent of Princeton undergraduates drink; 73 per cent is the figure at Amherst, famed almost above any other school in America by those who know their colleges for its high academic standards and requirements; Harvard's percentage is 65.5; Dartmouth's 64; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, noted maker of great engineers, 61.8; Brown University, founded by a Baptist minister, 60.8, and so on through the list with but one lone vote on the other side of the line — Pennsylvania — whose students called themselves 60 per cent dry.

But the argument, you insist, is about these times as compared with the old ones. Maybe these are bad, but weren't the others possibly worse?

I don't think so.

UNQUESTIONABLY there was drinking and roistering and wild wassail in the days of the goose-necked sweater and the peg-topped trousers. The old keg parties are still a part of every campus tradition, and the class and fraternity baseball games with kegs of beer instead of bases and both teams pie-eyed before it was over are all a part of the time-hallowed yesterdays.

But note that word *beer*.

That was the collegian's tipple then, and almost every story I have ever heard of ancient academic imbibing centred principally about the little tight-banded keg. Beer — *beer* — not raw alcohol flavored with synthetic fruit extract, not the various forms of pastel-shaded poison that ulcerate stomachs and suppurate kidneys — not so-called Scotch and misnomered rye, in which astounded chemists have found traces of every-

thing from concentrated lye to sulphuric acid.

But *beer*, an occasional cocktail or two, and upon very special occasions such as weddings or christenings, a beaker of gleaming champagne.

I got in on the tail end of the old days. What I saw of them weren't so tough. I had never touched a drop of liquor in all my born days, and I'd almost be willing to gamble that that went for 90 per cent of my contemporaries. There were perhaps four or five brethren in an undergraduate body of some 1,500 who were known to drink. They were "hard guys." We herded our sisters and sweethearts away from them. There were plenty of others who wouldn't refuse an invitation to a keg party, who'd take a couple of dippers full and play hard at being drunk. Most of their monkey shines were quite patently put on.

For my own part, I keenly recall my first collision with the fruit of the vine — only this chanced to be the fruit of the hops, and if the Carnegie Foundation can make capital of this, power to 'em. The 'varsity centre was out of commission for some now forgotten reason, and it looked very much as if I'd draw the honor of starting the coming Saturday's game against Princeton.

On Wednesday night on the way up from the field, the coach asked me if I were nervous, if I had any trouble sleeping. I told him I wasn't and didn't, but he said, "You look a little drawn, to me. You'd better come by my room at the hotel tonight and have a bottle of ale."

I never in my life had had a bottle of ale and could think of nothing I needed less, but I wanted to be a big tough athlete in front of the coach, for Princeton was a letter game and I wanted that sweater, so I went over and tried to be very blasé about downing the beverage, but when the unfamiliar fluid struck my thoroughly astonished stomach there came a natural rebellion which I couldn't control, but which I can't go into much detail about in this public place.

The only point being that I think I was, perhaps, a typical student of the era, no better and no worse than the rest, as full of the ordinary devilments and vices and carnal curiosities as any, and perhaps a little more so than most. And liquor was just one of those things that hadn't yet registered.

And if I'd been called upon to make affidavit and swear to a drinking questionnaire, such as this one *The Crimson* has sponsored, even after the war had driven a two-year breach into my college days, eighteen months of them spent overseas, I could have sworn that I'd never been drunk, that I was in no sense an addict, that barring the coach's lone bottle of ale, a stinging bracer of brandy after I'd been slightly wounded, and an occasional *verre* of *vin rouge* or *vin blanc* when no potable water was nigh, I'd never touched liquor in any form, and that if I never saw any of it again, it would be eminently all right in my case.

And I maintain that my case was typical of the preponderant majority of that era's young men, and I ask you to superimpose it upon the proud claim of that recent Dartmouth

undergraduate vote which says in effect, "Surely we drink, and 675 of us drink and prefer hard liquor." Not, you understand, in an effort to paint my younger self as a saint in comparison to the modern sons of Eleazar Wheelock, but merely to show you how times have changed across the span of ten years in the one college I had the honor to attend. I'm frank to admit that, were I a student there today, I'd probably be the biggest drunkard in the town. In my undergraduate days I participated to the fullest in every student activity, good and bad. Drinking just didn't chance to be a student activity, and it may barely be possible that some of us would be better off if we had substituted it for some of the other things that we did.

Solutions?

I haven't any.

I don't know that a repeal of the Volstead Act would do any good. It probably wouldn't, because the grievous damage has already been done, and that's beside the point of this article, anyhow. It wasn't written with the idea of persuading anybody to do anything, but merely and sincerely as a protest against any attempt to bolster a sagging law with a pat statement glossing over cancerous facts either deliberately or unwittingly uttered.

Hope Deferred

By Harry Lee

"Pierrot, Pierrot!"
The wild birds cry,
"Why tarry ye
Bereft, alone,
Beneath the honeysuckle bough,
By all the winds
Of heaven blown?

"Pierrot, Pierrot!
Your eyes are like
Forget-me-nots,
All morning wet!"
"So shall they be
Until I find
My slim, wild, laughing,
Lost Pierrette."

"Pierrot, Pierrot!"
The wild birds cry,
"True love can never
Lose its own!"
Still underneath
The bough he sighs,
By all the winds
Of heaven blown.

Hungry River

By Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck

A Tale of Mining Camp Exiles in the Andes

Sheila Peters stood on the footbridge that spanned the river, and peered down through the cloud mist that lifted, whirled, swooped like fold on fold of white tulle around her. For a brief second everything was startlingly clear; the soughing water, the foam lashed rocks — and that pathetic little brown body tossing like driftwood in an eddy.

An Indian on the bank saw it, too, and called to the people in the native village above. They scurried out of the tiny, thatched stone huts — shock-headed men in suits of drab wool; women in tall white straw hats and vivid shawls and immense skirts of red, blue and pink; and filthy, ragged children with matted hair and untended noses. The women stood on the bank, arms akimbo, clucking over the unexpected bit of excitement that the river had tossed them. Two of the men kicked off their sandals and waded into the water.

A man from the mine office came and stood beside Sheila. He took his pipe out of his mouth, jerked it in the direction of the river, and said:

"Bolivian method of birth control."

Sheila stared through the smoky cloud wreaths.

"It's so little," she said.

"Too little," answered the man. "Funny thing about the river. I've been here ever since the mine started, and every year the old river takes its toll. Every year about this time, too, when the rain has lasted until we feel we can't stand a drop more, then in goes a man or a woman or a child, the river's satisfied, and we get good weather and sun for a week or two."

The man moved on, and a *chola*, on her way to the Gringo camp, stopped a second to lament:

"*Que lástima, Señora! Es un varoncito!*"

Sheila put her hand quickly to her side. A quivering flutter, like the feeling she always got when she pulled up the zipper on her overshoe, ran through her. She shivered and looked quickly over her shoulder. She was always shivering and talking to herself these days; it must be the loneliness. "I'll go up to Ferdie's and get a drink," she muttered. "I'm nervous."

The rain started again, and as she hurried across the bridge and up the little slope that led to the gate of the

Gringo's camp, it slapped against her face and turned her bare hands blue. She stopped in front of one of the small adobe houses that faced the central patio, whistled, and pushed open the door. A man in shirt-sleeves was standing before a shabby oak serving table on which were ranged bottles and glasses. As Sheila entered he raised a smooth, pale face, and looked at her incuriously out of light, slightly bulging eyes.

"Come in and shut the door," he said. "I thought you'd be along about this time."

"Not much of a surprise any more — am I?"

She took off her glistening raincoat and warmed her hands before the smoky wood fire. Ferdie raised his inadequate light eyebrows. He gave a last twirl to the cocktail shaker, dried his hands on his handkerchief, and reached for his coat, which hung on the back of one of the chairs.

"Have a cocktail?" he asked.

"Rather! What do you think I came for?"

"Well, there was a time. . . ." His eyes were focussed intently on the two cocktails he was carefully pouring.

"Yes, there was a time." Sheila took her cocktail and sat down in one of the uninviting, leather-backed Morris chairs. Her eyes were cornflower blue, with prominent black pupils; and they stared at Ferdie with an almost impersonal curiosity. "I wonder why! Partly loneliness, I suppose. You know, Ferdie dear, you're not too beautiful."

Ferdie, rocking slightly on the balls of his feet, his smooth, white office hands on his hips, bowed from the waist, mockingly; and his thin lips split his face into a grotesque smile.

"*Mil de gracias!*" he answered, entirely unperturbed. "As a matter of fact it would be rather a satisfaction to return the shot, but in honesty I must say you are quite beautiful. Even when you're a little tight. You never get red and blowsy like other women. You're always white with blue lights, and the pupils of your eyes stick out like black points. Charming! Charming and agitating!" He picked up his cocktail, raised it to Sheila. "*Salud!*"

Sheila continued to stare at him with vague puzzlement.

"Sometimes I think it was your hands that first got me. They're so smooth and warm, and I'm always so damned cold up here in this altitude." The puzzlement gathered, and Sheila's black eyebrows knit in a worried frown. "But it was not just that. I really did like you for a time. I wonder if I can make you understand. You're really not frightfully stupid, Ferdie." She stopped again and sipped her cocktail absently. "When I first knew you, it seemed so good to find another Londoner in this horrible hole. And we were pretty much alike, Ferdie — not toffs at all, but what the books call 'lower middle class.' And we saw life the same way. We knew the same streets, the same theatres, the same restaurants; we liked the same kind of jokes, we liked to dance together, and well — well, it was matey, wasn't it? But suddenly — suddenly it was as if you went away. You looked the same, you acted the same; but the you that I could laugh with,

and cry with sometimes, too, the you that had soft, warm hands that held mine tight, the real you that I thought I cared for, had gone. And trying to find you was like beating my hands against the cloud banks that roll up the valley. There was nothing to catch hold of, there was nothing there."

"Rot!" Ferdie's voice was still smooth, but the expression in his eyes was hard. "You're the devil for getting ideas. Have another cocktail."

HE FILLED her glass and poked the fire into a quicker flame. Sheila disposed her long, slim length more comfortably in the hard chair, and drank her second cocktail, all the time eyeing Ferdie speculatively.

"Look here, Ferdie," she said at length. "What are we going to do about this child of ours?"

Ferdie put the tongs carefully in place, brushed a little soot off his hands, and stood up straight.

"We? Child of ours?" His voice was still smooth.

"Well, it is our child — isn't it? Does the thought of being a father rather alarm you, Ferdie dear? Have you never been a father before?"

"Your sense of humor, my dear Sheila, is at times distinctly annoying. How do I know that I'm the father of this child you're always talking about? What about Pete?"

A faint wave of color ran over the woman's white face and down her neck.

"Pete!" she echoed. "Pete! Why, Pete can't have any children. He knows it and I know it; I thought everyone knew it."

"No one in this camp knows it, or I should have heard of it long ago. Did you know it when you married him?"

"No, I didn't know; but it wouldn't have made any difference. I was so glad to get away from that beastly office, and have decent food and a decent place to live, that I would have married the devil himself. And when we were first married Pete was rather sweet. He bought me clothes as long as the money held out, and we went to shows and dinners, and even to the Derby once." Her blue eyes shone at the memory. "It was only after we got down here and he took to drinking so hard that things got absolutely hopeless."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I should have told you — shouldn't I, darling? It would have made you so much more careful. Give me another cocktail."

THE drinks were telling on Sheila. Her cornflower blue eyes were a little too wide open, her generous red mouth smiled a little too slackly, showing strong, white teeth, her soft blonde curls had tumbled forward over her forehead. She was not beautiful now, but pretty — a tantalizingly pretty gamin. She laughed, and folded her thin hands in her lap with mincing grace. Ferdie watched the ripples of laughter on her slender white throat. His fingers shut and opened. He started to speak, and stopped. Under his glance — the tipsiness cleared from Shelia's face like mist from a mirror, and she sat up straight.

"I know what you're thinking; but of course you don't understand, Ferdie. You wouldn't. I wanted the baby. I want it now, more than I

have ever wanted anything in my whole life. I'm twenty-seven and I've never really had anything that was my own. Even the clothes Pete bought for me at first weren't my own. He was always telling me how *he'd* bought them, and what I owed him for them. But this baby! What wouldn't I give to have it just for my own, without you or Pete or any other rotten man!"

Sheila's voice dropped on the last words. Steps were sounding at the door.

"Give me another cocktail, Ferdie," she said, and brushed the tears from her eyes with her hand.

THE door was pushed open, and Reginald John Bertram Arthur Peters stood on the threshold. He was a tall man of about thirty, with a high narrow head, thinning hair, furtive eyes too close together, and a rabbit jaw.

He waved his hand carelessly, shook the water off his cap, and glanced appraisingly over the bottles on the serving table. His small eyes roved across Sheila as though she had not been present.

"Have a cocktail?" asked Ferdie, calmly.

"A cocktail!" echoed Pete in his thin, staccato voice. "Two, three, four, five! This damned weather is getting on my nerves. Rain, rain, rain, day in and day out — rain and mud and wind, nothing to do, no place to go. Lord, I'm half potty! Did you see what the river brought us today?"

"I can guess," said Ferdie, squeezing oranges.

"A new born baby," said Pete remorselessly. "The Indians say that after the river's got a victim, there's always a week or so of fine weather. Hope to God it's true!"

"*Quién sabe?*" Ferdie was working the cocktail shaker with short swings of his arms. "I shouldn't bank on it too much. I think the river craves stronger meat than a mere baby. Never been a year since I came here that it hasn't got either a man or a woman — sometimes both. The time it really lived up to the tradition was when young Fenwick went in. Then. . . ."

"Don't," Sheila's voice rasped. "Don't. If you tell that story again, I shall scream. I simply can't stand it. I can't, I can't, I can't!"

The two men looked at her.

"Don't notice her," said Pete. "She's had too many cocktails — *como siempre*. How much longer do you have to stay in this beastly hole?"

"I'm leaving in the morning early. I shall ride up to the Mill between seven and eight and catch the *camión* out. I had practically finished a week ago, but this afternoon I cleared up all the little odds and ends."

A GLASS crashed to the floor, and Sheila laughed explosively.

Pete's mean eyes smoldered, and his lips curled back from his rabbit teeth in flat hatred. These two — this man and woman stranded together in a dying mining camp — loathed each other frankly and unashamed.

Sheila rose, threw her raincoat around her shoulders, and stood looking at the men for a second. She was very white now, and her eyes were like blue incandescent lights —

white and blue like the glacier, source of the river.

"Cheerio, laddies!" she said impudently. "Shan't see you in the morning, Ferdie, so toodle-oo until we meet again."

She wheeled, pushed open the door, and stepped out into the rain and darkness, whistling a stupid melody through her clenched teeth.

BEFORE she reached her own house on the far side of the patio, her mood of mad defiance had slipped from her, and black despair had wrapped her close. She stepped into the sitting room, and looked around. It opened directly from the front door, and was an exact replica of Ferdie's — shabby serving table, leather-backed Morris chairs, round oak table, four straight backed chairs, a bookcase that did for wine cellar and china cupboard as well. Some of the American women in the camp had furbished up their houses a little — had made curtains and cushions and lamp shades — but Sheila had never been strong at that sort of thing. Besides, everyone said that the mine was dying. Why worry? She threw her raincoat into a corner and called the maid. The reaction from the cocktails was going; she was nearly sober.

Natividad opened the door from the kitchen, and stood at attention. Her pink *pollera* hit her between the knee and ankle, her smooth brown legs were bare, and tiny, flat soled slippers covered her slim feet. Her black, straight hair hung in two heavy braids to her waist, gold earrings of great size swung from her ears, on her head was rakishly tilted the inevitable hard, white, straw stovepipe hat of the Bolivian *chola*. A shapeless, green blouse, with a peplum of cheap German lace, completed her costume. Natividad was a bit of a belle in the native village.

"Natividad," said Sheila listlessly. "The *caballero* won't be in to dinner tonight. I'm going to bed. Put my dinner on a tray and bring it to me there."

"*Sí, Señora,*" answered Natividad, and there was no spark of interest in her black eyes. Yet Sheila knew that next morning both the other women in the camp would know that Pete had not eaten in the house, that she had been alone all evening. She shrugged her shoulders hopelessly. Well, it didn't really matter. She never had much to do with the women anyway. When she first came to camp, they had been rather decent to her, but then she had had Ferdie, and there had been lots of other men around; so she hadn't paid much attention to the women. Most of the other men were gone now, and Ferdie was finished. Finished! She put her hand to her side, as again that soft ripple ran through her.

SHE went into the one bedroom of the house, and started to undress, but stopped to sit on the side of her bed, staring straight ahead of her. Something must happen, something must surely happen, something had always happened.

Sheila was the daughter of a small shopkeeper in Islington. She was the youngest of six children, and they had always been poor — grindingly, shabbily poor, with never more than enough to eat and wear, yet always striving to keep up their little pre-

tense of respectability. Floss, her sister, had rebelled early and had grasped life firmly with her strong, white hands. Floss was prosperous now, with a flat of her own, a fur coat, lots of clothes, a bevy of gentlemen friends — mostly from the City — and a bank account. No nonsense about Floss. All the boys had gone to the war, and the two that were left after the Armistice had drifted away — one to Canada, one to New Zealand. Sheila had gone to work at sixteen, folding circulars and addressing letters in an office of one of the Departments. She was so pretty, so healthy, so carelessly gay, that the things she wanted came to her without effort — plenty of clothes and silk stockings, theatres, cinemas, dinners at cheap, flashy restaurants. She took life as it was lived about her in those war and post-war days, took it without question, and lived it like a gay young pagan. But she was never professional like Floss.

THEN, when she was eighteen, Pete came along, and by some miracle wanted to marry her. Pete was very handsome then — just out of the army — very dashing and laughing and well dressed; and he was quite mad about young Sheila. Pete's family, of course, were entirely unreasonable about the whole matter, and refused even to see her; but Pete had a little money of his own, and while it lasted they had a whale of a time. Then, when the last bean was gone, Pete got a job through a friend of his army days as clerk in a mining company in Chile, tapped his family for enough money to pay second class fares for himself and Sheila to South America, packed up what goods they had not pawned, and adventured forth on the world.

That was six years ago — six disillusioning, hideous years, in which they had drifted from job to job, in which Pete had discovered that he wasn't even a moderately good clerk, that liquor did make a man forget, and that there was always a chance of winning or losing — mostly losing — a bit here or there at poker or roulette.

TO SHEILA, too, had come disillusionment. Pete wasn't good looking now. He was going bald, he had gray bags under his eyes, he was careless and untidy about his clothes. And he was stupid — stupid and dull. All the bubbling laughter of the old days had fizzled away, leaving bare a mind as empty as a finished glass. He was bad tempered, too, especially when he had been drinking, and even Sheila, hardened by her early life, shrank from the squalor of their recurrent rows.

She was twenty-seven now, face to face with something that couldn't be evaded, couldn't be ignored, couldn't be run away from. The rain beat savagely on the *calamina* roof just above her head, the wind whistled up the valley in shrieking gusts, the river moaned a persistent, monotonous accompaniment to the other sounds. Sheila took off a beige stocking, threw it across a chair with its mate, and started to pace up and down the room. She couldn't run away. She hadn't a cent in the world. A breath of her healthy, unreasoning optimism awoke in her, and she stopped before the bleary-glassed, bottle marked oak bureau and opened her purse. Three *Bo-*

livianos and a few *chow-chows*, and that had to see her to the end of the month! Her laugh was nearly a sob.

She continued her pacing. She couldn't run away. Her mind picked up the old theme. She was caught here in the wilderness like a trapped animal. Getting away meant a long muleback ride, a still longer journey in the Company automobile, two days and two nights by train; and at the end only a foreign city. But most of all it meant money, and where could she get any? She might have borrowed from Floss, but she had always treasured the insane thought that something would turn up; and now it was too late. In a month at the outside Pete must know. She stopped in her tracks, her face went gray, and her lips twitched.

"I CAN'T — I can't face it," she whimpered aloud. "I can't. I'm afraid. He'll kill me. Anything's better than that. Anything — the river . . ."

She opened the window a crack, and the persistent moan changed to a thick roar. She shut the window quickly, and put her hands over her ears. Her brain seemed on fire, and before her eyes flashed pictures of what would happen. Pete would find out, he must find out soon. He might take one of those ugly, heavy wooden chairs, lift it high, and bring it down on her as she cowered in a corner — afraid to cry, afraid to run as she had done that awful time in Chile. There she could beg shelter and sympathy; here she couldn't. She squeezed her eyes tight, and saw with terrifying clearness the chair crashing down on her.

The door squeaked.

"*Su comida, Señora.*"

It was Natividad with the tray. Sheila dropped her Nile green slip on the floor, pulled a pink nightgown from under her pillow, and put it on. She jumped into bed, and looked with healthy interest at the food on the tray. Thank heavens, she had never been sick like the women she read about.

"Natividad," she said, "Get my hot water bottle and put it at my feet."

Natividad brought the bottle, blessedly warm, and Sheila placed it at her icy feet. She ate the food and sipped the glass of wine Natividad had brought. As the heat crept through her body, something eased in her mind; the moan of the river turned to a drone.

"A whole month yet. Something'll turn up," she whispered. "Something has to turn up. I couldn't face that. Something's always turned up."

Around her, fold on fold, fell lightly a fleecy drowsiness. Like banks of cloud mist it lifted her, dropped her softly, swung her to and fro. Her head settled close down into the pillow, and she moaned in her sleep.

THE next morning Sheila opened her eyes slowly on a room in semi-darkness. The rain, with an occasional flurry of hail, crashed on the tin roof, the wind came gurgling up the valley and split in hideous shrieks between the houses, the river shouted its accompaniment. Pete was already up and swearing to himself as he hurried into his clothes. In the kitchen Natividad was audibly preparing breakfast.

"God, what a hole!" He glanced with undisguised annoyance at Sheila. She noticed that he needed a shave and that his eyes were red-rimmed. "About time you were waking up. No lights, no heat, raining worse than ever, and the river's gone mad. Running way over its banks." He peered through the small, rain-dimmed window. "Hell of a lot of good the kid did. Might as well have been thrown into the fire as the water so far as the river is concerned. It's out for bigger game."

NATIVIDAD brought in a tray with breakfast, and Pete's hand shook so that the coffee he was drinking ran over into the saucer.

Sheila yawned. The bed was soft and warm, and presently Natividad would bring her breakfast. She wriggled her toes and stretched her body luxuriously. Then something dark and formless and ominous closed in around her. She felt the soft purring in her side, she remembered the baby, that Ferdie had gone and left her to face it alone, that Pete must soon know. She flung her arm over her mouth to keep back a scream. Nothing would turn up, nothing could turn up; she would have to face it.

"Ferdie get off early?" she asked from under her arm.

"Yes, I heard the mules passing at half past seven. Lucky beggar! I wish to God I could get away."

Pete finished his coffee without touching the rest of his breakfast, passed through the living room, and slammed the outside door behind him.

All morning long Sheila lay thinking. Over and over in her mind she covered the same ground. She was walled in, trapped. Nothing could save her, nothing could help her, nothing but perhaps the river. The doctor had said the little, brown baby must have died the instant the icy water covered it, and they had told her the same about young Fenwick.

THE Fenwick affair had happened before she came to camp, but, like all camp stories, it was told and retold with unflagging gusto. He had slipped into the river one dark night about a mile below camp, and his body had not been found for many weeks, and then only parts of it, wedged behind a huge rock at the bottom of a waterfall. It would be quite easy. Just one plunge, then darkness and rest and peace. Even as the thought came, she rebelled and cried out in horror. She was afraid of darkness. She didn't want to die any more than young Fenwick had wanted to die. She knew he hadn't wanted to, because Natividad had told her how the Indians who lived near the river had heard him calling, calling, calling night after night to be taken from the cruel water and put to rest. She shivered from head to toe and pulled the clothes up around her chin. She wanted with a quivering passion to live, to have her baby like any other woman. For a second she envisioned a white enamel "pram" with rubber wheels pushed by a nursemaid with a dark blue cloak, like those she had seen in the parks at home. Then fear clutched her heart again. Cold sweat gathered in beads on the palms of her hands and her feet felt dead.

A little before noon she got up, tidied the frowsy bedroom, made up the beds, and went out into the kitch-

en to see what Natividad was doing about lunch. There was a fire in the stove, and it was comparatively warm, but a trickle of water was running in under the doorsill, the roof was leaking, and a couple of candles, stuck on a saucer, were the only light. The air was heavy with frying onions. Natividad was in great distress — no meat, no potatoes, no eggs, no vegetables. The river was in flood and the Indians from the warm country below could not bring up their wares. Sheila advised her indifferently to open a tin of salmon, cook some rice, get anything together. Pete would probably be unpleasant when he got home at noon. He hated salmon.

She went into the dark sitting room and restlessly laid the round table for two. She hunted up a candle, stuck it into a bottle, and lit it. Then she blew it out. Better the darkness. The yellow flame of the single candle, guttering in the cold, draughty room, was so horribly deathlike.

As the camp bell rang noon, Pete came in. He looked around the dreary room with bitter distaste and tossed his raincoat into the corner. He was unpleasant about the salmon. He pushed the pallid, unsavory looking dish across the table, swore in English and Spanish, and finally picked up his raincoat and walked out of the house.

"I can't eat that muck," he said over his shoulder. "I'm going over to the staff house."

Sheila couldn't eat either. She took a drink. But the boom of the river filled her ears and took on strange meanings.

Finally, about four o'clock, she put on her coat and overshoes, pulled a dark blue beret over her hair, and hurried from the house. The slanting rain lashed her face and ran down the collar of her coat; the wind twisted her skirts so tightly about her knees that every now and then she had to stop and unwind herself. Little streams zigzagged down the trail, and every time she stepped on a stone it sank beneath her with a faint gurgle. The mountains, scarred and corrugated like the backs of old, old elephants, rose peak above peak all round her, except for the narrow gap cut by the river. Here and there a waterfall leaped from a precipice, and fell in a shivering sheet of snow white spray. From the cluster of stone huts crowded together in a bend of the trail trickled the typical Bolivian smell — an acrid smell of wood smoke, burnt fat, wet thatch, unwashed human bodies huddled close for warmth, together with burros, pigs, and damp chickens. Half dazed with the rain, she stumbled down the rocky trail, the river close at her side crashing in her ears like thunder. A native woman, her shawl pulled up over her high white hat, her huge skirt bellying out like a sail, passed her.

"*Jesús María, Señora!*" she panted. "*El viento! Es terrible!*"

Sheila struggled on until she came to the place where young Fenwick had gone in. She had seen it many times before, but until now it had meant nothing to her. A little black iron cross, made in the Company workshop, marked the spot — that and a half rotted box of pansies

planted long ago by some loving hand. The flowers had seeded themselves, and now grew half way down the steep bank; but in the rain their jauntiness was all gone, and they hung their petulant, little faces like hurt children. The river careened past in frenzied haste, narrowed under the decaying foot bridge beyond, and then fell in a sickening thud of foam twenty-five or thirty feet to the level below. Sheila looked around her with wide, terrified eyes. One slip of her foot among the pansies, just one little slip, and she and the river would be hurrying on together. She put out her foot tentatively, and it slid in the greasy mud. She sprang back with a scream, and flattened herself against a huge rock, digging her fingers into its crumbling surface until the nails broke.

"I can't," she sobbed. "I simply can't. Not today. Perhaps when the sun is shining it will be easier. But in the wind and rain I can't. Oh, I'm afraid — I'm horribly afraid!"

She started running up the trail as fast as her heavy, rain soaked overshoes would carry her. Her breath came in a shrill whistle, her heart hammered against her ribs until she felt her sides must burst; once she fell and cut her hand on a sharp stone. At the end of what seemed eternity she burst open the door of her house and stumbled into the shabby, soulless room. The air was thick with the fumes of roasting coffee. Through the half open kitchen door she could see the crimson glow of the fire in the stove, and beside it, squatted in the bell of her immense pink skirt, Natividad was darning stockings. Sheila passed through into the kitchen. She tore off her raincoat with trembling fingers.

"Natividad," she said, and her teeth were chattering. "Help me off with these overshoes. And make me some hot tea quickly, Natividad. I'm frozen."

Natividad arose, put by her sewing, and pulled off the soggy boots.

"Señora," she said in her gentle, disinterested voice, "The *caballero* will not be returning for dinner tonight. He and the *nacionales* from the office have gone below to Rosario on mules. He told me to advise you."

"*Bueno, Natividad.*"

Rosario was the little pueblo about seven kilometers down the valley, and everyone in camp knew exactly why it was visited so often by the men. It was a filthy hole — two rows of thatched adobe huts on either side of a cobbled street, a mangy plaza with a bandstand from which no band ever played, a tumbledown church in which services were rarely held. But in the doors of the evil smelling *chicherías* stood slim, smiling *cholitas*, with roguishly tilted hats, heavily embroidered and fringed shawls, and high, spindle-heeled kid boots. *Cholitas* and *chicha* drew the young men thither, and, with the easy tolerance of camp life, no one questioned their expeditions; but it was an accepted convention that the married men stay away.

Sheila sat hunched on a little stool before the fire, and the blessed heat began to creep into her numb hands and feet. The smell of the roasting coffee, the presence of Natividad, the pother of tea making — they were all so warm and human and alive. She thought of the hurrying black water

capped with foam, and she stretched out her hand and touched Natividad's skirt as it swayed past her.

"Bring out the little table from the *sala*, Natty," she said, "and put my tea on it. It's so warm here. And make plenty of toast, Natty; and I think I'll have some marmalade with it."

IN THE morning Sheila woke torpidly. All night she had slept, but it was a heavy, suffocating sleep, with swift, hot dreams that changed with terrifying rapidity — the naked, brown baby had walked beside her, holding her hand; young Fenwick, with part of his face gone, had pleaded to be saved from the river; Ferdie, smooth and urbane, had held out to her a drink that her palsied hands could not take. She opened unwilling eyes on a bar of sunshine that fell across the foot of the bed.

"The sun's shining," she whispered to herself. "The old river must be satisfied at last."

She glance across at Pete's bed. It was empty and undisturbed. He hadn't come home all night, but this was not the first time. Through the open window came the pungent odor of wet, black loam being quickly dried by the tropical sun, mixed with the swooning sweetness of a clump of wall flowers. A tiny altitude bird, perched on the garden wall, shrilled out its haunting cry.

There was a knock at the front door, and Sheila heard Natividad speaking with someone. In a second she put her head into the bedroom.

"The *Señor Electricista* would care to speak with the Señora."

Before Natividad could turn, Fred Rainsford, the electrician, stood at the foot of the bed. His eyes looked large and round behind his heavy spectacles, and he wet his lips nervously with his tongue. Sheila noticed that when the sun fell across his face there were beads of sweat on his high, bald forehead.

"Sheila," he started, and his tongue darted out and encircled his stiff lips. "Sheila, Pete didn't come home last night — did he?"

"No, he didn't. But he hasn't other nights." She looked at Rainsford with wide eyes. "What is it, Fred? For God's sake tell me what it is, and stop sticking out your tongue like a snake."

SHE beat on the bedspread with open hands and her thin shoulders shook. Fred was a slow witted man, and the task before him made him worse than usual. He spoke in a thick, dry voice.

"Well, he — Pete — and the native fellers went down to Rosario last night." He stopped again.

"I know they did, Fred, I know they did. Go on! Tell me quickly!"

"Well, they started back late, and they were all pretty . . ."

"Yes, I know. They were all drunk."

"Yes," said Rainsford hesitatingly, "they'd been drinking. And they tried to cross the little bridge down where Fenwick went in. You know the place. They all got over but Pete — he was the last — and his mule stumbled and fell, and . . ."

"And he went into the river?" Sheila's voice was thin, like the highest notes on a flute.

"Yes, he went in. Before the other fellers could get back to him, he was gone. They stayed round awhile, and

then came in and woke me up. They're hunting for him now, but you know the river."

He broke off and looked with dumb misery at Sheila's bowed head and heaving shoulders.

"I'll go and get May," he muttered. "You ought to have a woman with you, Sheila."

As the front door closed, Sheila raised her bowed head from her arms. She was still shaking, but her eyes were dry and shining. She flung her bare arms high above her head.

"Free," she gasped. "Free! I knew something would turn up."

She got out of bed and started to walk around the room. Natividad entered. Tears were streaming down her face, and with her right hand she removed her high hat, while with her left she gave Sheila the formal Bolivian *abrazo*.

"*Señora, Señora mía*," she moaned. "*El pobre caballero!*"

Then she went back to the kitchen, and Sheila heard the pattering feet of the native women arriving to mourn with Natividad. Pete had not been liked by the natives—he was harsh and overbearing—but a death was a death, even a death that could not be celebrated by a funeral.

"Free, free," Sheila kept muttering. "We'll go home now."

She looked at herself in the glass with eyes that saw nothing. There would be money. Pete had been with the Company for two years, and there would be some insurance; and her fare home would probably be paid besides. Perhaps when it was known that she was going to have the baby, the Company would even do something extra. There was a small insurance in England, too. Altogether the sum would probably be pitifully small, but Sheila never looked far into the future. The high wall that had hedged her in had miraculously crumbled, and she stood free. At the sound of footsteps, she sat down hurriedly and dropped her head into her arms. It was May, Fred's wife—a small, plump, rather anxious looking woman, with horn rimmed glasses and thin, straight, bobbed hair. She knelt beside Sheila, and stroked her shoulders with shaking hands.

"Sheila, dear! We're all so sorry. We want to do anything we can for you. It's so hard to tell you how we feel."

May was crying, and her arm closed tight around Sheila.

"Don't you think you had better come over to my house? You mustn't stay here alone."

Sheila did not raise her face, and her voice came muffled and dull.

"May, I can't do anything for a few minutes. I must try to think and get things straight in my mind. Oh, May, if it were only me alone, but there's the baby . . ."

May threw herself back on her heels, and the wet eyes behind the glasses gleamed.

"Sheila! Sheila! You poor little thing! You never told any of us that!"

"I couldn't. I seemed so alone."

"You poor, poor little thing. Nina and I have been such beasts. If you had only told us before. You must see the Doc right away. Does he know?"

Sheila shook her head.

"I never told anyone. I don't need

the doctor." She burst into a fit of wild tears, and her teeth rattled sharply together.

May rose quickly to her feet.

"Can you stay here a minute alone while I run out and find him?"

Sheila nodded mutely. She knew the longing that was seething in May's plump breast. Just a second to run to Nina and whisper a word to her, to fling a message to Fred in passing, to be the first to get the news going in camp. She knew the longing and did not resent it; that was simply human. When May had gone, she went to the window and looked out. The dizzying smell of the wall flowers smote her in the face. Across a sky almost unnaturally blue frisked a few good weather clouds. The mountains seemed almost to rock in the brilliant, quivering air. And the river thundered out its ribald, pothouse song.

"River, you didn't let us down — did you?" A wandering breeze and the warm, unfamiliar sun caressed Sheila's short curls and dried the tears on her face. "Good old River!"

Jovial Morning

By Robert Hunt

The air was shining like glass,
the wind was soft and warm
as a water-worn stone in the sun.
The ancient trees and the grass
roared up in a fire of green
out of the smoldering loam,
till half the dial was run
and the bell of sun boomed high noon . . .
A morning is done, and how soon
another morning has been!
Time is like water sliding over your day,
trickling into eternity,
invisibly soothing your flesh away
languorously.

Grist of the Musical Mills

By Sigmund Spaeth

While there is little future for the mediocre among America's millions of would-be concert stars, neither radio nor the talkies have injured the chances of those with true talent

An express thunders into New York's largest railway station. From it emerge a mayor, a banker, a lawyer and a group of energetic clubwomen — these persons representing a very considerable proportion of the money, brains, culture and influence of an American town some hundreds of miles distant. The nucleus of this group is usually two proud and palpitating parents, producers of the power that has moved all these people from their homes, so many hours' journey away — the young woman who will probably be on the platform to welcome them.

This young woman, beside being the very special property of the father and mother before mentioned, is also the musical White Hope of her particular community, and the people she is welcoming are her sponsors and friends from the home town. They have gone rather deeply into their pockets during the last five or six years to defray the costs of her training, if her parents lacked the means to do so, and now they are to have their reward in the shape of — what? Dividends? Monetary repayment? Not usually. A few moments of emotion, a few accelerated heartbeats, the thrill of seeing the familiar figure advancing toward the footlights, the breathless wait for the first notes of the voice, the piano or the violin — these are the recompense. Toward this occasion — the concert or operatic début of the community protégée — have gone time, money and effort — the time, a minimum of seven years; the money, a minimum of $20,000; and the effort, confining and endless study on the part of the young lady herself.

During the last four or five years this country has seen, with increasing frequency, such delegations come to witness what they hope will be the birth of a new star on the musical horizon. And that the star may come to its rising with the greatest speed and certainty, this country has evolved a staggering artistic equipment, practically all of it born within the last twenty years.

This equipment totals millions of dollars, and is able to take care of a gifted person from the rawest of her student days to the moment when she steps upon a stage and faces her first audience. First come the conservatories. Our musical directories list about 700 of them, and these are only the more prominent ones. Normally, every student pays for admission to these institutions, as one would to a college. Now — within the last seven years — has appeared a more lavish form of musical preparation. It is known as "The Foundation," and the most famous of them are the Curtis Institute at Philadelphia, the Juilliard School of New York, and the Eastman School at Rochester, N. Y., all of them established and endowed by the families whose names they bear. Like the iceberg, which displays only its upper third or so, these schools are merely the surface indication of the unplumbed millions on which they rest.

THIS money has been presented as a free-will offering to the cause of music, and the executive heads of the foundations administer it as flexibly as possible, mainly in the interests of those students who can not afford tuition expenses. They provide free scholarships, and sometimes living expenses; they publish promising compositions, they originate and maintain small opera companies in which their pupils may gain practical stage experience; if they find a notable talent in a distant Western town, for example, they pay the bills for its development in the nearest city which offers musical training; they sponsor débuts, and obtain paying engagements for those students who have been graduated into the artist class. When the product of all this diversified activity — the young artist — emerges, other organizations stand ready to serve her. (It is generally a "she.") They will listen to her offerings, and if these are sufficiently meritorious they will pay for her début and give her managerial service — that is, obtain engagements for her — at a nominal fee.

This country spends from twenty-five to fifty millions a year on music. The professional training of talent, as outlined above, is only a little part of it. The major and minor opera organizations swallow up their hundreds of thousands yearly; dozens of towns support symphony orchestras, and hundreds have their own choral groups; in every school, high school and college in the land there is usually one trained musical instructor, if not a staff of them; the cost of "music lessons" forms, or has formed at some time, an item in most family budgets. New York City is a roaring, seething cauldron of intensive musical preparation; it has been estimated that 10,000 teachers of singing alone, plus 400,000 vocal students, render sprightlier the air of the metropolis.

HERE one must pause to draw the distinction between music taken up as an "accomplishment," at the behest of the family, and music pursued with grimly professional intentions. The first species involves "lessons" taken from the age of seven to fifteen, with an inexpensive local teacher; the second demands high-priced instructors, metropolitan residence, and from six to twelve

years of plasterlike application, at a total cost of $20,000 per individual — and up. Foundations, as mentioned above, can carry the expense for a few hundred gifted young people; that long-suffering institution, the American Parent, must foot the rest.

FROM time to time, in past years, the mechanical demon which dominates the Twentieth Century has dealt Dame Music a number of staggering blows below the belt. If not actual knockouts, they were always considered so at the actual moment of the impact, and have sometimes demanded more or less readjustment on the part of the followers of the battered goddess. The latest blow to fall on the lady is two-headed, or two-fisted; Radio and the Talkies are the twin afflictions credited with snatching an additional crumb from the already-defrauded mouth of the musician. The loudest outcries to date have come from the concert and orchestral preformers. The first contingent claims that the audience now prefers to stay home and take its music from a loud-speaker; the second is concentrating its strength to resist the assaults which synchronized musical films have made upon the ranks of theatre and moving-picture orchestras.

Has radio killed the musical field? At its first appearance, four or five years ago, this question garnered a roaring affirmative from all the inhabitants of the musical world — the artists and their managers. But year by year that unanimous "yes" has lost the strength of its early days. There is hardly a musician today, or the head of a musical bureau, who has not profited by radio at some time. The devouring menace, the extinguishing monster, that radio was first painted has turned into a valuable adjunct to the concert and recital field.

With the exception of the most sensational musical personalities (whose box-office value may be based on some quality quite apart from their artistic abilities) the fees of competent performers range from $250 to $2,500 for single appearances. Radio remuneration, for the established artist, is about the same.

THE most profitable type of radio engagement is, of course, the one that comes from a commercial company which has engaged a conspicuous "hour" for the advertisement of its products, and which wants an equally conspicuous reputation to hold forth during that hour. The concert artists engaged for such work will always draw their full concert fee, from which they have no need to gouge the heart-rending chunk for railroad fares and hotel bills necessitated by most out-of-town dates.

Still another variety of radio work is the engagement for the so-called "sustaining hour" — those periods of time which have not been purchased for advertising purposes, and which must be filled up in some manner by the broadcasting studios themselves. From fifty to a hundred dollars is considered a very respectable fee for such work; and again, the artist is put to no other expense than that of the bus or taxi which conveys him or her to the broadcasting rooms. Still again, a concert date is procured through the painful and expensive effort of the manager's road salesmen, and no one except the very

biggest guns can escape the long intervals between engagements; while radio presents the spectacle of an entertainment mill running full blast, every day, every hour, with more and more evidence on hand to show that the presentation of high-class music through the medium of a symphony orchestra or a fine concert artist has an advertising distinction, an effectiveness, that no other type of entertainment can approach. There is no doubt that radio has changed from an enemy to an outlet. Where once the embattled managers stood, calling heaven to witness that radio and ruin were synonymous, one finds the spectacle of these very gentlemen deriving a considerable part of their revenue from that same maligned invention.

SYNCHRONIZED movies are another element which have faithfully followed the geometric formula which has applied to every conspicuous mechanical innovation, namely: any new invention will seriously upset people, jobs and institutions. The particular musical sufferers are, in this case, movie and theatre orchestra players. Once there were tens of thousands of them, ranging from the fifth-rank performer up to the highly-skilled member of the symphony orchestra, drawing remuneration which ran from minimum sums of forty to ninety dollars a week; now the empty and echoing musicians' pit is a commonplace in countless places of entertainment. Every motion picture studio maintains an orchestra, but this form of outlet can not begin to take up the thousands turned adrift. However, there is only one present certainty about the situation, and it is this: the trouble is too new to admit of accurate observation, comment, or conclusion. The frightened clamor that accompanied the invention of the phonograph and radio was all to the tune that people, having access to music in their comfortable living-rooms, would straightway dispense with the flesh-and-blood musician, and for a while they did — as long as phonographs and radios had the charm of the new toy, the absorbing novelty. But the charm was short-lived, and audiences returned to the fountain-head — the gifted man or woman, or the *ensemble* of living players, whose every aspect the machine could reproduce except their force, personality and artistic value. The synchronized movie will probably tread in the paths of its mechanical predecessors, but at the present moment it has disrupted the orchestral field very badly.

THE old stamping-grounds for musical talent still remain — the recital, operatic and teaching fields. In them lies money, to be sure, but money which is available only to special distinction, to special talent. As in every other profession under the sun, the very large earner is a comparative rarity in the musical ranks. There exist, in the world, six artists who receive top-notch pay — from $3,000 to $6,000 an appearance. Fourteen other individuals gather in the not-too-despicable return of from $1,000 to $2,500 for each engagement. In the uneasy background are the mediocrities, the strugglers and the possessors of significant talent as yet unrecognized. All these people are living through that period of the artistic career when a twenty-five-

dollar date is not lightly to be dismissed, and fifty dollars, one hundred, two hundred, are seized on avidly, and at all too infrequent intervals. The big opera company always possesses its three or four stars who command $1,000 to $3,000 a performance, but the major proportion of its artist payroll see from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week, with the more capable and very excellent singers gratefully drawing from $75 to $150.

Among the teachers the same conditions obtain. There are scores of instructors whose rosters are full of students willing and anxious to surrender from ten to fifty dollars a lesson; but there are thousands who can hardly evolve a meagre livelihood on fees that range through two to five dollars an hour. The monetary award that always waits on ability, definiteness, common-sense and personality makes no exception of the musical profession.

OVER and against these conditions, one sets the teeming ranks of America's young hopefuls, pursuing the paths of art with strictly professional intentions. No one can estimate their numbers; but if New York can claim, however reluctantly, nearly 400,000 vocal students alone, they must aggregate some two or three millions nationally. Back of every one of these are the family, the relative, the backer, forwarding checks and checks and checks; maintenance for seven or eight years at a minimum of thirty dollars a week; lessons from a famous teacher at twenty dollars the session; the début, which can not be done for less than $600; publicity costs, whose ardent ascent is practically immeasurable. Out of this mass of practising youngsters, there is hardly one whose future plans do not include the serene expectation of fame, adulation, and dates at $2,000 each; actually, scarcely one out of five hundred will ever appear on a stage of any kind, and the overwhelming majority will slide into the ranks of small teachers, hack-workers and strugglers—the "artist" who pursues his career unaccompanied by engagements, reputation or management.

ONE may question whether our foundations and endowments, buttressed on their sumptuous millions, do not present the aspect of vast expenditure for very little result. The wholesale production of musicians who have professional intentions without professional ability is inevitable and not too impressive. Also, it may be questioned whether the creation of artists can be expedited merely by lining the high-road of talent with shock-absorbers variously labelled "scholarship," "endowment," "foundation" and the like. The powerful personality beats out its own road, and asks no plush lining from anyone.

If the purpose of this expenditure, desire and effort were the permeation of our national fabric with a high musical understanding—music studied for love and joy of an art—could too much of it exist? Somehow the picture of a whole civilization rising in the cultural scale is more momentous, more breath-taking, than the vision of three or four glamorous figures smiling and bowing to crowded auditoriums.

America is suffering the heavy

curse of an access of professional fever. The sore spot is not the amount of musical training that exists, but the expectations and intentions that lie behind that training.

Almost every school has an athletic coach who gives the students intensive instruction with the purpose of—what? Creating professional athletes? Not in one case in a thousand. To create strength and plasticity, to open the doors of new activities, to afford new outlets for energy—these are considered sufficient justification for physical training. Is it so impossible to apply these same standards to the study of music? It seems a little more sane to desire a nation-wide access to music than the present state of affairs—five and six daily concerts and recitals in the glutted seasonal grind of the New York musical mills, so that no critic can cover half of them; and a few hundred miles away, towns that have arid stretches of months between such events, and to which the words "symphony orchestra" are syllables with no substance in back of them.

These are the present outlets for talent: the concert and recital fields, the opera stage, radio, orchestral positions, and teaching. The first three are unanimous in their choice of the principal requisite for success—a "big" name. Once in a generation, a phenomenal talent makes that name for itself overnight; the less sensationally endowed must wait and labor over a period of ten years or more, and live, in the meanwhile, on hope and the poorest of pickings. Of the thousands who are straining toward this goal, no more than fifteen will eventually arrive. Radio offers a less exacting market, as any number of musicians can testify; many a talent that failed to make the grade in the recital field (through no fault in the quality of its offerings) has found in radio a safe and profitable Sailor's Snug Harbor. Through the medium of the broadcasting studios, the market for the musician's wares has been augmented by three or four thousand engagements yearly. This is a considerable item, even if there are many applicants for every job.

Opera positions are scarce and unprofitable, except, of course, in the case of the artist of international reputation. Ten or fifteen new names come into our leading operatic organizations each year, while another ten or fifteen, acquisitions of seasons past, go flying out. The orchestral situation, as indicated, is unpromising at present. Teaching, in the hands of a capable person, is often highly remunerative, especially outside of New York, where the field is too crowded; but the teacher must have deliberately adopted the instructor's career, and not have slumped into it as the leaden alternative—the concession to a livelihood—when the concert world refused him. There are too many of this particular cast, and their daily routine, pursued with weariness, disappointment and disgust, is another staring quarantine sign pasted up to give warning of the professional disease.

How do these few outlets bulk against the enormous masses of practising young Americans, all Carnegie Hall-bent? Rather inconspicuously, it would seem. The pity of it is that there are not indeed too many

millions being devoted to the cause of music. But it is necessary that they should be diverted into national arteries, and not exclusively toward the occasional proud and pampered talent. How many community choruses, how many local orchestras, could have been endowed with the same money that went toward the creation of the "great" violinist who never became great at all, or toward the soprano "find" who survived just one musical season, and was never found again!

At the last, one brings up short against the conviction that the poor wretch, who tries to stem the course of a tendency with excerpts from his vocabulary, rivals King Canute in majestic idiocy. The late Henry Krehbiel, dean of critics, was a wise and passionate observer of America's musical life for five decades. In his latter years he lectured to groups of one and two hundred students in a large New York conservatory. On the first day of a certain school term he stood on the platform and looked out, large, beaming and silver-haired, over the sea of youthful polls.

"I WANT to begin our acquaintance," he chuckled, "by giving you youngsters a guaranty that I'll *never* try to switch your aspirations to different tracks, or to change any of your ideas about yourselves. Naturally, every one of you is possessed of the greatest talent in the world. I see before me a crowd of Paderewskis, Kreislers and Melbas. You will all give recitals in Carnegie Hall and get $2,000 for every engagement. Bless you, my children!"

The East through a Port Hole

By Lieutenant Melvin F. Talbot (SC), U. S. Navy

Being Random Notes from the Log of a China Coast Cruiser

I can see her now as she came to anchor off Shanghai, the *U. S. S. Memphis*, light cruiser, wanderer on many oceans. A long gray fighting ship, proudly she rode those yellow waters, as if disdaining the shouts and stink of the squalid river life that crowded alongside, the myriad junks with their tattered sails and the press of sampans sculled by nursing coolie mothers.

Such are the "harbors of memory." Perhaps the sailor is none the wiser for all his voyaging. To tramp ship captains the world is very small and the Seven Seas of romance but an endless stretch of water, forever cursed by fog, typhoons, and Scotch engineers who fail to maintain the proper steam pressure.

And yet these fleeting glimpses of strange-mannered ports haunt the memory like colored pictures, flashed for a moment on the screen — then gone.

Light cruisers are wandering ships. Life aboard them is detached and at times lonely. For the cruiser officer there is no containing city. His home is at sea and in the harbors of the world. His erratic wanderings could be traced from the dress shirts he has left in laundries all the way from Portland, Maine, to Zamboanga. To him is vouchsafed the promise of the familiar recruiting poster, "Join the Navy and See the World" — to which some forgotten humorist has added, "Through a port hole."

At the rumor of revolution in Haiti or the death of a diplomat in Washington, a lighter of oil and stores appears alongside in the morning watch, and afternoon finds his ship bound out to the ends of the earth. From the palm-fringed bays of the Sulu Sea, he is hurried off at twenty knots to guard his fellow countrymen in some frozen port on the North China coast, a distance of but four days of forced steaming from the tropics. Here native boatmen, swathed in greasy, padded clothing, toil against a cruel wind, "five-coat-cold" and heavy with the dust of the Gobi Desert. Uptown, the frightened foreign colony huddles into the club bar to sip hot rum and curse the newly arrived Chinese "General" and his rabble of looting soldiery . . .

Oh, for the facile pen of those lady journalists who spend a month or so out here in the East and then go

home and write a book about it! If generalizations were possible, I would say that there are far too many millions of yellow men, and all too little for them to eat. Up and down the stinking alleys of the Chinese city swarms life, naked and unashamed, 'mid sights and sounds and smells unholy; the bootmaker and the baker hawking their little wares, the coolie carrying cans of water, the priest and the beggar, women with children bound to their backs, and men bent double under loads of stone and mats of rice. Amid the press of native life, move the lordly foreigners, tourists who shop for souvenirs, British traders in pith helmets and tennis shorts, and drunken sailors from the ships of all nations. Out in the harbor, crowded with river junks, whole families live and move and have their being — and, oh, those cunning, dirty, yellow sampan babies, born to be river scavengers, eating the swill thrown from the big steamers! Their parents toil the hot day through for a pittance that keeps them one stride ahead of starvation.

MANIFOLD are the ills of life, here in this ancient country, which we of the West have so rudely awakened to the struggles of modern democracy. An oriental land, for countless ages governed by the leisurely mandarin, suddenly plunged into a maelstrom of reforms by youthful visionaries, versed in the catch words of European politics. A quiet realm, the old Middle Kingdom, once scorning the profession of arms, where in peace the scholars wrote while Europe fought up the long bloody path from feudalism to civil liberty, suddenly learning the misuse of soldiers and machine guns, and beset with swollen armies that swarm the country like hungry rats to feed on the spoils of civil war. And, of all her sufferings, the end is not yet.

It seems that with returning spring the regular civil war is on again. Apparently it is open season on missionaries. So I suppose we shall impress the Chinese with our presence, thus securing the oil dividends and guarding the missions. . . .

FROM Shanghai, the *Memphis* cruised south to Manila for stores and target ammunition, and returned to the North China coast to join the destroyers and cruisers at Chefoo. Situated on the Gulf of Pechili some hundred miles from the British naval base at Wei-hai-wei, and opposite the Japanese port of Dairen (formerly Port Arthur, where the Czar's double eagle marked the farthest eastward sweep of the vast Russian Empire), Chefoo is familiar to all who serve in the United States Navy and sing the fame of its most distant outposts. On a Saturday night during fleet concentration in Cuba, one may hear the civic virtues of far-off Chefoo celebrated over the rickety piano in Pablo's Bar at Caimanera:

Oh, we spent a thousand years in old Chefoo,
And we drank a million beers in old Chefoo,
  And it didn't smell like roses,
  So we had to hold our noses —
Oh, we spent a thousand years in old Chefoo.

Here the *Memphis*, thrashing her way north in the teeth of a typhoon, came to anchor and began again the inescapable training prescribed for all fighting ships, the all-important "gunnery year." . . .

One has to experience a typhoon in the China Sea to realize the devilish force of a hundred and twenty mile gale sweeping with it a torrential rain, and catching up in its fury the very waters of the deep. The ship staggered and lurched into an invisible welter of sea and sky. The level rain, white and solid, blew around the bows of the boats in their skids like snow around the fence posts in a New England blizzard. As we "idlers" stood in the lee of the bridge deck, the forecastle awning tore adrift and flew past us like a huge, flapping sea-bird.

But here we are, none the worse for wear, and, like Æneas, safe landed on the Carthaginian shore, can boast, "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

WE FIRED night battle last week. There were long delays as the range was often fouled by Chinese fishing junks with their fleets of sampans, which they put out just as a Gloucesterman puts out her dories off the Grand Banks. Sometimes I wonder what they think of us, these old, old Chinamen, sitting in their tiny boats far off shore, patiently fishing the blue waters that have fed generation after generation of boatmen from these ancient cities. How strange our three great cruisers must seem to them, ships that come half way round the world to dash up and down at thirty knots over their quiet fishing grounds! Perhaps the junks will still be here long after our ships and the New World of which they are a symbol have passed into the stuff of dreams like the Portuguese galleons that came here centuries ago.

Beneath the quiet precision that comes only after months of military discipline, a kind of repressed excitement runs through the ship on the night of the actual firing. Young officers read off the safety precautions to their guns crews for the last time, warn their men of the dangers that have cost others their lives, and end with an exhortation to "Get the shots on, and push 'em out quick." The three cruisers in column, darkened except for a faint wake light over the stern, steam down the range.

IT GIVES one a creepy feeling in the tops, with the water flying past in the darkness alongside, the fire control instruments vaguely outlined by their radium dials, and, on the bulkhead, a single, shaded, blue lantern, that makes all hands look weird and mysterious. Each little group at its battle station seems strangely separated from the others; the signal force on the darkened bridge and the gun crews waiting down there in the turrets, waiting for the star shells to light the sky and show the target. The leaden moments drag. "Coming on the range" — "Two minutes to go" — "All guns LOAD" — "Whistle" — "Stand by!" A sharp bark from the anti-aircraft guns amidships. The star shells are in the air.

The Gunnery Officer starts counting, "One, two, three — " Far off on the beam the sky is suddenly alight as the blue stars burst and hang above the target. The director-pointer, his eye pressed to the telescope sight, moves his little wheel. His hand trembles slightly as he fingers the trigger — "FIRE!" A hot,

yellow flash from eight guns in salvo. The shells trace curves across the sky, and near the target eight pillars of spray leap high into the air. "Up two hundred, right two"—"FIRE!" The second of fifteen salvos crashes into the night.

When the firing ceases, lights are turned on; men pull little wads of cotton from their ears, and speculate on the score. "Third salvo a straddle. And we sure pushed 'em out on the buzzer!" Below there is the gaily lighted wardroom, a book to read or a bridge game to join, jazz or Wagner from the Victrola, depending on the musical taste of the man who reaches it first. But soon the gang breaks up, for tomorrow the ship must be cleaned and painted. But it's not too late for a last turn on deck, where sailors, weary from their labor at the guns, snore from hammocks slung between the boats, and soft moonlight touches as with a benediction the ship men built for battle.

IT'S not all work and no play, this life of the China Coast sailor. Saturday night there is a dance at the Chefoo Club. After a couple of hours of dignified and subdued gaiety, the best of the party moves on to the Beach Café. There the evening begins to liven up. It's quite *au fait* to go there, provided one stays up late enough. Of course, one just couldn't be seen there sooner, for the early evening is, by tacit agreement, reserved for the bluejackets. It is then that the boatswain's mate may dance with the Russian girls, undisturbed by his officers or the Shore Patrol; may gaze into Olga's dark eyes and hear her oft-repeated story, "Me princess. My father big General in the Russian Army." If it is near pay day (and Olga knows as well as the paymaster of any of the ships), she will add further details of her struggle to support an aged mother exiled from a palace in Petersburg, and will plead lovingly with her gallant sailor, "Buy me small bottle of wine, dearie."

OLGA, who by the way has an understanding of homeless men and a certain pathetic charm unknown to the hard-voiced Broadway golddigger, really comes from Siberia. She was once a little girl in a dirty, homespun blouse at play on some frontier farm in that land of limitless spaces and simple faith, where, in the humblest cottage, candles burned before the infinitely sad ikons of Our Lord crucified. She might have lived there always. But—"Soldiers came, first the White Army, then the Red. . . ." It is the familiar story of heroism and suffering somewhere back in the childhood of these Russian cabaret girls. What had they to do with the old order or the revolution that ruined an empire and butchered a dynasty in a dark cellar at Ekaterinburg? How many homeless ghosts there are to haunt the great wooden mausoleum in Moscow's Red Square! These daughters of old Russia have fallen on evil days in far countries. Aimlessly they follow the ships of war up and down the China Coast. They have become the subject of missionary sermons, the companions of sailors, and the butt of wardroom jokes. And yet, in the Great Beyond, where all truth shall be known—

But these are no thoughts for

Saturday night ashore. It is now past one o'clock. Olga and her friends have forgotten the boatswain's mate, whose liberty was up at nine. They have put on their newest Shanghai ball gowns, and are waiting to smile on impressionable ensigns, who are lonely for their best girls at home, and who like to dance.

While the tired Chinese orchestra plays something intended to resemble last year's jazz, there is a sudden rumor of a revolt of the local garrison. Trucks jammed with gray-coated soldiers go clattering through the quiet streets. The young vice consul consults with our Gunnery Officer. "Guns" is obviously annoyed. He says he'd "like to see these damn Chinamen lay off the civil war stuff over the week ends." Soon red and green flares are shot up from the Consulate. There is a hasty signing of chits, and the Beach Café quickly empties. A guard for the Consulate puts ashore from the fleet. By the kerosene flares at the dock, they look fierce and warlike, with shiny bayonets. Returning revellers, anxious to be detailed as landing party reënforcements, go aboard, stick their heads under a cold shower, and return in uniform armed for battle. By this time it is already daylight, and the rumor proves false. Just a movement of Chinese troops from one camp to another.

The Consulate guard is withdrawn. Tired officers coming off duty stretch themselves on the musty sofas in the club bar, while, across the street, the bell of the English Chapel begins to toll the notes of a familiar hymn that speaks of quiet Sundays at home. . .

Not even in the midst of the gunnery year is a light cruiser left for long to manœuvre off the same Chinese port. A few weeks later found us bound out again on a hurried run north to Chin-wang-tao, where provincial military factions had started a kind of three-cornered war on their own, a war whose grand strategy reminded one of the famous conflict between Midshipman Easy, the boatswain, and the purser's steward, firing at one another from the three points of a triangle. The fighting was uncomfortably near at hand for our own Protocol Troops at their rifle range and for the missionary families summering at Peh-tai-ho across the bay. . . .

It seems that nothing but a foreign imposed government can end these useless civil wars. Failing that, some bright diplomat might suggest a Truce of God to call it off over the week ends. But soldiering pays, and will continue to pay until the last heart's blood is squeezed out of the luckless peasantry. It's all well enough to be a "General" when one recruits his own army and doesn't even have to pay them. Recently the troops in Chefoo revolted, hollered like hell, and finally persuaded their boss to have a pay day. So he simply imposed a military levy on the long-suffering Chinese Chamber of Commerce. It must have hurt to pay out the money, as the old fellow had some sixteen of his thirty odd wives and lady friends with him. I suppose his household budget looks like the Reparations Account.

The war up here has just been decided after some really bloody fighting. One faction was finally

bought off, and incorporated into the two opposing armies. What a travesty on humanity it all is! Poor ragged soldiers in their troop trains, dirty, tattered, ignorant, waiting like dumb animals for engines to move them up to the fighting, and foul cars of wounded held up on their way back to Mukden. And the innumerable Generals and staff officers! They are God's gift to the military tailors! Against the background of the Chinese village with its stone hovels and stinking poverty, starved cattle and naked children, they strut up and down in fur-lined overcoats, flicking cigarette ashes with white-gloved hands, as if they were the heaven-sent lords of a foreign soil.

OF ALL the ports on the China Coast, Hong Kong is perhaps the pleasantest for the casual visitor. It is not China, but a tiny outpost of the British Empire. As my friend the boatswain put it, "This port don't even smell like China."

These people are not our people, and yet they are strangely like us. There is a charm common to all British ports, and a certain world unity to the British Empire. For a brief moment I seemed to share it, as I sat at a desk in the library of the Hong Kong Club, watching the great steamers come threading their way among the harbor junks.

It is a delightful spot, this city built on high hills, rising terrace after terrace above the crowded harbor. Looking down from the Peak at sunset, it is a fairyland indeed, a kind of back drop for *Madame Butterfly*.

I have always liked these colonial Britishers since I first went to Gibraltar during the war, and have always admired the way they take the Empire with them wherever they go. With their dinner clothes, their tennis gear, their accent, and a month-old copy of *The London Times*, they live much the same in Cape Town, Kingston, and Calcutta, send their children home to school, and carry on despite labor troubles and Socialist politicians. It's my opinion that they are far from "done for" as a race and as a world power. Such lovely red-cheeked children at play with their Chinese nurses, and, on the parade grounds, the Highlanders as smart and soldierly as ever. In the harbor ride new ten thousand ton cruisers manned by the same stolid seamen and officered by gentlemen who inherit a long tradition of naval victories.

WHAT a tragedy should a blind and foolish fate make us the instrument to attack all this! If we succeeded in crushing it, what better could we build in its place? That's not for naval officers to decide. We go no farther than preparing to win the next war. It's up to the statesmen to pick our enemies (if any). Personally we had far rather play at tennis against them than at war. But sometimes it almost seems that war is an inescapable curse, and man a conscript of destiny. "*La politique, c'est la destinée.*" In July, 1914, German officers sat in this same club. Perhaps they wrote home from this very desk, went off to their ships, and sailed at dawn, the mortal enemies of last night's hosts. . . .

To the sailor his ship is a changeless home in a life of endless change. Ports left astern are soon forgotten.

During the winter months in the Philippines, we seldom spoke of China. We knew that in the spring we should go back North. That would be soon enough to catch up again the tangled skein of Chinese politics. The islands of the South had other interests, little brown men, pompous and politically-minded in the capital, pathetic and childlike in their villages of niper huts clustering in the shade of lordly palms. There were long days on the torpedo ranges in great bays where the waters are turquoise blue, where the mountains rise precipitous from the sea, and always the surf breaks in a line of white along the coral. . . .

TIME and the tide and Chinese revolutions wait for no one. There is trouble again at Chefoo. We took stores and oil at Manila, and here we are at sea again, bound North, running our full power trials on the way. Below in the firerooms, it seems that the night itself is being driven down through the singing blowers, down into the hungry, white glare of the oil furnaces. We are dashing into the track of the moon at almost forty miles an hour. Astern the wake boils up as high as the flag staff. Great waves go flying past in the welter of foam alongside. Young firemen, up for a breath of air, wipe their faces on the sleeves of sweaty dungarees, and talk of nights at the Beach Café. . . .

The return from Elba and the Waterloo of "General" Chang-Chung-Chang, sometime military governor of all Shantung, was like a penny thriller. Where is that great man now, I wonder? Does he pace the dockfront at Dairen and gaze off towards his lost province? Does he haunt the dark labyrinth of some Chinese city, plotting to regain his power? Or has he sold out, quit the racket, and grown flabby, an old man, nagged at by his many wives and concubines?

"IT WAS a great war while it lasted," typical of these bandit clashes with their intrigues and counter-intrigues, their bloody skirmishes of tattered troops, their paid soldiers of fortune, Russians—some Red, some White, some just plain dirty—their looting of peaceful villages, their squalor and utter uselessness. These wars are the *reductio ad absurdum* of soldiering.

To Chang's standards — and prospective pay chest — gathered the usual military riff-raff, empty-bellied soldiers of armies that had long since ceased to exist, ricksha boys without rickshas, peasants without land, all the scum of the countryside.

They marched into Chefoo. Up and down the streets, the gallant conqueror paraded his trusty beheading squad, a file of soldiers with two gigantic coolies in their midst, bearing red-draped swords that looked like glorified butchers' cleavers. Let the people tremblingly obey! Chang is boss in Chefoo — for the time being.

Six Japanese destroyers appeared over the horizon, as if by magic. A British sloop hurried up from Wei-hai-Wei. The foreign settlement was quickly brought under the guns of the fleet.

What would happen next? The State Department must have news. We did our best as intelligence officers.

After dinner we would set out from the Club. To the outlandish challenge of the Chinese sentry, we would shout "Maskee" (all right) or "Melican ship," wave our military passes, bearing the red chopmark of the great Chang himself; or, failing a pass, a receipted tailor's bill would do. The moonlight scarcely penetrated those dark alleys, the sentry couldn't read, and he carried such a weight of rusty bombs, hand grenades, and miscellaneous hardware strapped about him that he couldn't have made a move without blowing himself up like a toy balloon. And yet there was something ominous and uncanny about those deserted streets, silent except for the rattle of distant rifle fire and the echo of our own boots on the cobbles.

Across from Chang's headquarters was Fritz's German restaurant, and at our knock, Fritz's door would be opened stealthily, letting out a narrow chink of light. Each evening he would greet us with "Mine friends. Come in, gentlemen. Light beer or dark, or perhaps a whiskey-soda?"

There we would find our Russian friend, Chang's adviser, who spoke good English. He spent much of his time there, talking German to Fritz, or helping Fritz's daughter with her studies. Together they bent over a school algebra, doing those familiar problems in x and y, problems to be corrected by the sad-faced nuns, who, in peace and war, keep their sacred school at the French convent.

One afternoon there was trouble in the air. The streets were crowded with soldiers. We went to Fritz's. Our Russian was not there. Slipped out that morning, Fritz told us, in a junk bound for Dairen. And he translated a big green poster which soldiers had affixed to his wall that afternoon: "Great victory for General Chang, defender of the peoples of North China against the Communists of the South."

"The Chinese lie to 'make face,' " he told us. "Chang is finished. Mine Nationalist flag, I have kept it hidden. Tomorrow again it goes up, and that five-barred flag comes down. But that one too I keep. Perhaps again we change flags. Three times already last summer." And he added a little sadly, "Now have I no German flag. We Germans are Chinese citizens. They respected the flag of the German Empire. I was a soldier then. I saw the *Emden* sail from Tsingtao. Gentlemen, you are naval officers. What a cruise that was!— Light beer or dark, or perhaps a whiskey-soda?"

Well, Fritz was right. All along the road to the dock we passed frightened Chinese families, peering out from their walled gardens, a tired, terrified people, dreading another night of looting and bloodshed. Around the dock swarmed a press of dishevelled troops. Big cars roared through the streets. Inside crouched officials of the defunct régime. For them, it was a *sauve qui peut.* Chang's wives and women drove up in rickshas, clutching dirty, yellow babies; little Changs, I suppose. There followed a train of servants with torn paper bundles and bulging straw suitcases. With difficulty we pushed our way into the enclosure roped off by our naval patrol.

The captain of the British sloop

was waiting for his boat. Leaning on his cane, he watched the crowd, a seething mass of yellow humanity, jabbering, shouting, gesticulating.

"Frightful mess, these blasted Chinamen," he said. "Worthless lot. Jolly well need someone to run their country for them. They'll never do it themselves.

"I say, come off aboard and have a spot of gin. You fellows are lucky to be going home. I'll be out two years more. Well, the rotters didn't drill on the tennis courts, like the last crowd from some one of these precious Chinese armies!"

We got into his launch. I shall always remember the utter contempt with which he said "Precious Chinese armies." Those were the last words I heard spoken on Chinese soil. I shall recall his sneer when liberal-minded ladies in luxurious drawing rooms at home ask why we should land marines in a country of ancient and beautiful civilization, a country striving for liberty and self-government.

WELL, all things end, and now the cruise is nearly over. Soon I'll get orders to shore duty, and settle down and take the same street car every morning. One feels a certain sadness at leaving a ship in which he has served so long. I shall see her again in years to come in other ports, but she will never again be my ship, my changeless home, past whose ports so much of the world has moved in a fleeting show.

She'll go into her home yard for overhaul. Her decks will be invaded by planners and estimators, and all manner of yard workmen. To them she will be no different from any other vessel, bringing, not the romance of far seas, but only another list of job orders to keep their yard in work. These people who work ashore at home, "Lord, wot do they understand!" To us who have served in her she is alive with memories. We have felt her thrash and stagger in typhoons. She has been a little part of our lives, a ship whose beauty I would picture, that others might understand.

WHY are young men eager to leave behind settled homes and boyhood associations and go away to sea in navy ships? Perhaps it's for the sake of moments such as these. Years can not dim the memory of one morning, when I stood on the Whangpoo jetty, and watched the river junks crowding past the *Memphis*, and saw a sudden burst of color between their tattered sails, as the Stars and Stripes was hoisted at her stern, while all the port echoed the silver note of the bugle.

But, like old sailors, I grow reminiscent. I merely meant to say that the cruise is almost over; that, as I write, it is fast dropping astern under the horizon.

Our Nickelodeon Athens

By Hugh Torbert

A writer who knows his Hollywood offers four reasons to explain the mediocrity of movie masterpieces

A crimson sun dipped slowly into the tranquil sea. Behind the hills purple shadows lengthened. Birds sought shelter in fig and orange trees. As twilight deepened five men paused beneath the massive, Doric columns of a white temple. The first was a great poet; the second, a musician; the third, a dramatist of note. The fourth was a philosopher, and the other, the fifth, was their patron, the Mæcenas of the age.

Together they looked over the verdant green of the vineyard at their feet, across the valley to the distant circling mountains, whose snow-capped peaks mirrored the last scarlet of the dying day. Mæcenas was speaking to his favored artists. Not only his courtiers, but a hundred million humble citizens waited, breathless, for his word.

"Dis one ought-ter knock 'em dead," said Mæcenas, removing the cigar from beneath the *porte-cochère* which his nose formed. He was the only man in Athens who could smoke a stogy in the rain without having the fire put out. "Dis one ought-ter pack 'em in an' lay 'em in the aisles."

"Yes," replied the poet, dramatist, musician and philosopher as one man. "Yes."

Hollywood, our nickelodeon Athens, has been built upon a foundation of "yesses."

There are four fundamental reasons why the masterpieces of our American Athens are so bad. The first and most frequently mentioned reason alone would account for the situation. Bad pictures make money. So long as the public continues to put quarters and halves, one and two dollar bills, through the box office windows, the producers see no imperative reason for making better pictures. The story of Hollywood may be read every week in *Variety*. Movie critics may praise or pan, but when "Garbo takes Seattle for $18,000 in Anna," æsthetics count for little.

The fact that on the stage bad plays have a shorter life, as a general thing, than bad pictures have on the screen, may be due to two factors. The patrons of the theatre are a trifle more fastidious; the larger part of the audiences in picture houses does not know the difference between good

and bad. And that part of the motion picture public which can discriminate between steak and tripe can not afford steak anyway. The cheapness of the picture house seats brings them back; the cost of other entertainment is beyond their pocket books.

A second and less commonly mentioned reason for bad pictures is the star system, which has always menaced the legitimate stage. In a legitimate production, a producer buys a play which he feels is suited to the star whom he has under contract. In the talking picture world, a play is not purchased as an entity, upon its merits, but rather something is tailored up to suit the mental and physical disabilities of the star. And like home-made costumes, it usually pulls at the seams or drags on the ground.

GOOD shows, in the history of the theatre, have seldom been written to order for a star. They may have become, after production, excellent vehicles (witness *Rain* for the late Jeanne Eagles), but they were originally normal, organic wholes and not synthetic makeshifts.

It was not long ago that this billing appeared in the picture world: "*Taming of the Shrew* by William Shakespeare, with additional situations and dialogue, by Barney Blah," or whoever it was who collaborated with the Bard of Avon. This credit line was laughed down from the theatre lights and the twenty-four sheets on the billboards. But the picture itself continues as "Mary and Doug's new show," with a vulgarized version of one of Shakespeare's comedies.

The picture exhibitor, in the local theatre, contracts to pay for a film of a particular star months before the story is selected, discussed, or even outlined. The exhibitor is reasonably safe in contracting for the appearance of the star instead of a story, because he will, in turn, sell the star instead of the play to his own customers. The boys will pay to see their Vilmas, Bebes, Janets and Colleens in anything — or in nothing. They don't even demand a good acting performance.

ONE of the smaller studios which showed a net profit of $3,500,000 in 1929, laid out a programme of twenty-six pictures to be made in 1930. An agent approached the head of the studio in an effort to sell a story.

"Hell!" said the great executive. "We've got a story!"

He was not joking. He expects to make the same story do duty for twenty-six pictures. There are a couple of boys in the office who will fix it up for the various stars and different directors. The studio's chief worry is about the sets. Good Alaskan, South Sea, Metropolitan, Parisian, African, North African, Indian, Canadian, South American, Yankee, English, Irish, Scandinavian, Spanish and German locations can be rented, faked or stolen along with the costumes. But the studio can't figure out where to find as many as twenty-six distinct locales. Right in the middle of their production season, they may have to go shopping for a second story.

This is, of course, an extreme case. But in the larger studios one constantly hears the phrases, "Tosca

story for her" — "Let him have a Sidney Carton pattern, you know, where he bows out at the end" — "Cinderella romance for her, it never misses" — "Team 'em up and put 'em in a *Three Musketeers*."

The "Cockeyed World" formula is now recognized in the industry as an excellent money-maker. "This year, we'll make five pictures with it," said a scenario department chief. "But as *we* use it, we always have the two mugs friendly at the beginning, split 'em up over some dame in the middle of the picture, and bring 'em together again for the fade-out. That makes a more original twist than the way Fox does it."

Not Ibsen, Shaw, Molnar, Barrie — no great dramatist from Euripides through Terence down to and including Ann Nichols — could write a good play under this system. The studios pay high salaries; they expend money enough on their fifty or sixty immortal epics a year. But the system defeats its own purpose.

The third great reason for bad pictures is the committee system of writing and producing scripts. In the filming, as in the writing, it is seldom, if ever, that a studio permits one man's personality to be stamped upon a production. The films as they are shot and released are truly "Many Thoughts of Many Minds" — and as coherent a narrative as that volume of familiar quotations would be.

Hollywood is vast, colossal, mammoth, we are told; and, just as two studios are expected to be better than one, as two imported cars are believed to be better than one, or a half dozen suits better than one, so the picture mind draws the analogy that two authors are better than one. Carrying this theory further, a syndicate is expected to be more efficient and artistic than a team, whether in the business office or the scenario department. Do not three of a kind beat a pair, and fours top a full house? The studios play their poker with pinochle decks.

As a result of this quaint theory of art, more authors are put to work upon a single script than there are Ford mechanics working upon a single car in the factory. Hollywood has adopted the factory method of literary production. A seemingly endless belt carries scripts from author to author — one fits in the love scenes, another bolts on the melodrama, a third inserts the comedy gags, a fourth attaches the punch, a fifth and sixth tack on the dialogue and the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth get the screen credit, probably because it is in their contracts, or perhaps because they are related to the studio manager.

A picture was released last season upon which seventeen authors had worked, and, apparently, each had taken a blood transfusion from the script instead of giving one to it. At any rate, the barely surviving show was pulmotored into the theatres in a decidedly anæmic condition. Before the director had started to shoot it, $145,000 in authors' salaries had been charged against it.

The musicians are in no better spot than the writers. A composer from Tin Pan Alley arrived in Hollywood with — so his enemies claimed — the exclusive, first American rights to all of Mozart's melodies. And

straightway this Siegfried Blumberg was assigned to write the title song for the forthcoming epic, *Lonesome Lass*. (Siegfried Blumberg is not the artist's real name.)

Mr. Blumberg, waiting only for the arrival of the trunk containing his Mozart scores, turned out a very presentable theme song for which he was roundly complimented. The song was accepted and paid for. Then one of the studio executives decided the words might be improved, so it was given to Gus Jones to "fix up." Gus's new words did not quite fit the melody, which Gus had not heard, so Frank Somebody was given the new verse and chorus and told to provide a tune.

A little later our original hero, Mr. Blumberg, was astonished to find a new song upon the screen with this billing: "*Lonely Lass*, by Siegfried Blumberg. Music by Frank Somebody. Lyric by Gus Jones." Oh, well. Screen credits wouldn't have done Mozart any good, anyway.

IN ADDITION to the hordes of authors and flocks of directors, there is yet another class of middlemen to reckon with. These are the Associate Producers and Supervisors, who have as their task the doing of everything that hasn't been done and the undoing of everything that has.

Into this welter of cinema art slipped one of the ablest and best known of the New York stage directors. He had come to Hollywood to sound-and-stage-direct talking pictures, for the actual sum of $1,500 a week for eighteen weeks.

The man was assigned a cubbyhole of an office and left in it for a month. Then he was supplied with a copy of the story that was to be shot. He read it and was invited to attend a story conference. Those present were the star, the studio executive, the picture director, the supervisor and a delegation from the author body. There was a nice talk for some four hours and then, when matters had reached an impasse, the stage director was asked how he liked the script.

"To be perfectly honest," he said, after due deliberation, "I think it's terrible."

There was a shocked silence and, after the meeting broke up, the stage director was told he need not come to future conferences.

HE HELD his peace. He continued the solitary confinement in his cubbyhole, drawing his check each week and counting the days until he could return to New York. But at the end of the eighteenth week, he was informed that the studio had exercised an option held upon his services for an additional eighteen weeks.

"But I've done nothing for you," he gasped.

"Your work has been most satisfactory," replied the studio head.

He is now drawing $1,750 a week for eighteen more weeks.

The constant loss of money through such mismanagement is bad enough. But, to those who would like intelligent, adult entertainment in films, the waste of literary and dramatic ability seems even more criminal. Talent is bought and then ignored, hampered, and discarded. Intelligent interest and enthusiasm of writers and directors are strangled by the stupid indifference of "the picture mind."

Every screen play is subjected to

the tinkering of a committee, composed of producer, associate producer, supervisor, star, and publicity department head, before the writer is allowed to sit down with the picture director and measure and weigh the values of the entertainment.

But ten morons do not combine to form one superman, and the product of the committee's action is usually duller than the individual output of the most stupid member. Art is not produced by the resolution of a committee. The *Mona Lisa* was not painted by the entire membership of an Italian Chamber of Commerce; nor were Shakespeare's plays written by all the drunkards who gathered in an Elizabethan tavern.

A FOURTH reason for bad pictures, extravagantly produced, is the fact that the men in charge of the studios are not, as a rule, men trained in big business or educated for executive positions. The atrocious waste of Hollywood makes one warm toward the sanity of a Wall Street banker.

A man who is expert in the gathering of nickels is seldom able to spend millions efficiently. The movie Kings are nickel-nurses. They have no background by inheritance or training for the operation of billion-dollar projects. There is probably no picture executive in Hollywood who is capable of selecting assistants and delegating authority to them. The studio chief tries to lick his own postage stamps, interfere in his own rental department, hire and fire camera men; do, in short, the million and one petty things which should be left to trained subordinates. In Hollywood, the fear which all the chiefs have of studio politics is blamed for much of this foolishness. It is said that every picture monarch is afraid to delegate the slightest authority, lest the man to whom he gives it build up an organization of his own and supplant him.

IN MANY of the capitalistic families, the knowledge of business organization is, in a sense, hereditary — the sons learn their duties as gradually and thoroughly as their table manners. Or, in cases where a financial genius rises to power from poverty, he progresses regularly, if rapidly, through the various departments of corporation affairs.

But among the noisy shadows of the studios, men without the brains, temperament, or background for the direction of mammoth combinations and mergers are suddenly catapulted to the thrones. There are movie magnates who have been recruited, *via* the corner nickelodeon, from tailor's goose, furrier's bench, grocery counter and pants factory. They run huge stock enterprises like a family dry cleaning business. There are thirty-seven relatives of one magnate upon the pay-roll at a certain studio. Brothers, uncles, nephews and cousins form companies to supply the studio with everything from brassières to cut flowers, at a profit to themselves.

There is a story that a Hollywood tailor refused to send one of his fitters to a studio, to re-cut a coat. "Oh, no," he shook his head sadly. "Twice I send a fitter up there. And I lose them. Both of them is supervisors now."

It is studio practice to watch the minor expenses with an eagle eye. Whenever one wishes a typewriter

ribbon or a lead pencil, it is usually simpler and easier to step off the lot and buy it than to fool with the dozens of requisition forms. And it is not uncommon to see a man drawing $3,000 a week forced to walk a block to make a personal phone call, because the studio views the phone bill as more important than his dollar-a-minute time.

While a three cent pencil and a five cent phone call may be watched and checked up, a $1,200 expense account for three days in San Francisco is okayed and paid without a murmur, except of congratulations. Whenever the studios embark upon their semi-annual economy campaigns, some $25 a week stenographers and $60 a week script clerks are laid off. But the next day may see half a dozen thousand-a-week actors and executives added to the payroll with long term contracts.

Within the last few weeks, a studio had occasion to photograph an automobile burning. A new limousine, price $6,000, was purchased and then burned before the cameras. Only after the shots of the accident had been developed did any one notice that the focussed sun-arc lights for the cameras were so brightly reflected in the dazzling metal work of the car that the eyes of future audiences would be half blinded by them. A second limousine was purchased at the same price, its metal work dulled with powder and water paint, and the funeral pyre scene repeated.

If some of the film factories go bankrupt, it will be due not so much to what is cut out in the cutting room as to the amounts cut back in the business office. A huge stadium set was braced with thousands of board feet of clear pine, instead of cheaper hemlock, two-by-four and two-by-six sticks. When the set was struck, after the picture had been made, most of this pine was removed undamaged. But it was promptly carried off to the incinerator and burned. Some one protested at the waste. A cynical old employee laughed. "How's the purchasing department going to make payments on their houses, if they can't buy new lumber for each production?"

The Hollywood income tax office was asked to approve a casting director's claim for $7,000 exemption, which was alleged to have been spent on professional entertainment and was, therefore, a business expense. The casting director's legitimate salary was $12,000 a year. It is probable that every actor hired by him had been forced to hand back ten per cent of the salary as a pretended "agency fee."

One might multiply these examples indefinitely. On hearing of such cases, some of us are pained, some are envious. A Broadway grafter, arriving in Hollywood, was shocked to discover how much easy money he had been missing. "How Long Has This Been Going On?" he sang in a tone of pained regret.

Were the studios closed corporations, no one could complain about the methods of their operation. But they have become huge stock enterprises, and their successes or their failures are of no little concern to the public. So that the question, "How long will this condition continue to exist?" becomes a pertinent one.

This reporter ventures a guess that it will not be long now. So long as bad films and unsound business methods make money, there will be no changes in management or studio product. But when the public really tires of stereotyped entertainment — and within the last few weeks the film salesmen have been reporting that exhibitors say they have no use for ordinary "programme" pictures — and when picture theatre balance sheets show red, then the barons of Wall Street may seize control and bring a new order into the chaos of the industry. It has already been demonstrated three times that the industry is not entirely foolproof and that profits are not always inevitable.

STUDIOS were on the verge of bankruptcy when *The Birth of a Nation* saved the picture business and set all the studios humming with the manufacture of "epics." The elaborate feature pictures, running to 15,000 feet in some instances, again attracted the public. But, about three years later, business again lapsed. The "epics" were running as dully routine as the old programme pictures and westerns had been.

A second time, the picture world faced a crisis. And this time it was saved by the introduction of luxury into the theatres themselves — ushers who saluted, doormen who looked like admirals, Fifth Avenue front for Second Avenue prices. These innovations, joined to the elaborate stage presentations and prologues which were shown with each picture, drew in the dollars at a surprising rate. On the stage one saw a Tiller Girls ballet, a Whiteman band, a Sophie Tucker or a Chic Sale, in addition to the film, which was accompanied by a cathedral organ or a symphony orchestra playing a synchronized score.

Again the business began slipping. The public grew accustomed to the orchestras, and the pictures remained as stupid and routine as before. The studio heads were turning restlessly, praying for some miracle to avert the crash, when the sound film was partially perfected.

The producers held an ace of trumps in the novelty of talking pictures. But this success lasted for only six months. Now the two remaining small trumps are being played — the wide film, or Grandeur, and the colored film, called Technicolor. There are no more novelties to follow these unless the studios begin making really good pictures.

IT SEEMS likely that this time the first symptoms of public dissatisfaction will be quickly felt throughout the industry. For, through consolidations, the film companies now own and lease most of the large theatres. The operation loss, formerly borne by the exhibitors, will come right back to the studios themselves.

Any old showman will tell you that it is easy for a theatre to lose $1,000 a week — through poor entertainment. One string of 900 theatres losing $1,000 a week each, means a loss of $900,000. One month in which the public is apathetic to pictures will put large film companies into such a plight that a change of management, policy, method and personnel will be imperative.

When that point is reached, pictures will improve. For the creditor banks may hire showmen, from the theatre, to make them.

A Question of Courage

By W. Townend

In Which the Regiment That Is Salutes the Regiment That Was

Sir John Cardis glanced up from the papers spread out before him on his desk as his fair-haired daughter came into the sunlit library.

"Well, Jane," he said gruffly, "what is it?"

His face was flushed, and his rather prominent eyes gazed at the girl with a fixed, intolerant stare. Jane thought she had never seen him looking quite so pompous in all her life: so exactly what a retired Major-General, engaged in writing the story of his life, would look like.

"I've just had a note from Arnold," she said.

"Who's Arnold?"

"Captain Allison-Barford, of course. He's written to say his brigade ought to be quite close to us sometime this afternoon."

"Allison-Barford!" said Sir John. "I remember his father in India thirty years ago. A good fellow, but a damn bad soldier."

Once again the door opened and Mallett, Sir John's secretary, entered, saying, "You wanted me, Sir John?"

Jane studied him in silence and decided that she had never disliked anyone so much as this freckled, sandy young man who had dared to fall in love with her but would never dare to tell her so.

"Yes, I do want you," said Sir John.

Through the open windows of the library there came the distant crackle of rifle fire.

"Soldiers!" said Jane. "How thrilling!" She added: "I'm going to marry a soldier or die an old maid."

"Jane," said Sir John, "get out!" When the girl had gone, shutting the door too loudly after her, he sprang to his feet.

"Mallett," he said, "what have you done with Colonel Spragg's reminiscences of the war on the Western front?"

"I've not touched them," said Mallett.

"Mallett," said Sir John, "if you've taken those papers on a sudden impulse, out of curiosity, or even if you intended to use them for your own profit, give them back to me and I'll say no more about it."

Mallett's face was pale under the freckles, as he answered: "I've told you the truth, Sir John. I saw those papers on your desk last night, but I never touched them."

"If you saw them, why the devil didn't you put them into the safe out of harm's way?"

"You told me I was never to touch them."

Sir John Cardis walked the length of the library, turned and walked back again, before he sputtered: "I don't know anything about you, Mallett, except that you were trying to make a living by writing and I thought having you here to assist me with my book would help you. We're strangers after a year. If you're telling me the truth, you nevertheless let valuable, confidential papers lie around on my desk. You've no initiative."

"And if I'm not telling the truth?" said Mallett.

THERE was a long silence. The booming of field guns mingled with the sound of musketry.

"It's a pity you're lame, Mallett," said Sir John presently. "If you'd been in the war, maybe the Army would have given you some sense of responsibility."

"The point is," said Mallett, "do you think I'm a thief?" Sir John Cardis was furious.

"If those papers aren't on this desk by tomorrow midday, I'll send for the police."

"Good! And when you find I've not taken your papers, then I'll go. I don't want your damn job, Sir John. You may keep it."

Sir John choked and Mallett walked out of the room.

Meanwhile, infantrymen in khaki rested in the bracken in the shade of the oak trees, waiting for the word to advance. A pink-cheeked young subaltern sat on a fence and talked to a young sergeant. Neither had seen war service. At the sound of footsteps in the undergrowth they turned their heads. A lame, freckled man in a shabby, tweed suit and old, soft-brimmed hat drew near.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but are you the First Battalion, Wolfe's Orangemen?"

"I don't see that it matters to you which battalion we are," the young subaltern answered. "Unless you actually own the land we're on, you've no right to be here. You'll see just as well if you move back a couple of hundred yards. Buzz off!"

"I don't want to keep so far back I can't see what's happening," said the shabby man.

"If this were a real battle," observed the young officer, "you'd take damn good care to be as far back as possible."

AS FAR back as possible! The man in the tweed suit smiled a little uncertainly, a little shyly. The noise of firing had grown suddenly louder.

What a hell of a noise the guns were making! You wondered whether the shattered battalions in front still held their own, whether that first triumphant advance of the tanks had been lost, and what it would feel like to lead your platoon in a bayonet charge to take back the captured trenches. Still you tramped on, past dead men in khaki and field gray, massed field batteries firing salvoes, past broken trees, dead horses and crippled tanks, you and your footsore platoon, burdened with bombs and rifles, Lewis guns and steel helmets.

And then it came: a screeching,

tearing horror of sound, that froze your blood and made you want to fall on your face and grovel in sick fear, but you were too slow, and your limbs too weak.

The clang of an explosion. A scream of agony from the platoon in front. A moment's hesitation, and you called out: "Steady there!" And someone said: "Get your platoon on, Mr. Mallett, as fast as you can." And you went tramping on, just as though the five men or six or seven that you saw mangled and dead were still alive.

"This is the first time I've been in an attack, sir," said the boy nearest you. "It's kind of strange."

You did not acknowledge that this was the first time you, too, had been in an attack, but said: "You'll get used to it."

That was your first meeting with Starkie.

Now, back once more in the year 1930, Mallett stood on the edge of a Sussex wood and in the mellow, evening sunshine watched soldiers in khaki, men of his own war time battalion, advance against the enemy in support of an attack where blank ammunition was fired and no one would fall.

The men were advancing at the double in sections, machine gunners, Lewis gunners, riflemen, groups of men scattered across the open in anti-artillery formation, seeking where possible the cover of hedges and trees, and supported by light guns with shafts, drawn by pack ponies.

Mallett broke into a run but because of his lameness slowed down almost at once to a quick walk.

A soldier who led an officer's horse, a thick-set stocky man with twinkling eyes, came toward him from a thicket of young beech trees and chestnuts.

"I shouldn't try an' keep up with 'em if I was you, mate," he said, "the Colonel don't like it. He hates civilians in time of war, this playin' at war or real war."

Mallett saw on the man's tunic three medal ribbons.

"You were in the war?" he asked. "Which battalion?"

"This, the First, in nineteen fourteen. Wounded on the Marne. After that, the Second Battalion."

"Did you like it, being in the war?" said Mallett curiously.

"Mister," said the soldier, "a feller looks back an' forgets the times he hadn't enough to eat, he forgets the shells an' the lice an' the dirt an' the dead men, an' all he remembers is when he was out of the line, or marching through towns with the drums an' bugles playing. If there was a war tomorrow you'd find all the old sweats that was in the last war back in the Army again an' happy — till they remembered. . . . Here, they've halted. I got to go."

The man hurried away. Mallett saw an officer looking at him as he moved slowly forward through the trees. They stared at each other. He was a captain, tired-looking and handsome, with dark eyes, and a small, black mustache, who suddenly exclaimed:

"Mallett, by God! Are you Mallett?"

"I am. And you, aren't you Allison-Barford?"

He was, of course. Allison-Barford — here!

A subaltern of about the same age as yourself, twenty, sat opposite you on the other side of the plank table in the dug-out that smelled of wet straw, rats and decay, and talked to you in a condescending, drawling tone of voice.

"Is this your first time out?" he said.

You told him it wasn't. You had been in France for more than two years.

"In the ranks?"

"Yes," you said. "Clerk, A. S. C. Army Headquarters."

By the light of the candle that stood on a shelf in a pool of its own grease you saw the rather good-looking face take on a faintly amused expression.

"You've seen no fighting, then?"

You said no, you hadn't; and were humiliated. Allison-Barford seemed at a loss for words.

"What do you do in private life?"

You answered that you worked as a bookkeeper for a firm of stock brokers in the City of London, but you added, lest Allison-Barford should think you had no ambition: "Someday I hope to write — poetry, perhaps. I'm not sure."

Another officer, an older man, came slowly down the steps into the dug-out.

"Captain Vasey," said Allison-Barford, "this is Mallett. He's just joined. He's a poet."

Vasey shook hands with you and said he hoped you were fit. As you climbed the steep steps of the dug-out to go with him and get the lie of the front line, you were unhappy because you knew you had impressed Allison-Barford unfavorably and you made up your mind you would do your utmost to win his respect, because you would like to pattern yourself after him.

"It's a long time since you and I saw each other, Allison, isn't it?" Mallett said.

Allison-Barford nodded. He did not offer to shake hands. He scribbled something in a Field-Service note-book and beckoned an orderly. Mallett waited, feeling rather dispirited.

"Is there anyone in the battalion I remember?" he asked, as soon as the orderly had gone.

"Shouldn't think so," said Allison-Barford.

"What are you waiting here for?"

"I don't know. Who ever does know what's happening on manœuvres?"

"Do you like the Army, Allison-Barford?"

"Good God, no!"

"I always imagined you'd rather be a soldier than anything else in the world."

"You imagined wrong," said Allison-Barford. "And what are you doing in Sussex?"

"I live here," Mallett said.

"Man of means?"

"Lord, no! I'm doing some secretarial work to earn a living."

"I thought you were a writer."

"I've written three novels."

"Made much money out of them?"

"No." Mallett laughed to hide his embarrassment. "That's why I'm a secretary." He remembered his interview with Sir John Cardis and added, "Or was. I've just told my respected employer I don't want his damn job and I'm going."

"You always did have a damn queer temper, Mallett. Do you ever write poetry these days?"

The afternoon was cold, a thin rain was falling, and the room you sat in, writing, was bare and uncomfortable. Through the window you could see the naked trees, the dismal village and the wet pavé. *Occasionally a limber or a transport wagon would rattle past, drawn by a pair of horses. Once a fatigue party of Highlanders, in overcoats and tam-o'-shanter bonnets, without equipment, tramped forlornly by. A sentry paced to and fro in front of battalion headquarters lower down the street.*

From the room below there came the noise of songs and laughter and a gramophone. The dreariness of the day had in no way dampened the spirits of the other subalterns. You were glad of it and hoped they would let you finish your poem.

HEAVY *footsteps thumped on the stairs. You turned in your chair. The door swung open, and Allison-Barford, rather the worse for drink, stood on the threshold. In his hand he held a bottle of whiskey. Behind him were the three other subalterns of the company, grinning like fools.*

"Come on, young Mallett," said Allison-Barford, "have some whiskey."

"I'd rather not, thanks," you said.

"What are you writing?" he said.

"Only some verses."

Before you could stop him he had snatched at the sheet of paper and begun to read what you had written in a loud, sing-song voice.

"God!" he said. "What tripe!"

You got the paper away from him and he made a swift dash at you, and you hit him again and again till he collapsed on your bed which broke, as well as the bottle, spilling the whiskey all over the floor.

"Mallett," said Allison-Barford as he rose to his feet, "you're a poisonous little cad, and not fit to associate with gentlemen."

He was drunk, of course, or he wouldn't have said it. But never after that did you try to write poetry.

"I WAS sorry I lost my temper with you," Mallett said. "The fact was, we infantry subalterns went through a bigger strain than we'd any idea of."

Allison-Barford smiled and said nothing.

"Allison," added Mallett, "do you realize if it hadn't been for you I'd never have stuck it in the trenches?"

"I don't understand," responded Allison-Barford.

They walked in a leafy lane, between meadows in which were huge oak trees. The sky was pink. The sun had set.

"My father died when I was about two," said Mallett. "My mother died when I was seven. They didn't leave any money but some friends of theirs gave me a home. I was eighteen when war broke out and I joined up as a clerk in the A. S. C. I daresay I might have stopped on at Army Headquarters till the Armistice, but I couldn't. Fellows of my own age were being killed. I put in for a commission. When I was gazetted to the First Battalion, Wolfe's Orangemen, I was proud and I was scared. . . . Are you beginning to understand?"

"Not in the least," said Allison-Barford.

"At first, Allison, I thought I'd lose all control of myself and turn and run, or just leave my men and g back by myself, away from the shel

ing. But I couldn't. I didn't. Because of you. If I let you see how scared I really was, you'd despise me. I'll put it like this, Allison — I was young when I met you — and you were what I'd secretly always wanted to be. It was your example that saved me."

ALLISON-BARFORD stared blankly, it seemed, at the men waiting the word to advance. His face was drawn and rather pale in the twilight. And then Mallett saw Sir John Cardis and Jane approaching, so he turned and walked slowly away.

"What are you supposed to be doing, Arnold?" asked Jane.

"Waiting around as usual. Wasting time."

"Who was that you were talking to, Captain Allison-Barford?" said Sir John Cardis.

"A man I've just met. His name is Mallett."

"Mallett," said Sir John sourly. "Thought so. He's been in my employ as a — a kind of secretary."

"He's an impossible little creature," said Jane. "I make eyes at him and he blushes. He's terribly in love with me, of course."

"I'm getting rid of him," said Sir John.

Jane was astounded. "Why, what for? You never said so."

"Some papers of mine are missing," said Sir John. He moved leisurely away and examined one of the light guns with shafts. The girl touched Allison-Barford on the arm.

"Arnold," she said, "you asked me last time I saw you if there was any hope. Well — there is."

A look of elation came into the tired eyes. "You mean it, Jane?" I'm really the kind of man you want?"

"Arnold, I think you're the one really worth while man I ever met. I could imagine any other man I know doing something mean and not quite honest, but I can't imagine you doing it."

"Jane," he said, gruffly, "we're pushing on. Maybe I'll see you later." And she wondered why he suddenly looked so sad.

ONCE more Mallett followed slowly after the soldiers advancing through the trees. In imagination he lived over again the feeling of terror that had always gripped him at the approach of big shells.

"Get out of here!" called the voice of the pink-cheeked subaltern interrupting him. "Do as I say. Sharp, now!"

But Mallett, turning, saw the approach of the Colonel, a lean, brown, middle-aged man with two rows of medal ribbons on his tunic. He caught his breath, for it was Vasey — in command of this battalion!

Vasey took him by the hand, and said: "Is it really you?"

"Yes," answered Mallett, "after ten years."

"I always intended to try and find out something about you," Vasey said; "but they sent me to Egypt, Turkey, India, and I've not been in England till this spring, when I came home to take over command of the old battalion. How are you, young fellow?"

"I'm still lame," said Mallett, "but otherwise there's nothing wrong with me."

They sat side by side on a grassy

bank near a small white farmhouse to exchange reminiscences. Cyclist orderlies and dispatch riders arrived one after another with messages which Vasey read and dealt with swiftly, without in any way losing the thread of his conversation with Mallett.

"Do you still write?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Mallett.

"Then you *are* the Mallett who writes those books?"

"I suppose so, sir. They don't sell, though, and I feel a failure."

"A failure! What's all this?"

"It's true, sir. I've done my best but I've failed." Mallett paused and went on again. "I'm giving up writing."

"DO YOU ever look back on the war, young fellow, and ask yourself what you got out of it — if anything?" asked Vasey, after a pause during which an adjutant had been sent away with a message.

"I've done my best to forget the war altogether," was the answer.

"Mallett, what made you put up that fight of yours at Marles-les-Petits?"

Mallett chewed at a hawthorn leaf and considered.

"Here's Allison-Barford," said Vasey. "Allison, you remember Tommy Mallett, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I've been talking with him."

"And when did you last see each other before tonight?"

"At Marles-les-Petits," said Mallett.

"You weren't at Marles-les-Petits, Allison?" said Vasey.

"There's where you are wrong, sir. I was, Mallett, wasn't I?"

"Yes, Allison, of course you were."

Shells came screaming down on you. From where you crouched in the ditch on the brow of the hill you could see through the haze the heaped-up dead; dead horses, dead British, dead Germans, useless rifles and equipment. Nearer at hand, scattered about on the ground that sloped back to the wood, men in muddy khaki lay and slept, exhausted like the dead.

Up the slope came Allison-Barford staggering toward you. His tunic was drenched in blood. His face was haggard, his eyes were round, staring and bloodshot.

"You're wounded!" you said.

"Yes. They've got me at last."

"Lie down, Allison, and let me see where you're hit."

"I can't. Mallett, I want to round up some of our fellows that are holding that farm back there in the hollow. Take over command till I bring them up. Don't give way, whatever happens. I won't be long, I promise."

YOU *said you'd hang on and Allison-Barford limped off. Somebody said: "Here they are!" And you saw the advancing Germans and you knew, by God! that you could never hold them: for here, coming against you and your thirty men, was a whole brigade, perhaps a division, of storm troops, picked men; and you yelled: "Up with you now! Let 'em have it! Rapid fire!" And the rifles crashed out and the Lewis guns began to stutter and the German machine guns roared their reply, and before you knew quite what was in store you were fighting at a range of less than a hundred yards — nothing could save you.*

And then, suddenly, you knew that

the attack had failed and a signaller said: "Brigade speaking, sir."

You grabbed the receiver of the field telephone. "Yes," you said. "Yes, what is it?"

A faint voice, a mile away, said: "Is that Allison-Barford?"

"No," you said, "it's Mallett. Allison-Barford's wounded. We're holding on."

"Good man! Mallett, you've got to fight and keep on fighting. If you can hold that hill another half-hour you'll save what's left of the division."

And then the line went dead and the Germans attacked once more.

"A HOT shop, that!" said Vasey.

"It was," said Allison-Barford.

"It was through Allison-Barford," said Mallett, "that we made our stand. He chose the position and organized the defense. I thought it was all up with us when he was wounded and knew that we'd have to fight on without him."

"Surely you weren't at Marles-les-Petits, Allison!" said Vasey.

"I was, sir."

"You weren't wounded, then?"

"No, sir, I wasn't, of course."

"Weren't you, Allison? Why, I thought — "

"No, Mallett, you're forgetting. I wasn't wounded. I left you to keep things going while I went to bring up those fellows of ours who were holding that farm on the right. I reached them but the Germans cut us off in their next attack and it was all we could do to fight our way back to the new line of defense. Only about half-a-dozen of us got through."

"Oh!" Mallett scarcely knew what to say.

"Mr. Allison-Barford!" said the man. "No. We never seen him. We was in that farm, about twenty of us. An' we seen you across on the hill an' we thought we'd better get to you. Now there's only ten of us. The rest got killed."

"He must be dead, then," you said.

"He's probably hooked it," said another man.

You turned and recognized Starkie and asked him what the devil he meant by talking like that about an officer, and Starkie said, "I didn't mean no harm, sir, but I ain't blind."

"That's quite enough," you replied. And then Starkie said:

"What are we goin' to do, sir?"

"We're going to hang on here," you answered.

"We'll be killed," said Starkie.

"Orders are to stay where we are and fight," you said. "And that's what we're going to do. You, Starkie, if you want to go, go. I'm not stopping you."

"Like hell I'll go!" said Starkie.

And once more the men in gray advanced.

SO ALLISON-BARFORD had walked off and abandoned his men. Starkie had been ten times the man he was. Mallett remembered how Starkie had fought by his side, cramming clip after clip into his magazine, without taking the butt from his shoulder, until he was wounded. When he had come to his senses, hours afterward, he had learned that Starkie and three other privates, all wounded, the only known survivors of half a battalion, had carried him out of action. He had asked after Allison-Barford, but they told him he must have been taken to another dressing-station.

Vasey rose to his feet, as a motor cyclist brought up a message.

"Well," said Allison-Barford to Mallett, in a low voice, "so now you know I wasn't wounded."

"I saw the blood."

"It wasn't my blood. You stayed and I bolted. Mallett, that scrap at Marles-les-Petits broke me. I ought to have left the Army after the war. I didn't, because I thought maybe there'd be a chance of a fight somewhere, in Afghanistan or Turkey or Palestine or Irak, where I could win back my self-respect. But there wasn't. There's no war these days and what in hell is a man to do? Listen, young Mallett, you've lost your job, you're having a bad time, I know. Let me help you."

"You have helped me. Money's no help, Allison. It isn't, honest. You helped me in France and you've helped me tonight. You weren't like the rest of us. You always seemed so damn sure of yourself, so proof against fear and worry and all that kind of thing. But now I know you were just as scared of shell fire as I was and you couldn't face the German shelling at Marles-les-Petits and had to leave us. Why, Allison, I feel free for the first time since I first met you. I'm afraid no longer. Don't you see? Perhaps I'm not so much of a failure as I've always thought."

"Mallett, how can I put things right?"

"There's nothing to put right. Allison, you're not to tell anyone what you've told me. What good would it do?"

"I've got myself to think of," said Allison-Barford.

The firing had died down. Mallett sighed. "It's late. I've got to be moving off home."

"Mallett," Allison-Barford said, "wait one minute, will you?" As the daylight had now completely disappeared, he stood by the lamplit window of the white farmhouse and wrote hurriedly in his note-book. Presently he turned. "Give this to Miss Cardis, will you, Mallett?"

"Did they tell you about me?" Mallett asked. "I didn't touch those papers, of course. You're going to marry her, aren't you?"

"If she'll have me. This note is important, young Mallett: you'll give it to Miss Cardis yourself, won't you!"

Vasey spoke out of the darkness. "Mallett, come here."

Mallett limped slowly toward the group of officers. Vasey took him by the arm and said to the others.

"You know the story of the last five at Marles-les-Petits, don't you? Well, here's the man who held up a German brigade and saved the line."

"Not T. H. Mallett?" said the second-in-command.

"Yes. Tommy Mallett who won the V. C. in March, nineteen eighteen, and never came out of hospital till nineteen twenty-two."

"My God!" said the pink-cheeked subaltern, "and I told him to clear off and not get in the way."

"That's all right," said Mallett awkwardly.

Conscious of his shabby clothes and limp and battered hat, he stood in the midst of a group of friendly, admiring young men who shook his hand and said such nice things to him in such gruff, embarrassed voices that he would have felt altogether

their inferior had he not remembered that in their eyes he was not a third-rate writer but an officer in the First Battalion, Wolfe's Orangemen, who had helped hold up a German advance and save the line.

"It's time I went," he said presently. "I've got to get back to Yaxley."

"Whereabouts in Yaxley do you live?" said Vasey.

"Yaxley Hall," said Mallett. "That's Sir John Cardis's house."

"We'll be passing that way tomorrow," said Vasey, "going home. Be on the look-out for us, won't you!"

"I will," said Mallett. "Vasey, I've changed my mind. I'm still fighting."

"Good man!" said Vasey. "And remember, young fellow, you've got me and the whole damn regiment at the back of you. And I'll see you in the morning."

NEXT day the morning was fine and warm. The sun shone down from a clear blue sky. A faint breeze from the southwest stirred the leaves of the big beech trees. Mallett hurried down the gravel drive. The skirling of the bagpipes and the beat of the drums grew nearer, as a battalion of Highlanders, marching at ease, came into sight at the bend of the road.

He stood at one of the big white gates and watched them pass, four after four, brown-faced, young Scotsmen with swinging tartan kilts and bare knees, with only an occasional medal ribbon here and there to remind one how few survivors of the Great War still served. Some fifty yards distant, Sir John Cardis and Jane stood at the other white gate.

"Fine soldiers," said Sir John. "I remember their second battalion on the frontier."

To the shrilling of the pipes there succeeded the keener music of the fifes and drums. A line battalion followed the Highlanders. Mallett was suddenly alert. The head of the column drew near and he recognized his own regiment, Wolfe's Orangemen. He saw Vasey on horseback, riding between the band and the leading company. He wondered if Vasey had seen him. And then he heard, just as the signallers that led the battalion were nearly abreast of him, Vasey's deep voice call out:

"Battalion, march at attention!"

THE fifes and drums had ceased playing and — what miracle was this! — the band crashed into the old regimental march of Wolfe's Orangemen: *The Farmer of Liss:* the tune he had heard so many times in years gone by, in France and Belgium.

Vasey, looking straight at him, was saluting him. The pink-cheeked young subaltern of the leading platoon of the battalion gave the word:

"Number one platoon, eyes left."

He, too, saluted. In a daze, feeling strangely unnerved, his lips set, Mallett stood to attention as the battalion tramped by.

"Number two platoon, eyes left. Number three platoon, eyes left. Number four platoon — "

The transport passed — the drivers of the limbered wagons seated stiff and straight in their saddles, their whips resting on the withers of the off-side horses.

"Eyes front." Mallett heard the

word of command; and then: "March at ease."

A sergeant, wearing the ribbon of the D. C. M., came running back.

"It's you at last, sir!"

Mallett stared into the brown, earnest fact of Starkie, whom he had last seen that day at Marles-les-Petits. They shook hands.

"I thought you were dead, sir. I can't stop now but I'll write."

At the other white gate Jane Cardis found her voice.

"Father," she said, "what on earth does it mean? Did you see them saluting young Mallett?"

Sir John called to the sergeant who was hurrying after the battalion: "Sergeant, who was the battalion saluting?"

"Mr. Mallett, sir," said the sergeant. "The officer who got the V. C. for saving the line at Marles-les-Petits."

Mallett was walking slowly up the drive toward the house when Sir John Cardis and Jane overtook him.

"Mallett," said Sir John, heavily, "as a soldier I've always admired courage more than any other quality." His face was very red. He seemed ill at ease. "When I think what you did and how little I've done, and what I said to you and how I behaved, I'm ashamed of myself. You won't leave us, will you?"

"Not till you find those papers, Sir John."

"They are found," said Sir John. "I'd slipped them into the pocket of my dinner jacket. I apologize most humbly and sincerely for ever having doubted you. I'm a damned old muddler. I'm sorry."

"That's all right, sir," smiled Mallett.

"Then you'll stay?"

"No, Sir John. I only took the job because I was afraid. I'm afraid no longer."

And then he gave Allison-Barford's letter to the girl, and as she read it her face flushed and then paled.

"Do you know what he wrote?" she asked.

"No," replied Mallett, "I don't."

"He told me what you did at Marles-les-Petits and he told me what he did."

For a terrible moment Mallett thought the girl was going to weep. He said: "He shouldn't have done that. I asked him not to."

"I could never marry a coward."

"He isn't a coward," said Mallett, "or he could never have written that letter. You've got to marry him."

"But I thought," said the girl. "I thought —"

"You thought that I was in love with you," said Mallett. "I knew what you were thinking, Miss Cardis, and I didn't know how to tell you that I wasn't. Allison's a good sort and I hope you'll be very happy. Good-bye."

Then he walked on toward the house.

Intelligentsia of the Chorus

By Mary Day Winn

Some light and skeptical comments on a reported high brow trend behind the footlights

In one of this season's Broadway shows there was a comic character who epitomized the old time conception of a chorus girl. Throughout the play this extremely well favored young person struggled in vain to memorize her one speaking line, "I am the spirit of civilization."

Every time she failed to get it straight the audience laughed. The more homely feminine members of the audience laughed the loudest. When the curtain fell at the end of each act, the young woman who had been playing the part returned to her dressing room and resumed her temporarily interrupted reading of Nietzsche.

Try as they may, psychologists have never been able to work out any definite relation between beauty and brains. Contrary to the popular notion, the zealous investigators can discover nothing to prove that the possession of one attribute necessarily presupposes the lack of the other. The old fallacy summed up in the phrase "beautiful but dumb" seems to be merely an unconscious defense mechanism of those who are neither beautiful nor dumb — but wish they were. Long before Trojan Paris gave such publicity to the matter by making his inevitable decision, women have preferred beauty to brains — providing it was impossible to have both. Those who had to content themselves with second choice have kept alive the notion that words of wisdom can not issue from a delectable mouth, and that originality of thought seldom lurks behind a perfect brow. Such beliefs have, of course, been greatly encouraged by the attitude of most men, who, deny it though they may, prefer their women to be just a little dumb — or at any rate dumber than themselves. Frequently, in pigeon-holing decorative women as creatures of inferior mentality, men are simply indulging in a "wish-fulfilment" dream.

In the last few months a number of comments have issued from the press to the effect that the chorus girl has gone intellectual. We are told that at least fifty per cent have prepared for a high kicking career by two or more years of higher education; that the cigarette, hot bird and cold bottle, traditional relaxation of the chorine, have been replaced by

reading clubs, post graduate courses in literature, and quiet evenings at home with the children. Finally, and, as I shall show, significantly, we are informed that the stage door Johnny has practically disappeared and his place has been taken by Father and Mother. All of these observations are given as proof of the fact that behind the limpid eyes and peach-blow skin of the lady of the ensemble, 1930 model, shines an I. Q. that would be noticeable even around the dinner tables of the Algonquin, and compared to which the intelligence quotients of the theatre ladies of thirty years ago would look like last November's stock quotations.

THIS remarkable picture has apparently been authenticated by Dr. David Wechsler, an associate of the Psychological Corporation of New York, who recently tested the intelligence of one hundred and fifty of Broadway's fairest. Prompted by an interest in scientific truth (and we have Keats's word for it that beauty is truth, truth beauty) he spent a number of happy evenings working late behind the scenes of Ziegfeld and Shubert shows, asking the ladies of the ensemble to draw crosses in circles, fill in missing words in sentences and go through the other quaint ordeals customary in determining mental ratings.

As a result of these researches, he found the average I. Q. of the girls questioned to be 128, a fact which becomes impressive when we remember that these same tests, administered to 1,500,000 soldiers during the war, gave the average American male population an I. Q. of just 61! They become still more impressive, even admitting the slightly disturbing conditions of the investigation, if we recall that other searchers after truth, using the same system, have discovered groups of college women to have a rating of 127, college men 130, and certain business men 86. This puts the specialist in the scientific extraction of precious metals exactly 42 points ahead of the man who pays for her dinner, illustrating the value of brains in the business world.

ALL of the observations above cited seem to prove that the modern chorus lady is indeed The Spirit of Civilization; that she is the White Hope of the eugenists, and the yeast which will raise the next generation to a higher intellectual level.

Not so. The facts really indicate something entirely different, and our seconds will be glad to confer with the friends of those Gentle Readers who feel that in letting out this truth we are a traitor to our sex. The arguments demonstrate that the modern lady of the ensemble, the lovely young person with an I. Q. of 128 hung like an albatross around her neck, is really less intelligent than her predecessor of the Mauve Decade whose only *apparent* equipments for getting along in the world were a pretty face, shapely underpinnings, and a knack of flipping up her ruffled skirts in a highly provocative manner.

Great Britain may deny, but the eugenists will admit, that the music hall has been the savior of British aristocracy. When the blood of many a noble family dating back to a sturdy fellow-pirate of William the Conqueror has become so thinned

and moronic that it has been about to evaporate entirely, the last Percy or Algernon, defying parental authority, has run away with some beautiful high stepper. The noble family, at the point of extinction, has thus been saved by a last minute blood transfusion, and it has once more been proved that Mother Nature knows best.

Did the lovely ladies of the music halls win the hearts of belted earls by discussing higher calculus with them? It seems more probable that they practised it but refrained from discussing it; they were so intelligent that they knew how to seem dumb, and great was their reward. While they were annexing the marriageable bachelors of the old country, the corpulent beauties of *The Black Crook* and other American mantraps were following similar and equally successful tactics with the industrial overlords of this country.

THE present distressing evidences of intellectuality in the chorus prove, therefore, that it is being invaded by a flock of amateurs; that they *are* amateurs is further demonstrated by the acknowledged fact that the gilded youth who used to wait at the stage door with flowers, invitations to dinner and marriage licenses (if properly managed), are figures of the past. The chorus is being high-browed by recruits from the colleges and the Four Hundred, and it is a well-known fact that the college girl has not, as yet, learned the higher strategy of concealed assets.

The reasons for this invasion of a formerly forbidden area are not hard to find. Cynics, of course, have pointed out that statistics on the small number of college graduates who marry (48+ per cent) have recently been widely circulated. We have no equally reliable figures on the matrimonial batting average of the ladies of the ensemble, but it is probably safe to take their word for it that the percentage, not counting Peggy Joyce, has formerly been about 99.

A FURTHER reason for the hopeful drift from the college to the chorus lies in the change, during the last two decades, in the status of the American girl, in her attitude toward life and the attitude of the American public toward her. The chorus girl of fifteen or more years ago was usually the adventurous type who had run away from home. She had a broad-minded attitude toward the wearing (or not wearing) of clothes, and no ambition except to strike rich ore.

Nice ladies in those days were not only completely dressed, but, as Shaw has pointed out, upholstered, and a willingness to take off the terrible contraptions called clothes labelled a girl immediately as not nice. The theatrical producers were so puzzled by the problem of how to reveal the knees of the chorus without bringing down a storm of censorship on the show that they were forced to the expedient of "baby" operettas, such as the *Wizard of Oz* and its successors. In these comic pieces, to which mothers took their children because the plays were such "clean" entertainment and so amusing, the dear little things of the pony ballet skipped around in socks and very short rompers, displaying dimpled knees and indulging

in harmless fun. The front rows were satisfied and the censors had nothing unpleasant to say; it was all so innocent and infantile.

But as skirts grew shorter and necks lower, and stockings, even on the very respectable, withered into socks and sometimes completely disappeared, the romper subterfuge ceased to be necessary. Came the dawn of a day when ballet skirts were only a few inches shorter than street dresses, and ballet tights less revealing than publicly approved bathing suits. A nice girl could appear in approximate nudity without impairing her niceness. In choosing the theatrical profession, she no longer had to fight parental disapproval, especially as her pay envelope frequently assisted in parental support. She could go back to her college reunion and be the lioness of the occasion, instead of the class scandal.

This opened the doors of the chorus to a new type of girl, the type that did not fully understand the old tradition and the old and so-successful technique, and was willing not only to admit, but actually to boast of the possession of brains.

It is a sad day for the chorus and the box office! Almost the only musical shows that seem to continue with undiminished vigor and popularity are the burlesques, which have not as yet shown any signs of the taint of higher education. The press agents of "Dimpled Darlings," "Kuddling Kuties," "Tempters," "Sugar Babies" and "Bare Facts," to name a few of this past season's offerings, have made no mention in their publicity of sheepskins lying around the dressing rooms of the pony ballet. They have that wisdom which is more practical than learning.

The present drift of interest and dollars from the stage to the screen can probably be traced in part to the fact that Hollywood has for many years allowed itself to be pictured as the American Mecca of the beautiful but dumb. The southern branch of the University of California elbows the studios, but the stars are millions of light years away from its scholastic halls. One never sees them there. They couldn't afford to be branded as intellectuals.

How soon the musical comedy stage will recover from this virus of higher education it is impossible to predict. We can see, however, in one of this season's developments, a sign that presages hope. The college girl entered the chorus when comparative nudity became conventional. Now that it is once more conventional to be fully clothed, she may have to beat a retreat back to the parlor sofa, and the ballet will once more be manned by those beautiful girls of the old régime who were too intelligent to admit that they were.

Business Before Culture

By L. J. Nations

College Becomes an Institution of Higher Earnings

I am an obscure professor in a Southern university. The catalogue includes my name as a member of the faculty of the School of Commerce and Business Administration.

The university will soon commemorate its one hundredth anniversary; but the school of commerce, only ten years old, is already the largest of the university's professional schools in point of student enrolment. Of the 3,500 students now at the university, over 650 are pursuing work toward the degree of Bachelor of Science in Commerce. Fourteen years ago the enrolment in the entire university was fewer than six hundred. Today, in fine, this ten-year-old college of commerce has a larger registration than the entire university had in the eighty-third year of its existence. In 1928, the school of commerce dedicated the biggest classroom building on the campus.

I believe that the history of the university where I am now teaching is fairly representative of the rise of the professional school of business in America. Let us glance, however, at the situation in general.

I have before me an exhaustive survey of the growth in commerce education. It is the work of H. G. Wright, Grand Secretary-Treasurer of Delta Sigma Pi, a professional commerce fraternity. I quote his concluding words:

> With a total registration of 73,944 students in commerce in eighty-nine of our universities, with many universities building or planning to erect large and elaborate buildings for these schools of commerce and business administration to occupy, it is beyond contradiction to state that our schools of commerce have assumed an important position in our educational structure and will continue in such position with ever-increasing importance . . . I believe that from the viewpoint of registered students, schools of commerce rank second only to the liberal arts colleges throughout the country, surpassing every other professional school. . . .

Let me present another bit of statistical information which indicates roughly the popular trend in education. Mr. J. O. Malott, specialist in commercial education for the United States Bureau of Education, says:

> The highest percentage of increase in enrolments in commercial curricula from 1915 to 1924 is in the colleges and universities; during this period these enrolments increased from 9,323 to 47,552 — an increase of 410 per cent.

Dean Raymond Walters of Swarthmore College, upon reports received from 216 colleges and universities throughout the United States which are on the approved list of the Association of American Universities, says that the five year increase in college education as a whole, 1922–27, totals twenty-five per cent.

Obviously, the college of commerce is making inroads into our other colleges. It is particularly competing with the college of liberal arts. The latter, although its actual enrolment has increased, in fact has lost ground proportionately until it stands today as a preparatory college for our professional schools or as a cultural haven for those few among us who can still afford the luxury of a liberal education which conduces to an appreciation of the good, the beautiful and the true.

I sometimes wonder what strange combination of circumstances contributed to my becoming a member of a faculty in a college of commerce. As an undergraduate I was not especially interested in business subjects; I was graduated, in fact, from a college of liberal arts. Teaching as a profession was farthest from my thoughts.

As I look back at it now from the vantage point of a half-dozen years, it seems to me that the college of liberal arts emphasized the idea that education was a training for life; that business obtained for the glorification of life, and not that life obtained for the glorification of business. Man before business. And I would have enjoyed life, too, I dare say, if my liberal education had somewhere trained me to live with some degree of economic security, to provide myself with some few of the luxuries which I had come to look upon as mere necessities. I found, however, that the very liberal education which should have prepared me for life redounded to my inability to adjust myself to the humdrum realities of commerce. Even to this day — and the confession comes hard — I am fonder of lyric poetry than of advertising copy which extols the virtues of soup, cigarettes, balloon tires, and Elbert Hubbard's *Scrap Book*.

But the writing of lyric poetry by a mediocre graduate of a college of liberal arts does not yield a livelihood. I know, because I tried it for a while in a garret on Morningside Heights, only to find my poetry promptly and justly rejected by the very best editors in America. And while I wrote sonnets to Persephone, my father sank a fortune in the oil fields of Oklahoma in a desperate effort to become a millionaire, and my favorite sweetheart of the moment married a young man whose name suggests that he might belong to a race which has long been famous for its acquisitive instincts. Had I been made of sterner stuff, I might not have betrayed my ambitions. Had I been blessed with the talents of an Upton Sinclair, or a Sinclair Lewis, I might have acquired a competence by writing novels in which I berated our contemporary civilization for letting goodness, beauty and truth perish in a garret. Perhaps I had too much respect for the truth. I turned to the one thing which my Master of Arts degree had equipped me for: an

obscure professorial post in a State university.

Just as the militant lecturer of the W. C. T. U. in the old white ribbon days was wont to refer to the town drunkard whom she had enticed to sit upon the platform for two dollars, as "this sad example of drink," so I have come to look upon myself as an unhappy specimen of one who drank too freely from the chalice of liberal education in an industrial age.

I OBSERVE, however, that the undergraduates of the school in which I am now teaching are equipped with sturdier virtues which should enable them to disdain the grog-shops of the arts and sciences. I observe, for instance, that although we have the major of Commercial Teaching listed in our catalogue, we have no one student among our six hundred enrolled in it. Why, in this age of mass production and frenzied marketing, should any student of sound mind and robust conscience enrol in the liberal arts when the rewards of sales managing are much greater than those of school mastering? Why should he — when the Republican party elects in the name of business prosperity a man who has served as our Secretary of the Department of Commerce; and when the Democratic party selects in the name of business a candidate who studiously surrounds himself with advisers whose names are synonymous with industrial achievement? Thus, from the nation's capital to a college campus, the passion for business prosperity surges unchecked in our daily lives.

In the Greece of Pericles, the greatest civilization that has ever flourished upon the earth, a sharply defined social class snubbed its money gleaners as "barbarians." In the England of yesterday and today, a landed gentry has steadfastly refused to defer to the financial baron. But in America we witness the spectacle of a nation's gentlemen subscribing to an industrial ideal of business prosperity.

A CENTURY ago, I am told, there lived in England a sturdy old member of the landed aristocracy who was the father of five sons. The oldest of the sons, of course, inherited the patrimony and became a country gentleman. The second of the sons went into the ministry, a third into the law, a fourth into the army — all respectable professions for the sons of an English baron of a century ago and of this day. The fifth son, however, went into a counting house, and the face of this young scion who thus disgraced his baronial honor was turned to the wall in the gallery of family portraits with this inscription beneath his name: "Gone into the trade."

If the English baron were living in America today, he would probably turn the portraits of all of his sons to the wall save the one who went into the trade. In America, the sons of our worthiest citizens unblushingly enrol in our commerce schools; and the president of our most scholarly university welcomes them in the name of "Business, the oldest of the arts, and the newest of the professions."

The American university, of course, can not withdraw from the life of the community as did the monastery of mediæval days. The popular standard of progress in

America substitutes the value of quantity for that of quality; the excellence of a university is largely judged by the number of its students. In order to attract a large number of students, a university must give the community what it wants; and, if the community wants training for business, the university obliges with a college of commerce.

The American university, in truth, is as much in league with business prosperity as any of our institutions. Only in times of business prosperity can the community send a large number of its sons and daughters to the university. The greater the number of students who come to the university, the greater the university's need for funds to accommodate them. In prosperous times, the legislature is liberal with its educational appropriation; in prosperous times, the alumni are generous with their subscriptions to their Alma Mater. America leads the family of nations in mass production; and not by accident does America lead the world in mass education.

ECONOMIC conditions in the United States have radically changed since Horatio Alger wrote of the self-made boys of the Nineteenth Century who struggled from rags to riches, from poverty to power, from obscurity to fame. It was the boast of the untutored American of a generation or two ago that he was the best business man upon God's green earth! And he probably was. Too often, however, he overlooked the fact that God's green earth was indeed green. One hundred and sixty acres of land awaited Horatio Alger's hero of the Nineteenth Century as his inalienable birthright. The mineral resources, the virgin forests, the power sites, were his for the asking, too. The country was growing rapidly; labor was inexpensive; commerce and industry were expanding apace. It was comparatively easy to blunder through to success; indeed, it was difficult to fail. Surely one did not have to train assiduously for economic success.

BUSINESS life in America during the Twentieth Century can hardly be expected to award those who direct their efforts poorly; for business life in America will continue to be characterized by a decrease in natural resources, and, in the course of things, by an increase in scientific research to find substitutes for our dwindling raw materials. Again, the expansion of American industry upon a large scale has witnessed, paradoxically, a tendency toward intensive specialization, and one today who aspires to economic success must be an expert in his particular line.

It is not surprising that a young man prefers to begin his business experience, if need be, by sweeping out the commerce classroom instead of the business office, for he believes that he can better acquire his professional knowledge by studying the broad principles of business in a college classroom than by serving an apprenticeship in a shop where the owner may or may not be aware of the complex conditions which are contributing to the success or to the failure of his enterprise. The college of commerce, moreover, offers him an opportunity to train for his major activity of life. In the college where I

am now teaching, for example, the student may major in one of the following specialized fields: accounting, advertising, banking and finance, business and law, commercial teaching, foreign service, general business, merchandising, production and personnel, real estate and insurance, transportation and public utilities.

MR. COOLIDGE has been quoted as saying that as many opportunities exist today in America as ever before. If they do occur, they will undoubtedly be grasped, not by the I-Will-Arise youngster of the past, but by the young man who is now being trained in the broad principles of business, in the methods of scientific research and production, and in the administration of large scale enterprises and vast numbers of employees.

And because of this training, I believe that the business collegian will, upon graduation, be much more closely identified with corporate ownership than with individual ownership in business. His study of the principles of business enables him to see the field as a whole; his specialized training necessitates his securing employment with big business; his economic knowledge convinces him that the great corporation has inherent advantages for commercial success which the one-man or family or private business does not possess.

The great corporation, too, takes kindly to the collegian who trains for business. Each spring, representatives of big corporations visit the colleges of the land and skim the cream of the graduating crop. The commerce graduate, therefore, will increasingly throw his weight into the scales which are influencing the disappearance of individual ownership in America.

The popular imagination in the muck-raking stage of our development pictured the corporation as an octopus which fastened its devilish arms about the innocent life of the nation. Latterly, however, the concept has been considerably altered, thanks to the vision of a rising school of business men who see business as a service to the nation. No longer does the ideal of profits appeal as the final aim to some of our industrial leaders. They feel that they can enjoy business prosperity only if they perform a service to their fellowmen in ministering to human needs.

BUT what part are our colleges of commerce playing in spreading this vision of service to mankind? In the past, we have almost exclusively emphasized our specialized courses which equip students to fill bread-and-butter positions upon graduation. The old-fashioned private business colleges did that, too, and perhaps much more successfully than our colleges of commerce are now doing. We who are engaged in training collegians for business keep repeating that phrase of President Lowell's: "Business is the oldest of the arts, and the newest of the professions." A profession to be worthy of the name should subscribe to a code of ethics. Where is ours?

As far as I have been able to determine, there are two hundred and seven separate codes of business ethics extant in the work-a-day world. It is indeed singular that no one of them has been adopted by our colleges of commerce. Even if they

should attempt to single out a code, or to create one which includes the core-thought of the many, a pretty problem would present itself before one was unanimously adopted. Perhaps, the fifteen Principles of Business Conduct as adopted by the United States Chamber of Commerce in its annual session in 1924 should simplify the matter. But why, paraphrasing Clemenceau, should the United States Chamber of Commerce enumerate fifteen principles for the conduct of business, when God in his infinite wisdom gave only ten for the conduct of mankind! Verily, man is simple, and business is complex.

THE need of such a code, nevertheless, has existed ever since Joseph Wharton, who endowed the first school of business in the United States, the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania in 1881, denounced "the immorality and practical inexpediency of seeking to acquire wealth by winning it from another rather than by earning it through some sort of service to one's fellows." The need of subscribing to a code of business ethics is even greater today than in 1881, for the sense of responsibility which once rested with millions of small business men is now entrusted to those few who direct and manage our large corporations in which shares are held by countless stockholders.

In the college of commerce where I am now teaching, this statement occurs in the printed matter which defines the purpose of the school: "It is essential that the young men and women of the State should be trained in the best light of business science. It is even more essential that they should be trained in the understanding of Frank A. Vanderlip's happy phrase, 'a proper sense of trusteeship.'" I know that this statement exists, because I wrote it. And I dare say that every college of commerce in America presents a somewhat similar statement, and ignores it in the press of specialized courses.

THE young men and women of the state who enrol in the school with which I am associated pursue a four-year curriculum of 128 semester hours which includes many courses. We have no one course which is given over to a proper sense of trusteeship. It is true that we do not teach an improper sense of trusteeship; we simply do not give, unless it be in cursory fashion in our specialized courses, any attention to it at all. And although many of our graduates are eager young fellows of ambition, intelligence and honor, I am afraid that a few of them have gone out into the world in some such manner as the hungry lions advanced upon the helpless Christians in a Roman amphitheatre.

Again, it seems to me, that from the September the student is matriculated in a college of commerce until the June that he is graduated, he should be impressed with the influence of the business man upon our social and economic life, for that influence reaches the deepest foundations of our firmest institutions: the church, the State, the school, the press, the theatre.

How can the collegian who trains for business become a cultured citizen if the seeds of a full-souled life

are not nurtured during his college days? He may turn through a sense of responsibility to cultural pursuits in later years when he has acquired a competency; but never through a sense of spontaneity unless the seeds of culture are somehow kept alive and flourishing. Culture can not be grafted upon a business man, or upon a business community, as a limb can be grafted upon a tree. One doubts the citizen of Chicago who said: "Chicago has no culture, because she hasn't gone in for culture — but when she does, she'll show you a bigger and better culture than in any other city in the world!"

ALTHOUGH our colleges of commerce are not altogether concerned with business subjects, the tendency is to desert the classical ideal in favor of the ideal of business prosperity. Some few of our business schools, seventeen to be exact, are of the two-year type; that is, they require the candidate for graduation to spend his freshman and sophomore years in the college of liberal arts. Still fewer of our business schools, five to be exact, are of the three-year type. The majority of our commerce colleges, sixty-one to be again exact, are of the four-year type; that is, the student enters the college of commerce as a freshman and carries his work through to graduation as a commerce student. Only five of our business schools are of the five-year or graduate type.

Many of our business schools, including a number of the four-year type, are not exclusively devoted to the presentation of business subjects, for the American Association of Collegiate Schools of Business demands that forty per cent of the curriculum of a member school be devoted to cultural subjects. Unfortunately many of these "cultural" subjects — Business English, Commercial Spanish, Psychology of Business, Commercial Geography, Mathematics of Finance, Commercial Art — have a direct business flavor. The commerce student, in fact, is reluctant to enrol in a college course which is not directly or indirectly related to his passion for business profits. He has done with these courses as soon as possible, in order that he may specialize in his particular business sphere.

It seems to me that the time has come for the college of commerce to admit that it is throwing a sorry sop to the classical ideal in presenting a hodge-podge of semi-cultural subjects. If one real cultural subject, honestly presented as such, were required of each commerce student as an avocation, the benefits which would accrue to the student and to the community would be infinitely greater than those which result under the existing system.

NOW, no one has a quarrel with a young man who is eager to acquire a degree of economic security in order that he may practise the delicate art of living life. No one, moreover, has a quarrel with a young nation that is ambitious to attain a level of economic excellence in order that cultural opportunities may obtain for the masses of its people. But one does have a quarrel with the apologists for our present lack of culture who smugly contend that when America comes of economic age, American men will eagerly turn their

energies to cultural fields. What influences will then direct them there? Will a Moses arise among the push carts to lead the masses into the promised land? Will the Aristotelian idea that in every human breast there is implanted a divine urge for perfection suffice to turn the balance?

As things are, it seems that if any definite class is to emerge in America that will keep alive the cultural flame — that will not be concerned with business as the major activity of life — this class will be composed not of men, but of women, the present co-eds. The young man of the nation, by specializing in professional schools, has left the field of liberal arts to the young woman. Even now she dominates the group which holds to the classical tradition.

In the fine arts of painting, sculpture, music, poetry; and in the liberal arts of languages, history, science and philosophy, she has now an opportunity which she never before possessed. No longer does she have to learn to bake and to spin. A career of achievement of the kind which counts most is hers if she dares to accept the challenge. If she does not marry a commerce graduate and devote her life to spending his money, to developing her game of contract bridge, to smoking cigarettes to keep her figure down, and to gossiping about her neighbors, she may yet find time to cultivate her soul and to elevate the tone of cultural life in America.

But rather than blindly trust to her influence, the college of commerce should intelligently train its young men for the strenuous evolution which alone can bring about the cultural order. The tutored student of business, in fact, may well learn a lesson from those few among the untutored of the self-made age who dedicated the profits of their labors to the advancement of the arts and sciences, and who took off the business harness to serve the State, to write a book, to paint a picture, to plant a tree.

The Grim Game of Golf

By Thomas H. Uzzell

A drastic indictment by a former devotee of the sport

The newspapers tell us of a burial ceremony on a golf course near Surbiton, England, during which the ashes of the club's oldest member were scattered about beneath a big tree on the last hole. In his will he specified that this tree, which had persistently ruined his attempts to score well, should have this satisfaction. His years of pursuing golf as a recreation left him at life's close with a poignant sense of defeat. A beautiful tree on a sunny slope of British soil had become his enemy, and thus he grewsomely acknowledged his hatred and his failure.

Probably golf alone of all civilized institutions could do a thing like this to the spirit of man. I think I understand what happened to the soul of this aged golfer. I have my case against golf. After eight years of devotion to it I have quit it cold. I have given away my closetful of sticks. Most of the hours I have given to this alleged recreation I now feel have been wasted. Swimming, riding, or digging potatoes would have given me much better physical exercise.

Readers still victimized by this foreign invention will have their laugh at "another man who hasn't been able to learn the game!" Or perhaps they will merely conclude that I've just had a bad round. Well, they're all wrong.

Up to the time I quit six months ago I took this modern form of insanity seriously. Though old enough to know better, I went at the thing in precisely the same spirit I "went out for track" when a freshman in college. I took golf lessons from the greatest teachers and players in this country and abroad. I began on the sacred, sandy, wind-swept links of the Royal Golf Club of Liverpool, at Hoylake, and continued my divoting career over most of the famous courses of the Eastern United States.

I have read all the books on golf. I have practised golf strokes in a net in my garden. I have had ultra-rapid photographs taken of me when playing to enable me to see and correct my faults. My scores, as a result, dropped consistently into the eighties and thrice I have broken eighty. The sturdy championship course at Merion Cricket Club, the trap-infested National Links of America at Southampton, and the long, so-called "he-man" west course of the Winged Foot Golf Club of Mamaroneck, where the open cham-

pionship was played last year, I have negotiated in eighty-six strokes. My club handicap is ten.

HERE is my indictment:

1 — Golf is an inferior sport. The very essence of outdoor sport surely is to throw off worry and nervous strain and give the physical man a free opportunity to exert himself. The most exhilarating moments of sport are those of most abandoned muscular effort — a final close rally in tennis, jibbing a sloop during a race in high wind, riding down an opponent in polo, a furious clash in lacrosse, hockey or any brand of football — while in golf you're supposed to think first, act with mature discretion, and stare fixedly at the ground during the moment of greatest excitement. The man who really tries hard in golf is lost. "It's the last ounce that ruins the shot," is one of the favorite axioms of Walter Hagen, leading American professional golfer. As for worry and strain — there is no nervous exhaustion in sport or life I've ever known equal to that of a few rounds on vacation with my closest friends.

It's very easy to say that golf shouldn't be taken so seriously, that adult males with business cares and families to think about should have sense enough to play for exercise and let the balls fall where they will. The trouble is that there is no fun in being a dub at this strange employment. The "happy duffer" is a myth; and the efforts of the duffer to "improve" himself are the saddest part of the whole show. The duffer says that he will "take a few lessons of the pro" on the side and "show these birds" that, even if he is a bit thick in the middle or skinny in the legs, he is as good as they are. With that thought any care-free enjoyment vanishes; golf is no longer a recreation; it begins to be another business worry. One who doesn't make this resolve is always embarrassed, always apologizing.

THERE is as little to say for golf as a physical exercise as for a recreation. Arthur McGovern, one of the leading physical trainers of the country, recently was telling me of his success in physically rehabilitating professional golfers. When I asked him why expert golfers should need such rehabilitating, he said: "Well, you see, the all-important muscles for an adult to keep in shape as he grows older are those of his abdomen, and golfers, who are always bending over as they play, give these muscles no work. The most vital organs of digestion are not properly supported and a complete physical breakdown may result. I have to give them almost daily special exercises over a period of weeks to build them up again."

Mr. McGovern also told me that nothing could be physically worse for tired business men than the usual practice of working hard at the office through the week and then playing two strenuous rounds of golf on the week end, especially if they play both rounds on one day, as many do. They would be much better off, he said, to spend the week-end in bed. Unless they can play once or twice during the week, he advises them to give up golf.

Walking is universally admitted to be an excellent activity for us

all, and golf is said to be the one thing that will keep us out of our automobiles long enough to engage in it. There is something in this argument, I suppose, but in admitting it we confess that our imaginations are so lame that we are incapable of being interested in open stretches of pleasant country.

A FRIEND of mine, who has just returned from a world cruise, tells me of an American among the passengers who proved to be a great mystery to his fellow travellers. At each port he disappeared, showing up again, without a word of explanation, just before the ship sailed. Was he conducting some illegal business? Did he get drunk? Was it women? In time the secret was out: he played golf! At Cairo he didn't even see the Pyramids except in the distance when his caddy happened to point them out. Later, while the others went up into the interior to the Taj Mahal, he remained in Bombay, because he wanted to be able to say he had played golf in India!

2 — Golf jeopardizes a man's success in his life work. I know how fantastic this sounds, especially to golfers, but is it fantastic? Not if my associates are typical. Of the thirteen men with whose lives I am most familiar, three are physicians, one a teacher, one a scientist, one a bank manager, one a corporation accountant, one a writer, two salesmen, one a motion picture manager, one an editor, and one a garage mechanic. Three of these men play no golf at all; one of them is a fanatical campaigner against the game, who always refers to a golf course as "a good graveyard lost to the world"; a second thinks golf is a rather absurd childish pastime, and the last has tried the game and likes it but claims he is too busy making his first million to take it up yet.

Of the remaining ten, two, the teacher and the corporation accountant, play golf regularly and seem to me to be fairly sane about it, though both of them at times worry about giving their wives occasional lonely hours because of their zeal for play. These two men, however, never sacrifice their work to golf and I know they have very happy homes.

THE remaining nine men are crazy over golf, every one of them. Let me give you briefly some of the horrible details:

AB is the writer, a man of limited means. Seven years ago he handled his first golf sticks. Since then he has devoted ninety per cent of his time and energy to mastering the intricacies of the abomination. He literally ceased his creative work, which promised a most attractive future, let his rather large family subsist on his modest royalties, and began to play with more assiduity than any professional I ever heard of. Because of his age and want of athletic cultivation, he can't get out of the dub class. After each discouraging score of a hundred or more, he will assure us he has "gone all to pieces", but hopes soon, after a few lessons with a new set of "matched" clubs, to "get back on his game." AB is now rising at dawn to get in his practising "while he is fresh." His invitation to a game is always concluded with this phrase: "I'm good now, and oh, what a plastering you're going to get!"

His last book appeared six years ago — a good one, with great promise.

CD is the editor, who is also a publisher, or was. He brought to his editorial work a specialist's knowledge that should have meant brilliant success for him and his publication. Nearly every time I have called at this man's home he has been out on the golf course. Invariably his wife, who for economic reasons has for years been his office manager, would sigh and say: "Charlie plays golf too much. If only he'd tackle the job as he does his game!"

I called on CD at his office once with a business proposition I wished to make to him. Somehow we got on the subject of golf and stayed there most of the morning. I took my proposition home with me.

ANOTHER rather distinguished man, who could have helped CD more than I, called on him another time and located him at the club house taking a golf lesson on the practice tee. CD continued his lesson. CD has just sold his publication; I don't know what he is doing now; probably caddying for himself somewhere.

EF is not crazy now, but he tells me he was once. He is one of the physicians. Some ten years ago he got so interested in golf that he saw patients in the morning and played every afternoon. His practice was building, and his wife, seeing that his future was at stake, threatened to leave him unless he reformed. He tried to reform and couldn't. He finally solved the problem by quitting golf completely for five years. In that time he built up one of the best practices around New York City; and then he resumed his membership at the country club. His golf game is ruined, and he often worries about it, but he finds it possible to play now in moderation with considerable pleasure.

GH is the second of the physicians. Though still young he makes some twenty thousand a year at his general practice. Yet the ambition of his life is to be an eye and ear specialist, for which work he has splendid training and aptitude. But he is an ardent golfer who, in spite of endless lessons, never scores within five to ten strokes of his eager expectations. After a game he will interrupt his *post mortems* of misplayed shots with a sigh: "I've got to give up this golf if I'm ever to do anything with my specialty. It takes too much out of me. I ought to be home in bed this minute."

GOLF does things like that to husbands and fathers and — doctors!

IJ is the third doctor. His hobby is inventing various appliances which, attached to the clubs or the player's body, will enable him quickly to "perfect his rhythm" and other things like that. He told me once that he and I "owed it to the noble game to make it what it was supposed to be." His golfing form is terrible, and he has never yet been able to sell any of his devices. He's believed to be sane, and makes a good living practising medicine on the side.

KL, the scientist, has an amazing workshop in his city apartment where he spends his spare time boiling, weighing and remolding golf

balls to make them putt better! The balls he "balances correctly" are good enough for the leading champions. Mercifully, this sportsman is a bachelor.

MN is the bank manager. Cordially he hates his work and yearns to find a living in his drawing and painting, for which he has undoubted talent and at which he has already had some commercial success. Four years ago he was ready to make the shift with his wife's help, but today he is still writhing at his job and dreaming of his art. He took up golf.

OP is my garage mechanic. I don't know what business opportunities he has had, but I have played a good deal of golf with him. He is the only one of my golfing associates who has beaten me more times than I have beaten him. He is young, alert, studies his style constantly, in season plays or practises almost daily, and generally bangs them right down the centre of the alley.

A close friend of OP tells me his income is about fifty dollars a week. I know he is married and has a family! He owns a little car which he drives with reckless speed. When I asked him once why he took such chances on the road, he explained that "The sooner I get there the more I can play."

NEVER think that I cite the madness of my golfing companions in order to cover up my own. I have belonged to this cheerful band of lunatics. For several years, being in control of my time, I played golf mornings instead of afternoons because with the course almost free of players I could practise approach shots to the various greens at will. Afternoons, being pleasantly fatigued, I felt more like resting than working. Evenings I pored over books and magazines devoted to the royal and anxious game or staged putting contests with my friends on the living room rug. I gave golf lessons in my office. I — but let me draw the curtain.

3 — Golf is not a sport for gentlemen. This remark will, I suppose, break up the meeting, but hear me out. No gentleman will lie, display temper and bad manners with his friends, or selfishly neglect his family. Golf, if you pursue it with any enthusiasm, will force you whether you will or no to reveal one or all of these beautiful ancestral traits. Let me tell you how golf made me a liar.

NATURALLY, I first became aware of the other fellow's lies. I can't remember any cheating at scores during my first three years or so of golf. My scores were doubtless so large and were so much worse than those of the men I played with that I didn't worry much about them. When I got well under a hundred strokes, approaching "even fives," I found I expected to win occasionally even from the good ones; then the method of scoring became more important.

I remember how I first discovered the "gentleman's lie" at golf. Again and again I noticed that every time my opponent asked me, "What did you make there, a six?" I had made a five. Then one day I was chagrined to find myself, when scoring, estimating one stroke more than my opponent's tally. I began to wonder about the

strokes the other fellow, when he was keeping the record, put down for me when he *didn't* ask me what I made. I experimented by asking him. Surprisingly often he erred, and generally in giving me more strokes rather than less. Sometimes he disputed my count but, after running over the strokes of the hole in question, he would say: "Well, I'll be damned; I believe you're right at that."

I BEGAN keeping score for all the games I played and, for my trouble, I sometimes managed to win instead of lose. The other players checked on me in the same way and profited by so doing! This was our gentleman's sport. We never feared and suspected each other in other departments of life. Golf made us cheaters in spite of ourselves. The sport of liars! It is commonly understood that after the eighteenth hole the golfer adds up his score and stops when he has reached eighty-seven. He then has a shower, a pint of gin, sings *Sweet Adeline* with six or eight other liars, and calls it the end of a perfect day.

I'll never forget the first day I lied and *knew* it. Right on my game, I was burning up the course with two crack players until I reached the tenth hole. By a series of disasters which sicken me even in memory I collected a ten! Blind with rage and remorse I picked up my ball and hurried nervously to the next tee, counting up the strokes. Yes, ten. Yet when the scorer asked me "how many" I wanted for my "recent work of art" I was dumbfounded to hear myself say: "I must have taken nine that time."

I knew I had taken ten. The scorer said: "I counted at least ten." He was right. Why did I have to lie about it? I recall my hysterical "reasoning": no one should be compelled to take a ten after playing nine holes so close to par. If I had picked up after going out of bounds the first time, the scorer would have given me a seven at the most. Why a *ten?* Why, I *never* take *ten's!* Wildly I speculated that I might have counted wrong; I'd give myself the benefit of the doubt! Alas, I knew I was lying; they knew it — what a moral wreck I turned out to be on that hole! Golf, I decided, should be popular with thugs and convicts. And how I loved my fellow sportsmen when one of them who now had the game "in his bag" muttered the one honest expression in the idiom of golf: "Too bad, thank God!"

GOLF and our wives. No gentleman will neglect or mistreat his wife and family, and yet we have the "golf widow." I made a golf widow of my wife and with her complete approval. Before I became infected with golf I used to take long walks with her. After the game got possession of me, the thought of hiking without pursuing a golf ball seemed to me an inexcusable waste of time; I might be getting in some driving practice. Frankly I explained this to her. She pretended to see the point, no longer spoke of our walks, and spent the time in the rose garden. We had an agreement that on returning from the club I might talk about the social side of the afternoon but not about the scores or details of the play. This rule left me with nothing to talk about! Feeling injured at

having my speech censored, I listened as poorly as I talked. I was not happy. My wife was not happy. Golf!

Such is my quarrel with the national pastime. It isn't a good game, it hinders success in life, it turns friends into enemies. My abandonment of the game is due chiefly to the second of these criticisms. When it interfered with my business, it threatened the source of supplies. It wasn't that I spent too much time playing or too much money in club fees and incidentals; the real trouble was that I couldn't forget the silly game when I wasn't playing.

PERSISTENTLY I tried to keep my golf at the club where it belonged No use! I would recall the burning humiliation of losing a medal game three months before by one stroke. It must never happen again. It wouldn't happen again if I would just remember not to "press" — and so on. "Harry and I are tied and stand one stroke up on you. Please pay in cash; no slow notes accepted." How I dreaded games concluding with an address to me like that! My life became dedicated to making *others* pay, envy my game, seek my advice. While, at my office, Rome burned.

I'll admit, if I have to, that I was a nut, but I won't admit that this exonerates the game of golf. The reason why golf makes freaks of so many of us is that we conduct the battle of life on too low a biological level. Games are the business of childhood. The child's triumph is chiefly that he has triumphed; the adult's triumph is that he has added to the world's store of goods or ideas. The conflicts of youth deal with imaginary ends, those of the adult with real ends. The adult who plays golf to excess is he who can't distinguish between real and imaginary ends, who, masquerading as an adult, is in reality living again the life of the child.

A billion dollars annually, it is said, represents what four million Americans are supposed to pay to pursue this alleged pastime. A billion is not too much to pay for sport in this country, if the sport were worth while. My objection to golf is not economic but technical, psychic, spiritual.

THE first things I did when I parted with my golfing tools were to spray our roses for my wife, buy a dog for the children, and clean up the basement! Now I still perform parental duties like these and know no regret except possibly when I take the pup out for a walk through the woods. At such times — let me continue to be honest — I seem now and then to hear, suddenly topping a rise, the faint whirr of a golf ball. No, it was not a squirrel, the rustle of a bird's wing, it was the faint vibration of a moment of nostalgia which I had hoped I would never know again. Then, alas, I realize that I want my little toys, my playthings, and onward I press after my sensible dog, muttering to myself: "God help me when spring arrives and the notices of the tournament committee appear!"

As We See It in Reno

By Swift Paine

A Nevada novelist, stressing the natural charms and wealth of his city, throws responsibility for its divorce trade on backward legislation in other States

Though many authors have visited Reno and several have written about it romantically, the story of Reno has not, to my knowledge, been told from the point of view of a true resident of the city. I have lived in Reno many years and some of my pleasantest acquaintances have been "divorcées," as we call them from the moment when they arrive to begin their terms in the State. I have known intimately hundreds of them. I have known them in boarding houses, in the University of Nevada (where they attended my English classes), in the stores and offices where many have had jobs to help pay their expenses, and in the general social life of Reno.

With divorcées I have danced, hiked in the Sierras, motored to Lake Tahoe, gone skiing at Truckee, lunched, dined, played bridge, ridden horseback, and sat and talked in their bungalows or apartments, in the hotel lobbies, and in the disarming parks by the river. Always sooner or later they have told me, in confidence of course, but at considerable length, about their cases.

Many of them, burdened though they are with personal problems, find Reno a delightful place. Its dry summers with cool nights, its mild winters with warm days, its liveliness and the spontaneity of its genuine inhabitants, combine to make either temporary or permanent residence enjoyable. The people who come and go are not merely divorcées, but also mining people who have been all over the world, enterprising sheep and cattle men, business people from the East and from California, and lesser people who hear that times are good in Reno and come there to try their luck.

With twelve thousand inhabitants according to the 1920 census — the 1930 census may show that the population has almost doubled — the town has been for half a century the metropolis of Nevada, with its population of only eighty thousand. When the Central Pacific Railroad was finished in the late 'Sixties, a winding feeder, fifty-one miles long, was built from Virginia City high in the mountains to join it at a point on the Truckee River which had been called Lake's

Crossing from the time of the 'Forty-niners. After considerable acrimonious discussion, Lake's Crossing was renamed Reno, for a redoubtable General, and began to grow. The discovery of Goldfield and Tonopah mines early in the Twentieth Century, and the building of a new railroad to those two camps, doubled Reno's size, because the town was a distributing point for hardware and engineering supplies, food, clothing, furniture, building materials, fuel and labor.

Three miles away at Sparks a division point of the Southern Pacific was established with large railroad shops. In Reno itself the University of Nevada now has more than a thousand students, and there is a growing automobile tourist trade over the excellent State highways. Today the town would be prosperous as a purchasing centre not only for the miners but for the students and the railroad people, for lumbermen and for the ranchers in many rich, irrigated valleys near-by, even if there were no divorce business.

THE first notable Reno divorce case was that in 1906, of Mrs. Mabel Gilman Corey, wife of the Pittsburgh steel millionaire. New York granted divorces only on the ground of proved adultery, South Carolina granted none at all, and South Dakota, which previously had enjoyed a good deal of divorce trade, changed its six months requirement for residence to a year. Mrs. Corey discovered that Nevada then remained the only State in which citizenship could be attained in six months. That provision, as well as the divorce law, had been in force since the admission of the State in 1864. The grounds for divorce are impotency, adultery, desertion, conviction of crime, habitual drunkenness, extreme cruelty, neglect to provide, and, recently, insanity. Many other States provide the same grounds but, unfortunately for New Yorkers and South Carolinians, they demand a residence of from twelve months to three years. Rhode Island grants divorces on the basis of "any . . . gross misbehavior and wickedness, in either of the parties, repugnant to and in violation of the marriage covenant," but Rhode Island, alas, requires a residence of two years.

MRS. COREY and various others brought back East reports that Reno was a thoroughly livable place, and the stream of divorce seekers began to flow West. In 1911 a reform movement in Nevada lengthened the term of residence for divorce to one year, but general citizenship could still be gained in six months. To many that seemed unfair and unprofitable. In 1913 a more liberal legislature repealed the one year provision. The requirement continued to be six months until, after the last midnight of the legislative session in 1927, a bill was taken up to add insanity as a ground for divorce. Quite incidentally the bill also changed the word "six" in several lines of the law to the word "three." A few hours later the Governor signed the bill before breakfast, so that by afternoon the more conservative good people of Reno were indignantly aware that they had a new three-months' law, and that already Mrs. Sophia M. Ross, who

had been married in Bayside, Long Island, had filed her suit against Albert M. Ross in accordance with its provisions. That night *The Reno Evening Gazette*, the chief newspaper of the State, said editorially of the act:

> It can only operate to lessen the respect in which its (Nevada's) courts will be held by its people and the esteem in which we are regarded by our sister States. . . . The successful advocates of short term divorces will discover, within a short time, that the new law will prove disappointing from the "business" angle, except to divorce attorneys and lodging houses. Few short term residents will buy motor cars, homes, house furnishings, make investments or become permanent citizens. Probably this was not thought of in the urgent haste of last night and this morning.

The main influence behind the bill was supposedly a leading financier of the State, whose new and expensive Riverside Hotel, in which the suites are arranged with admirable kitchenettes, was soon filled with opulent and more or less aristocratic divorcées.

TO SECURE a divorce in Nevada is simple. I say Nevada rather than Reno for there is the same opportunity anywhere in the State, and at present Las Vegas is developing a very notable divorce trade. After a person has resided not only in the State but in the county for three months, he (almost as many men as women go to Reno) files a divorce complaint. If the defendant agrees to be represented by some local attorney, and this is the usual procedure, the suit can be heard within a few days, and the decree may be immediately granted. If the defendant does not so appear, she may be personally served with a summons wherever she is, and she has forty days after that service in which to appear. After forty days, if no appearance has been entered, the action can be heard. Or, instead of such personal service, the plaintiff may mail a copy of the summons and complaint to the defendant, publish the summons for six weeks in a Reno newspaper, and then have the case heard forty days after that six weeks has expired. The point of this is, if your husband or wife from whom you wish to be divorced will not agree to be represented by a Reno attorney, or can not be served personally, you will have to stay in Reno at least eighty-two days longer than the three months.

A DEFENDANT who wishes to contest the suit goes to Reno and secures a regular trial, with or without jury. When the contesting defendant is a wife without means, she may require her husband to pay her transportation from her home to Reno and return, enough money for her support during the trial, and her court costs and attorney's fee. Upon application by such a wife through her attorney, all proceedings in the case are stayed until the payments are made.

The court costs amount to about $30. The better attorneys ask $250 as the minimum fee, even for clients of the poorer classes. Where property settlements or other such matters have to be arranged, the fee may be very much higher. A poor person may live in Reno for $100 a month, or perhaps less. Some apartments cost as much as $12 a day. When the very rich rent large furnished houses, they may pay a great deal more than

that. Many poor divorce-seekers go to Reno expecting to get work. Some secure temporary jobs as stenographers, book-keepers, doctors' or dentists' assistants, or as waiters and waitresses and household servants. I have known clerks in stores, beauty parlor attendants, dealers in poker games, who were in Reno for divorce, and even one teacher in the high school, a quiet, competent, inoffensive man who kept his secret throughout the school year.

ANY other State is compelled to recognize a divorce decree of Nevada, under the full faith and credit clause of the Federal Constitution, with one proviso. In the case of Haddock vs. Haddock the United States Supreme Court declared in effect that no court has jurisdiction to grant a divorce decree which must be recognized by courts of a sister State unless both parties submit themselves to the jurisdiction of the court granting the decree. This means that for a decree to be unquestionably valid elsewhere the defendant must appear in a Nevada divorce action either personally or by authorized attorney. Yet many States recognize Nevada divorces even when the defendant has not thus submitted to the jurisdiction of the court. Among the States which may not are New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. In 1926, before the new law went into effect, Nevada granted just over a thousand divorces. In 1929 the number had risen to more than three thousand.

Deducting the people who earn their way while in Nevada, and the numerous *bona fide* Nevada residents who get divorces, I judge that the divorcées bring into the State a minimum of a million dollars a year. It is possible that the thousand divorcées annually before the passage of the new law brought in almost as much as the three thousand annually who stay there three months instead of six. The wealth of Nevada is well over a half billion dollars (larger *per capita* than that of any other State) and it is unlikely that more than five per cent of the income of the Nevada people is derived from the divorce trade. Yet the latter is undeniably an item, and despite the lugubrious prediction of *The Evening Gazette*, business in Reno has steadily improved. The automobile salesrooms have continually waxed more gaudy, for is not the country around Reno one of the finest for motoring in America? The divorcées have to spend money for food, clothing, and amusement as well as for shelter. Yet I regret to record that some of them escape from Reno without paying their bills. I have known a number who have landed in the county hospital (the Reno equivalent of the poor house) and others in the county jail or the penitentiary at Carson City.

THE wealthier, however, help support flourishing roadhouses, the annual summer racing season, and the poker houses on Reno's Commercial Row and Douglas Alley. They practically make the golf club. They breed dogs, patronize the dude ranch near Pyramid Lake, play tennis on the splendid public courts, and swim in the baths at Bowers Mansion, Moana, and Laughton's Springs. Many a divorcée returning to New York declares that she has

never had a better time than in Reno, meeting so many other divorcées and talking over her case and her prospects for further marriage.

A few, especially lawyers, doctors, and dentists who set to work as soon as possible to practise their professions, like it so well that they remain. Some return every year or so, as they would go to California or Florida. A number have each secured the benefits of several Reno divorces. The great majority marry again soon after they get their decrees, for why go to the trouble and expense of a sojourn in Reno unless you have a definite objective? You can get a legal separation even in New York. Reno solemnizes more marriages than divorces because not only do many divorcées remarry there at once, but people come from California, which requires a three-day wait after a marriage license is issued. The California line is only eleven miles from Reno.

EXTREME cruelty is the chief charge in Reno divorce cases. *The New York World* reported the complaint of Lady Heath, the aviatrix, that her husband, over forty years older than she, declared "he would deny the paternity of any child that might be born to them." Mrs. Dryden Kuser charged, according to *The Reno Evening Gazette*, that her husband, of the famous Dryden insurance family, "was critical of her dress and upbraided her because of alleged extravagance." The second Mrs. Jim Tully, filing her action in Las Vegas, charged, according to *The New York Evening Post*, that her author husband "quarreled with her in the presence of guests . . . threatened her with great bodily harm, and said that if she did not leave him he would go to the South Sea Islands." The first Mrs. Tully also secured her divorce in Las Vegas. According to *The New York Times*, Converse M. Converse, grandson of a steel millionaire, alleged his wife, granddaughter of John A. McCall, former president of the New York Life Insurance Company, "drove a nail file into his ankle while they were at Berne, Switzerland, and that in moments of anger she would pull his hair out by the roots." Extreme cruelty comprises many equally odd charges, like that of the wife who complained that her husband "had bounced a tennis ball off her head before their friends."

NOW I submit that in none of these cases do the complaints more than hint at the real incompatibility of the couples. A letter from a prominent attorney in Reno, who approves of the divorce traffic, says:

> Some divorces are secured on what might be termed "insufficient grounds" but I do not believe that to be the general fact. Repeatedly we file cases which do not present the real grounds that the parties have. In fact, I find it to be an extreme rarity for individuals not to present generally sufficient, actual grounds. We may plead them in a manner that does not present the actual ground.

Another letter from a still more prominent Reno attorney, who does not approve of the divorce business, says:

> In the great majority of cases I think the divorce seekers have real reasons for divorce.

Personally I believe, from listening to hundreds of divorcées telling me explicitly about their cases, that the

chief ground which is covered by the charge of extreme cruelty is sexual incompatibility and often some specific form of sexual cruelty. No State definitely recognizes sexual incompatibility as a ground for divorce. Yet it may bring about unbearable tension between married couples. Many of the divorcées have told me that their husbands or wives desired either more or less in their sex relations than they themselves were prepared for. Wives, for instance, who had hoped for subtle love-making found themselves married to would-be cave-men, and others found their husbands too easily satisfied. Husbands objected likewise that their wives either demanded too much mere cosseting or were inordinately sensual. Both husbands and wives have complained to me of inability in their married life to work out any balance of sex and other interests. As a result they have lived in what amounted to mental torture.

I BELIEVE that Nevada's elastic interpretation of cruelty is truly benevolent in that it takes just account of fundamental differences from which couples would find it extremely difficult to get adequate relief anywhere else. Certainly they could not get it in New York without, in many cases, artificially framed scandals.

As a Reno citizen, I often wish that the New York incompatibilities could be relieved by the courts of New York. They demand judicial consideration. New York practically ignores them. New York will not even grant a divorce to a husband or wife who has been infected by the other with disease or who has been subjected to perversions. As long as New York evades its responsibility by maintaining what to me is an absurdly limited divorce law, New Yorkers pressed beyond the limits of endurance will find such surcease as they can get in Reno, Mexico, Paris, or elsewhere. The fault is surely with New York and not with Nevada. The prohibition of divorce in New York on the very real ground of sexual incompatibility seems to me as unjust in many of its consequences as the Volstead Act.

WHAT is the effect of the divorce trade on the genuine Reno residents? I have two more statements from Reno lawyers. One says:

> It does not seem possible that the influx from the outside has any relation to local divorces, that is, as far as divorces between natives is concerned.

The other says exactly the opposite:

> I think that the divorce business here has hurt the morale of Reno residents and has resulted in an increased number of divorces among the Reno residents. Applicants for divorce whose reputation has been fairly good in their home towns seem to feel when they come here that they can do anything without criticism and consequently many of them lead a very wild life. Many of the women are attractive and present very serious temptations to men, even those who have no domestic difficulties of their own.

Personally I incline toward the latter view. I have before me a list of one hundred representative Reno people who have been divorced. Of these exactly half have since married people who came to Reno for divorces. Some of them have each married two or three divorcées in succession. I have known a number of Reno men and women, married and unmarried, who have contracted

venereal diseases from divorcées. I hasten to add that I have also known divorcées who have contracted the same diseases from Reno men and women. Many Reno people have told me that they first thought of divorce when they compared their lot with what the divorcées had told them. I have known various suicides and deaths from abortions that were due to entanglements with members of the divorce colony.

DIVORCE-SEEKERS are more readily received in Reno society, such as it is, than they were ten or fifteen years ago. Indeed "received" is hardly the word, for Reno people increasingly seek contacts with notable three-months visitors, who are often aloof and superior. On the whole Reno enjoys adjusting the affairs of the great, and finds satisfaction in considering the steady drama of the colony scandalous. It is almost as gratifying as if the bonanza days of the Comstock lode were revived. In those days Nevada helped to elevate in the eyes of the world such names as Mackay, Fair, D. O. Mills, "Lucky" Baldwin, and James R. Keene. Now Nevada has been of vital service to such other splendid names as Vanderbilt, Morgan, Gould, Rhinelander, DuPont, and Whitney. Three of the foremost American writers of the present time have been divorced in Reno — Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, and Eugene O'Neill. Names that are household words, such as Church (soda, not seats), Colgate (soap), Durant (automobiles), Hoover (vacuum cleaners), Pratt (Standard Oil), Fargo (express), and Clark (both thread and copper), have all appeared in the Reno news within the last few months. Reno thus has no real reason for an inferiority complex, and yet the inferiority complex persists, keeping the town ever on the defensive, ever ready to pass excited resolutions of condemnation whenever it considers that its dignity is impugned.

I wish that Reno could achieve more detachment. To me, let me repeat, the Nevada divorce law is reasonable in the modern world, whereas that of New York, that of South Carolina, and that of parts of Canada where divorce is granted only by Act of Parliament, are unreasonable and antiquated. Nevada has long since taken the civilized point of view that marriage need not always end in a catastrophe, either death or a public scandal. Reno has already achieved a certain grace and civility in dealing with difficult domestic situations.

NOW I wish that Nevada could realize still more that it is as truly virtuous as Arizona, which welcomes the tubercular, and regard its peculiar visitors with a more scientific interest. In the end I certainly hope that other backward States will revise their divorce laws and broaden their interpretation of them. It is unfair for New York to insist on adultery, total disappearance for five years, and insanity as the only valid grounds for divorce. When the other States begin to take adequate care of their sexually incompatible married couples, people will still go to Nevada to enjoy the climate, the mountains, the desert, the strangely beautiful lakes, and all the varied charms of a fascinating region.

The Battle Sonata

By Kirke Mechem

"Check!"

I put the knight down and pronounced the word conclusively, leaning back in my seat with a conviction that I had made the irrefutable move. As my opponent leaned over the table, seeking, as I thought, for a way of escape from this cumulative stroke, I turned to gaze out of the car window at the flying green spring landscape.

But in a moment he took the knight with his queen.

"It will be a mate in six moves," he said quietly, setting down the knight. "I believe you should have retreated to bishop's three."

It was his voice that told me I had met my master. To tell the truth, I could not at first see through the combination that justified the sacrifice. But a little further examination disclosed the trap into which I had fallen. It was a beautiful piece of brilliancy and it clearly demonstrated that in consenting to a game with this stranger I had waded into chess waters considerably beyond my depth.

I leaned back and looked at him with more than a little reproach in my gaze. But he disarmed me with a charming smile.

"I must beg your pardon," he said. "But you said you played and I did not want to discourage you in the beginning. My name is Boganaroff — I have made the game the subject of much study, so you must not feel badly."

No doubt my face expressed my astonished gratification at having been mated by him in a combination six moves deep! For how could a lover of chess and music discover in his travelling companion the most famous Russian composer and chess player of the day without displaying something of embarrassed surprise and pleasure?

"Oh! . . . That takes away the sting of defeat then," I said. "You are right. I should not have played had I suspected your identity!"

"Oh, no," he said, with another smile; "it is good to be beaten. It is so that we develop, is it not?"

"That is true of course," I agreed . . . . "But you have told me your name — mine is Dickson." He extended his hand. "I have always been a great admirer of your piano compositions. My wife plays, and we have especially liked the sonata in F Sharp Minor, the one called the *Battle Sonata*, and the third book of *Études*."

He flushed with real pleasure. It was not every day that casual travelling acquaintances in America expressed appreciation of his work.

"Ah," he said, "is that so? That is good! And your wife, she plays, you said? She has studied much?"

"Yes, ever since she was a little girl. She was in Vienna studying with Leschetizky when the war broke out."

"That is good, that is good! You really know my compositions, then. It is pleasing for you to say you have liked them," he added, simply.

He paused a moment, looking out of the car window. "The F Sharp Minor, you like it best, eh? It is strange, since we have played, but it is with a most curious incident of chess that the sonata is associated in my mind."

He glanced at his wrist watch and again gazed at the moving landscape outside for a moment or two. Then he continued, "Since we must spend the time I shall relate it to you, if you would like?"

I assured him that nothing could please me more.

"It was in the beginning of the war; in October, following the mobilization of the Russian troops in August. In the summer I had done much work on this sonata and I had almost finished, in a rough way, the first two movements. I was hoping it would be completed by September. But when war was declared my position in the secret intelligence bureau of the army, which I had held for a number of years, commanded my every minute. Doubtless you know how honeycombed with German officers the Russian army was in the beginning. It became my duty to discover these men who were fighting us in the uniform of our own soldiers.

"It had come to the knowledge of the department that some officer upon the General Staff of one of our armies was giving valuable information to the Germans. Suspicion was fixed on a major with a German name whose record was not altogether correct and I was detailed to take charge. After securing the names of those in the command upon whose patriotism I could rely, I set out for the headquarters of this army.

"It was my practice in such cases to retain my character of a civilian, and I had learned that my reputation as a musician often served as a disguise. When I arrived at the little city of the army headquarters I went to a hotel and did not try to conceal my identity. At the request of the General in command I even gave one night a piano concert for the officers. In this way I could make friends and seek a casual meeting with the officer who was suspected.

"This I attempted, but he was not a musician and it was almost a week before I made it possible that we should happen to become acquainted. It is always interesting to meet one of whom we have formed mental images, and I was much astonished to discover in this suspected spy a tall, dark-skinned, polite young man of about thirty, where I had pictured a short, heavy, blond man. But the surprise in meeting him was that he immediately spoke to me of my reputation, not as a musician, but as a chess player. He no doubt was a little surprised to discover how cordial a well known player should be to an unknown amateur!

"This discovery of how I should

make approach to him decided me what I must do. He and two other staff officers were quartered in a very fine château situated upon the side of a hill at the edge of the town. So I made inquiries from the owners, who proved to be a very old and wealthy pair with a son at home, professing that I must have solitude for my music, which their home would afford. I prevailed upon them to lodge me and permit me the use of their piano, a beautiful concert grand.

"IT HAPPENED that their son, a captain, was one of those in whom I had been told I could place the utmost confidence. His lineage was purely Russian and the history of the family left no room to doubt his loyalty. It was through trusting his temperament and his youth — he could not have been past twenty — that matters came about as they did.

"My plan at first was to secure over the chessboard the confidence of the suspected major, whose name, I can tell you, was Friedrich Streube, and then endeavor through this intimacy to surprise his guilt. This method I attempted, with necessary caution, for nearly two weeks. But although I found him an excellent chess player and a very courteous officer I soon discovered that he was no less accomplished in keeping his thoughts to himself. He was an avid student of the game, and defeat seemed only to stir him to greater effort and concentration. We played nearly every night, and sometimes in the afternoon. During the rest of the day, in order to maintain my character of a musician, I had the pleasure to remake my acquaintance with the piano. And every day I learned that information about movements of our troops was passing to German headquarters.

"At last I decided I must change my tactics. My study of the major over the chessboard — and you are aware that nothing is so effective as chess to discover a man's character — in some way convinced me, by just what way of reasoning I can not say, that he was the man I sought. Who can explain how we arrive at these valuations of personality? But also I was certain that my present methods would bring me nowhere. So I enlisted the assistance of the son of the family, the captain, in my campaign.

"THE long observation to which the suspect had been subjected had divulged nothing upon which suspicion could be fastened, except his regular correspondence with a young woman in his home town near the German frontier. His letters had been intercepted, but they contained nothing to distinguish them from ordinary love letters. It therefore was believed an arbitrary code was used. The problem, since such codes to transmit the complex and detailed matter the spy was sending could not possibly be memorized, was to find the key to the transcription. His room and personal belongings had been searched but nothing incriminating could be discovered.

"I had become convinced that he kept the code secreted upon his person, and in my mind I had eliminated, one by one, every possible hiding-place except his watch and a small penknife which he always

carried. The watch was a large old-fashioned repeater, so different from a modern watch that one time he had casually remarked it was a family heirloom. It was this explanation, so out of keeping with his usual taciturn attitude, that first aroused my suspicion, and I became convinced that this was the repository of the code.

"It was our habit, since the weather had remained fine, to play outdoors on a large open veranda. The major, in his fascination for the game, was making a record of our contests and it was at his suggestion, in order, as he said, to learn the game properly, that we timed our moves by a chess clock, which he had procured somewhere in the town. The captain, at my desire, had made a practice of looking on, and upon the afternoon which I had selected for this possible dénouement, he joined us, as by chance, armed and in full uniform, but without a watch. We sat down to the board and Major Streube attempted to start the clock. It refused to work.

"'It is broken,' he said after a few moments, 'perhaps the captain would be so kind as to watch the time for us?'

"'Gladly,' said the captain, 'but I do not have my watch with me. I have just changed uniforms for the guard tonight, and I left it in my room. M. Boganaroff, your wrist watch is handy. If I may borrow it, the game can proceed.'

"'We are unfortunate,' I said with a laugh, 'mine has been out of order for a week. Major Streube will have to lend us his watch for the game.'

"The major hesitated, almost imperceptibly, then he took the watch from an inner pocket and handed it to the captain and we began playing.

"It was a beautiful afternoon, in the season of what you in this country call Indian Summer. A cool breeze played across the veranda and set in motion the dark pine trees which grew about the château. We were alone, and after a few minutes' restlessness on the part of the major, we were silent, engrossed in the complexities of a position into which I had manœuvered the game. So absorbed was my opponent in considering the many possible variations that he did not notice the captain had taken the watch from the table where he had first laid it and was holding it in his hands below the level of the table.

"Major Streube, after long deliberation, moved a piece which I had attacked. As he set it down and looked up, an exclamation escaped from the captain and we heard the watch drop to the floor with a sound of smashing glass. The major pushed back the table sharply and with a curse dropped to his knees and snatched the watch out of the hands of the captain who had stooped to pick it up. I jumped to my feet prepared for difficulty, but a hasty glance from the captain warned me to say nothing. In a moment the major rose to his feet. His face was livid and his eyes blazed. I could see that he was beside himself with anger. He turned upon the captain.

"'Fool! Have you no hands?' he cried. 'How dare you drop my

watch, you — you stupid fool with the hands of a pig!'

"These words applied to a patriotic and quick-tempered youth of twenty by a suspected spy could not fail to strike fire. Without a word the boy struck him on the mouth with the flat of his hand and knocked him to the floor.

"I put my hand on my revolver, to be prepared if the major should attack the boy.

"HE JUMPED to his feet. His face was white with rage and I could see that he choked back his fury only with the utmost effort. But he controlled himself remarkably.

"'You shall pay for this!' he at last said in a trembling voice.

"'At any time you please,' replied the captain, quivering with passion, eager for another opportunity to strike him down.

"Major Streube bowed stiffly and stalked indoors. The captain turned to me impetuously. I interrupted his excited explanations.

"'Go inside and come to my room in ten minutes,' I said, not wishing to arouse suspicion by talking to him on the veranda.

"He had no sooner gone when the major returned. His face was troubled, and first he apologized to me.

"'I forgot myself,' he said. 'The watch was given to me by my father and mother — I feared lest he had broken it.' He glanced about the floor of the veranda with an assumed carelessness. 'There was a photograph — a photograph of a young lady in the case,' he explained, now beginning to search more carefully. 'It must have fallen out. . . . I should dislike very much to lose it.' He gave me a disarming smile and added, as he dropped to his hands and knees, 'You see, it is the picture of my fiancée.'

"Naturally, I was only too eager to assist him. But in a short while we gave up the search.

"When he had departed I took the chess box from the shelf underneath the table and replaced the rest of the men. Then I hurried to my room. The captain was already there. He was filled with excitement.

"'You were right, it is there!" he exclaimed. 'While you were playing I unscrewed the back, but found nothing. Nevertheless I felt sure there was a secret cavity. I had no chance to hand you the watch at the moment so I kept turning it in my hands, pressing upon it in different ways. Suddenly I felt something give; then the watch slipped from my hands. But the hiding-place is there for the end of my little finger slipped into a hole as it dropped!'

"'You mean,' I said, 'that it *was* there. If it did not fall out — and we looked and could not find it — it is by this time destroyed. The major is too wise not to think of the possibility of your discovering his secret.'

"The boy's face fell.

"'AH! THEN, in that case,' he said in a moment, 'I shall kill him to-morrow when we meet. He is the spy, of that I am positive.'

"I said nothing. Duelling was forbidden in the army, and I did not intend to permit them to meet. I questioned him again about the watch and was convinced that he actually had discovered a secret hiding-place. Then I told him to go,

and sat down to plan what I should do.

"If the code had been in the watch, I thought, and was blown away when it dropped, the major would think either that it was lost or that it was in the possession of the captain. I did not believe he would suspect me. Therefore if he had not now found it he would do his best to kill the captain. If he apologized to the boy, I decided, it would indicate that he had the code; if he did not have it, he would demand immediate satisfaction for the captain's affront.

"It was late when I went to bed. I was awakened about six o'clock by a pounding on the door.

"I hastily unlocked it and was confronted by the old man, the father of the captain. He was almost overcome with fear.

"'They have gone!' he cried in a quavering voice. 'They did not tell me. Why didn't they stop them? What shall I do? Oh, my God! he will kill my boy!'

"'Calm yourself,' I exclaimed; 'what is it you are saying?'

"'Major Streube and my boy, they have gone to fight. His friends came and they have gone already to the pine grove on the hill. It was not — '

"I interrupted him sharply.

"'Send a servant to the commanding officer with an order from me for a detail of soldiers to be sent there immediately,' I ordered. 'I myself will go at once.'

"He rushed away and I hurried to dress. In my haste I bumped against the table which was standing near the bed. It tipped over and the box of chessmen upon it fell to the floor, scattering the pieces about the room. I kicked the box aside and stooped to get my shoes. As I leaned down I saw a bit of paper on the floor. I picked it up, realizing instantly how it came there. It was the code; it had fallen from the watch into the box and had been covered by the chessmen!

"When I was dressed I found a servant ready to guide me to the pine grove. It was on top of a hill half a kilometer from the château. The old man, nearly out of his senses, was rushing on ahead and we passed him half way up the hill.

"The major and the captain, with their seconds and other officials in the prescribed duelling position, were standing back to back twenty paces apart, loaded pistols in their hands, waiting for the signal to turn and fire.

"I shouted as I drew near, to halt them.

"When I came up I cried, 'Stop! What is the meaning of this! You know duelling is forbidden!'

"I turned to the seconds, one of whom was a major. 'Put these men under arrest,' I said to him.

"'By what authority,' he returned, coolly, 'do you command me?'

"For the moment I had forgotten my civilian status. I was about to reply when a sergeant with a squad of soldiers, followed by the colonel in command of the camp, appeared over the brow of the hill. The colonel was puffing sadly, and when he came up he was able to speak only between breaths. He was aware of my official capacity and was openly excited. He addressed himself to me immediately.

"'Do you have him?' he asked, eagerly.

"I gave him a quick look of warning, which he did not perceive.

"Then I misled him for a moment. 'Yes,' I said, 'arrest these two men for attempted duelling.'

"The colonel was plainly disappointed as he ordered that the two officers be disarmed. The youthful captain was dumfounded and he confronted me angrily before he would comply, but I looked at him hard and fortunately he said nothing. I was very relieved when the major handed over his pistol without question.

"When Major Streube had been disarmed I turned upon him.

"'Major Streube, you are under arrest charged with being a spy in the service of the German army. I have here in my hand a code which you have been using to send information concerning the movements of Russian troops. There can be no mistake. Have you anything to say?'

"There was a moment of deep silence as they all turned toward him in amazement.

"Then, looking me squarely in the eye, his face white but his voice firm, the major said, 'What can there be said? . . . It is true.'"

Mr. Boganaroff ceased speaking. The train thundered over a bridge and whirled around a curve on the side of a hill. Across the valley the hills rose from the shadows into the light, and among the trees upon the summit we could see the sunlight filtering through the open spaces.

"It was like this," he said, pointing. "As the slanting rays of the sun rested upon him it seemed that the sky was murmuring a benediction over his body."

The light from the hilltop faded and the train rushed through a narrow wooded valley upon which night had wholly descended.

"He was a brave man," he said, "a brave man. For the first time, to see him die so, I beheld the full cruelty and futility of war."

He paused a moment and I remained silent. Then he resumed, "It was so that I finished the sonata of which we were speaking. The last movement I wrote in the next three days. . . . They call it the *Battle Sonata*. But thinking of war, of the sorrow, the suffering, the despair of war, and of the impossibility of expressing its terror and desolation in art, I call it, to myself, *The Sonata of the Futility of Music*."

Friendly Spinsters

By One of Them

Meditations on an Uncongenial Rôle

I BELONG to a large and thriving class of women — the type few men want for a wife, but the type they choose for a friend. That's where I "shine," as a friend to man, and — only a friend.

Like the other members of my class, I'm not too ugly looking. I wear becoming clothes, have nice eyes and a sense of humor, dance well, am sympathetic, intelligent, fairly well informed, and can talk, and listen interestedly — at least part of the time. These "varied accomplishments" which I am so modest about don't, alas, commend me as a wife. Rather they commend me merely as a friendly spinster.

A man likes to discuss certain things with a woman, to get a woman's point of view on books, art, music, business, and life in general. Incidentally he welcomes the opportunity to express his own opinions on these subjects, too, and he is eager to talk to a sympathetic, intelligent woman.

Why doesn't he marry one? Because, strangely enough, a man often seems to want in women friends what he doesn't want in a wife. He doesn't want a wife who expresses her opinions as confidently as the friendly spinster expresses hers, or who argues as she does — for I must confess we friendly spinsters will argue, — or who talks as much as she talks. Then, too, he wants a wife who will be tactful enough partly to conceal her intelligence at times, and her store of information. That's another thing the friendly spinster seldom seems able to do. Besides, she is apt to poke fun at people and things and to make witty remarks. Although that is amusing to a man, nevertheless he is wary of it. There's always the chance that the wit may suddenly be directed against him. A woman with too keen a sense of humor makes an entertaining companion for certain occasions, but few men care to have her for a wife any more than they care to have too intellectual a wife.

AN UNUSUALLY alert, keen-minded, successful California business man once said to me, "I shouldn't want a wife who'd insist upon talking about serious or literary subjects at the dinner table or in the evening. I deal with seriousness all day. I want to forget it at night, and relax, and not be obliged to work my mind to keep pace with some highbrow

woman. Now *you*, for instance, would tire me all out." I thanked him for the compliment. "I'm looking for a pretty, comfortable, restful wife" — with an emphasis on restful. He was a bit annoyed when I suggested a bromide tablet instead of a wife, and yet the girl he married has all the qualities of the bromide tablet, and —he still likes to spend time with me.

A New York lawyer, with several well-deserved English and American college degrees, solemnly confessed to me that he should resent any intellectual stimulus from his wife. He declared that he wanted his wife to be a decidedly feminine type who can make a house attractive, manage a household skilfully, and be distinctly ornamental in the bargain. When I inquired if he was sure that would satisfy him, if he wouldn't miss some of the interesting and even heated talks he'd been accustomed to having with his women friends, he replied promptly that of course he should keep in touch with his women friends, that he needed the companionship they afforded. Then he added: "Why, most of my men acquaintances have wives of whom they are fond, and women friends of a very different type whom they see a good deal of, and who are in many respects the superiors of their wives."

The other day while I was lunching with this same lawyer, who has now been married two years, he assured me in all sincerity that his wife spends her whole time taking care of him — but he didn't add that he spends his whole time taking care of her. When I insisted that his wife must do some other things besides, he argued that she could have done those without marrying him, but that she gave them up to marry him. I hope his wife is cleverer than her husband gives her credit for being.

Some husbands who love their wives devotedly depend upon friendly spinsters for part of their entertainment. Almost every man enjoys lunching, dining, going to the theatre, or just chatting with an interesting woman about whom he has no further responsibility. He can discuss all kinds of questions freely with her, get angry if he chooses, indulge in the little mannerisms which annoy his wife, and for a few hours cease straining to live up to the standards his wife expects him to live up to. It's a blessed relief. It adds zest and new impetus to life which may seem to him to be getting dull and monotonous. It's pleasant to read aloud in some favorite book which perhaps his wife dislikes — or to be read to, and later to discuss certain passages. It's stimulating to have his opinions fearlessly challenged, and to defend them hotly. It's gratifying to have the jokes his wife is bored with spontaneously laughed at, and to re-tell to a sympathetic listener tales of his fast-fleeting youth, tales his wife is tired of hearing, or to dance with a woman who doesn't say, "John, dear, we must go home. I'm so tired. You forget I was awake half of last night with baby Alice who was sick," or "I have to get up early tomorrow morning. I promised Edward I'd try to help him with his Latin before school, and I must take Jane to the dentist."

That suggests a real problem, the

problem of being a wife and a mother at the same time. It strikes me as a tremendously difficult job. No wonder many women are just not equal to it. Lots of them like the mother part better, anyway, and so voluntarily give themselves up to that rôle, while others through necessity — often financial — have it forced upon them. They've got to spend more time being mothers than they can spend being companionable, congenial wives. Children do have to be cared for — clothed, kept well, trained and educated, with all the multitudinous details this involves.

Here is where the friendly spinster comes in. She often serves as a pleasant companion for the husband whose wife is for the time being taken up with her duties as a mother. After an afternoon or evening spent with the spinster, refreshed, the husband leaves her, glad he has been with her, but equally glad he is not married to her, and more appreciative of his wife.

THE women without children — do *their* husbands seek out friendly spinsters? Some of the husbands do, the ones whose wives are silly, frivolous, ignorant, or stupidly commonplace. Respites with an understanding spinster help to make many a man's existence with his wife more endurable. The respites afford oases in an arid desert.

Of course, the wives regard their husbands' meetings with friendly spinsters in different ways. Some women believe the meetings may be valuable to their husbands, and that they are perfectly harmless. Others — the jealous wives — are often kept in ignorance of them on the theory that what they don't know won't hurt them. Some others who know of them disapprove, but do not say anything, and still others disapprove and do say something.

It is a sad fact that men's wives and men's women friends almost never get on together. If only they did they might learn a great deal from one another. But since they don't, why they don't, and that seems to be that.

AS TO whether we friendly spinsters are dissatisfied with our half portions and regard our position as hardly an exalted one, personally I do feel decidedly unhappy over my position. I can't help believing the men may be wrong, and that some of us friendly spinsters would make rather good wives if we were but given the chance.

I can not think I represent a temporary class of women. I'm afraid my type will continue to flourish as spinsters until more men want the type for wives, until they begin to look less askance at even moderately intellectual women. It will flourish, too, until more women master the difficult art of being wives and mothers at the same time. Especially will it flourish as long as many men make dull women of their wives and then seek escape from the dullness they themselves have created. It will flourish indeed until more lovers realize the glaringly obvious, that friendship founded on companionableness is an essential in marriage. Possibly it may flourish forever.

Canada's Aerial Conquests

By James Montagnes

How intrepid pilots, prospecting and exploring by air, have opened up the sub-Arctic wilderness fifty years ahead of its time

Aviation has accomplished more for Canada during the last few years than it has for any other country in the world. Since Jack E. Hammell, veteran mining prospector, decided back in the winter of 1925–26 that the airplane would be of great use to him in reporting claims of a rich gold strike in the District of Patricia, in the Province of Ontario, man's speediest mode of travel has pushed back the frontier and opened up a country fifty years ahead of its time.

The discovery of gold fields in Northern Ontario started a rush, which carried in its wake even greater consequences. "To the North!" is the repeated cry of parties of prospectors. And northward, ever northward, they are finding new fields of gold. Throughout that great unmapped and practically unexplored country, known to geologists as the Canadian Pre-Cambrian Shield, the mining camps are springing up. An area estimated at approximately 1,800,000 square miles, it has been accessible only by means of hard travel over many portages separating innumerable lakes.

No wonder the oldest and most conservative of prospectors, who have followed every big rush since the days of the Klondike, were eager to take a seat in an airplane's cockpit and be saved weeks of hard labor in reaching prospective strikes. Those first prospectors who led the rush in the winter of 1926 had to make that trail by dog team. Twelve days was the average time for a party to get in, carrying supplies and grub for themselves and the dogs.

Then came the planes, rushed north from Southern Ontario. War time ships they were, that had already seen hard service. Yet they flew and could carry loads. There were no new planes to be had in Canada at the time. Yet with that equipment the first man to come out of Red Lake by air made the trip in a little better than one hour, whereas by dog team he would have been nearly a fortnight on the way.

Since that time Gold Pines in Northern Ontario, just off the railway right of way, has become one of the busiest air harbors on the continent. Here daily, winter and sum-

mer, twenty and thirty planes arrive and depart — destination the Northland. Western Canada Airways, one of the largest operators on the continent, engaged practically entirely in the freighting of men and supplies into the Northland last year, carried over 1,600,000 pounds of freight to points north of the railway from the Pacific Coast to Ontario. And that freight included everything from a can of soup to canoes and dynamite.

Yet these beginnings made in Upper Ontario during these last few years seem dwarfed by the further exploits which were soon destined to take place, extending over the whole vast region of northernmost Canada. Ten years ago little was known of the Far North. One heard that the Mounted Police lived there, that fur trading with Indians was the principal industry, and that it was a land of ice and snow, mysterious, uninviting. Today there are few places from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the international boundary to the Arctic Circle and beyond, which have not been flown over. And all within the last three years.

You may ask why this sudden interest in the Far North. There is only one answer. It is the inevitable lure of gold. A glance at the map will show the immensity of the region which lies above the 53rd parallel of latitude. It is uninhabited country. With the exception of the recently completed Hudson Bay Railway in Manitoba and two short feeder lines in Alberta, no rail will be found in the country. Only lake and bush and rock.

Into that region in 1927 sailed explorers representing two newly formed companies. They left by schooner from the Maritimes, their ships sailing up the coast of Labrador and so through Hudson Strait into Hudson Bay, where they anchored at pre-arranged ports. There the ships were met by aviators, for some of the planes had flown up from the factories at New York. They had navigated an unknown country without accident.

All during that short summer in the sub-Arctic, planes flew back and forth along the east and west shores of Hudson Bay. They were discovering new country, land which showed that the best Government maps were incomplete. They flew parties of prospectors here and there, left them with food and canoes at spots which to the geologists of the party looked likely from the air, and called for the prospectors again in two weeks' time to get their report on mineral finds and if need be move them to new locations.

While some of the planes were busy with this work, the others planted gasoline caches for future work. Right across the Northwest Territories by ship and by plane they set twenty-five gasoline caches, fifty thousand gallons in all, together with food, mining supplies and canoes. The pilots who flew those ships were the first to cross the Barren Lands. And they did so without accident or injury, landing on unknown lakes amid a barren, inhospitable, rocky, uninhabited country. Even beyond the Arctic Circle was this gas placed, for there is a cache which has not yet been touched at Repulse Bay on the Circle and on the shore of Hudson Bay.

Last year those aerial mining companies not only accomplished more detail work, but flew altogether nearly 400,000 miles in the unknown. There was, for instance, the flight of three planes from the base at Sioux Lookout, Northern Ontario, which took the planes up the west shore of Hudson Bay to Churchill. Thence the trio winged their way to Chesterfield Inlet. There they replenished their gasoline, and set off on the big leg of the journey. Their goal was northwest to the Coppermine River where it flows into Coronation Gulf. For the rumors of rich copper deposits were numerous, and Eskimos whom they had come in contact with the previous year had shown them samples of nuggets found in the river bed. So they flew over the most barren of the Barren Lands, their sole direction being from the sun.

ONLY a few hundred miles to the north was the Magnetic North Pole, which made compasses useless. Winds blow in that region continually between thirty and fifty miles an hour. Lakes are shallow, and mountains are everywhere. But the fliers made their goal and settled on the waters of the Coppermine. Then the return home, via the Coppermine River, Great Bear Lake, following the main water route which led them to Great Slave Lake, south on the Slave River to Lake Athabasca, which was more familiar country.

After such a flight, one can take seriously a remark made to me recently by an Arctic aviator, that so far as experience is concerned, no Canadian aviator who has flown the Barren Lands would hesitate to fly to the North Pole. It is only a question of whether it would pay.

The arrival of prospectors in the northern sections of Canada and their reports that maps are inaccurate, have caused another great aviation feat to be accomplished. The Dominion of Canada is busy mapping, from the air by means of aerial photographs, her entire Northland and ultimately the entire country. But the Northland is of present importance. And where a few years ago the prospector going into northern sections of the Provinces had to rely on maps which he found were inaccurate, today he has maps made four miles to the inch which show every lake and every hill in the country. The old maps show but few lakes and few rivers, only such as can be plotted by surveyors on foot. The aerial photographs show thousands of lakes where there were but ten before. A huge swath of country has been mapped from the Wood-Buffalo Park at the boundary of Alberta and the Northwest Territories through Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, and Quebec to the Maritimes. Regions in the Rocky Mountains have been photographed from the air, not a square foot being missed. The maps made from one season's photographs could not possibly have been made by men on foot in five years.

UNTIL the whole of the Northland is done, the pilot who flies the unknown will still have to map his own route. One company sketched 20,000 square miles of Barren Land country for the use of its own pilots last year. A pilot who last summer flew into Ungava Bay territory told

me that he had to map practically his entire route from the north shore of the St. Lawrence River to Ungava Bay. The main water routes were shown on his Government map, but these were not always correct, and he had difficulty in locating them among the maze of other waters which were not recorded.

MISSIONARIES, fur traders, police, trappers, and others who live in the north have benefited from the arrival of the airplane. Air mail is now carried into isolated parts of the Dominion which formerly received but one or two mails a year. There are points on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River which are entirely cut off in the winter from civilization. Today they receive their weekly or bi-weekly air mail in all weathers. There are isolated mining camps in Northern Ontario and Northern Manitoba to which the mail now comes with even daily regularity. At present the Canadian air mail routes stretch to the Arctic Ocean, and give regular service to the people at Aklavik at the mouth of the Mackenzie River — the most northern recipients of air mail in the world.

Indeed, Canada's remote outposts and icebound communities were the first concern of the air mail. It was not until these regions had been fairly well covered that the air mail was put into regular operation between the more populous cities that fringe the international boundary. Now, however, the service starts from St. John, New Brunswick, flying one of the most precarious routes on the continent to Montreal and continuing westward daily to Toronto, Buffalo, Hamilton, London, Windsor and Detroit. There is, in addition, under survey a route from Montreal *via* Ottawa to Sudbury, and from Sudbury west to Winnipeg. At Winnipeg the mail picks up again by plane, and the first lighted route in Canada opened in March of this year guides the mail to Regina, Calgary, and Edmonton. It is expected that next summer the final route across the Rocky Mountains will be completed and the mail will fly from Winnipeg to Vancouver.

While inter-city passenger traffic has not yet been as ambitiously organized as in the United States, the large number of paying passengers carried during the past few years into the Northland show its possibilities. There are few people in the Northland who do not travel by air as a matter of course, while their fellow citizens in the civilized sections of the country are still dubious about going by plane.

IN 1927, the Canadian Government adopted an interesting plan for the promotion of aviation in Canada and for the training of pilots. By this plan flying clubs were formed in the principal cities. The Government would supply each club with two planes on condition that the club would be financially able to maintain the ships and would provide field, instructors and accommodations for its members. Each year the Government would supply another plane to each club provided the club bought a plane also. A bonus of $300 was to be paid for every member who received a pilot's license. The scheme has netted twenty-two clubs from Halifax to Vancouver

with a membership of 5,095. That the movement is a success can be best seen from figures for 1929, which show 97 pilots who received commercial licenses and 293 private pilot licenses issued, while 1,258,880 miles were flown by club machines.

AN ODD result of the course aviation has taken in Canada is the fact that probably a greater percentage of Eskimos are familiar with aerial travel than of Canadians living in the southern parts of the Dominion. One expedition, while on a flight last summer down the Mackenzie River and through the Yukon with Government officials, stopped at Aklavik on the Arctic Ocean. So great was the enthusiasm among the natives for rides that the pilot risked the waste of some of his gasoline and took a number of them up for ten minute trips. It was the first aerial taxi business in the Arctic, and the natives gladly paid ten dollars for a ride. Other pilots who have flown the Arctic wastes have told me that often an Eskimo will trade a few days' work for a ride in a plane. And to many Eskimos the plane trip is a daily event, for few pilots will travel in the north without an Eskimo to serve as guide in case of emergency.

The usefulness of this procedure was emphatically illustrated during the Government's Hudson Strait Aerial Survey in the winter of 1927–28. Having sent up a fleet of seven planes, the Canadian Government surveyed with the aid of these planes the ice conditions in Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay. Daily the planes went aloft in that dangerous desolate region, windswept and ice-strewn. The planes took aerial photographs of the ice pack movement, made notes and reported daily by radio to Ottawa the result of their findings. Thus was Canada able to determine the navigability of Hudson Strait in connection with the opening of that route as a traffic artery for the shipment of wheat to Europe.

IT WAS on one of these trips that a pilot lost his bearings and was blown out over the Atlantic, though he thought he was heading toward the base. His compass was useless, due to the proximity of the Magnetic North Pole. There was an Eskimo with the crew. The plane was forced down on a huge ice field, sixty miles out on the Atlantic. There were a small supply of food on board, some rifles, and a portable stove. These supplies were soon gone, and the men had to endure without protection the biting cold of thirty degrees below zero. The Eskimo knew that they were out on the water. His companions thought they were on the mainland. But instructions for just such cases had been given. The Eskimos were to be the guides.

Meanwhile all the planes of the survey were summoned by radio to join in the search for the missing men, but no trace of them was found. For weeks the party was lost as far as civilization knew. Then came word from the Burwell radio station at the entrance to the Straits that the aviators had arrived. During the weeks of privation their Eskimo had led them across the ice to the mainland. Seal meat had been their sustenance. Time and again other Eskimos on that expedition, one of the

outstanding feats of aviation history, thus proved their usefulness.

The sensational story last autumn of the two planes of Dominion Explorers Limited which were forced down in a remote point on the Arctic coastline is another example of the need of Eskimo help. These two planes were forced down on Bathurst Inlet. A million dollars was spent searching for them. Lives were endangered by flying at the worst time of the year during the freeze-up when neither pontoons nor skis were of use. It was six weeks before word came out by radio that the party had made their way to a nearby trading post. An Eskimo family had come across them and guided them to safety.

CONSERVATION, as well as exploration, is now receiving invaluable aid in Canada from the airplane. The aerial branch of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests began its work back in 1922. It is the flying force that protects from conflagration the forest wealth of Ontario, and it is the largest organization of its kind in the world. With twenty-six planes, the service made 9,472 flights last year, flew 669,423 miles, and carried 1,414,719 pounds of fire-fighting equipment and food. One incident strikingly illustrates its work.

A PILOT flying a big boat over a vast region of lake and forest noticed a smudge of smoke on the horizon. Railways were far to the south. He flew nearer, noted the extent of the fire and sped back toward his base. He saw below on one of the lakes a canoeist, dropped to the lake and warned him. He continued to the base, there picked up the deputy fire ranger and fire-fighting equipment. He was back at the scene of the fire at 10.30 a.m., three hours after sighting it. He left the ranger and the equipment, flew back to the base, picked up men, and landed them at the fire at 2.30 p.m. In all thirty-five flights were made to the fire, nearly two tons of equipment were borne to the scene, and twenty-seven men were transported. Ten days after its discovery, the fire was out, having burned 3,200 acres. Not a man nor a piece of apparatus reached that fire except by air.

Earnings in Baseball

By Hugh S. Fullerton

"Big pay, short hours, easy work, mostly play. Loaf half the year. All expenses paid while travelling. Jobs always open for right men"

If such an advertisement as that in italics above should appear in a newspaper, the advertiser would be mobbed. Yet it is the exact truth. There are four or five hundred such jobs open to young men each spring, jobs at which one can earn a larger salary the first year than he could hope to get in any other line of business at the end of ten years.

These are the opportunities offered by professional baseball. Some three hundred of the annual openings are in the minor leagues; more than one hundred in the two major leagues. Nor is it necessary for a youth to look for such a job, since the sixteen major league clubs spend more than a hundred thousand dollars each year in salaries and expenses of scouts employed merely to find men to take the jobs — and pay approximately half a million dollars each year for the privilege of trying out the players to whom they will pay the salaries.

Salaries in the major leagues range now from $5,000 a season up to $80,000; and there is always room at the top.

There never has been a time, excepting a two-year interval from 1898 to 1900, in which there have been enough first-class baseball players to supply even the major league demand. In that period, following the reduction of the old twelve-club National League to eight clubs, there were enough first-class players to fill eight teams. The organization of the American League, which brought sixteen teams into the major field, increased the demand without adding to the supply. Now, with sixteen clubs carrying twenty to twenty-four players, instead of eight clubs carrying fourteen men each, the market values of players and the salaries have increased enormously, while the supply of players has decreased steadily until club owners and managers are making frantic efforts to secure even mediocre men to keep the ranks filled.

In any other line of business such a condition would result in intensive preparation on the part of thousands of young men to meet the requirements. In baseball the supply constantly decreases. The causes of this peculiar condition are that the amateur sport, which formerly developed

the great players, is dying out. Golf, motoring, tennis and other sports and pastimes have lured men away from the diamonds. The colleges no longer look upon baseball as their leading sport, and many of them have dropped it entirely. The very growth of the major leagues and of the big minor leagues has acted to their own detriment. With the automobile and other rapid means of transportation, the baseball fans of the small towns are no longer content to watch the home team play; in an hour or two they can reach a large city and see the big league teams in action. Hence the passing of the small teams in which promising players might have been developed and graduated into the higher ranks.

By dint of scouring the country from coast to coast, the major leagues annually try out about 160 promising young players, and give second or third trials to scores of others; and, out of them all, they hope (but do not expect) to secure twenty players good enough to be retained through the season as replacements of worn out athletes. Of the 380 players on the regular rolls of the major league clubs during the playing season not fifty per cent are really of sufficient calibre to uphold the standard of play set for "big" league clubs. The mediocre ones are retained merely because there are no better candidates presenting themselves.

When I first became associated with professional baseball, the game was more a sport than a business. The highest salaries paid would be sneered at by the weakest recruit to-day. The game was rough, rowdy and rugged. Few of the players regarded it as a profession or as a life business. The majority, if they planned at all, meant to play for a few years, have all the "fun" they could, and then seek other means of earning a livelihood. But even then few of them did so. Usually the game "got them" — and few retired until compelled to do so by worn out arms or legs.

The modern ball players, in fact the great majority of players for the last fifteen years, are business men, earning large salaries and saving a great part of their earnings. Because of the fact that they are in contact with men of prominence in the business world and in positions to secure excellent advice, many of them have become shrewd investors and are wealthy.

Ty Cobb, for instance, retired from baseball with more than a million dollars, the greater part of it the result of investments of his earnings. Babe Ruth, who has received more than any other player and whose reckless extravagance in spending and throwing away money was notorious for years, is now fairly wealthy.

Until three or four years ago Ruth spent his money freely. His earnings (or rather his receipts from salary, from advertising, syndicate articles and exhibition games), have averaged close to $130,000 a year. Then he became associated with Christy Walsh, a syndicate manager, who persuaded him to invest a portion of the money in a trust fund. Ruth and Walsh were partners in some enterprises, dividing profits, and this money Walsh placed in a joint ac-

count. When money accumulated beyond a certain point he led Babe to the bank and together they drew it out and put Ruth's share in a trust fund.

Ruth was converted. To hear him advise establishing trust funds among the other players would surprise any banker, but there will be a quarter of a million dollars in that fund when the present season ends.

MATHEWSON received a fair salary, even according to present standards, for many years and possessed a comfortable fortune. Walter Johnson is wealthy and Eddie Collins is rated high. Frank Chance, who in addition to a large salary from the Chicago Cubs at one time owned stock in the club, was worth close to a million dollars when unfortunate speculations in the stock market swept most of it away. John Evers, after careful saving, amassed a small fortune only to be bankrupted by a dishonest business partner. At the crisis of his misfortunes he signed a freak contract with the Boston Braves, by which he received pay on a sliding scale depending upon the position of the team at the end of the pennant race. The team was not expected to finish better than fifth place, but, by an amazing fight, won the championship and Evers earned nearly $40,000 in one season and was restored to financial rating. Fred Clark, of Pittsburgh, invested in Kansas land and is wealthy. Mordecai Brown, who did his greatest pitching in low salary times, has become wealthy in oil investments after losing everything he earned in a gold mining venture with Orval Overall, his old pitching partner.

Big Bill Lange, one of the greatest of all players, spent every cent he made from the game, then went to San Francisco, got into real estate, developed into a remarkably successful realtor, and is wealthy today.

There are others of the old timers who acquired wealth, but the great majority dropped into the class of small earners after retiring from the sport, and too great a percentage of them went down and out.

Under modern conditions, however, the ball player who can hold a position in the major leagues for ten years should be able to retire and establish himself in a paying business with sufficient capital to insure success and, in addition, with an extensive and somewhat influential list of friends and acquaintances which would be an additional asset in any business. He should have, also, an accumulated knowledge of affairs far beyond that of the average man because of his travels and contacts.

BASEBALL, in fact, offers one of the best business openings any young man might desire but, unless he possesses a level head and is proof against temptations and flattery, with which he will be surrounded from the start, he should weigh the chances before deciding to make it his life vocation. I have seen too many young men ruined, and watched them degenerate into bums, or worse, to advise any youth to enter the game lightly.

I was talking with Ty Cobb once, shortly after his retirement. Cobb is a straight thinking, level headed man when not in temper, and he had given the matter much thought. I asked him whether any of his sons

would be ball players and whether he would advise them to go into the profession. I did this because his oldest boy, Ty Junior, is a most likable youngster and my friend. Young Ty decided against baseball. He was not a good player and he decided to take up tennis and football, knowing that, if he went into baseball, everything he did would be studied in terms of his father's performances.

TY DID not hesitate in replying: "If he was confident of becoming a great player, a high salaried star, I would advise him to play," he said. "If he never could be anything but an average player, I would advise him to go in for something else."

His line of reasoning was exactly like mine. I have had a number of pertinent experiences with boys. Among them were a Dartmouth star pitcher, a Princeton infielder, and a Georgetown university youth, to whom I went with contracts. In two cases major league club owners gave me blank contracts with instructions to offer up to a certain sum and allow the boys to fill in the figures themselves.

The Dartmouth man, a great pitcher, who beyond doubt would have won in any league, did not hesitate. He said that he did not like baseball, but played only for love of his school, that his family did not want him to go into the business, and that no salary would tempt him. He went home, after graduation, started at $20 a week, and has worked himself up to a high place and a large salary in a big corporation.

The Princeton boy loved baseball. He was one of the greatest infielders I ever saw, a natural ball player, a great hitter and base runner. I told him I was authorized to offer him $7,500 a season to start. He was tempted. He said his family objected to having him become a professional, and finally he turned frankly to me and asked: "What would you do in my case?"

I tore up the contract before replying and told him that, in my opinion he would waste his life in the game and that he had a chance to make a real mark in the world in some legitimate business. Naturally I watched his career. He started at $15 a week. He now has a salary of much over $35,000 a year, and in his chosen line is a leader who will be even more famous as his life continues.

THE other boy was poor. He was studying dentistry. I offered him a fat salary and a guaranty that it would be paid for two years whether he remained in the major league or was sent back to a minor club for further seasoning. He said that the priests in his school did not favor professional athletics and that they took the stand that they were not educating young men to become professional football or baseball players. But he told me that his older sister was working, denying herself luxuries and paying his way through college. He wanted to make money to repay her as quickly as possible and that baseball was the only way he could do it. He, too, asked me to advise him and I said:

"If you are certain you will quit baseball after three or four years, and equally certain that you will spend the winters studying dentistry and getting ready to establish your-

self in that profession, go into baseball. But if you are going to spend the rest of your life in the game, and forget all you have learned here, stay out of it."

He signed the contract, played three years, and dropped out of the sport to become successful in the practice of his profession.

I would advise almost any youth in that situation to go into the game if certain he will quit after earning enough money to get started. But a great many athletes start with that idea; the game "gets them," and they are ball players forever.

THE average playing life of an athlete used to be under four years. Now the average is more than double that time. A few have lasted two decades — Anson, Cobb, Wagner, Jack Quinn and some others stuck far beyond the "three score and ten" of baseball. A broken leg, a torn muscle, a lame arm, may end their careers in a day.

The average player of today, lasting eight years in the majors, ought to earn around $65,000 and perhaps add twelve to fifteen thousand more during his declining years in the minors. The worst feature of the business is that the earning power of a player declines after the first eight or ten years, even if he lasts so long. At from thirty-two to thirty-six years of age he is "an old man." Starting a new career at that age is discouraging, and, unless the player has saved a large percentage of his earnings (which is difficult in view of the many temptations and opportunities for spending, and because of the fact that such lives are spent among "spenders" and "sports"), and is in possession of capital sufficient to establish a business of his own, he has small chance of securing a job that will enable him to live anywhere near the standard he has learned in the sport.

There are other jobs open in the game itself for not more than one in fifty players. Organized baseball has tried to take care of the faithful players after their active days are over. The managers receive high salaries. Many of the stars are employed as scouts, seeking new stars, or as coaches, assisting the managers in handling the players and trying to develop men who will fill the positions they once held. The ticket offices, turnstiles and sometimes the ranks of the ushers at the great stadiums they have helped build furnish jobs for almost as many old players as there are younger athletes on the bench. But the vast majority must go back to civilian life, and usually to low wages.

STILL, the risks are not much greater than in many other lines of employment, and the rewards for those who succeed are immense compared with what they were even a decade ago. Beside that, not all of them sink back into obscurity. Some win success in other lines by the very intelligence and aggressiveness that made them great ball players. And some have luck. "Josh" Reilly, for instance, who was one of Anson's infielders, invested in land in Philadelphia and Trenton, N. J., land a railroad needed and which made him rich. John Tener, who was Anson's famous pitcher, became Governor of Pennsylvania. Honus Wagner is comfortably wealthy and in Penn-

sylvania politics. Jimmy Archer, the great old time catcher, is one of the experts of the stock yards. Ed Reulbach, noted for his having led the National League pitchers four years, became rather famous as an employment expert and now lives in Switzerland. Joe Tinker made a couple of million dollars as a Florida real estate man, lost it and is starting on another million. Dazzy Vance need never worry about money, owning a big place in Florida. Frankie Frisch, Eddie Collins, Lou Gehrig, Tris Speaker, Joe Judge, Sam Rice, Harry Heilman and a number of others are rated as wealthy men.

How many of them would have succeeded in some other lines to the same extent they have in baseball no one may know. Occasionally I meet a man who refused to go into professional baseball and chose some other line. They usually speak regretfully of it and with a little yearning, but few of them sincerely regret the decision, even while dreaming they might have won riches and fame.

One I know was sought by half a dozen major league clubs and chose the priesthood instead and, while he does not express regret, he sighs at the thought of the home runs he might have hit. One of the wealthiest bankers in Chicago, now worth millions, insists that he would have been happier had he played baseball. There is a dentist in Oklahoma who might have been one of the world's greatest players had he not preferred fixing teeth — and he almost weeps when he speaks of it.

The business is no longer a sport, but a real profession, in which the athlete above average can earn, in a dozen years, more than he probably could in other lines in twenty-five, but it is for the individual to make the decision. I have pointed out the pitfalls and the risks, but, if I were twenty again and could hit as I could then, I'd take a chance and be up there busting that old apple squarely on the nose. The cheers are sweet. But beware the inevitable razz!

Politicians, Female

By Clare Ogden Davis

After ten years of suffrage, have women learned the game of politics—and if so, who are the leading players?

Ten years have gone by since the Suffrage Amendment gave women the right to vote, and, according to the strong minded among them, the right to hold office on equal terms with husbands, fathers, brothers and sons.

In those ten years, two women have been Governors. Today in all but ten of the State legislatures there are women representatives and senators. Eight of the sisterhood sit in the House of Representatives at Washington, where they are variously praised and damned by those who are "modern-minded" or "conservative." They are the spiritual descendants of Miss Jeannette Rankin, who wept when she voted for war against Germany; of Aunt Alice Robertson, who went to Congress because she knew what to feed men at her cafeteria.

One dear old lady went into the Senate for a couple of days; in a masculine spirit of serious coöperation and fellowship they welcomed her, the trousered Solons of Capitol Hill! And Ruth Hanna McCormick has learned that the Republican voters of Illinois want her to take the seat lately held by Medill McCormick and later by his enemy, Senator Charles Deneen.

That they may hold in line the oft-time wavering allegiance of the females who rigidly exercise the right to vote, the higher powers of both parties have honored one woman from each State with the title of vice-chairman of her party's State Committee. Hundreds of women have been and are county clerks and county probation officers, tax assessors and tax collectors; there has been one outstanding woman mayor, and a scattering even of female sheriffs and marshals.

But there is a vast difference between the mere office holder and the successful politician. Any student of American affairs would label Mark Hanna a great politician before he would remember that Mr. Hanna was also and most successfully a Senator from Ohio. The first is so much more important than the second. In this broad land, where almost any boy can be President, it is not the office holder nor yet the voter who runs the Government. Mr. Lincoln to the contrary notwithstanding, the Government of the

United States of America is of the people, by the politician and for the politician. We all know it, and are either amused by it or merely complacent about it.

Now, after a decade of suffrage, are there any women in politics who are really effective politicians? The question is important because if women voters are ever to take their places alongside the men, with equal power and no handicap of sex distinction, their representative politicians must rank along with the great men politicians, and the small fry among them must be about as numerous and as potent as among the men.

THERE are, certainly, two kinds of women politicians, just as there are two kinds of men politicians. There are those who want the power of holding office and those who merely want to sit behind the political machine and watch the wheels go round. Not all women are born crusaders and uplifters. Some of them go Messianic only after they are inspired by the spirit of legislative power. There are those who take up politics through curiosity, merely to meddle; there are those who charge in on the back of an unbridled inferiority complex, sisters who simply won't be barred out of anything by the mere male. Once in, only death can discourage most of them. (One woman in Florida, I know, has been devastatingly defeated for six offices, each more elegant than the last!) Politics may be a dirty game — there have been complaints — but it is also a fascinating vice. Indulge in it too often, and inevitably the fingers are stained, the habit formed. But in the staining, there will come a lot of pleasurable excitement. And you don't have to go to the divorce court to learn how bored women can be these days when housework can be done in two hours.

Yet, alluring as politics may be and apt as women should be for it, the past decade has brought few to the top as preëminent politicians. Recently I tried to name ten to my own satisfaction, and when I had named five with glib precision, I had to stop. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Ruth Hanna McCormick, Mrs. Belle Moskowitz, Ruth Baker Pratt, Ruth Bryan Owen — any one of these women, I believe, is able to hold her own, has held her own, against man or machine. Three of them sit in the House of Representatives. I doubt if wild horses could drag either Mrs. Longworth or Mrs. Moskowitz from behind the throne, to give up her great authority and her great pleasure in the subtler form of political power.

PERHAPS a sharper definition of "the best women politicians" would help complete a list of ten. I decided that the term might well be applied to those who were able to sway legislation or votes, either through their own personalities or through their understanding of what certain localities would do in elections or crises in national affairs. Some of these women would not be felt outside their own States, but those States might be so important as to tip the national balance.

So I added Miss Elizabeth Marbury to my list. Tammany? What of it? Tammany is no longer solely a New York institution. It has not

been since Mr. Bryan adorned it with the filigrees of his eloquent oratory and Mr. Hanna, tongue in cheek, smeared it with drippings from the pork barrel. The Commoner and Mark Hanna gave Tammany national standing. Miss Marbury is unquestionably a power among the sachems. There are anecdotes enough to establish that, no matter whose newspaper you read.

I SHOULD include Mabel Walker Willebrandt, although one of the experts whom I asked to name ten women politicians, hesitated at including her.

"A successful politician does not make mistakes; I think Mrs. Willebrandt did," this one said.

But Mrs. Willebrandt, although she has admitted she was discredited by the leaders of her own party in the Smith-Hoover campaign after her speech to the Methodist preachers of Ohio, still had influence enough to send multitudes of militant Protestants to the polls to block the supposedly impending descent of the Pope upon the White House. And while she has left her appointive office, for reasons eminently her own, she still holds a large command. She is nobody's fool, this trim, tailored, materially successful woman. I have an idea she knows exactly where she is heading, and that she is likely to get there, provided she isn't heading too high.

I should include neither of the former women Governors. Mrs. Ross, lately Governor of Wyoming, has power and prestige, true; but I feel that her position is not sure enough nor strong enough to rate her in the Big Ten. Mrs. Ferguson is important in Texas: that is what she thinks and will do, what her husband thinks and will do, have definite weight down there. But her power is not felt outside her own State, and probably never will be. (With that, Mrs. Ferguson, I happen to know, is quite satisfied.) And Texas, despite the record of "Forty votes for Woodrow Wilson" and the disturbance of its life-long, sturdy Democracy in the Hoover election, is still a local storm centre.

Mrs. Bertha K. Landis, once mayor of Seattle, is likewise local in weight and work. So, I think, are at least five of the women Representatives, despite Mrs. Mary Norton's bid for national notice in the Prohibition fight.

MISS SARAH SCHUYLER BUTLER I consider one of the coming powers among women politicians. She is, I believe, in the game because she enjoys it, appreciates what it calls out in her, and definitely believes in certain principles and programmes. She is a daughter of Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; she doesn't need the salaries or the position that elective offices might bring her. She is young, clever, smart. If she runs for an office, I think it will be because she thinks she can work more effectively in its harness. A smart young woman, with nothing but her skirts to hamper her, may go farther and faster in politics now than the diehards are willing to believe.

Emily Newell Blair, both because of her record on the Democratic National Committee and because her opinions are so widely read in magazines and newspapers, must be

given a place. A woman who has a forum at all times, she uses it with discrimination, tact and good taste, a rare achievement for any politician.

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, who quit the Republican National Committee to wage a fight against the Eighteenth Amendment, and had the power and brains to enlist thousands of women under her banner, belongs on the list. I have a great admiration for Mrs. Sabin. It took nerve and stamina to do what she has done in the Prohibition fight; those are two qualities the good politician must have. I have heard her criticized for not staying in her party to wage her battle. It might have been safer for her had she done so; certainly it would not have been so spectacular, and she knew her cause needed just such advertising. What eventually comes of her pet issue will determine her future, politically.

My last place goes to Mrs. Borden Harriman. I had to be "sold" on her right to be there, on her real importance, nationally. I'll repeat the argument later.

MY TEN then include: Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Moskowitz, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Owen, Miss Marbury, Miss Butler, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Sabin, and Mrs. Harriman.

That I might quote opinions other than my own, I have asked three persons, each of whom has had unusual opportunity to observe women at work in politics, to list their own ten.

Claude G. Bowers, chief editorial writer for *The New York Evening World*, author of *The Tragic Era*, keynote speaker of the last Democratic convention; Miss Butler, vice-chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York, delegate to the last Republican convention, ardent worker in the field; and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, pioneer suffrage exponent, were the three I asked to list their choices. On some women they agreed; on others they violently disagreed.

MR. BOWERS headed his list with Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Mrs. Borden Harriman, neither of whom has ever held office. He thinks they are the two best women politicians in America, the two most important women figures, nationally speaking, and that either of them wields as much influence in Washington as almost any of the big men on Capitol Hill.

"In Mrs. Longworth's house," he said, "the most important of national programmes have been worked out. I consider her tremendously important. When you realize that it was in her home that the fight against the League of Nations was decided upon and planned; that she has directed many other great fights and programmes; when you realize what her help has done for her husband, politically; when you remember that as Theodore Roosevelt's daughter politics has been a lifelong interest to her, you can not doubt that, in the true interpretation, the term *master politician* belongs to her.

"What Mrs. Longworth is to the Republicans, Mrs. Harriman is to the Democrats. She is a very clever, very brilliant woman, intelligently interested in political questions. Her power and her prestige are weighty among the Democrats in Washington, and are felt over the country."

His list, with one exception, is

exactly like the one I made. He names Mrs. Ross instead of Mrs. Sabin. He considers the former Governor of Wyoming a "very able woman."

Mr. Bowers longed to name Jane Addams and Mrs. Catt. "I am sure that neither of them would think of herself as a politician," he admitted, "yet as women who actually and effectively mold public opinion affecting public affairs, they are important, very important."

MISS BUTLER put both of them on her list; her interpretation of the word *politician* included them. The rest of her ten were the same as mine, except that she named Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"Mrs. Roosevelt is as good a politician as her husband, and one of his greatest assets," Miss Butler remarked. "She knows New York politics and the way the cats jump on and off the fence here. She is keen and resourceful."

Miss Butler's reason for putting Mrs. McCormick at the head of her list was interesting; it shows that some of these women are thinking far ahead.

"Mrs. McCormick has sheer political ability," said Miss Butler. "By that I mean a knowledge of the game and how to play it. That is very important for the woman politician. A lot of women in this country may understand politics, but the reason we have only a few ready to rank with the great men politicians is that so few know how to put their knowledge into practice."

There are, Miss Butler thinks, a number of extremely able women politicians in America whose field of interest is held so closely within one State that they are not felt nor much known beyond it. In this class she put Representative Florence Kahn of California. Only because Mrs. Kahn limits her work almost entirely to her own State and to the interests of its citizens, was she left out of the first ten by Miss Butler, who commented:

"She goes about her job in Washington with great assurance, and while her work is quiet, it is very effective. Should she work for a national party with the understanding with which she works for the Republican party of California, many of us would be ready to call her a great politician."

WHEN I called on Mrs. Catt, I found a politician ready for me. Rigidly she refused to name more Democrats than she did Republicans, or *vice versa*. She picked the best five from each party. She greeted with genial laughter the news that both Mr. Bowers and Miss Butler wanted to list her and Miss Addams.

"Jane Addams and I are not politicians," she said. "We're reformers. A politician is a member of a group sitting around a table, formulating strategy in a game; a reformer is an appellant before such a table, asking that the strategy be turned in some certain direction or to some certain end."

Mrs. Catt added no new names, but she did mention a woman that neither of the others had named: Judge Florence Allen, of Ohio.

"Of course, she's really more of a reformer than she is a politician," Mrs. Catt explained. "But she has done something in her own career that I think few men could have

done — something that I had not believed possible for a woman. She got herself elected to the Ohio Supreme Court, running not as a Democrat, to which party she belonged, but on the ground that the courts should be neutral and in no sense partisan. That was remarkable, because Ohio is a Republican State. Then she sought to be Governor, and was defeated. So she turned around and got herself elected for a second time to the Supreme Court. She is clever. But since she is really more of a reformer than a politician, I won't name her, though I consider her an outstanding woman."

When I analyzed these four lists, I found that Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Ruth Hanna McCormick, Belle Moskowitz, Emily Newell Blair, and Ruth Bryan Owen are on all of them. Discounting Miss Butler's modesty, so is she.

Mrs. Catt had carefully divided her list equally among Republicans and Democrats; Mr. Bowers named four Republicans and six Democrats; Miss Butler, after naming Mrs. Catt and Miss Addams, had an equally divided list, as I did.

None of these women is young, with the exception of Miss Butler. All have vivid personalities, yet half of them could never be called "strong minded" in the sense of the old anti-feminist sneer. Some of them are adept in the use of feminine guile; I shan't lay myself open to destruction by naming names here. Why shouldn't the voice with the smile win? Men in politics, of course, never beguile; they blurt out the brutal truth and bury their own dead.

Oh, yes!

There are some good speakers among the women politicians. Ruth Bryan Owen is reputed to make the best speech among the Congresswomen. But doubtless she comes by it naturally from the Boy Orator of the Platte, whose free silver tongue rang out the hours for thirty of our most cuckoo years.

I am well aware that these lists ignore some prominent women who will have their earnest advocates. Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, for instance. The boys talked about her a good deal as a possible member of Mr. Hoover's Cabinet; even in the public prints was she mentioned. But she didn't make the grade; putting a petticoat on a Cabinet chair is one noble experiment that hasn't failed, because it has never been tried.

I know that among these names several may mean little to the average American. Some to him are just the names of women who have endorsed mattresses, beauty creams and Presidential candidates; women whose pictures, along with views of their country houses, appear in the national magazines and rotogravure pages, but whose lives and personalities are only vaguely familiar.

Miss Marbury is a bluff, hearty woman, who will be seventy-four years old this year, but retains her vigorous love of life and the comedies it presents. She is an excellent business woman; one of the most successful authors' representatives and play brokers in the world. She has been decorated twice by the French Government for her work for French authors; and the United States, Belgium and Italy all decorated her during the war for her

services. In New York she is as familiar a figure at theatrical first nights as she is in Tammany councils. Here is one woman who never let a petticoat cramp her stride.

Mrs. Harriman and Mrs. Blair are, respectively, president and secretary of the National Democratic Women's Club. Mrs. Harriman has long been active in work for women. From 1906 to 1918 she was manager of the New York State Reformatory for Women; she was a colonel in the District of Columbia Chapter of the Red Cross Motor Corps; she was the only woman member of the Federal Industrial Relations Committee. Her social position and her wealth have given her opportunities which she has used intelligently.

FINALLY Mrs. Moskowitz — one of the most influential of them all — is one of the least familiar to the average voter outside of New York. Yet at fifty-three she can look back on at least twenty years of fine social service. She has been an industrial counselor since 1917, and a writer on social problems for as many years. She has been secretary of Governor Smith's Labor Board, of the Educational Council of the Port of New York Authority, of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense, and of the New York State Reconstruction Committee. She first came to national notice when she took over the chairmanship of the publicity committee for the Democratic campaign of 1928. She is a retiring person and few people see her, but many recognize her great authority and defer to her undoubted grasp of the public's trend of thought.

These lists may change materially by the time another Presidential year comes around. Some of the women now coming over the hill will have displaced a few of the second five on any of the four lists. There are hundreds of women throughout the country who are increasing in political wisdom year by year. Many of them are holding office. Some have been appointed because of their undoubted professional talent; an example is Frances Perkins, Commissioner of Labor in New York, who has risen to her place through ability plus years of study and work. She is an able lobbyist, and lobbying requires considerable sagacity if it is to be effective. Some of these appointive women officials, having tasted the dangerous sweets of political preferment, by 1932 will be shaking the electoral tree for bigger plums.

AMONG the ninety-six women State chairmen of the two parties, more than a few are eagerly sniffing the posies of the political bouquet. Any one of them may oust one of the last five from our four lists of preeminent petticoated politicians, or may rise above the topmost in time. A little political experience is a dangerous thing in an ambitious female.

In some political ways women are cleverer than men. In the past the damning indictment of them has been that they didn't attend strictly to business. That is becoming less and less a truth. They are learning to keep the left hand as busy as the right, and they manage to powder their noses, wear smart clothes, and see that the children get off to school on time, just the same.

Several generations must perish

before they can turn the country into a matriarchate. I hope I'll have ceased to be an observer when that time comes. For if it ever does, the great childlike glee with which the boys have gone about playing the political game will have departed. It will be a cold business then. Few women know how to play and enjoy a game at the same time. Those who play it now have a grand good time because they are scrapping the other sex. When they begin dealing with their own, they will put female grimness into it, and that, of course, will slay any fine gusto. It will have all the sporting detachment of a gladiator's combat.

For a woman dealing with women knows she can neither give nor expect quarter. "The boys" have their generous moments; generosity, *noblesse oblige*, is a male weakness. Many a noble heart beats beneath a pocketful of political cigars. But to the victrix belong all the spoils — and try at your peril to deprive her of a pennyworth!

Widowhood

By Theda Kenyon

I who have never had you, know far more
, The triumph and bitterness of loss, than she
Who held you for a moment, carelessly,
Not dreaming the bright diadem she wore . . .
She gave you nothing: it was I who bore
Strange pixie children of your brain; through me
Came into life your lilting gaiety,
And courage you had never grasped before.

She knew your body, but she never guessed
The tentative, shy tendrils of your soul;
She laughed at that insistent, mad unrest
That fringed God's consciousness, nor sensed its goal;
She stares now at her empty hands, distressed;
I see your dreams — fulfilled, triumphant, whole!

Collegians in Quest of Culture

WALTER HAVIGHURST

Assistant Professor of English, Miami University

A Glimpse of the Cattle Boat Voyagers

I WAS groping my way through the dark and smelly corridors of Kittoula's Liverpool lodging house for cattlemen when I heard strange sounds from the hall above. Kittoula's is just off Paradise Street and is surrounded by the poverty, vice and violence of one of the most sordid and storied regions of the world. I had heard strange sounds there before, moans and groans, threats and curses and the songs of drunken seamen. I had heard windows broken, doors smashed through, the thud of bottles on bone and flesh. But this time the sounds were stranger and more unexpected. As I reached a darkened stairway I heard with unmistakable clearness the strains of an American college song.

In a large room filled with narrow beds were five American youths carrying on their college sentiment with great goodwill. The source of hilarity was readily apparent, and was passed from hand to hand at the conclusion of the song. I was warmly welcomed as I claimed one of the cots for a two nights' lodging until my vessel should sail for Montreal.

These youths had made their way to Europe on cattle ships. Now their money was spent and they were waiting for the ship which would provide them with transportation home. Fresh from their adventures and excited at the prospect of homecoming, they gustily regaled each other with their travels.

THREE of these boys, hailing from an Indiana college, had walked through Ireland, impervious to any of the charm that has made a little plot of green earth breathe an eerie romance through song and story for five hundred years. They proudly declared that their first night in Dublin and their last night in Cork had been spent in a glorious drunk. They boasted of having slept in a deserted abbey and took immense pride in having been ordered out of the Earl of Kenmare's fish preserve, where they had elected to swim. They thought the sod-roofed Irish cottages immeasurably inferior to the most modest electric-lighted American dwelling. They could not understand why the Irish farmers did not use Ford cars and why there were not summer cottages around the Lakes of Killarney or beach resorts on Galway Bay.

The other two boys had passed a lightning holiday in Paris, spending enough money to have taken them modestly to the central capitals and coming away with a false sense of sophistication. They boasted of having met a Parisian hostess within two hours after their arrival — a rather better boast for the female denizens of Montmartre who lie in wait for these naïve and prodigal American youths coming with open but unseeing eyes to learn the ways of the world from Parisian life. These boys had been initiated into the mysteries of sex and the delights of hard drink, and in three weeks had been left penniless to call their European education complete.

Not a few of the college students summering in Europe go by the cattle ship route. This is an extremely convenient arrangement, much more so than working in ordinary capacities on freight and passenger vessels. The cattleman has the important advantage of being free to spend a period of four to ten weeks in Europe before claiming his return passage. He does not work on his return, but merely lives as a member of the crew and receives this transportation as a part of the wage for tending cattle on the initial voyage.

However, the cattlemen are distinctly not a part of a vessel's crew. They are simply a part of the trade — not to be regarded as different from the cattle themselves. The official crew of a steamer, deck, engine and steward's departments, look upon cattle and cattlemen together as necessary beasts of passage, but not belonging in any way to the little social cosmos of the ship's company. The cattlemen live forward; the crew of a steamer live amidships and aft. In dingy quarters in the vessel's bow, the cattlemen live removed from the life of the ship. Except to use the loading gear for an hour each day, in getting feed out of the upper holds, their work does not take them on deck. Feeding, watering, bedding the cattle, prodding them with pitchforks to keep them on their feet in bad weather, dragging forth the dead in times of winter storm — their tasks are carried on in the "'tween-deck" holds, long low levels running the length of the ship, each housing from five hundred to eight hundred restless cattle. In winter, seas pour through the scuppers and the cattle often stand knee deep in a freezing fluid mire. Hatches must be left open for air, and the cattle quartered near them are coated with snow and frozen spindrift. In summer, the work is more pleasant, except that in the lower hold the heat is stifling. In those breathless, dimly lighted stables the heat from a thousand cattle intensifies the warmth of a blazing sun outside the steel bulkheads.

At leisure, too, cattlemen are divorced from the true ship's company. Firemen and sailors, alike, appear at the end of a voyage to bid for a cattleman's discarded clothing; but during the voyage the cattlemen exist as an isolated body. In summer they gossip, play cards, read, or nap on the foc's'le head. In winter there is but one refuge. The cattleman turns out from foul, breath-heated quarters where dripping clothes are draped futilely over lukewarm steam pipes, walks down the narrow lane studded

with protruding heads and spiked with the horns of cattle, and proceeds to the iron grating above the boiler room. Here blasts of acrid heated air continually pour upward, and the numbed cattleman sits in a smoky stupor till his blood has thawed and his wet clothes are hardened and dry upon him.

In the summer months a cattle crew may be composed entirely of students. Such a group will represent a number of schools, usually scattered widely through the country. Accepting a novel and somewhat arduous means of getting to the vacation land, these students might be expected to give evidence of self reliance and mature curiosity on their travels. This seems not to be the case.

On a cattle ship returning to this side of the Atlantic, I was in the company of eight American students who had been summering on the Continent. One of them had amassed the most appalling library of obscenity that the book stalls of Paris could provide. The entire eight of them took turn on the books, steeping themselves in this putrefaction through thirteen days of gold and nights of silver on the North Atlantic. This group was rather widely representative of American colleges. Two were from the University of Chicago, one from Williams College, two from Columbia, one from Dartmouth, one from Northwestern, one from Brown. But they had all spent the same sort of vacation, and all seemed stimulated by their European contacts to the same sort of thought and conversation, which revolved constantly about sex. I remember lurid talk in ships' foc's'les to China, Alaska, the Windward Islands; but never have I heard obscenity dwelt upon with so little skill and so much relish as in this group of college students returning from a cultural pilgrimage.

A voyage with a crew of college students is sorry business. If there are passengers aboard, the collegians can not be happy until they have met all the girls; and then they must steal up by night to dance on the promenade deck. They will not eat the crew's food, but run to the steward with bribes and eat the left-overs from the officers' mess. When left to their own resources they are helpless and bored; and if the sea has any motion, they throw off their mask of worldliness and sophistication in a fit of seasickness.

While with this collegiate group, I remembered the strong, harsh savor of life on a winter crossing in this same vessel. It was at the time when the British steamer *Antinoë* was lost, and every vessel in the North Atlantic was struggling desperately against tumultuous seas. Our crew was a band of adventurers and fugitives, cattlemen who represented the rebellion of both worlds and had to be turned to work by the mate at the point of a gun. Originally there were two groups of us: one a band that had come overland on the cattle trains from Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the other a circle recruited from the waterfronts of Montreal and Boston.

Because of a sprung bulkhead on the port bow, both groups had to move into one large, evil-smelling foc's'le, where we ate, loafed and slept in a room warmed only by the heat of our own bodies. In those rat-

ridden quarters talk ran through the night hours when the air was so foul that one could not sleep and the seas were too high to open portholes or companion door. All night the room would ring and tremble with the impact of the pounding seas. This was punctuated at intervals of forty seconds by a deafening metallic thunder, as the rolling ship threw huge links of the anchor chain against the iron hawse pipe. From outside came the faint moans of freezing and drowning cattle. Above these noises talk ran on many subjects, most of them foul, vicious and offensive. But it was always elemental: rough and crude, but vibrantly strong, so that if those dialogues were severed they would surely gush blood.

That company embraced men of varied but uniformly dramatic fortunes. There was a homesteader from Great Bear Lake who had lost a hand in a blizzard. There were two young Irishmen who had been seeking gold in the wilderness near James Bay. There was a diminutive Scotsman who had made a small fortune rum-running in Puget Sound and had lost it at fan-tan in Vancouver. There was a cockney Londoner whose accent transformed the resounding hawse pipe into the Bow Bells. He had been managing a prize fighter, had double-crossed him in Canada and now was slinking home. There was a trio of Danish I.W.W.'s who smelled of doubt, dissatisfaction, and stale dirt, and who each promised me secretly that there would be "trouble" before another twelvemonth. There was a giant Yorkshireman, coming home after long seasons in the lumber camps, who could curse in a transcendent manner and who gave me the shock of my life one fine winter day as he came beside me at the rail and repeated softly in my ear, "They that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters, they see God's wonders on the deep."

It seemed a far cry from that band of men who knew the gripping hungers to this circle of collegians who gossiped of sophistication after six weeks of caricatured Parisian life. And it seemed that there was more reality, a sterner, harder, more convincing and significant stream of life in that band of fugitives and wastrels than in this prurient circle of college youths who made what might have been a cultural pilgrimage into a sadly conscious gesture at a false sophistication.

It is a romantic age when thousands of college students can make the tours not long ago denied to all but the select. It is neither romantic nor reasonable that the college student should make such use of his introduction to a world of old culture, tradition, imagination. There seem to be very few American students who are aware of the strange rich order of European life which contrasts so pointedly with our prosperous, impoverished America. Yet I met two of them hiking bare-legged through the Bernese Oberland, their eyes holding some of the high, rare light of the Jungfrau snows; I met another selling his kodak to buy an etching in Prague. But most of the students on tour might as well be summering on the boardwalk at Atlantic City.

One of my shipmates on a well-

named cattle ship, the *Oxonian*, was bringing back a 30,000 word diary from a summer's tour of Central Europe. From its pages he quite shamelessly read to all who were willing to listen. But there were no confessions of heartwarming, or suggestions of high seriousness, at regarding lands mellowed and beautified by countless generations of human affection and toil. His efforts had not gone toward describing the richness of Gothic architecture, or the soaring grace of the Alps, or the haunting, spicy flavor of seaports on the Mediterranean. His notebook contained, instead, accounts of meeting American college girls, meeting them in Paris, Geneva, Lucerne, Genoa, Rome, Venice, Berlin, Cologne, Brussels — the same girls he took to his fraternity dances and cut classes with at prosaic old Siwash. To rival this document, another of my shipmates produced a notebook filled chiefly with small entries made in hotels, waiting rooms, and American Express offices. The page which formed his chief exhibit noted the number of times he had observed wearers of his fraternity pin.

It is a very trite saying about the wealth of the Indies; but it is greatly to be emphasized in this day of universal and unconsidered seeking after the profits and enjoyment of travel. It might seem that in his amazing aptitude for making his way to Europe — by feeding cattle, playing in orchestras, singing in glee clubs, working on vessels in any capacity possible — the American student has found his way of taking a *wanderjahr*, and is supplementing his theoretical education with first-hand experience and observation through his own eyes. But there is dreadfully little of clear-eyed observation and almost none at all of honest and intelligent curiosity to make the search worth while. This is not a *wanderjahr* but a long drawn out and little profiting week-end.

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

JUNE, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 6

A CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE FOR TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELLERS

So you are going to Europe! Well, no doubt you had it coming to you, and these relatively harmless infections are better over and done with as soon as possible. If nothing will cure your cultural growing pains but a dose of deep sea salt water, by all means go to Europe. It probably won't hurt you, and the neighbors and relatives will just love to hear you talk about it for the rest of your life or until somebody shoots you.

But don't treat this transatlantic expedition too casually. The only travellers who can do so with sincerity are those who have crossed so often that they look like fish or those who have no idea of the actual perils of the vasty deep. For the latter we submit a number of suggestions, gathered out of our experience in crossing the Atlantic in virtually every fashion except by parcel post. This advice will be given free, and since this is about the only free thing you are likely to get on this trip you had better make the most of it.

We warn you at the outset that in order to go to Europe it is advisable to use a ship. Airplanes are all right for those who have absolute confidence in them, but the average amateur in an airplane is liable to lose his bearings when a thousand miles or so out of sight of land, and an airplane without any bearings is likely to sit down at any moment. Roller skates and snowshoes have other characteristic weaknesses and dirigibles are unmanageable and are also somewhat limited by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. So if you must go to Europe, use a ship.

To obtain the use of a ship you will need a ticket, a passport and a birth certificate. The ticket is a purely financial problem, and will seem singularly inadequate to the amount you have to pay for it. The passport is a more formidable affair, not unlike a sample of high-grade wall paper, and on it there must be pasted a photograph of yourself looking like the wreck of the *Hesperus* or an undesirable alien who is wanted by the police. There are also visas and things

like that, which don't mean anything but all cost you money.

The birth certificate is a very vital matter, as essential to the deep sea tourist as a toothbrush or a spare shirt. Without a birth certificate it is practically impossible to get upon a ship, unless you are a Communist in process of deportation or the blonde secretary to a Naval Conference. The mere fact that you are here is not considered, either by the shipping company or the Government, as legal or logical evidence that you were ever born. You may have been an accident or a case of spontaneous combustion. And in these difficult days, the Government can't be too careful.

WHEN you have attended to all these technical preliminaries and paid your income tax or shown good reason why not, say farewell to your family and surviving relatives, urging them cordially to come down and see you off and hoping and praying that they won't do anything of the sort. Take all your documentary evidence with you to the dock, and whenever you see a brass button unfold your passport. When you see two brass buttons, unfold your passport and get out your birth certificate. When you see three or more brass buttons, unfold your passport, wave your certificate and hunt desperately for your ticket. When the adjacent officials consider that you are in a proper condition of mental and physical disintegration they will blow the whistle and hurry you on board.

You will immediately realize that your baggage has disappeared. At this point most inexperienced travellers begin to run around in circles making pitiful noises, and are thoroughly ignored by all officials and able bodied seamen. But don't be alarmed. Your baggage is all right. In the course of time you will go down to your cabin and fall over your trunk, which you have carefully labelled "Not Wanted on Voyage." Your other personal effects and accessories, including your handbags, hatbox, golf sticks, vanity case and camera are all safe and sound down in the hold with the coal.

But all this comes later, when you have discovered how a ship is arranged on the inside, though you will never discover why. Since you must live on this floating island for a week, its geography deserves a little study. There are said to be three classes on a ship, though in the confusion of departure these are all made free and equal and most of the passengers are lost. To get lost on a ship requires no practice and very little natural ability. The well-meaning passenger can get lost simply by entering any open doorway or hole in the deck and starting to run up and down stairs.

A SHIP may be roughly divided into districts according to its characteristic smells, for although it is constantly surrounded by ozone, none of it penetrates more than fourteen inches through the steel-plated sides of the vessel. Even an average nose, whether classic, snub or Romanesque, can readily detect the smoking room, while the fresh fragrance of stale soup is sufficient to identify the dining saloon. The warm but weary odor of a forgotten frying pan on an oil stove indicates that you are approaching the engine room, and a reminiscent flavor of Jamaica rum may mean either the crew's quarters or the twelve-mile limit. A distinctly superior smell, slightly sour around the edges, tells you that you have wandered into the first-class quarters, from which you will shortly be thrown out again.

The ship is scheduled to sail at ten o'clock, and when it fails to do so a faint chill of apprehension runs around the deck. By eleven there are rumors to leeward and starboard of strikes, leaks, quarantine and another European war, and at noon word goes around that the ship has been condemned as unseaworthy by the underwriters. It sails at last at

twelve-thirty, just when you have resigned yourself to being marooned forever six feet from your native land. There is a brave tooting of whistles, a last desperate waving of hands and handkerchiefs, a tune from the band, and America begins to fade rapidly into a horizon. You are on your way.

AT THIS point you start to worry over the possibility of standing up for the entire voyage, there being nowhere to sit and a great many people desirous of doing so. But do not be alarmed. A modern liner is completely equipped with deck chairs, which are purchased in quantity lots at about $2.35 apiece. They are rented out to passengers at $1.50 per trip, so that in the course of a dozen years or so the shipping company recovers its investment and enough left over to pay for the ship. So before your chosen vessel is out to open sea, stewards, captains, quartermasters and members of the board of directors will be seen busy everywhere dragging out deck chairs and spreading them around the deck for honeymoon couples to fall over.

Since you are going to be deprived for at least a week of your constitutional right to run for a train and dodge traffic, you will need to consider the question of exercise. For this purpose deck sports are provided by the thoughtful captain, which consist chiefly of quoits and shuffleboard. The object of quoits is to throw a small circle of rope on to the bald head of the elderly gentleman who is taking a nap in the sun. Shuffleboard is an adult but not very dignified version of hop-scotch, and is a very revealing game. It is particularly suited to ladies, who play it with the grace and abandon of an intoxicated camel on roller skates.

Concerning shipboard etiquette, a few suggestions should be enough. It is not necessary to wait for introductions to your neighbor at table or on deck, nor to exchange cards. It is likely that you won't like his looks, but he probably doesn't like yours either, though neither of you should mention it. But to start a conversation you may tell him the story of your life, continuing until he changes his seat or retaliates with his own biography, at which time you may feel a little unwell and leave him. If you are social in a serious way, you should take snapshot photographs of all boon companions acquired during the voyage, promising prints to everybody but carefully refraining from securing any addresses to which to mail them.

YOUNG men and married men travelling alone for their health should beware of innocent flirtations until at least the fifth day out, since a sentimental mistake made on shipboard can not be remedied by flight. It is well to be cautious of card sharpers, who are always rumored to be on board but are never seen there, though you may play a little bridge for small stakes on your east-bound trip. On the way home it will be difficult to play for money, there being no money. Bridge may be played in the smoking room, lounge, dining room or library, while contortionists and intimate friends can also play it in the staterooms and lifeboats. This is not peculiarly a game for shipboard, since it may be played in all European hotels and pensions, in the Tower of London, the Louvre, the Kremlin, the Lake District and on top of Mont Blanc and other patient mountains. Travellers who wish to get the utmost profit and inspiration from their stay in Europe will also contrive to play it in the Blue Grotto of Capri, the theatre at Oberammergau and in the crater of Vesuvius, preferably while the latter is in eruption.

Be friendly but by no means familiar with the crew, and remember that a blue coat and brass buttons do not necessarily make an admiral. If a whale is sighted at sea, a matter which is usually arranged by the more modern of the shipping companies, don't all rush to

one side of the ship. It may upset the ship or at least the man at the wheel, and for that matter there is probably a whale on the other side, too. Don't drop rubbish down the smokestacks or into the ocean. It isn't your ocean, and some of your best friends may be using it at Atlantic City.

In the privacy of your stateroom, if any, observe a propriety of behavior toward your cabin companions, since nothing but a thin wall separates you from the last judgment and an even thinner one from the occupants of the next cabin. Observe scrupulously the Order of the Bath in the morning, and remember the number of your cabin even in emergencies, though if the ship is sinking a certain latitude in the conventions is excusable. It is probable, however, that it will not sink, and certainly not more than once.

ONCE settled on shipboard, the days will pass swiftly in a bewildering variety of fascinating amusements, or else the advertising departments of the shipping companies are grossly deceiving us. These will run roughly as follows. Having sailed on Saturday, you will spend the day adjusting yourself to your new environment. On Sunday you will go to church, and the congregation will sing a prayerful hymn for those in peril on the sea which will brighten everybody's day beautifully. On Monday you will write letters to all the dear ones at home and others whom you would like to make miserable with envy. On Tuesday you will be seasick, or else the lady in the next cabin will be. On Wednesday you will see a whale and possibly a porpoise. On Thursday you will see a ship and wave at it. On Friday will be the ship's concert, where a commercial traveller with a double-breasted bass voice will sing *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep* until the foghorn curls up and dies of jealousy. On Saturday you will go ashore, and be glad of it.

FAITH, HOPE AND PARITY

THE average American's understanding of the net outcome of the London Naval Conference is nowhere near as clear as it should be. It is rich in detail, but it is not clear. Sometimes it is not even convincing.

If he has been reading the papers carefully and staying at home on Sunday afternoons, he knows a great many things about it, of course, some of which aren't so. He has listened to Senator Reed, Secretary Stimson and other eye-witnesses reporting progress as an ethereal accompaniment to Sunday dinner. He has told the children that it is very wonderful to listen to these American delegates across three thousand miles or more of open ocean, and the children have taken his word for it without enthusiasm. He hasn't particularly noticed what these gentlemen were saying, but he has taken it for granted that it was all right. He has probably told his neighbor over the back fence or on the 7.51 morning train that the Americans would show these Europeans something, without exactly explaining what they would show them.

But his recollections of the conference itself amount to half a dozen principal propositions: (1) That the navies of the world are to be reduced to next to nothing. (2) That this will be accomplished by building the American navy to be the biggest in the world or as big as the biggest. (3) That Miss Emily Post has been put in charge of all submarine warfare. (4) That it was a smart move of the American delegation to take along a lot of blonde stenographers, since these distracted the Europeans from the international poker game. (5) That France did something or said something which turned a five-power parley into a three-power parley, and that a lot of cruisers which haven't been built are to be scrapped and turned into Ford cars. (6) That Italy, Japan, Germany, Russia,

Ireland and the British colonies had something to do with something which means lower taxes, peace and prosperity, and that you can't put anything over on your Uncle Samuel. So Columbia is still the gem of the ocean, and what chance do you think the Yankees have of copping a pennant this year?

WE OURSELVES have followed the conference with a frantic curiosity and a 1922 edition of *The World Almanac*, and know as much about it as the next man or our favorite elevator operator. Our careful conclusion is that the conference failed, no matter what the Republicans may say. It failed because it didn't give the Swiss a navy, and because it could not foresee that Ruth Hanna McCormick would be nominated at the Republican primaries in Illinois on a platform with its back turned on the World Court. But particularly because of the Swiss navy.

We shall therefore break our long and habitual silence and offer a real remedy for the world's naval troubles, including our own Secretary of the Navy and the international trouble with barnacles and admirals. Our simple and modest proposal is that the nations pool their navies and turn them over to the League of Nations, with the Swiss in sole charge of running the works. This will give the Swiss their navy and the League something to do besides listening to interpreters and fondling its whiskers.

We select the Swiss to run our joint navy because the Swiss are neutrals. No nation in the world is so neutral as Switzerland. It is neither hot nor cold or else it is both. It is the only country in the world which is both wet and dry, with Prohibition for whiskey and gin and free trade in light wines and beers. It has never been suspected of territorial ambitions, having more scenery now than it knows what to do with. And having had no experience in running a navy, it can't possibly do any worse than those nations that have.

There are numerous advantages of such an international fleet, one of which is that it would be soon mislaid somewhere and forgotten, like the war boats built by the Shipping Board during the late unpleasantness. If these belonged to anybody in particular, they would be polished up or polished off, but since they belong to nobody, nobody cares what happens to them. Another likelihood is that our super-fleet would run out of coal, oil, ammunition, brass polish and light reading for the sailors, and a League resolution to supply such commodities would take at least ten years to pass the United States Senate. The League itself, of course, would have no idea what to do with such a navy. Every time it tried to do anything with it, red tape would flourish like the green bay tree and another generation of secretaries would be strangled in its tracks.

A MORE present advantage of this international naval merger would be the elimination of naval conferences, movies of the Pacific fleet passing through the Panama Canal, and eventually of retired admirals. It might even mean the abolition of naval warfare, principally because the big fleet would have nothing to argue with and no nation would be pining for a chance to show that it could shoot farther and straighter than the neighbors. This might lead in turn to the abolition of the armament manufacturers and of Messrs. William B. Shearer and William Randolph Hearst, but you can't expect to please everybody.

We foresee one argument which will be presented against our otherwise airtight plan for merging the world's navies into innocuous desuetude. It will be claimed that unless the seas are policed and patroled by battle fleets under twenty-seven different flags, pirates will multiply exceedingly and make them-

selves a nuisance to everybody. We shall try to take that argument seriously when somebody will seriously maintain that this or any nation needs a billion dollar fleet to catch and spank a pirate.

Rocketeering

We make desperate efforts to keep up with the times, even though nobody has demonstrated to date that they are going anywhere of any importance. We are therefore compelled to consider aviation and to understand it if possible. In the course of our efforts to do so we have noted two recent developments, sufficiently dramatic so that we would risk another stiff neck to look at them if they came our way. One is this business of sliding around the sky on a motorless glider, and the other is the rocket plane.

The most ambitious glider of the season seems to have been the one on which Frank Hawks was towed across the continent, arriving in condition to wonder whether it would not have been just as well to ride in the plane and have the glider shipped by express or parcel post. The saving on gasoline, however, was remarkable, and the absence of any testimonials as to the motor oils or spark plugs used by the glider shows a commendable and exceptional restraint on the part of Mr. Hawks and his associates. Otherwise gliding is so far very much like a glider — it moves around but it doesn't get anywhere.

But the rocket plane is a horse of another feather. It has not only got its picture in the Sunday supplements, but it has received a measure of scientific approval. Dr. John W. Stewart of Princeton spoke recently very hopefully of it, particularly as a means of making week end trips to the moon in the year 2050. He chooses the date by a combination of academic logic and applied mathematics which deserves a little attention.

Surveying a century of alleged progress, the learned doctor noted that the pace of living has been steadily accelerated. A hundred years ago the world had no thought of travelling ninety miles an hour and now the world thinks nothing of it. So with a flick of his slide-rule and three punches at the adding machine, the Princeton doctor demonstrated that by the year 1950 we shall be challenging the speed limits of the universe at a thousand miles an hour and in another century shall go 50,000 miles an hour or be arrested for obstructing interstellar traffic. And at that pace three days are enough to get to the moon, allowing for all detours and half an hour for lunch every day.

The only thing wrong with the professor's reasoning is that it won't work. It ought to but it won't, and it never has. The professor should know it, too. He should know that though a child gains half a pound a week in the pink period of infancy, it doesn't go on that way for three-score years and ten, or else it would put an elephant to shame. Office buildings have mounted fast and far during the past fifty years, which is no sign that they will go on like Jack's beanstalk. The annual production and consumption of safety pins has steadily and measurably increased, but the time will surely come when one more safety pin in the world will be too many. So the fact that we have been going fast and faster is no sign that we shall never learn better sense or reach an obstinate limit.

The professor overlooks, of course, another possibility of his own reasoning. It may be that disinclination to visit the moon, which is already perceptible in some of the backward States, will also increase in arithmetical ratio until there is nobody at all who wants to go there, which will just about ruin the professor's prophecy. And it is also possible that boredom over scientific flapdoodle will magnify and multiply until the world is

at last content to mind its own business and let the moon manage hers.

But suppose we let the professor have his own way and learn how his heirs and descendants are going to shoot the moon. The answer is, of course, the rocket ship, which makes it immediately important to understand how a rocket ship goes about its business.

A ROCKET ship or rocket plane makes progress principally by kicking itself in the seat of the pants with high explosives. It needs no propeller and therefore needs no air, while the pilot gets along by taking a deep breath and hoping that he will get back in time to take another. For one reason or another, none of them very interesting, there is nothing to prevent a rocket plane from going ten thousand miles an hour except that it won't do it, so the navigation of interstellar space becomes a very simple and somewhat monotonous performance.

Experiments with rapid transit by means of fireworks attached to the rear elevation have so far been chiefly confined to some rather uncertain automobiles, which went fine for about a mile and then went off like the Fourth of July. There has also been some rocketeering at the moon. Professor Goddard has been attacking this problem, not to mention the moon, for some time, but all his rockets to date have shown a perverse disposition to quit when the noon whistle blows and come back. Some day one won't come back, though just how much satisfaction that is going to be to anybody we can't tell you.

THE S. & N. ALPHABETICAL EDUCATION

No. 21. ELOCUTION

Elocution is the science or study devoted to the cultivation of the speaking voice. Before cultivating your voice, it is advisable on your own account and only fair to the neighbors to be sure that you have a voice. The fact that you yodel in the bathtub is no sure proof that you have a voice; it may merely mean that you have a nice disposition and are a born extravert. The fact that you can not resist the upper reaches of a male quartet after your third insult to the Eighteenth Amendment is also inconclusive. And even the fact that you have been invited to sing over the radio means very little. Radio impresarios are often very hard up, or else we have a very poor radio.

In cultivating your voice you should consider what you are cultivating it for. A voice can be used for many purposes. You can call hogs with it, or make political speeches, or sell real estate, or holler down rain barrels. You can earn a lunch with it by making a speech on American ideals to the Rotary Club, or win the undying gratitude of your country by sacrificing it to a Senatorial filibuster. You may even use it for parlor tricks in ventriloquism, but this will be entirely at your own risk.

MODERN conditions and inventions have greatly modified the difficulties of voice culture, since it is now rarely necessary to shout at the man in the back row, who is probably deaf and can't speak English anyway. The radio has relieved many tons of pressure on the vocal chords, and the chief essential of elocution today is to learn to speak vehemently without blowing over the microphone. The rest is largely a matter of tone. In order to cultivate tone, the student should go into a soundproof room or lunatic asylum and open the mouth very wide. He should then say Ah. He should say it again and again until he is sure of it. Then he must say Eee. This must be done with all the vowels in turn — A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y. Repeat the process every day, an hour at a time, for six weeks. Then buy yourself a saxophone and have some real fun.

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1923	9,119,335
1924	10,056,437
1925	12,458,144
1926	13,781,714
1927	16,002,630
1928	21,575,945
1929	23,063,150

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Come with Me to Canada

Canada holds so many tender memories that it is easy for me to love her. I have stood beneath her towering pines in the shadow of the starlight mountains at Banff, those "Dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal"; picked golden poppies on the sapphire shore of Lake Louise; slipped through endless miles of silver lakes in a slim birch-bark canoe, and dallied beneath a windless sail; gazed in fascinated admiration on the magnificent bearing of a red-coated Royal Northwest "Mountie"; and sat under the beeches in a silent little cemetery in Ontario musing over the histories of some of my forebears inscribed on moss-covered stones — the record of a dauntless little band of United Empire Loyalists from Virginia.

Canada's broad bosom sheltered people of vast contrasts in her early days. Placid Eskimos fished and hunted and built their igloos in the wilds of the Hudson Bay country while *les grands seigneurs* held glittering court in the citadels of Montreal and Quebec; fur trappers and gallant *courreurs-de-bois* cleared forest paths for soft-voiced, soft-treading priests; Indians, gaudy with paint and feathers, stealthily cunning, matched their wits against the flower of the Continental armies and sometimes won; women of grace and beauty stood shoulder to shoulder with husbands and brothers and a dauntless courage against a wilderness that had bred the untiring strength of moccasined squaw. From the planting of these hardy pioneers a glorious Canada of today is blossoming forth, attracting the conscious attention of a vast throng of admirers. What a tolerant, livable, lovable land she is. And while most of her is snow white in the winter, as spring creeps whispering through her pines, a glad young green grips the land. Summer, a real Canadian summer is on the way. And how Canada does shine in the summer time!

A Rare French-Canadian Château

Will you come along with me to some of the bits of Canada I particularly like? Suppose we look in on an old French-Canadian château — and they are not so thick in Canada as along the Loire, you'll remember. Château Papineau — a pleasant lilting name to say — is the manor house of an ancient and historic Canadian seigneurie formerly known as La Seigneurie de la Petite-Nation, now named Lucerne-in-Quebec. It is in the pine-clad Laurentian Mountains and has the distinction of tracing its title directly to Louis XIII of France. Here lived that well-known French-Canadian patriot, Louis Joseph Papineau, in the stately manner of a feudal lord undismayed by the tempestuous times through which he passed. Legend and chanson ring with praise of his exploits, but always will he be known best as simply "the patriot." This massive stone château, which stands imposingly on the north shore of the Ottawa River, has been preserved in all its former romantic splendor, its spacious high-ceilinged halls and rooms still reminiscent of the leisurely life of its celebrated occupants. A tree-lined road, leading from the Ottawa Montreal Highway winds through its park-like grounds to the house set in quaint old-fashioned gardens where you can wander at twilight and watch the golden haze of a summer's day turn rose, then amethyst, as it settles down over the vista of the river and the quiet valley.

In the days of the lordly hospitality of the aristocratic Papineau family, the brilliant candelabra of the old château shone down upon many historic functions, and the same spirit of well-being and geniality is apparent today, for this historic dwelling now serves as the Seigniory Club of Lucerne-in-Quebec whose members enjoy the Old World atmosphere that still clings about this turreted structure, as well as a continuation of its generous hospitality. Reaching far into the Laurentians are its vast preserves, once fished and hunted only by the seigneurs, now available to those who have the discernment to envisage what it means to associate themselves with a vacation community where eighty thousand acres and some forty lakes comprise their environs and where they may either live in a log cabin with all modern convenience, or in an enormous and luxurious hotel, play golf on an 18-hole course, swim, ride, hunt and even fly, if they have a mind to, for an airport and seaplane landing are features of this astonishing community. Yet with all its sophistication, Lucerne-in-Quebec retains the unmarred natural beauty of that country which inspired her early explorers and won Canada from the wilderness.

Masterpiece of Old French Tradition

Another spot where frank sophistication and the ingenuous beauty of the untamed wilds prevail is in that much-sought-after country of lower Quebec round Murray Bay whose natural

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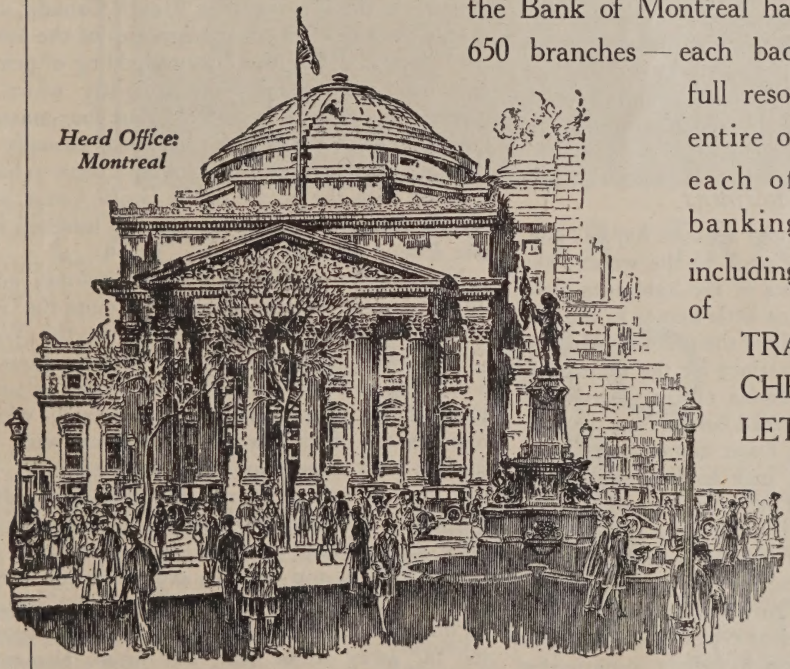

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centre is the charming Manoir Richelieu, that masterpiece of the old French tradition in grace of appointment and ease of living which continues to grow in favor with those who have come under the spell of its enchantments. It provides you with a background where you will feel perfectly at home if you care for the finer things of life, and allows you a broad latitude in the way of entertainment. You may gallop through its pine woods, the tang of ocean-blown winds whipping your spirits to heights you had almost forgotten when you were a city dweller. If you feel a little less strenuous, the sunny green of a sporty, 18-hole golf course, designed by Herbert Strong, is at one elbow and at the other a big outdoor swimming pool through which flows the salt water from the St. Lawrence. And if you are inclined to pretend that you are just a comfortable, amiable little lizard and don't want to do anything but lie in the sun and forget you're alive, you couldn't find a more pleasing place to indulge this too-often underestimated pastime.

Murray Bay Homespuns

SHOPPING in the accepted sense is happily forgotten in this quiet neck of the woods, yet when you hear that some of the habitants have come in from their quaint little homes in the hill country with a new supply of their famous Murray Bay homespuns, your instinct for the unusual is immediately roused. Rumors of their loveliness have preceded them. Spread before your devouring eyes are the softest, finest homespuns woven into curtains, blankets, rugs and coverlets that only the nimble-fingered native women of Murray Bay can produce. What is there about these homespuns that makes them nigh irresistible — their distinctly beautiful colors, or can it be the glamour of the old Seventeenth Century background which the hotel affords this ancient type of handicraft? It is hard to tell. They seem to belong so naturally to each other. Yet when you learn that they are fine examples of a vanishing art, you will hold them doubly dear.

In fact, this part of the world often makes me think of that well-known department store in London that guaranteed its customers anything that they asked for. Canada is so huge and lavish that she provides almost any kind of scenery or activity for which you may be hankering. She supplies you with a touch of the Arctic in the summer time with as easy grace as she lets you swelter in the shadow of Hamilton's Little Mountain; and if it is variety of nationality that draws you so that, as Bronson Alcott says, "you may acquire the travelled mind, the catholic mind that is educated from exclusiveness and egotism," Canada is the place for you.

We Explore the Gulf of St. Lawrence

ANOTHER pleasant jaunt is the sail along that wide blue funnel of water that pours so generous a dose of the Atlantic into Canada's side — her mighty St. Lawrence. Excellent modern steamships cruise this historic gulf in trips ranging from week-ends to eleven days. The popular week-end run is from Quebec to Murray Bay, then on up the deep waters of the Saguenay in the daytime past her two famous capes — Trinity and Eternity, with a stop at Tadoussac. Skirting the southern side of the Gulf on one of the longer cruises, you will discover the Gaspé Coast which penetrates the very heart of French Canada, and marks the site of the first seignories of the lower St. Lawrence. Here the heavy plodding of primitive oxen accompanies the sprightly whirr of merry spinning wheels, and old time four-masters load lumber at the Gaspé wharves as casually as they did a century ago. Time doesn't seem to have counted with the people of the Gaspé Coast, and the eagerness of sportsmen has not lessened her fine salmon fishing.

Newfoundland, Britain's oldest colony, adds its share to the interest of this sail around the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Corner Brook, on the West Coast, is the unworldly name of its metropolis — a thriving town reached after a journey of some thirty miles through the Bay of Islands which reminds us of the fiords of Norway with its smooth rock-mountain sides. Arrived here, we lose more of our sportsmen, for they have come purposely to make trips up the Humber River after salmon and into the nearby streams for trout. And to top off this cruise to our entire satisfaction, we stop at Labrador — that romantic link with the top of the world that had seemed too far away to be real, but whose elemental grandeur proves a mighty reward.

Close to the Stars at Banff

SWINGING clear across to the other side of Canada we come upon Banff in the Canadian Rockies, its hotel looking for all the world like some ancient Scottish castle settled complacently down in the valley of the Bow before one of the grandest bits of mountain scenery in this part of the world. This year it will see the "Highland Gathering" about the end of August — that custom which is growing in popularity each year until it seems like a veritable gathering of the clans. Sports of the sturdy Scotch variety, singers from all parts of America, bagpipers from Highland regiments to play in competitions, and the whirl of plaids in the fine old Scottish dances stir

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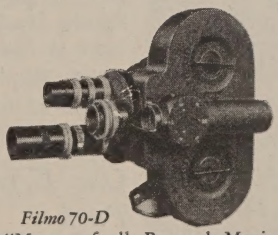

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enthusiasm to a high pitch. Then there are that famous golf course a mile high, three swimming pools, and tennis, not to mention a string of horses to ride and bridle paths through the mountains of surpassing loveliness. A touch of the fantastic intrudes on this smart resort during what is known as Indian Week when somewhere in the neighborhood of four hundred mounted Indians in war paint descend upon Banff, riding over from Morley reserve, some forty miles away, for their tribal sports. A thrilling sight! You can see a whole herd of buffalo, too, at Banff, if you want to, and shake the paw of the cunningest little cinnamon bear cub in the world if you are quick. Between times you can climb mountains such as you've never seen before and come so near the stars that you can almost talk to them. Yes, it is an inspiring land — Canada.

"Shining Mountains" of Glacier National Park

ONLY an imaginary line separates our Glacier National Park from Waterton Lakes National Park in Canada. These two spacious parks thus merge their majesty into a vast tract of primeval beauty and afford one of our most engaging vacation lands. It is not often that you can do two parks in one venture, but it is an intelligent thing to do. Their towering old mountain peaks, glittering glaciers and lakes looking up into the sky do not suspect even that imaginary line, but just know that they belong to everybody who has desire enough to search them out and sufficient love of romance to enjoy adventuring over the crisscross trails made by the moccasins of Blackfoot Indians in the long ago over their beloved "Shining Mountains."

It is no struggle today to run along this "Backbone of the World," as the Indians called the Divide, though when the railroads were straining every effort to find a way across it the Indians shrouded this particular stretch of mountains in such mystery and superstition that Marias Pass was not easily discovered. Now you may travel it over roads as perfect as New York's Riverside Drive, and perhaps more carefully policed as to speed regulations. Hotels are of the comfortable chalet type, wise in their unobtrusiveness, for what man-made thing would try to vie with a panorama that holds a dozen mountains in her lap, decks herself out in mantles of snow and blue-black pines, and girdles herself with a string of turquoise glaciers. Here you may ride horseback, hike, climb mountains, or glide over blue lakes in comfortable launches to your heart's content; or if you prefer the highways to the byways, keep to your motor and be happy that way.

The Swastika Bobs Up Again

THESE surroundings may stir the hidden archaeologist in you, and like as not they will if you happen to arrive at the Eastern Entrance of this international park in the evening and hear the thumping, throbbing Indian tom-toms, see the Blackfoot dance in the shadowy piazza of the hotel, and spy the ubiquitous swastika woven in their decorations as familiarly as it was used in Thibet, Mexico, Peru, and by the Basques of Southern France and Spain. You will find plenty to ponder. And if you are consumed to know more about the past of these remarkable Indians, the chalet at the head of Lake McDonald displays one of the finest Indian and fur collections extant.

That Snow-Capped Giant, Mt. Rainier

RAINIER NATIONAL PARK, though one of the smaller of our national preserves, has nearly a third of its territory taken up by its great snow-capped giant — Mount Rainier. The old Indian name for this inspiring mountain was Tacoma, though it is affectionately called by the majority of the people of the Northwest simply "The Mountain." Twenty-eight glaciers find their laborious way down its rugged sides and melt into leaping cataracts and swirling rivers as they reach its lower slopes where, as if in some enchanted garden, grow fields of tenderly lovely flowers. Rainier National Park is easily entered from Tacoma or Seattle, and it is a comparatively short motor run from either city to Paradise Valley where the inn, the setting, and your own inclination conspire pleasantly to make you linger.

Our Heritage in Zion National Park

WE HAVE almost forgotten that there ever was such a thing as a wild frontier in this satisfying old country of ours, but there was a fascinating one, and if you would care to spend a vacation in Zion National Park you would be living in the heart of that romantic frontier region of the West that only the old timers can tell about. Even as late as 1919 that particular part of the country was little known. It took the persistence of visioned men and women who had seen the majesty of the "Great White Throne" in what we now know as Zion National Park — that region of mad coloring and fantastic formations — to make it accessible through the enterprise of the railroads and an exceedingly fine hotel system. Our heritage is a frontier of romance without any of the hardships.

Mark Twain's Paradise — Hawaii

IT IS next to impossible to determine who began calling the Hawaiian Islands a paradise. When Mark Twain visited them they were paradise to him, "a paradise which I had been longing all those years to see again." They must have seemed very near paradise to King Kamehameha who overcame the rulers of the islands that form the group and made himself king of them all. And by the way, this founder of Hawaii's First Dynasty is the inspiration for an Exposition of the Pacific at Honolulu, to be held in 1936, just two centuries after his first birthday. Plans for this exposition, which will portray ancient Hawaiian life, customs, and a panorama of history, will include the entire realm of Oceanica, stressing the Polynesian peoples, and should furnish all the excuse necessary for a prolonged visit to these exquisite islands. Though no one has ever lacked an excuse to linger in Hawaii.

Whispers on the Sands of Waikiki

THAT the soft swish of the sea on the velvet warm sands of Waikiki has seemed like a near bit of heaven to those who have wasted happy hours there in the sunshine, or dashed over the waves on a surf board, and seemed heaven itself in the mystery of moonlight, almost anyone will tell you who has known this enchanted strip of silver beach. Once dance under the moon to the swaying haunting music of Hawaii on the veranda of one of her smart hotels, drink deep of the fragrance of her flowers that bloom in the night, listen to the flute-like notes of Queen Liliuokalani's beloved song — *Aloha Oe* — floating plaintively across the water, and you will never quite forget Hawaii.

History and things of the past are of very little consequence in this land where the very fullness of life is now. You feel this life stirring all about you in the flowers, trees, ferns. It is a constant unfolding of freshness, of life itself. Drive over the twisting road out to the Pali, gaze in awed silence into the gorgeous depths below you, ablaze with color, and while someone is diligently telling you how a band of warriors was pushed off the very spot where you are standing to their death in the valley below, you do not even care. So entrancing, so perfect is the scene before you that only the eternal beauty of it all matters. There is no lean and unlovely season in this paradise. Life is a succession of days filled with just the right amount of sunshine, breeze, blue sky, moisture and moonlight.

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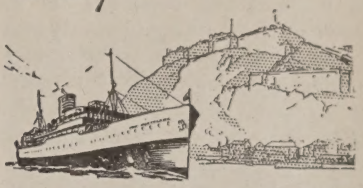

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A Couple of Friendly Volcanoes

KILAUEA and Mauna Loa on Hawaii, and Haleakala on the neighboring island of Maui are world famous volcanoes, the first two being known as the most continuously and harmlessly active on earth — the latter extinct. They are now under the wing of the Government as a National Park reservation. An overnight sea voyage from Honolulu will take you to Kilauea, near the pretty little city of Hilo, and it is on the way to the volcano that you may have that remarkable experience of driving through an avenue of ferns as large as trees. If time is a factor in your visit to Hawaii — and it never ought to be — you may hop from island to island in luxuriously appointed passenger airplanes, for a regular air service is now maintained between the islands. A paradise, indeed!

Zimbabwe — a Mystery to Moderns

AFRICA holds a real live mystery — one of the most baffling riddles of modern times — the Zimbabwe Ruins. Now everyone knows how keen we Americans are on mysteries. Our libraries (and the lending ones, too) are composed chiefly of detective yarns, so that even the suspicion of a clue is enough to set us off. But when a mystery of the magnitude of Zimbabwe dawns on our horizons, we find our itineraries to South Africa very definitely including this unravelled mystery in the wild heart of Southern Rhodesia. Strange part of it all is that the ruins were discovered by an American in the first place. An American trader and hunter stumbled upon them in 1868, as he was making his way through the dense tropical undergrowth. He little dreamed of the importance and value of his find at the time, but subsequent examination disclosed ruins of remarkable workmanship in a truly marvelous state of preservation.

Clues!

TWO theories are advanced as to the origin of these ruins. One, that they were erected by a race of people who invaded Rhodesia about two thousand years ago and mined gold there. The other, that they are not more than about six hundred years old and of Bantu origin. Of the two schools of thought the former seems by far the most likely from every point of view. About 250 miles from Zimbabwe is the quaint old seaport of Sofala, mentioned in the writings of early travellers as the main port used by ancient peoples who from time to time inhabited Southern Rhodesia. It seems quite likely that Zimbabwe was once a huge metropolis and depot for storing gold which had been mined in Rhodesia, prior to its dispatch by caravan to Sofala for shipment to either Palestine or Babylon. Present-day exploration work, progressing constantly under various scientific expeditions, is endeavoring to establish some link between the Zimbabwe ruins and Sofala through the discovery of other important ruins believed to exist along this oft-travelled caravan route to the coast.

A Look at the Ruins

THREE well defined areas compose the ruins at Zimbabwe: an Elliptical Temple, the Valley of the Ruins, and the Acropolis — a place of worship, the city where lived the toilers of those past ages, and a fortress for their protection. Granite blocks and dry masonry work were employed in the construction of the various buildings, the granite blocks being about nine by seven inches on their faces. The temple, with its massive walls, fifteen feet at the base and 22 to 32 feet high, and many passageways, is elliptical in form and apparently never had a roof. Within the area of the temple are two conical towers built perfectly solid with neither mortar nor cement, but with these strange little blocks of granite so perfectly fitted that it is impossible to insert even the blade of a penknife between their well made joints. A large Conical Tower forming one of the chief architectural features of the ruins indicates that these ancient peoples were Phallic worshipers.

In studying the plan of the ruins of the Acropolis, towering nearly 350 feet above the Elliptical Temple and the Valley of the Ruins, it is evident that this part of the city was built for use as a military stronghold, and its massive ramparts, traverses, sunken thoroughfares and narrow labyrinthine passages and parapets indicate the devices of a people thoroughly conversant with military engineering and defensive tactics.

King Solomon's Mines?

SILENCE. Deserted, crumbling ruins. Gibbering of monkeys in the jungle. Lizards darting across sunny stones. Orchids, mimosa, wistaria and palms softening the ruin of it all. When King Solomon reigned on his great throne of white ivory overlaid with peacock feathers, and boasted of his 300 great shields of beaten gold, was Zimbabwe this now deserted spot, the scene of the gold mining activities of a dark skinned race of engineers? Was this the source of the gold of Ophir?

Bermuda As a Summer Resort

ANYONE who travels at all can tell you how delightful Bermuda is in the winter, for nearly all the world has been there in that season at one time or another. But if you would share the secret of a more intimate group, you must come to Bermuda in the sweet soft summer, for while the world

at large knows her as a winter resort the inner circle, as it were, cherishes the more exclusive quiet of her summers. The Bermuda Islands are fascinating just to look at on the map where they lie like an open mouthed dragon stretched out comfortably on the Atlantic. If you will notice him closely you will agree with me that his nose seems to be sniffing the balmy air with satisfaction at St. George, while he uses Ireland's Island to slash the sea as his tail. Sounds and bays, any number of surprising harbors and the clearest limpid waters make this old dragon's lair an enchanted spot for those who love the feel of a swift keel scudding at their bidding over the dancing waters as well as for those who cruise its coasts in the more leisurely elegance of a yacht. All kinds of boats are in demand here, but none serve a more unique purpose than the glass-bottomed variety which creep out over the jade and sapphire sea to Bermuda's far famed sea gardens, and make it possible for you to spend hours in fascinated wonder gazing through the crystal clear water on the strange creatures, sea-fans, anemones, star and finger coral, and innumerable other sea plants and curiously formed and colored fish. You know the variety that William Beebe has told us all so much about. And, by the way, did you know that the Bermuda Aquarium with its wily octopi, parrot fish, sea horses, armoured fish and rock fish is second to none?

What's To Be Done in Bermuda

IT ALMOST goes without saying that Britain's oldest self-governing colony would possess any number of splendid golf courses, and of course she does, seven of the eight courses being open to visiting players throughout the year. Another aspect of Bermuda that reminds you of her British descent, is the popularity of walking. Perhaps they all like to walk because the walks everywhere are so beautiful and besides it is one of the few places left where you may stroll along the roads without being in eternal dread of motors. If you have forgotten how to ride a wheel you will want to learn all over when you reach Bermuda, for this pleasant way of visiting the things you really want to see will give you a lot of joy.

Italian Summer Festas

SUMMER in Italy! Time was when one thought of Italy only as a winter playground. When Byron set all Venice by the ears it was in winter during the Carnival season. Then came spring and before summer had really arrived, fashionable Venetians used to close their palaces on the Grand Canal and journey to their villas in the country.

Italy is still the goal for many winter travellers, but nowadays it is in summer that Italy is chiefly visited. The sun-cult has established the Lido in the front rank of Continental resorts and it includes mother-Venice, just across the lagoon.

Venice is famous for her fêtes, and June marks the Corpus Domini celebration with a colorful procession from the water's edge into St. Mark's Church. In July the great annual Festa del Redentore, or Fête of the Redeemer, celebrates the deliverance of Venice from a great plague some three hundred years ago. This event is signalized by the building of a pontoon bridge across the Grand Canal and the Giudecca Canal over which all Venice passes in the course of two days, a stupendous display of fireworks on the water the night before the Festa, and general merrymaking which, as a rule, reaches its highest pitch at midnight, but continues well on to that witching hour when, "jocund day stands tip-toe on the rosy mountain top."

A World's Fair in Antwerp

NOTHING could afford greater pleasure than to learn that in the quaint city of Antwerp a World's Fair is being held to last until October, in honor of Belgium's independence. This is a Centenary Festival, too, if you please. Thousands of visitors this summer will give this city on the Scheldt an important place in their itineraries.

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Traveller's Guide

TRANS-ATLANTIC SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK:

Columbus, North German Lloyd, Bremen, June 3 and 24
Berengaria, Cunard, Southampton, June 4 and 22
New York, Hamburg American, Hamburg, June 5
Ile de France, French Line, Havre, June 6 and 25
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, June 6 and 27
Augustus, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, June 7
Kungsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, June 7
Volendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, June 7
Bremen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, June 11 and 28
Leviathan, United States, Southampton, June 11 and 28
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, June 11 and 28
Deutschland, Hamburg American, Hamburg, June 12
Paris, French Line, Havre, June 12 and 30
Bergensfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, June 13
Homeric, White Star, Southampton, June 13
Lapland, Red Star, Antwerp, June 13
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, June 14
United States, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, June 14
France, French Line, Havre, June 17
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, June 18
Europa, North German Lloyd, Bremen, June 18
George Washington, United States, Hamburg, June 18
Berlin, North German Lloyd, Bremen, June 19
Vulcania, Cosulich, Trieste, June 19
Olympic, White Star, Southampton, June 20
Drottningholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, June 21
President Roosevelt, United States, Hamburg, June 21
Cristobal Colon, Spanish Royal Mail, Bilbao, June 25
Albert Ballin, Hamburg American, Hamburg, June 26
Gripsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, June 27
Belgenland, Red Star, Antwerp, June 28
Conte Grande, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, June 28
Stavangerfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, June 28
Veendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, June 28

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS TO HAWAII:

From San Francisco —
Matsonia, Matson Line, Honolulu, June 4
Malolo, Matson, Honolulu, June 7 and 21
Manoa, Matson, Honolulu, June 11
Maui, Matson, Honolulu, June 18

From Los Angeles —
Calawaii, Los Angeles S. S. Company, Honolulu, June 7
City of Honolulu, Los Angeles S. S. Company, Honolulu, June 14
City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles S. S. Company, Honolulu, June 24

From Portland —
Wilhemina, Matson Line, Honolulu, June 14

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS FROM SAN FRANCISCO:

President Madison, Dollar Line, Manila, June 6
Taiyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, June 12
President Wilson, Dollar Line, Singapore, June 13
President Jackson, Dollar Line, Manila, June 20
Chichibu Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, June 28

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS FROM SEATTLE:

President Pierce, Dollar Line, Manila, June 14
Hikawa Maru, Nippon Yusen, Kaisha, Hongkong, June 17
President Taft, Dollar Line, Manila, June 28
Yokohama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, June 28
Alabama Maru, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Shanghai, June 25

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS FROM VANCOUVER:

Empress of Canada, Canadian Pacific, Manila, June 12
Empress of Russia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, June 26
Paris Maru, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Kobe

UNION CASTLE LINE SAILINGS FOR SOUTH AFRICA FROM SOUTHAMPTON:

Carnarvon Castle, Natal, June 6
Edinburgh Castle, Natal, June 13
Saxon, Natal, June 20
Arundel Castle, Natal, June 27

The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

"Cheerio"

The events of early spring have not solved all the business difficulties that are complained about in the United States, nor have they greatly clarified the prospect. A good deal of "cheerio" is being circulated with the praiseworthy purpose of keeping up confidence, but it seems both ineffectual and unnecessary, ineffectual because it is not altering the course of events appreciably, and unnecessary because there is so little evidence of purely panicky retrenchment. Indeed this business recession has been less panicky, except in those few terrific days in the securities markets, than any other of equal magnitude in our history. Eliminating both "cheerio" and professional pessimism, business men are meeting the situation with becoming seriousness, and dealing with it realistically, which is as it should be, for the good of all in the long run. And as long as the stock market does not decline so much as to scare the optimists, nor advance so far as to frighten the conservatives, they will continue to deal with it realistically, making every effort to sell goods and to produce all they can sell, and trying to the best of their coöperative ability not to produce any more than they can sell. This policy is not revolutionary, nor even dramatic, but it is good homely business sense which will find the way out of the woods more quickly than would a whooped-up expansion or a panicky curtailment.

The real difficulty with business is that there is a little too much of everything in the world at the moment. The eating, wearing, living and automobile-riding capacities of the people were so extensively supplied during the late boom that it is hardly possible to name a commodity or a manufactured article of which a surplus does not or has not recently existed. During the past six months excessive stocks of manufactured goods have been greatly reduced by curtailment of production, but that very curtailment has left an excess of raw materials which in turn has depressed prices and promises to diminish farm purchasing power. Relatively speaking, there are no longer too many automobiles and too many tires in stock, but there is too much cotton, too much wheat, too much copper, and too much of many other staples produced in this country. What is equally serious, there is too much rubber, too much silk, too much coffee, too much sugar, too much cocoa, too much tin, tea, and so on almost *ad infinitum*.

Foreign Trade

Thus the entire world faces a commodity price problem, and it is the most urgent of all business problems today. Foreign producers of agricultural products can not sell as much, and because they have more they must take less for what they do sell. Therefore it seems that the foreign trade of the United States this year will be the smallest in many years. This decline in trade may amount to only two or three or four per cent of our potential production, but when it is added to a somewhat greater decline in domestic trade arising from the same causes, the total spells the difference between boom and depression — a difference which rarely exceeds ten per cent and which at present is probably even less. Domestic trade seems likely to recover with reasonable rapidity, but concerning foreign trade there can be less assurance. Meanwhile the unwillingness to carry stocks of goods which always accompanies price unsettlement is evident, and demand is still being supplied from the stocks of middlemen rather than from fresh production.

These are the factors that will limit the expansion, during the remainder of this year, of those industries which already have turned for the better. These include, it would seem, automobiles and tires. Through automobiles, and the seasonal increase in building, steel business is improving slightly. Hence a moderate expansion of industry and gradually decreasing unemployment are likely in the late spring and in the fall. But the powerful brakes that are holding expansion back ought to be noted and allowed for.

Into this analysis of the situation the state of the stock market fits well. It became distinctly more two-sided during April, though sensational advances here and there through the list somewhat obscured the fact. A steadily increasing number of stocks, indeed, have sold higher than they did prior to the break last autumn, and the increase in speculation is attested to both by greater activity on the Exchange and by the steady expansion in brokers' loans. Bank loans on securities, far from being liquidated, have climbed rapidly back to the high levels of last October. Nevertheless many of the standard

stocks have refused to boom to any great extent, and continue to sell at prices that are much more reasonable in relation both to earnings and to the cost of money than was the case last fall. If the imperfections in the business outlook were not recognized, the stimulating, not to say the intoxicating, effects of the abundance of credit undoubtedly would be reflected in higher prices for some of these issues.

Utilities

THE most conspicuous contrast to the uneventful action of the standard industrials was the strength, prior to the May break, of the utilities. A survey of price averages at the end of April as compared with one year previous would show that the industrials were about ten per cent lower, while the utilities were actually a third higher and had recovered nearly two-thirds of the way back to the 1929 highs. This gain is the more striking when it is considered that the traction and bus companies have contributed nothing of importance to it. It has come entirely from the electric power and light and gas companies, particularly those which have, or may have later, access to natural gas. If the great gains made by the stocks of electrical equipment manufacturing companies are added to this group, with which they belong, the statistical demonstration of the investment and speculative favor with which the utilities are regarded becomes still stronger. Those who were booming utility shares last fall clearly believe in the words of the president of the National Industrial Conference Board, who recently said, "There is no reason to consider the stock market crash as the end of a special era in economic history."

Some of the utilities earnings reports recently published show the increase in earnings upon which the stock advance was predicated. Using, as examples, two which have just come to hand, Cities Service Company earned in March 64 per cent more than a year ago and for the twelve months 41 per cent more than a year ago. Going back a little farther, the Associated Gas and Electric Company for 1929 showed a gain of 139 per cent in net income and a balance available after all charges and preferred dividends 315 per cent larger than in 1928. These are examples of reports which could be cited at length.

Giving these actual showings full weight, however, it is nevertheless true that the prices of utility stocks reflect a great deal more than earnings. Those who buy them are looking forward to doubling of the production and consumption of electric power which Chairman Matthew S. Sloan of the New York Edison Company predicts will take place within the next seven years. Furthermore a new giant has arisen in the field, in the rapid expansion of the natural gas companies, brought about by the expansion of pipe line distributing systems over far greater areas than they have ever reached before. Natural gas is now being moved 300 miles as a customary thing, and several lines are under construction or contemplated which will be a thousand miles in length. Atlanta, for example, is supplied with gas from Northern Louisiana, and projects are under way to carry it from the Texas Panhandle to Chicago and from other fields to the leading cities on the Eastern seaboard. This development is almost equivalent to the rise of a new industry, and new industries are precisely the need of the United States in this time when technological progress in the older industries is releasing labor for which new occupations must be found.

Another group of stocks that has been well to the fore in the market is the chemical companies. This is distinctly a New Era industry, one from which the investor constantly expects important technical innovations and new products. The industry has a high power of attraction for speculative investment.

Long-Time Price Trends

IT IS extraordinary that at a time when money rates are low, and all credit indications point, if anything, more to inflation than deflation, there should be concern for the adequacy of the world's supply of gold, and fear that a long period of declining commodity prices impends which will depress business, enrich creditors and impoverish debtors through the rising value of the currency. Yet since Professor Irving Fisher earlier in the year, testifying at a hearing concerned with public utility valuation, expressed the opinion that such would be the trend during the next twenty years, the subject has been constantly cropping up in business discussions. It has attracted the attention of the professional forecasting services and bank economists; and it has so affected sentiment that close observers of the grain and cotton markets say it was a measurable factor in the liquidation of holdings of those commodities which has brought their prices so much below the level of last autumn. That the latter should be so is little short of ridiculous, for even if the price level is to decline 25 per cent during the next twenty years that would mean less than a fifth of a cent a pound per year in cotton and about a cent a bushel in wheat — a trend that would be completely obscured, as far as practical buying policies were concerned, by short-term fluctuations.

The argument of the "deflationists" is that in about four to five years, say 1935, a decline in gold

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production will occur which will compel a rise in the value of gold in terms of other commodities, and a fall in the value of other commodities in terms of gold. A contributing factor will be the demonetization of silver in the Orient, which will make greater demands on world stocks of gold.

The classic perfection of this theory must be recognized, but it does not necessarily follow that things will work out that way. For one thing discovery of new supplies of gold or invention of methods for producing it more cheaply would change the predicted course of events entirely; and in this age it is foolhardy to predict, without many reservations, as far ahead as some are doing. Even if the supply is not augmented it is extremely likely that the use of gold will become much more economical. There is now a more effective coöperation of the central banks of the world in controlling the gold supply and stabilizing the price level through that control than ever before in history; and the possibilities of making this control far more effective than it has yet been are almost limitless. A strong spirit of nationalism militates, and doubtless will militate for a long time to come, against the most efficient coöperative use of gold; yet it is reasonable to hope that this will gradually be modified as time goes on. India for example is supposed to be hoarding between three and five billion dollars worth of gold, while the world's total monetary stocks are only a little over ten billions. What if this Indian reserve could be tapped and put to productive use? And who knows but that within ten to twenty years it will be? The Bank for International Settlements is a new agency which may have a broad influence upon the whole gold problem.

Economist Discusses Gold

DR. B. M. ANDERSON, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank, recently said: "There is enough gold in the central banks of the world to make it easy to supply all the bank credit that is needed for legitimate business purposes, and the annual production of gold is ample to meet the legitimate needs of business expansion. But there is not enough gold in the world to enable us to continue the rapid expansion of bank credit of recent years, during which time bank credit has been used as a substitute for investors' savings in financing the mortgage market, financing the building trade, financing the one-sided flow of goods in the export trade, and above all financing an unprecedented stock market speculation. The 'gold panic' is not a matter for the future. The 'gold panic' occurred in the autumn of 1929, with the great stock market crash, which dispelled the illusions which an abnormal concentration of gold in one country had created."

He says further: "The fundamental solution of the problem of a comparative shortage of gold is to be found in increasing the mobility and liquidity of goods, through less restricted international trade. . . . When goods can move with adequate freedom from country to country, and when exports can be paid with imports, a very different situation is presented. Short-time, self-liquidating credits, largely on an acceptance basis, can then take care of a great volume of export and import business, and the world's supply of gold is abundantly adequate for that."

Professor Lionel D. Edie is another interesting commentator on the question. He thinks the world will have enough gold as far as physical volume is concerned, but that unless central banks change their tactics radically, it will take several years of falling prices to arouse the world to the necessity of using gold more economically and more effectively. He finds legal reserve ratios and the official philosophy of central bank circles the great obstacles in the path of relief, and points out that although currency does only one-tenth of our money work and bank deposits carry nine-tenths of our trade, it is currency that ties up three-fourths of our gold stock while bank deposits tie up only one-fourth.

With so many ready suggestions of methods for increasing the efficiency of our use of gold, progress made before the prophecies of disaster come true may defeat them entirely. The most authoritative gold statistics that have been recently compiled show that the amount per capita of monetary gold in the world has lately been increasing, not contracting. This is not an accurate measure of the relation of the gold supply to the volume of business, which increases more rapidly than population, but it is at least pretty good support to Dr. Anderson's diagnosis.

Under present conditions the general level of commodity prices seems an eminently reasonable one, although the position of a few commodities has seldom been more discouraging from the statistical point of view.

If the theory of price deflation is correct the bondholder will be favored as against the stockholder for long-term investment, as the bondholder is purely a creditor and will gain through the increase in the purchasing power of his fixed income if commodity price levels decline, thus reversing the effects of war time inflation upon the investor class. However, I can not persuade myself that the theory deserves a great deal of practical consideration in investment programmes; it is too much open to question, its conclusions may be too easily upset. True investment principles will continue to demand a proportion of bonds suitable to the circumstances of the individual, and they will

continue to allow a proportion of sound common stocks bought at conservative prices, likewise adjusted to the individual investor's needs. In a well-diversified list of stocks appreciation of value and increase of dividends over the period of years that we are now considering should equal any gain in the purchasing power of bond income. New Era advocates will say that is putting the case very mildly indeed, and perhaps it is. Certainly there are a number of stocks traded in today which apparently will sell at prices to yield bond income or less as far ahead as one can see, and if they are as safe as the public thinks they are, bonds will enjoy no advantage over them as to purchasing power of income because they, like bonds, will continue to yield their income even in bad times.

Investment Trust Results

NO DEFINITIVE study of the effects of the stock market crash last autumn upon the investment trust movement (to say nothing of the effects of the movement upon the stock market) can be written for a long time to come. But the results of investment trust operations during 1929 are extremely interesting. An analysis of returns of 117 companies compiled by Grover O'Neill and Company, dealers in their securities, showed a gross income of 8.5 per cent on capital invested; 3.4 per cent came from interest and dividends received and 4.4 per cent from profits from sale of securities. Net income was 7.2 per cent, and the actual operating cost for 105 companies averaged only one-half of 1 per cent, a figure which indicates that the cost of investment trust service is not sufficient to interfere with its spread. Yet the net income seems surprisingly small for a year of abundant extra dividends, rights, and similar "melons," to say nothing of its unexampled opportunities for taking large profits upon securities held.

Turning to the capital account, the results are not cheerful. Depreciation in the value of securities held greatly exceeded net earnings. In 82 companies which provided this information the value of the portfolio at the end of the year was $350,000,000 less than at its beginning, and this not only wiped out all earnings but resulted in an average loss of 9.7 per cent upon capital invested for the year. This is, of course, a paper loss, but it emphasizes the handicap that was shouldered, and so willingly, by the investment trusts which were organized last summer and fall and by those who paid the prices asked for their securities. Doubtless a considerable part of that paper loss was recovered during the first four months of this year, when both bonds and stocks advanced so strongly.

STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
for APRIL 1st, 1930

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest Fisher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Managing Editor, Kenneth Wilcox Payne, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Business Manager, Ernest Fisher, 9 East 37th St., New York City.

2. That the owners are: The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION,
By ERNEST FISHER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1930.

DOROTHY CROWNE,
Notary Public.

[SEAL] (My commission expires Mar. 30, 1930.)

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Ingersoll-Rand Company
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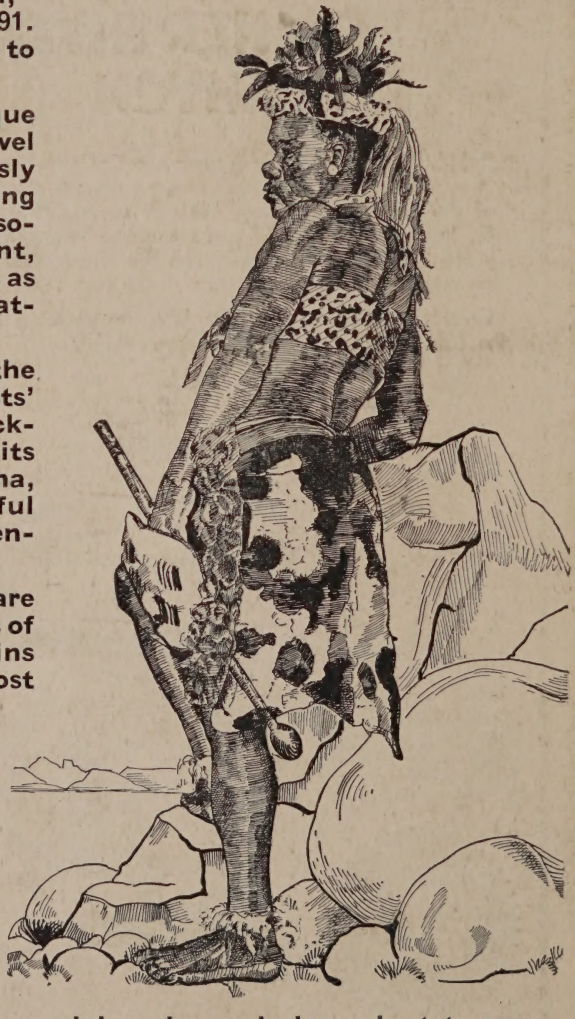

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